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The Cruise of Her Majesty's Ship

BACCHANTE."

1879—1882.

Compiled from

THE PRIVATE JOURNALS, LETTERS, AND NOTE-BOOKS OF

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR

AND

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES,

WITH ADDITIONS BY JOHN N. DALTON.

VOL. II.—THE EAST.

JAPAN—CHINA—STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—CEYLON—EGYPT
—PALESTINE—THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Ecce, Domine, tu cognovisti omnia, novissima et antiqua.
Quò ibo a spiritu tuo? et quò a facie tuâ fugiam?
Si sumpsero pennas meas diluculo, et habitavero in extremis maris:
Etenim illuc manus tua deducet me, et tenebit me dextera tua."
—Ps. cxxxix. 5, 7, 9, 10.

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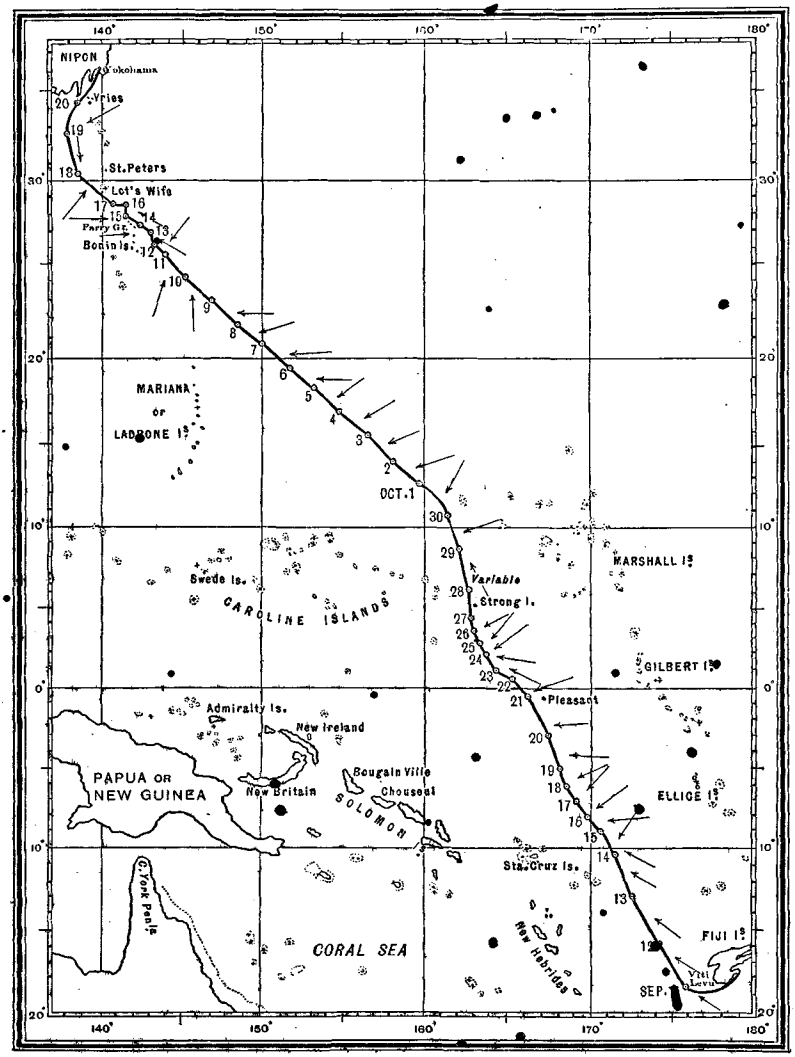
CRUISE OF H.M.S. "BACCHANTE."

1879—1882.

Sept. 10th, 1881.—At 6 A.M. the *Bacchante* weighed anchor and took the *Tourmaline* in tow, and proceeded out through the reef with squadron in company in single column in line ahead. At this hour there was a lovely sunrise, and the islands opposite Ovalau stood out clear cut in the bright light behind them. Our towing hawser stranded at 1 P.M., and so the squadron stopped steaming and made plain sail at 1.30 P.M., then got up screw: as the south-east trade was blowing fresh, we all went along over eight knots through the Khandavu Passage.

Sept. 11th.—Delightful breeze and a glorious morning. There are a few birds and many flying fish over the purple seas. Wind being on the starboard quarter we are under topmast and topgallant stunsails, and are making between eight and nine knots. Admiral annulled keeping station, and gave us orders to keep within one mile of the *Cleopatra*, but not to pass ahead of her. Usual services. At 10.30 P.M. the flagship, ourselves, and *Cleopatra*, who were nearly in line, were taken aback, but the *Tourmaline*, who was on our starboard beam, and the *Carysfort*, on our port beam, were not so. It was after a shower of rain, which had come off from Viti Levu.

Sept. 12th.—Breeze freshened and all the forenoon we go over eleven knots. In the afternoon we have our gunnery and bar, and



VITI TO YOKOHAMA.

after quarters were the first ship at sail drill. It is much warmer, the thermometer over 80° all day. The wallabies from Australia are well, but very wild.

Sept. 13*th.*—At 4 A.M. this morning it was 4 P.M. in England the day before, so here we are in Tuesday while there they are still in

Date. 1881.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Sept.					S.	E.				
10	...	...	22	S.E. 4·5	18·0	178·56	78	76	76	73
11S.	S. 82 W.	156	4	S.E. by E. 4·5 E. by S. 6	18·21	176·9	76	78	76	75
12	N. 28 W.	180	...	E. by S. to S.S. E. 4·6	15·42	174·42	78	78	79	79
13	N. 30 W.	198	...	S.E. 4·5	12·50	173·0	81	80	82	81
14	N. 20 W.	162	...	S.E. 4·6·4	10·18	172·1	81	81	81	81
15	N. 33 W.	107	...	S.E. 3·4, N.E. to N. 2·5·1	8·49	171·1	82	80	84	83
16	N. 41 W.	45	...	N.E. 1·2	8·16	170 23	84	84	83	83
17	N. 37 W.	67	...	E., E.S.E. and N.E. 1·2	7·23	169·43	83	84	85	83
18S.	N. 28 W.	67	...	N.E. 3·4·2	6·24	169·10	83	80	84	85
19	N.14·30W.	83	...	N.E. to E. 2·4	5·48	168·49	81	83	84	84
20	N. 20 W.	144	...	E. 3·4	2·48	168·0	85	84	85	84
21	N. 29 W.	148	...	E. by N. 4·2	0·39 N.	166·49	84	83	85	81
22	N. 42 W.	116	...	E. & N.E. 2·4	0·47	165·31	84	85	86	85
23	N. 48 W.	71	...	S.E. 1·2	1·34	164 38	84	85	84	83
24	N. 44 W.	53	...	Variable 1·2	2·12	164·1	84	83	85	83
25S.	N. 32 W.	35	...	Variable 1·2	2·42	163·42	84	84	85	84
26	N. 15 W.	68	...	E. & N.E. 2	3·47	163·24	84	85	85	84
27	North.	46	2	Variable 1·2	...	163·24	83	85	82	81
28	N. 5 W.	...	122	Variable 1·2	6·36	163·14	86	84	86	83
29	N. 16 W.	...	141	S.E. 2·3	8·51	162·35	85	83	84	83
30	N. 22 W.	22	128	N.E. by E. 3	11·10	161·39	83	81	84	84
Oct.										
1	N. 47 W.	139	...	N.E. 3	12·44	159·55	83	82	84	81
2S.	N. 44 W.	129	...	N.E. 3·4	14·17	158·23	82	82	84	82
3	N. 46 W.	122	...	N.E. 3	15·42	156·52	82	82	84	83
4	N. 50 W.	150	...	N.E. by E. 4	17·18	154·53	82	82	83	84
5	N. 48 W.	112	...	N.E. 2·4	18·32	153·25	82	83	84	84
6	N. 49 W.	116	...	N.E. 3·4	19·48	151·53	83	83	84	83
7	N. 51 W.	128	...	N.E. to E. by S. 4·3	21·8	150·6	84	82	84	83
8	N. 51 W.	115	...	S.E. by E. to E. by N. 2·3	22·20	148·30	82	82	84	83
9S.	N. 50 W.	116	...	E. to E.S.E. 2·3	23·34	146·53	82	82	83	83
10	N. 48 W.	119	...	S. to S. by W. 3·4	24·53	145·15	85	82	79	82
11	N. 44 W.	82	...	S.W. to N.W. 2	25·53	144·13	81	80	80	79
12	N. 44 W.	70	...	Variable 1·2	26·43	143·19	82	82	82	82
13	N. 17 W.	36	...	Variable 1	27·17	143·7	80	80	83	81
14	N. 47 W.	33	...	Variable 2·3	27·39	142·40	77	78	81	78
15	N. 62 W.	79	...	N.E. 4 S.E. 4 to 0	28·15	141·21	80	80	85	78
16S	N. 6 W.	15	...	Variable 1·2	28·30	141·19	78	80	82	79
17	N. 32 W.	14	14	Variable 1·2	28·54	141·2	80	80	82	80
18	N. 54 W.	2	126	S.W. to W. 3·5	30·32	138·29	78	77	83	77
19	N. 8 W.	...	123	N.W. 3·4 N. to N. by 3·7	32·34	138·7	77	76	71	70
20	N. 19 E.	...	116	N.E. 5·7·8	34·22	...	69	66	66	61
21	...	...	105	N.E. by E. 8·9	...	...	66	68	65	65
		3335	939							

Total distance..... 4274 miles.

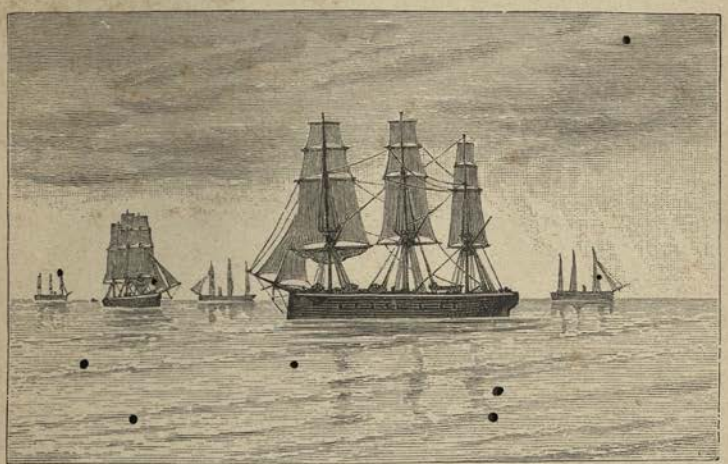
Monday. Thermometer 82°; the air feels moister, and it is more cloudy. After the dinner hour the admiral formed the squadron into single column in line ahead, for we are passing what is supposed to be the Pandora bank, though when we sound we get no bottom at 130 fathoms; there evidently are shallows hereabouts, judging from the clouds that gather over the surface of the water, warmed by the sun, and the troops of birds on the water as if after fish. We are still making between five and six knots, but there are many rain-squalls, and after each of these the wind lulls and then puffs up again, and so it continues. All night the rain comes down in torrents, everything is reeking with moisture.

Sept. 14th.—A finer morning and the sun out. Thermometer 80° on deck under the awnings, but down in the gun-room it was over 90°, for all our ports are kept barred in. At drill after evening quarters the flagship made the signal "man overboard," and hove to, and so did the *Tourmaline*, and both we and she got our cutters ready for lowering. The flagship recalled her own boat and made signal "man saved." We heard afterwards he had not really fallen overboard but only from a little way aloft, and brought up luckily without injury in the chains. The trades are falling very light now, and we crossed the tenth parallel this evening. A poor little sandpiper alighted on the spanker-boom and another in the cutter, looking very thin and tired. The banana bunches in the boats are ripe. After sunset there was more rain. It is just a year to-day since we left Marlborough House.

Sept. 15th.—Becalmed nearly the whole day with the ship's head pointing towards New Guinea; a gentle puff of air now and then, but the sun very hot, and no rain in the daytime. At 3.30 P.M. we saw two small sharks swimming round the ship: they were each about five or six feet long. The paymaster got a hook and some pork, put it overboard astern off the poop: while he was watching the shark on the starboard quarter, slowly swimming round three or four yards off, and was holding the line lightly in his hand, suddenly from under the port side of the counter up came another shark he had not perceived, and hooked himself on with a jerk that made the old man sing out that he was nearly being hauled overboard. The shark was afterwards hauled up by the bluejackets on the glacis, rolled up in canvass, and taken forward, but first, while the hook was being extracted, a gymnastic club had to be put in his jaws to force and hold them open.

Sept. 16th.—We are by way all this time of sailing in single

column in line ahead, but to-day we are again becalmed, and do not average a knot an hour; there is scarcely a breath of wind, sometimes we range up alongside one ship, and sometimes another, and our heads go the round of the compass. Towards evening a little breeze sprang up, and we made over three knots. The mids are at gymnastic drill with the sergeant under the awning this afternoon. Directly the sun has set, clouds rise every evening from all round the horizon, condensed thus on the withdrawal of the heat: and when it rains, it is generally of an evening after quarters, and then it comes down in torrents. At night the only cool place in the ship is on the poop: lying on top of the



SQUADRON BECALMED.

screw-well, and looking up at the stars and listening to the gurgling of the water at the bottom of the well, it feels a little cooler; the temperature is only 82°, but the air being so saturated with moisture it is far more oppresive than dry heat at that degree. We can hear every half hour the bell struck in each ship, all down the line, and the cry of the two seamen on the forecastle resounding in the still night air, "starboard cathead," "port cathead," taken up by the sentry on the poop "lifebuoy."

Sept. 17th.—Just after midnight, and before the moon rose, a weird shadow of a cloud lying low on the water was taken for an island reef (these seas have not been very carefully surveyed),

and the three ships ahead hoisted their position lights and stood off at right angles to our present course; the *Tourmaline* got taken aback during this performance, and went some way down to leeward, where she wore, but being so far astern it took her nearly twenty-four hours to regain her station. All to-day we are going between two and three knots: in the sun it is over 103°, there is a little bit of awning spread on the poop, but all along the upper deck the melted pitch in the seams sticks to the feet. As the wind is so light, and the squadron has to keep station in single column in line ahead, every minute during the day and night the pipe is going, to lower the royals or to hoist them, "in stunsails" or set them, "up mainsail," or "set mainsail," and so on; and thus we crawl along in the close damp weather.

Sept. 18*th.*—Most oppressive day. We make during the whole of the twenty-four hours two knots per hour; light airs from the N.E. Had services on the main deck. We are 380 miles off "the line." Finished *Oliver Twist* last night, and began *Nicholas Nickleby* this evening.

Sept. 19*th.*—There is a little breeze to-day, so the signal was made to chase, and at 8.45 A.M. the flagship took the *Cleopatra* in tow under sail, and away we all went between four and five knots, which towards the evening became six. As the *Bacchante* is very light forward, we sail the worst of the lot, and fall a good way astern: but begin to condense in order to fill the tanks forward and so hope to do better to-morrow. In the evening signal was made to take up our appointed station, but we were unable to regain it, being about six miles astern. At 10. A.M. the next day the flagship took us in tow under sail, and by 5. P.M. in the evening, after bowling along seven knots all day, as the wind had freshened from the east, we were up with the rest of the squadron; then cast off tow and took up our station astern of the *Carysfort*. After this we seemed to sail much better.

Sept. 21*st.*—At 8.30 A.M. sighted Pleasant Island, about twenty miles off north quarter west. It is a very small island about four miles in diameter, lying in Lat. 0° 35′ S. and Long. 166° 49′ E.; it is said to have been so named on account of its being situated in a most unpleasant temperature. This or another similar island near the line,

"Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea,"

would be that on which Enoch Arden is supposed to be cast

away on his return voyage from China at the end of the last century, and where he

> "Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
> Dwelt with eternal summer, ill content;
> * * * * *
> The blaze upon the waters to the east,
> The blaze upon his island overhead,
> The blaze upon the waters to the west."

The flagship stood in towards the island, and two canoes and a whaler apparently put off to her. We could see on the west side of the island a number of huts and groves of cocoa-nut trees. The flagship semaphored when she rejoined the squadron in the evening: "A civil war on the island. An escaped convict is king. All hands constantly drunk: no fruit or vegetables to be obtained, nothing but pigs and cocoa-nuts. The present island-king wants a missionary. He was evidently hungry." After passing the island we fell in with several rain-squalls, during one or two of which we ran along over eight knots, after that there fell a calm. Resumed our station in line, but as the airs were light and variable it was a difficult matter to keep it. Between 10 and 11 P.M. we crossed "the line." The sun himself crossed "the line" at 1 A.M. on the 22nd, so we have had two hours of summer this year, although the weather is quite warm enough (88°).

Sept. 22nd.—Nearly a dead calm, with a strong set to the westward. After the dinner hour caught a couple of sharks. It is curious to watch how each is piloted by his own pilot fish, a little purple fellow who always swims close ahead of his nose and whose every turn the shark follows. Coming up to the pork bait the pilot fish always avoided it, but the shark found it hard to follow the advice of his wiser companion, and after hesitating a moment could not withstand the temptation, and made a snap at the bait and was caught. The sharks are to-day followed by lots of blue fish. The men washing clothes this afternoon with their tubs and soapsuds all over the deck look clean and cool. Though it is so hot yet we manage to get some exercise after quarters: the mids are growing great hulking chaps from the effects of the bars and bells every morning before taking their bath, and all this flying round on the horizontal and parallel bars under Sergeant Taylor's indefatigable exertions.

Sept. 23rd.—A miserable night, heavy rain and a squall or two, wind shifting all round the compass and then dying away: it was not till 2 A.M. that we got into station. This morning the squadron

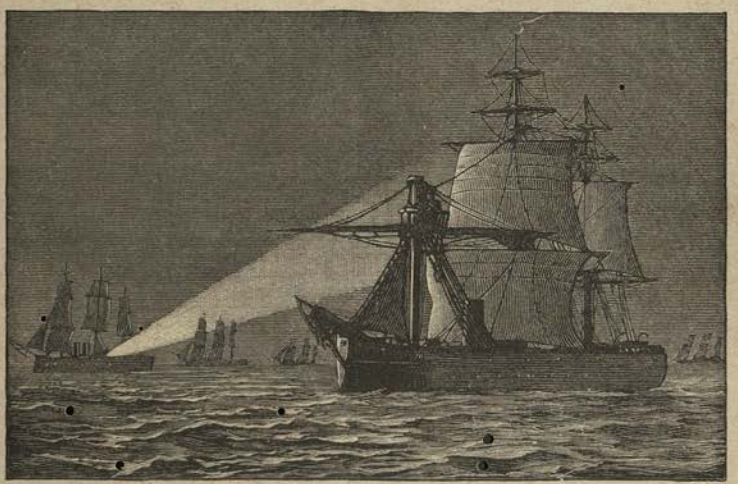
was organised into three divisions—first division, flagship and *Carysfort*; second division, *Bacchante* and *Cleopatra*; third division, *Tourmaline*. This is jollier for the watch-keepers than being in single column, as we are now in three, but as it is nearly a dead calm it takes us the whole day to crawl into this new formation. The gunroom had a box of granidillões sent them at Viti. The senior sub. threw away all the pips of the first one that was opened and proceeded to deal out the skin as if it were a melon. We found it like leather. We discovered afterwards the proper way to eat them, and now mix the sherry and powdered white sugar in the hollowed skin with the pulp and pips and sup it up with gusto. Some prefer the fruit of the passion flower, which is smaller and has a flavour like black currants.

Sept. 24th.—A dead calm; it has been so all night and continues so all day. At 8 A.M. we have gone twenty-five miles since noon yesterday. We have been just a fortnight at sea since we left Viti. It is too hot for any drill; the flagship is always under topsails only, but the other ships are under all sail, which however is being fiddled with day and night. The kangaroo is quite well, and so are the wallabies. At 6 P.M. the *Cleopatra* made signal: "Foretopmast sprung; permission to get up steam whilst shifting ditto." This was at once negatived, and we all hove-to waiting for her whilst she shifted it; it was a great pity, as a little breeze had just sprung up. She took twelve hours over the job, the flagship playing her electric light on her all night.

Sept. 25th.—Another very hot day, but with a little breeze we are going three knots, and it is very jolly to be moving again at last. Church on the main deck. Signal made to the *Cleopatra*: "Prepare to be taken in tow;" but the flagship was sailing after her all day and could not catch her.

Sept. 26th.—A little breeze like a north-east trade: we are in Lat. 3° 27′ N. but only moving about two knots, although we have the current in our favour. We pass several trees floating in the water, which are thought to be washed down by the floods in the Malay rivers and drifted hither by the eastward current. There are numbers of fish under them, watching for some sort of life—insect or otherwise—that generates on the rotting timber, for their food. We are reading Sir Edward Reed's two-volumed book on Japan. The signal was made that the flagship would not fire to-morrow (we suppose the admiral is ill), but that all the other ships were to get up steam and spread for target practice.

Sept. 27*th.*—Sunrise was over a purple velvet sea with golden bars in the east and blue above. Across these in the early dawn the long black form of the flagship slowly creeping with her stunsails set both sides appeared in the utter stillness almost like a giant spectre. We learn that the admiral is suffering from pleurisy and has been in his cot ever since a few days after leaving Viti: he did not quit it until just before arriving at Yokohama. We got up steam and spread for target practice at daybreak. At 4.30 P.M. we took the flagship in tow. The first hawser that she gave us (a four-and-half inch steel wire) carried away, and during the delay



"CLEOPATRA" SHIFTING FORETOP-GALLANT-MAST.

which was occasioned while another was being provided (a six-and-half inch steel wire) we caught three sharks astern under the eyes of the officers of the flagship, who were watching us off their forecastle about a hundred yards distant. There were five or six large sharks all swimming together, and we certainly hoped to have caught more. In the evening we passed Ualan Island, which, as we only saw the lofty summits of its hills above the horizon, seemed in the distance like several small ones. These peaks were still in sight the next morning at daybreak.

Sept. 28*th.*—Intensely hot, for there is no stir in the air, and we are travelling faster than what little air there is, which is following us. At noon we are in Lat. 6° 36′ N. We are now burning 16 cwt.

of coal for thirty-four revolutions a minute, and we are making 5·25 knots per hour whilst towing the *Inconstant*. If we were steaming alone, the same 16 cwt. of coal per hour would produce thirty-six revolutions, and take us along 6·75 knots. If we were steaming alone, in order to go our present speed, 5·25 knots, it would require only 11½ cwt. to be burnt per hour to produce twenty-seven revolutions. The *Inconstant*, however, if she were steaming alone at the present speed of five and a quarter knots, would be burning 24 tons per day. Thus we are saving on the proceeding 17 tons of coal a day. At 10 P.M. went to night quarters, clearing away in a shorter time than we have done before.

Sept. 29*th*.—Delicious little breeze this morning just before sunrise, at 4.30 A.M. At dawn the whole horizon was lined with towering black clouds, full of rain, which, however, dispersed afterwards, and the breeze died away. At 4.30 P.M. we were preparing to cast off the flagship in hopes the little breeze would last, but the signal for so doing was annulled. All signals are now made from the mainmast of the flagship, nothing at all being done from the mizenmast—evidently to keep the stern quiet over the admiral's cabin. After sunset it is always warm; the air seems moister, through the sun no longer absorbing the moisture as during the daytime.

Sept. 30*th*.—At 7.30 A.M. cast off flagship, made plain sail, and raised screw. We have had her in tow 63½ hours, and the distance towed has been 366 miles; and the coal consumed in towing 54 tons. Averages for the whole, 5¾ knots an hour, with 32 revolutions a minute; hourly coal consumption 17 cwt., being about 4½ cwts. per hour in excess of *Bacchante's* ordinary consumption when steaming by herself. We have passed the Arecifos Islands on the port hand during the night, and are now nearly off the northernmost of the Marshall group on the starboard hand, and have picked up the north-east trade. We are outside the islands at last, and there is no land between us and America. Getting into the northern hemisphere has somehow a more homelike feel about it. There were rain-squalls all the morning. It is a lovely moonlight night, and we have been making over five knots all day. Finished Rhys David's capital little book on Buddhism.

Oct. 1*st*.—The trade wind still holds, and it begins to feel a bit cooler, though the thermometer marks 84°. The paymaster is busy paying the monthly money to ship's company, and as it is the

end of the quarter we each got a little more. We have started an anchoring lottery for Yokohama. We are sailing pretty well to-day, making over five knots, but the squadron is waiting for the *Cleopatra*, who, under all possible sail, is a long way astern. Many rain squalls in the evening and morning.

Sunday, Oct. 2nd.—Church as usual on the main deck and Holy Communion; thermometer still 84°. Lovely day, the trade still holding. We are, however, waiting for the *Carysfort*, who is the dummy ship to-day, some miles astern. The squadron can never go faster than the slowest ship in it. The opossum who came on board in Western Australia died to-day.

Oct. 3rd.—Shoals of flying fish; the gentle trade still lasts, and we are enjoying the perfection of sailing over a lovely blue sea; this sense of motion is always pleasant, but after what we have lately gone through doubly so. Finished to-day Adams's *Letters from Japan* in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First.

Oct. 4th.—There was a good deal of lightning in the east for an hour before sunrise. To-day, again, lots of flying-fish. The more we observe them the more do they seem to resemble birds in their flight—wheeling and turning themselves sideways on the wind above the water. There was also a school of whales blowing fountains from their noses and slithering long and green through the water. There have been one or two very heavy rain squalls, just as if buckets of water were capsized over you; they wet everything through in about two minutes. No drill after quarters now, for the weather is too close. The wind appears to be falling after sunset. All through the night there was much sheet lightning in the S. and S. W., but the more brilliant bursts were overhead rather than on the horizon.

Oct. 5th.—At 8.30 A.M. the squadron spread with a twelve-mile radius from the *Bacchante* to search for a shoal whose position was doubtful. Nothing, however, was seen of it. At 1.30 P.M. a strange red rosy light was suffused all over the whole heavens for a few minutes. It was supposed to be the effect of some cloud passing in a peculiar way; but there was no cloud to be seen, and it would appear more probable that it was an electrical disturbance; the suffusion was as a thin veil over the whole sky. Reading to-day De Morga's *Philippines*, of the Hakluyt Society. It is full of strange tales, but the most curious thing to see is that there were just the same difficulties with the Chinamen as

immigrants in the sixteenth century as there are now. They flocked down to the Philippines from China and exhibited just the same good and evil qualities as they do now in Australia, and gave just the same causes of complaint, and were treated by the Spaniards just in the same way as our colonists treat them now. When, after a rebellion, they were put down and ousted for a while from the Philippines, it was found, just as when they were ousted from Sydney, on the late outbreak of small-pox, that there was suddenly a great scarcity of vegetable produce, for they were then as they are now nearly all market gardeners. The same cunning, the same patience and industry, the same contentment with small gains, and the same vices were shown by them then as now: everything reads like a page out of to-day's history. Many Japanese also came down to the Philippines, both for trade and as settlers; and the intercourse that ensued between Spain and Japan was in some respects like a little rehearsal of that between ourselves and Japan.

Oct. 6th.—In the forenoon all five ships spread to look for shoals the same as yesterday, and then closed on the *Inconstant*, and at 2.30 P.M. hove to and each lowered boats to communicate with the flag-ship and send in quarterly returns. We then heard that this was the first day for three weeks that the admiral has been up, and though getting better he is still very weak. He seems to have caught a cold at Viti whilst watching the "meke" on the grass outside Government House. We are now in latitude 20° N., and the thermometer is still 85°. Nowhere, except in this part of the Pacific, and never except at this time of the year, could we have gone so far north from the line without finding it getting cooler; it is cooler at night, but just as warm as ever during the day. To-day, unfortunately, the little kangaroo, who had become a general favourite with every one on board on account of his perfect gentleness and tameness, and who used to go bounding all over the quarter deck and aft, as well as forward to play with the men during the dinner and supper hours, and who had learnt to find his way down the ladder on to the main deck and call in at the several messes for contributions, and then to finish up with the captain's cabin for sponge-cake and bananas, jumped overboard. He had got in the habit of sitting outside on the glacis aft, and on the billboard of the sheet-anchor forward, for coolness during the close weather we have had, and it was from there, where he was last seen, that he is supposed to have lost his balance and slipped into the water. We are all the more sorry, as we had hoped to have

taken him home to Sandringham for sisters. He was never frightened at anything.

Oct. 7th.—Went to general quarters as usual on Friday morning. At noon we are just 1,000 miles from the Island of Vries, outside Yokohama. The wind is still taking us along between three and four knots. The next day some woodcocks and other birds were seen. It was full moon yesterday, and at sunset to-night there was every appearance that there would be a shift of wind. We have been a month at sea to-day, and have no idea when we are going to arrive at Yokohama; it seems a very long time.

Oct. 9th.—Very wet, with heavy rain before sunrise, which was intensely yellow, with much lightning in the N.E. Church on the main deck. Men all in blues; thermometer 86°. This afternoon we pass out of the tropics, but at present it makes no difference in the temperature. Reading on the forecastle all the afternoon, which was delightful, as you get there a little breath of air. We have been going four knots all day; it is a beautiful calm night.

Oct. 10th.—Nearly a dead calm, and very hot. The English barque *Earl of Elgin*, an old-fashioned tub of a thing, passed across our path astern at noon going to Shanghai; she had been in sight ever since daylight coming up from the east. We gave her our longitude 145° 13′ E. What little air there is has been gradually dying away all day. After evening quarters the *Tourmaline* asked permission to shift courses, but it was negatived, for the weather is too hot for drill. We have enough coal on board to steam 3,000 miles, and we could get into Yokohama under steam (660 miles) in three or four days at the outside. But it is a good test of patience to sail thus slowly in these calms and fitful squalls of rain. At midnight there was one tremendous heavy downpour of rain.

Oct. 11th.—It has been pouring nearly the whole night, the wind going round from S.E. to S.W. and then to the N.W., but there is precious little of it, and the whole of the next twenty-four hours we made an average of two knots. At 11.15 A.M. we were taken aback by another rain squall from the N.W., and afterwards we all tacked together and proceeded on our course. Nearly calm all the afternoon, and at night a dead calm. There was, however, a rainbow in the evening that was taken as a sign of a dry day to-morrow, which also came to pass. Reading Adams's *History of Japan*, from 1853 to 1871, a compilation from office papers, and so far useful.

For a little gentle excitement the captain lets his curio-bag overboard and gets a new sort of Portuguese man of war in it. We are 129 miles from Port Lloyd in the Bonin Islands, which is the nearest land, and from there an old dragon-fly came off to wonder at us. There have been no evolutions or drills on account of the heat for some time, but we are all having a good lesson in patience.

Oct. 12*th*.—Nearly a dead calm the whole of the next twenty-four hours. We do not average one knot, though at 8 A.M. we have gone 45 miles by the help of a squall now and then since noon yesterday. We are 525 miles from Vries Island and 555 from Yokohama and 62 from Peel Island in the Bonin group. After evening quarters went on the bar for a bit, as you must get exercise somehow. In the evening it looked very threatening to N.E. as of typhoon. At 10 P.M. there was a little puff from the northward and we all tacked together. In the ten minutes it lasted it was deliciously cool, and then the thermometer went up to 80° again. Dead calm all night.

Oct. 13*th, St. Edward the Confessor*.—Third day of calms. Peel Island is said to be visible from the mast-head on the port-quarter. From noon yesterday to noon to-day we have made thirty-six miles. There were several dolphins swimming round the ship, one was hooked and played for about a quarter of an hour, but at last the line was carried away and he was lost.

Although nearly a calm, the whole squadron are under topsails only, waiting for the *Cleopatra* to come up. Our boys are getting rated very quickly; there are only six left in the ship, many of those who came as boys when the ship was first commissioned having already been rated A.B.'s. To-day being Eddy's name-day we dined with the captain. The sun went down in a cloudless sky over a magnificent purple sea. There was one yellow gold line all round the horizon, and above that bluish-green; then quickly all the stars came out bright and clear. The moon rose at 10.15 P.M., and a little air sprang up, sufficient to move us two knots, before that, however, we had not gone one, the signal having been made to come to the wind on the port tack.

Oct. 14*th*.—At 6.30 A.M. tacked, for the wind had shifted and we were heading N.E. At 8.30 A.M. observed the Parry group of islands ahead, and the flag-ship made all plain sail and went to have a closer look at them. There is a nice little breeze to-day, and we are going between four and five knots, braced sharp up. We

could be making more but the squadron is waiting for the *Cleopatra*, who is still some way astern. At noon to-day we have made good thirty-one miles since noon yesterday. It is a trifle cooler, only 79°. At 4.30 P.M. we passed the Parry group. They are little more than a long line of uninhabited rocks, jagged and pinnacled, some with bluffs and flat-topped cliffs. As the sun went down behind them they were thrown up into strong relief, and we could see that they were of lava formation and with many outlying reefs, over some of which the sea was breaking; one at the north end, a mile away from the chief islands, scarcely showed above water, but we could see white surf circling on its edge. One cliff is perforated with an arch through it. On the larger island we could distinguish trees growing and could see green patches, but the hills seemed for the most part barren and brown. Altogether they look a nasty place to be driven on at night or in a typhoon, in the line of which they just lie. At 10 P.M. the breeze freshened from the N.E. and the thermometer went down 6°, during which time we had the luxury of making seven knots for a couple of hours, then there fell a dead calm with a heavy swell.

Oct. 15th.—We are rolling about in a heavy swell from the N.E., which it is supposed partly arises from the current and the inequalities of the bottom. A great many sharks round the ship; three were caught and one was blown to pieces with a disc of gun-cotton placed in a tin with a strip of pork wrapped round it for a bait; when he took it, it was fired with a boat's battery, which blew his head off and he sank. When the other three were hooked, we slipped bowlines down round their tails and hauled them on board. There are also a great number of dolphins, which we tried to catch with spoonbait and spinners, but they would not bite. At 1.45 P.M. taken aback by light airs from the westward, at 3.45 P.M. wore. All to-day we have scarcely made any advance; from noon to 8 P.M. we have made a quarter of a mile. There was a rainbow in the evening; this promises a good day to-morrow.

Oct. 16th.—Dead calm and very hot. The ships all being black, when they once get nicely warmed with the sun, retain the heat like ovens. Had the usual services on the main deck. At noon we have gone fifteen miles since noon yesterday, and we have had a current of twenty miles against us. After evening quarters there were heavy clouds all round the horizon, but nothing more than a few showers came of it.

Oct. 17th.—At 4.15 A.M. down screw; at 6.30 A.M. commenced

steaming and spread for prize firing; at 7.30 A.M. furled sails. Commenced firing at 9 A.M., but none of our guns obtained a prize. It was all over by dinner-time. At noon we had made good twenty-seven miles since noon yesterday. At 2 P.M. made plain sail, a breeze springing up from the S.W., and we all now, having resumed our stations, go scampering along under steam and sail over eight knots. It is a strange sensation to be actually moving through the water after such a dreary week of calms, which seem to have lasted a far longer time, until we had grown accustomed to look upon them as our normal condition. It is also pleasant getting a little air through the ship, and it seems quite cool at 80°. Lovely starlight night.

Oct. 18*th.*—There is a nice fresh breeze blowing now from the W.S.W., which is rather too far forward. The flag-ship has got her screw up and is going along under sail alone; the other ships are keeping station under steam and sail, and heeling over to the breeze under plain sail. It is very hot in the sun still. At noon we have made good 166 miles, but are still 300 miles from Yokohama. After evening quarters the flag-ship got her screw down and commenced steaming again, and at 5 P.M. we all shortened and furled sails, sent down topgallant masts, and pointed yards to the wind, evidently expecting a norther, which came on during the night; the barometer rising and the thermometer falling at least 10°. Woke in the night and found it quite chilly, with the thermometer below 70°, and the ship pitching to the sea which the head-wind is knocking up, for it has shifted round to the North.

Oct. 19*th.*—All the ships steaming against a dead head-wind, are pitching their bows under. It is still sunny and fresh, and at noon is deliciously cool at 71°. Thank goodness we have got away from the warm weather at last. The ship is knocking about too much for bar. In the evening were able to set fore and aft sails, as the wind is now off the starboard bow, having shifted further round.

Oct. 20*th.*—At 2.10 A.M., sighted Omai-Saki, and at 3 A.M. hauled up to take station in single column. At 3.15 A.M. H.M.S. *Albatross* made her number going south. At 9.30 A.M. passed the sailing-ship *Zodiac* running south before the breeze. This, at noon, had freshened up until it was blowing eight, and raining hard. We have now our first glimpse of Japan on the port beam, with its hills rising range behind range, through the drift over the foaming sea and the hurly-burly. The wind is straight in our teeth, and the *Tourmaline* is knocking about a good bit, washing herself down

fore and aft. As her coal was running short we tacked and bore up for Simoda, into which harbour she went for the night. The rest of the squadron proceeded close under the land, still steaming against the head wind in order to pass to the north of Vries Island. At 5.25 P.M. sighted Tosima Island. The scud is driving furiously overhead, but it is not raining so hard.

Oct. 21*st.*—Steamed up Yedo Bay in the grey of early dawn. The low hills each side looked like so many cones that had bubbled up into their present contortions from earthquakes and volcanic disturbance, but they really are conical bare mounds produced by the action of heavy rains on soft and hard beds that lie upon each other. Each is capped on the top by big trees, whose roots and foliage shelter the ground and hold it together. These are for the most part dark-green firs, just like the old pictures one has seen of Japan. Although it is only twenty years ago since the country was opened to foreigners, yet already the lighthouses all round the coast are most excellent, far better than those in some of the southern countries in Europe. The first Japanese thing we saw this morning was the long black hull of a screw steamer, just as you see them on the Thames, steaming out of Yedo Bay with the Japanese flag, a red ball on a white ground. There is a regular Japanese company, the Mitsu Bishi, that carries the mails alternately with the French mail steamers down the coast of Japan, and on to Shanghai and Hong Kong. Steam navigation is making rapid progress, and several lines of steamers now ply between all the ports of the empire. Several of these vessels have been built in Japan, and are worked entirely by native hands. A little farther on is a fleet of Japanese small fishing-boats, each with their light bows cut away, and a huge square brown sail amidships, on which is painted the owner's mark; sometimes they carry another small sail in the bows, which gives them the appearance of all sailing stern first. All the valleys between the hills are full of cold floating mist, and the scud is still drifting overhead and Fuji-yama is invisible. The mirage this morning seems to cut off from the horizon the fleet of boats and all the headlands, and hold them curiously in suspense over the grey and ruffled waters of the bay. At 9.30 A.M. came to and moored off Yokohama. Found here H.M.S. *Encounter* (bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral G. O. Willes, commander-in-chief of Her Majesty's naval forces on the China station), *Pegasus* and *Vigilant*, the *Monocracy*, an American sloop, three Japanese, the *Asia*, a Russian, and the *Champlain*, a

French man-of-war. They are all lying in the roadstead closer in than we are. Along the sea front beyond them we can see the long line of European-looking buildings, while to the left rises "the bluff," a high and round-topped hill and cliff, on which stand more European houses in their detached grounds, the residences of the merchants whose stores and shops are down below. This is the forty-first day we have been out since leaving Viti, and the latest news we have obtained from England was that of June 17th. Admiral Willes had sent H.M.S. *Zephyr* with the mail to meet us outside Yedo Bay, but unfortunately she missed us. H.M.S. *Pegasus* was therefore sent to look out for and bring her in, which she did, and brought us our mails at 6 P.M. We were very glad to get eight mail bags of letters and newspapers on board.

AT YOKOHAMA.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Oct.					
22	N.E. 3·4. Variable 1·2	67°	67°	65°	62°
23S.	Variable 2·3	67	67	67	60
24	N.E. and N.W. 4·1	67	66	55	55
25	N. by E. to N. 3·5·3	66	66	58	58
26	N. and N.E. 2·3	64	65	65	63
27	N.E. 3·4·1	64	64	64	65
28	N.E. 2·1	64	63	63	63
29	Variable 1	64	66	58	58
30S.	N. to N.N.E. 1·4	66	66	61	59
31	N. 1·3 and Variable 1	64	64	60	63

Oct. 22nd.—At 9 A.M. *Tourmaline* arrived and anchored, and saluted Japanese flag and Admiral Willes. Much interchange of official calls between captains of the various foreign ships. Mr. Kennedy, the English *chargé d'affaires*, came on board to call, and Mr. Nagasaki, private secretary to the Mikado, also came off. In the evening had our first clear view of the snowy peak of Fuji-yama, which is seventy miles away, and about 12,400 feet high, or a little less than Mont Blanc. Its sides slope upward straight from the base the whole way, and form a perfect cone, and now they were all aglow in the red sunset. It has been hidden in clouds all day, although the weather has been bright and cold—at least so it has felt to us after our long sojourn in the tropics,—with the thermometer marking 67°.

Oct. 23*rd.*—The American corvette *Swatara* arrived. Morning service on the main deck; Admiral Willes came on board in the afternoon. Have not got used to the change in temperature yet, it feels quite cool as we sit and write letters. Hear from some of those who have been a good deal up the country that the Russian Church is making many proselytes among the Japanese, especially in the northern island of Yesso. Besides these there are 60,000 Roman Catholic and 20,000 Protestant converts in Japan, according to official statistics. One of the leading publicists of Japan has published a long argument demonstrating the superiority of Christianity as a national faith. Ten years ago, any Japanese professing Christianity was threatened with death. In Nagasaki there are said to be 35,000 professing Christians in a district where there are not a hundred foreign Christian families.

Oct. 24*th.*—Left the *Bacchante* for five days' leave ashore. We landed in a Japanese steam launch in a drizzle, at 10 A.M. at the Admiralty Pier, Benten. There we met Prince Higashi Fushimi, with whom were the Port-Admiral Nire, Mr. Nomura Yasushi, Prefect of Kanagawa, and many other Japanese officials, either in uniform or evening dress. After chatting with them and waiting some little time for the luggage to be landed, during which tea is served, we drive to the station in two of the Mikado's carriages through the crowd which has assembled outside, and leave by special train a few minutes past eleven for Tôkiô—a distance of twenty miles. The line was commenced in 1867 and opened for traffic in October 1872; it was constructed by English engineers, and cost £600,000.

Prince Higashi Fushimi has been educated in England, and we used to meet him at the Chiswick garden parties: he will stay with us by the Mikado's wish the whole time we are in Japan. All the country between Yokohama and Tôkiô is most carefully cultivated, just like a garden in England, and is looking quite green as we pass across it.

We arrived at Tôkiô a little before twelve; Mr Kennedy, (with whom were Mr. Satow, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Hodges the secretaries of Legation), the German Minister, as well as Prince Kita-Shirakawa, Tokudaiji, Minister of the Household, and Mr. Matsuda, Prefect of Tôkiô, met us at the station; thence we drive in carriages, which are rare even yet in Japan, through a crowd which line the streets the short distance between the railway and the palace which the Mikado has placed at our disposal. We

turn into the grounds of this, over a moat and drawbridge, through an old Japanese gateway The gateway is a double one, with tall perpendicular stone walls and heavy wooden iron-plated and knobbed gates which in olden times served as fortification to the interior, and is so constructed that the second of the two is built at right angles to the first and at a distance of about sixty yards in its rear. Just inside this is the guard-house where a guard of thirty soldiers are stationed; these turn out to the sound of a bugle and present arms whenever we go in or out. A broad straight avenue of gravel leads from here up to the En-riô-qwan ("invite-look-building" or the place where the Mikado invites people to look at them), a very comfortable one-storied building in true Japanese style, but fitted up with every European comfort, and standing in a pretty garden and park laid out in native fashion, full of strange trees, with birds and monkeys in cages, and winding fishing ponds full of fish. There is a charming view from the top of the rampart over the sea down Yedo Bay, and many summer houses of quaint shape amid the shrubberies. The Duke of Genoa when he visited Japan in 1873 as midshipman in the Italian man-of-war *Garibaldi* stayed here. The party with us are Prince Louis of Battenberg, Lieutenant the Honourable A. G. Curzon-Howe, Dr. Turnbull, and two gun-room messmates. The other officers from the squadron who are enjoying the Mikado's hospitality are Mr. Love, the admiral's secretary, and his flag-lieutenant Mr. Winsloe, Captain Lord Charles Scott, Captain Denistoun, Captain Stephenson and Captain Durrant, these are sleeping at the English Legation, but come here for their meals.

We had lunch at one, and afterwards started in jinrikishas for the Asaksa temples, which stand in the midst of a sort of fair of booths, and small shops, and where the ordinary Japanese life is seen freest. We got out of the jinrikishas and walked up through the big gates, past the belfry and library to the Hondo ("great hall") of the temple. The present buildings date from the time of the third Shogun Iyemitsu, (A.D. 1623-1657), after the destruction by fire of the former buildings. The roofs of the present ones are covered with an iron net-work to prevent sparks falling on the wood-work when there is a fire in the neighbourhood. As all the houses are of wood they are always having fires, and a good part of the town gets periodically burnt down. Every Buddhist temple consists of three parts, which are generally separate buildings, but sometimes united under

one roof. These are 'the porch,' the 'oratory,' and the 'great hall' in which the chief statue is placed. This temple was built in 1657, and belongs to the Monto sect, or those who believe in justification by faith alone and in the mercy of the saviour, Amida Buddha, and his power to save them. They have been called the Protestants of Japan, and have abolished many of the outward rites and even the celibacy of the priesthood. This is the first Buddhist temple we have visited, and as we come up on to the matted floor of the front part of the great hall and look through the chancel screen at the Hon-zon (chief statue) of Amida in its dim religious light with the altar and candlesticks and flower vases in front, and the people kneeling and reverently praying around, it feels quite like going into church. In front are a number of coins lying all about loosely on the matting; we wonder at first what they are, until we see that they are thrown there one at a time by every one who makes a prayer. The worshippers come up to the foot of the steps, throw down a coin, and stand up for a few seconds gazing into the temple apparently collecting their thoughts and concentrating their effort: they then raise their hands, place them together, bow the head and mutter a short prayer: then look up into the temple again earnestly and reverently, and move off and make way for a new-comer. There is also a huge wooden sort of coffer or pen placed in front to receive these gifts of the people. In the contiguous temple of Asaksa Dera we saw the shrine of Kwan-non, the god of pity, before whom those who wish help in child-bearing chiefly pray. The little miraculous image which was fished up off the coast in the sixth century after Christ, and for which this magnificent temple was built, is only about two inches long, and is never shown. At Mr. Satow's request we go up on to the fine mat covering, and removing our shoes so as not to spoil it, are taken round by one of the priests, behind the high altar gorgeous with lamps, flowers, gold and sacred vessels, and guarded by figures of the four Dêva kings and with no end of other images and carved shrines and lacquer work on all sides, until at the back we come upon some huge pictures, on lacquer with a background of gold leaf, of the twenty-eight constellations under the form of as many superhuman beings, and which were painted about the time of Van Dyck (1640). Coming out into the front hall again we have pointed out to us an image with a pink and yellow cloth bib round his neck representing Bindzuru, the helper of the sick; he was one of the sixteen favourite disciples of Buddha, but is usually placed outside the temples.

Believers are allowed to rub the part of the saint in which they are suffering pain, and then that portion of themselves, and often find relief. We then went round the grounds of the temple, and into several booths where there were wax-works with movable heads and arms, and an archery shed where you shoot with little arrows the same as in the rifle galleries in the Tivoli Gardens at Copenhagen; but as it was a wet afternoon there was not much going on at the fair which is generally held in these grounds. We came round by the five-storied pagoda and back to the revolving library in which are deposited the Buddhist scriptures, nearly 7,000 volumes: as it is impossible for any person to read these through, he may by turning the whole with one vigorous push three times round on its axis have the will taken for the deed. They also showed us a large stone with an inscription on it in Sanskrit in the old Nepaulese characters. Close by are a number of little stone statues all ranged round a larger one of Je-zô the helper of those who are in trouble, the special protector of children, and these are the images which parents have brought of their dead little ones to his shrine. All the grounds are filled with large gingko trees, whose curious-shaped leaves we remember in the gardens at Chiswick and also in those at Kew.

We come away from the temples, passing under the great red two-storied gate of wood with the two giant images, one on either side, behind their wire work screens, and so out to the jinrikishas and back to the En-riô-qwan. Dinner was at 7 P.M. and to it came the Japanese Ministers. Sanjô and Iwakura, the Head Ministers, are both *Kuges*, or court nobles, the one is supported by the Choshiu and the other by the Satsuma clan. (It was the clans of Tosa and Satsuma who, with those of Choshiu and Hizen, representing the western and southern clans, threw off in 1868 the supremacy of the northern and eastern clans, who supported in their turn the Tokugawa Shoguns of Yedo.) There is still a very strong clan feeling in Japan. The principal Choshiu men in the Ministry are Ito, who is President of the Legislative Council; Inouyé, who is Minister for Foreign Affairs; Yamada, who is Minister of the Interior; and Yamagata, who is Chief of the Staff. The chief Satsuma men are Kawamura, who is Minister of Marine, Ôyama of War, Saigo of Commerce, Kuroda of the Colonies, and Matsugata of Finance (Okuma the late minister having just resigned). Most of the officers in the navy also are Satsuma men, amongst whom are Captain Matsumora and Commander Hatori, who both are attached to us during our stay in

Japan and can speak English perfectly well and tell us many interesting things. Two or three Japanese gentlemen are always at the palace to render any assistance they can to our party.

We both have one large room together, with a comfortable dressing room and bath room opening out into the garden. All the fittings connected with the bath, the floor, the bath itself, the panelling, tubs, seats, ladles, pails, are of sweet-smelling plain unvarnished and unpainted wood. The suite of sitting rooms are the same as those which Prince Henry of Prussia and the Duke of Genoa lately occupied; they are filled with many beautiful specimens of old Japanese art in lacquer work, china, wood carving, bronze, and Kakemono pictures. During dinner the Mikado sent his own private band, the Reijin, to play on old Japanese, Chinese, and Corean instruments, most of them over 1,500 years old; it is a very rare performance, and the only place you can hear it is in the Emperor's palace. The sounds that proceeded from the inner room where these musicians were placed were so faint and plaintive that some of the party ignorantly mistook them for preparations of a band tuning up, and as it went on for some time inquired when they were going to begin to play. This music in fact, like all oriental music to a western ear, appears altogether out of tune and full of discords, being set in a wholly different key, and seeming to speak a wholly different language to our own. But after listening to it attentively for some time, although we cannot say we like it, yet we can quite understand how some people do: just as others admire Mr. Whistler's pictures or a piece of faded old silk work, or the faint flavour or smell of some, to our taste, sickly flower or fruit. Then when dinner was over, there were some very good fireworks in the garden and some first-rate juggling and conjuring, consisting of the usual tricks of drawing endless yards of white crape out of a hat, of making a plant to grow from a seed, fans to fly all over the room without apparently being moved by the hand.

Oct. 25th.—After breakfast, which is laid out in one of the smaller rooms, and which we all take as best suits our own convenience, some Japanese tumblers and acrobats performed in the garden. The performance began by the appearance of a long dragon a yard in breadth and six or seven long, who went crawling about all over the lawn, rolling his eyes, opening and shutting his jaws, and writhing his tail. These movements were produced by three or four men, who walked inside this inflated silk covering, while others were dressed up grotesquely with large strange masks,

the head juggler chattering away and apparently recounting some tale of adventure in which these beasts and gnomes played a leading part; he at any rate and the Japanese were much amused at the story, for they were laughing the whole time. We were told that this was a sort of mumming which used to take place (like the miracle plays) in the temples of the old deities, but afterwards the priests went about the country thus performing, begging, giving away charms, and attracting the people by their quaint old music on drum and flute. The men afterwards did some very clever tricks with balls, and also balanced on their chins a number of plates set edgewise, on which again small sticks were set crosswise, and from their ends cups and saucers and other light articles were again skilfully balanced. They are short, thick-set little men, with their hair dressed in Japanese fashion, that is to say, all the top part of the head is shaved as if to imitate premature baldness, but the hair is left in its thick black natural growth at the sides and back of the head, whence it is gathered together into a little long narrow top-knot, about four inches in length and scarcely one in width which is twisted together with the help of paper-twine, and pomade, like the waxed moustaches under the second French empire. They are dressed in a short sort of cloak, coming down to about the knee and tied in round the waist, of dark blue material, with loose hanging sleeves but open round the neck, something like a dressing-gown. At the back, just below the nape of the neck, but not quite between the two shoulders, is a round ring about two inches in diameter, stamped on the material in white, and inside this is a Japanese character or crest: this is the emblem or sign adopted either by themselves or their masters. But they only wear their master's crest thus if he has given them their dress. They wear tight-fitting trousers of dark blue, and each of them has a bright-coloured and oiled paper umbrella to keep off the sun or rain when needful, but which usually they carry closed. On their feet are the comfortable thick white Japanese stockings, so made that the great toe runs into a stall by itself, like the thumb in a hand-glove, and the other four toes into another; by this means the sandal, or wooden clog, can be easily attached to the foot when going out, or detached when coming into a clean mat-floored house. They are warm to the feet and very comfortable to wear, and with them and straw sandals the feet never get rubbed or chafed in walking; for which they are far better adapted than the black leather boot and shoe of the

Europeans; many of these adopt them. Though it is the fashion for the Japanese to discard them, they will probably hold their own in the future as the most sensible and really comfortable foot coverings.

There is a large semicircular sort of verandah at the top of a flight of stone steps at the back of the palace looking out into the garden, on which those of the party who feel inclined stand or sit, looking at these performances until it is time to start for the Shiba temples, which lie to the south of the city at no very great distance from the house. We leave the carriages at the Daimon (or "great gate") leading into the public gardens at Shiba, which till 1877 were the grounds of the great Buddhist temple of Zô-jô-ji. Iye-yasu, the founder of the dynasty of the Shôguns of the Toku-gawa family in 1616, chose this beautiful temple, originally endowed in 1393 but removed here in 1596, (so that it then had only lately been founded at Shiba,) as the burial place for himself and his descendants. Although he himself reposes now 100 miles away at Nikkô, yet seven Shôguns and their wives and families are buried here, and five other Shôguns of his descendants are buried in the other group of temples at Uyeno on the north of the town. The Shoguns were all Buddhists, and under their patronage that form of religion with its art and literature flourished and became the religion of the country. Since the overthrow of their power and the restoration of the Mikado to more than nominal authority, their religion has been overthrown also; the endowments of the temples have been confiscated by the government, many of the works of art in statuary and bronze, and lacquer-work, and paintings with which they abounded, have been cleared out of them, and pure Shintoism adopted as the one sole religion established by law. This consists chiefly in adoring nature-powers (but always without the aid of images or statues), and the ancestors of the Mikado, or anything connected with their sacred person. These relics, however, become of course fetishes, and the ancestors gradually rise in the estimation of their descendants so as ultimately to rule the powers of nature themselves; and each one of these ancestors being revered and remembered for one or more qualities which he particularly possessed while alive, becomes the giver, inspirer, or strengthener of the same quality in his votaries (as a sort of patron saint), *e.g.*, of holiness, wisdom, swiftness, strength, memory, &c. But beneath all this growth, the idea of the one God becomes, in this religion as in all others except the Moslem, gradually

dimmer, certainly in the popular mind, by the intervention of all these intermediaries. The Mikado meanwhile remains the embodiment of the concentrated virtues of all these illustrious ancestors, and in his sacred majesty they and their powers are revered as in a concrete form.

The main hall (*hondô*) which stood in the centre of these grounds where we now are, was destroyed by fire January 1st, 1874; it was to have been handed over to be purged for Shintoism the next day. It is rebuilding on a much smaller scale, the scaffolding being now up. We walk up across the court, on either side of which there are a countless number of stone lanterns each on the summit of its little pillar about four feet high from the ground, and enter by the large gateway. Often as we have seen photographs of these temples with their heavy overhanging dark-tiled roofs and carving, we had never realised anything of the real beauty produced by their vermillion painted beams, and the mass of gold and lacquer, black and scarlet, and of bronze and wood carving of birds and flowers, gold pheasants, cocks, chrysanthemums, peonies, and monsters, amid rolls of arabesque work, coloured with every tint of brightness and enamel, every inch of which is finished with the elaborate finish of a cabinet. They stand court after court, temple after temple, each different from the other, in the midst of their parks and woods of wild weird pines, red-stemmed and gnarled, that toss their dark-green foliage above them as a background to it all, and with the city of Tôkiô around them in the distance. The city extends over no less than thirty-six square miles, owing to these large parks and grounds, which not only on its edge, but also in its centre, occupy such an enormous area. We go into three of these mortuary temples. First into that belonging to the seventh and ninth Shôguns, in which immediately upon entering we pass along a passage filled with cases of Buddhist books, and along a red and black lacquered gallery. We can scarcely believe at first that all these pillars are real lacquer-work, and that this is real gold which is laid on so plentifully on all sides; and looking at the shrines which contain the two wooden images of the two Shôguns presented by the Mikado of those days, in 1751 and 1761, and always kept hermetically closed, and all the costly and elaborate metal work that holds them together, we wonder how long they will remain here without being sold, for they would fetch a large sum in the English or American market; in fact the acres of lacquer and carving here would

seem to be almost priceless. The floor is covered with very fine matting, and at the sides are hanging bamboo blinds bound with silk. Before these two shrines are an altar and two tables of splendid red lacquer several feet long, and on the re-table in front of the shrines are standing wooden statuettes of the four Dêva kings or archangels who guard the world on the north, the south, the east, and the west, from the attacks of the evil spirits with which the air on all sides is filled. Heavy gilt gates, like those to the sanctuary at Westminster Abbey, only more elaborately wrought, are in front of the altar; and on every side, worked on the lacquer, and on the metal as well as on the stone-work of the temple outside, and on the tiles and eaves of the building, over and over again is repeated the crest of the Tokugawa family, which to English eyes looks like the Irish shamrock or trefoil. We then come down into the second part of the temple, the "oratory," which here is under the same roof as the shrines, and connected with them by the passage we spoke of, the ceiling of which is all one mass of carving, gilt, and colour. Here, every month, on the 12th and 30th, the service is held for the repose of the Shôgun's soul and to pray for his help. Here is the seat of the abbot of the monastery, and the other mats all round for the monks who sit on their heels before small lacquer tables, which to-day, along with the lacquer boxes containing the rolls of Buddhist scriptures, are piled up on one side of the entrance passage against the wall, out of the way. We come out now into the courtyard and see the stone cistern on one side for the water for washing the priests (just like the *laver* in the temple of the Jews and the washing-place in every mosque), and the large bell which is rung on service days twice a month. All round in rows, one behind each other, are over 200 large bronze lanterns, placed there as a mark of respect by the territorial nobility. The original idea of the custom seems to have been that of lighting the souls of the departed on their way through the darkness of the night to the spirit world. Afterwards it was kept up in the same way, as the faithful cause candles to be placed in Catholic churches before particular altars or pictures, and images of the saints. The tops of some of the lanterns have been carried off by thieves; as we go across the court we notice the black boarding which is nailed up as a screen all along the side of the temple to protect the wood-work of the beams and walls, which are all highly carved and coloured, from the weather and from the hands of thieves. We go through a gate in another screen of carved wood-work coloured

red and gilt, up the hill behind to the wood in which are the graves of these two Shôguns. In each case they are marked only by a plain round stone monument about a dozen feet high and four broad, whose shape resembles a round cupboard covered with a stone umbrella, like the Indian topes. Their bodies are buried somewhere near, but the exact spot is not known, in order that they may rest without the possibility of disturbance. Formerly a priest and a retainer in armour knelt all day on these steps. We then went to the mortuary temple of the fourteenth Shôgun who died in 1866, and whose wife was an aunt of the present Mikado, and her shrine with its lacquer altar and surroundings seemed better tended in consequence. There were some hangings of fine white stuff by the altar, with the chrysanthemum, whose golden flower is the crest of the Mikado family, and the emblem of immortality, worked upon them. Here, as before, in the halls are flying dragons, great white lilies, tree peonies, birds carved about on all the beams and cornices, with sprays of fruit blossom, and mandarin ducks the emblems of conjugal affection. Coming out, we are led by other temples, the exterior of which apparently is just as gorgeous as that of those into which we have been, and as far as we can see, through their open doors, the interior also, until, after going through some more red lacquer gates, gilt and carved, and ascending some curious stone steps in the wood, we arrive at the octagonal hall, containing the tomb itself, of the second Shôgun who died in 1632. Instead of being of stone like those we saw outside just now, this one is "the most magnificent specimen of gold lacquer to be seen in Japan." It stands on a stone pedestal, and on its round sides are large knobs of crystal, each as big as a man's fist, over Sanskrit letters, which can be read through the crystal boss and are supposed to be possessed of mystic virtue. On the panels are eight views of places, some in China and others in Japan, and round their edges lines of Chinese enamel work. Underneath are worked on the lacquer the lion as king of beasts, and the tree peony as the king of flowers. This tope or shrine after all contains nothing but the tablet with the Shôgun's name and his image in wood. Somewhere beneath the pavement lies his body. The eight sides of the wall which protect this shrine from the weather are covered with lacquer-work, above which are carvings of dragons, and the eight wooden pillars which support the roof are covered with copper plates, gilt. Turning and coming down the steps from this just before reaching the path,

we are shown two curiously carved stones dating from 1644, one representing the death of Gautama or Buddha and the other representing Amida, coming, surrounded with other saints "made perfect" to welcome the departed soul. As it is nearly time for us to leave the grounds we are only able to look into the little chapel close to the gateway by which we go out, in which are some hanging pictures of Buddha's 500 disciples. We see, however, on the right the great stone torii, which always marks a Shintô temple as distinguished from a Buddhist, and which consists simply of two large upright posts, across the top of which are two transverse beams, the upper one of which projects from the sides and curves slightly upwards at the ends. Their very form shows that they were originally made of wood. All stone-work in Japan is a close imitation of carpentry. They are sometimes covered with plates of bronze, but the shape of the wooden perch for sacred birds is always preserved. This torii marks the entrance to the temple where the first Tokugawa Shôgun is venerated as a Shintô divinity. The Buddhist priests in yellow robes and with their clean shaven faces and heads have the same expression of devotion on their countenances as Catholic priests.

Drove back to lunch at twelve, and at 1.30 P.M., having all shifted into uniform, went to call on the Mikado, Mutsuhito, Emperor of Japan, who succeeded to the throne on the death of his father Kômei, February 13th, 1867, and was crowned at Kiôto, October 12th, 1868. He is the lineal descendant of Jimmu-Tenno, who founded the dynasty 660 B.C. It was a long drive through the town up to the castle of the old Shôguns which stood in the centre of the city in the midst of its own grounds, surrounded with three moats and walls. The moat winds in a sort of huge distorted spiral round the centre, and the road up crosses it several times. The walls by this moat are built of large irregular shaped stones sloping inwards, and topped at the corners every here and there by the oblong guardhouses with their heavy-eaved roofs and skate-shaped crest. We pass many of the *yashkis*, or residences in which the Daimiôs and their retainers were forced to reside under the eye of the Shôgun for the greater part of the year, and which were very extensive with their courtyards and outhouses. Most of these have been pulled down to make way for modern European buildings, but enough remain with their large heavy wooden gates, and quaint wooden roofs and round tiles, the bottom one in each row stamped with the crest of the

Daimiô, and with their beam and other wood-work to cause all the more regret for the loss of those that are gone. We pass the new barracks of the imperial guard with their tower and cupola, and before arriving at the British Legation we turn in through another gateway, and after passing through what seems quite another little town with its shops and streets close to the palace we arrive at the door of the Mikado's temporary home Ri-Kiu (or removed palace). The Shôgun's former palace was accidentally burnt down in 1873, the present residence is in Japanese style with European fittings. All the passages up which we were ushered, were constructed of white unpolished and unpainted wood, which is the only kind allowed to be used in houses in which the Mikado lives. All these beams and staples and cross-pieces are most beautifully joined, and are good specimens of Japanese carpentry, which for neatness and exactness surpasses any in the world. These corridors and passages are generally covered with native matting, but as this is so fine that it is quickly damaged by heavy leathern shoes and boots, it is covered over, when Europeans are present, with ordinary carpets. Mr. Kennedy and the secretaries of the Legation were awaiting us there and accompanied us up to the hall in which we were to be received by the Mikado. The sides of this were of the same plain wood as that in the passages and corridors; and in the centre of the long room, which was quite bare of furniture, was an English carpet of rather staring pattern, and at the end an English fire-place and mantel-shelf with an ordinary mirror in European gilt frame and a time-piece. The Mikado was himself in full uniform, dark blue tunic with heavy gold braid on the sleeves and front. Although he is not thirty years old (having been born on the 3rd November, 1852), he has a much aged look about the face. He is self-possessed and evidently strenuously anxious, though not nervous, to play his part well. The Empress Haruko and her ladies were in Japanese costume; she is very small and would be very pretty if she was not painted up so according to Japanese fashion. She was married February 9th, 1869, and was born May 29th, 1850. Her dress was of light-coloured crape very pretty, elegant and simple. Her hair was dressed in the way peculiar to the Japanese court, forming a stiff sort of circular plate like the halo of a saint, at the back of her head. All the chamberlains were in European court dress, which had been made at Poole's, and was just the same as the English civilian uniform in dark blue, with gold braid on the front, wristbands and lappets

of the coat pockets, the only difference being that instead of our oak leaf and acorn in the gold lace, the chrysanthemum was substituted. One of the stout chamberlains who is thus now attired, often at other times wrestles naked with the Mikado. This amusement is one that all Japanese are passionately fond of, both in private and public. We could not help thinking how very much better the Japanese gentlemen would have looked in their own old court suits, which it seems such a thousand pities that they have abandoned, however much they may prefer European dress for ordinary life, although its adoption in Japan even thus is a questionable benefit, for really nothing is so comfortable as the loose-fitting, soft native dress which can be made either as warm or as cool as the varying season may require. The dignity and the picturesqueness of their national court dresses, would add immensely to the effect of court receptions and ceremonies if it were again revived. The officers of the squadron, who were present and in full dress, were then presented one by one by Mr. Kennedy to the Emperor and Empress, and after that the Mikado entered into conversation with us both through Mr. Nagasaki as interpreter. He welcomed us to Japan and hoped that the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales were well. Eddy assured him they were and thanked him and said, he was glad to come to this most interesting country. He said he had been commissioned by the Queen to announce to the Mikado that Her Majesty had ordered her portrait to be painted in oils and forwarded in token of friendship, and that it would shortly arrive. The Mikado said "he should always keep it as a valuable possession and as a gracious mark of the Queen's esteem, and also as a souvenir of our visit to his country. He wished to thank the Queen through us for the hospitable reception Her Majesty had accorded in England to the Japanese Prince Taruhito Arisu-Gawa, now studying at the Naval College at Greenwich, and who by the last mail he had heard had been graciously received by Her Majesty at Osborne." George said "the Queen was always glad to see members of other reigning families in England, and that he and his brother hoped that their visit to Japan, and his to England, would serve to draw closer the ties of friendly feeling that already united the two countries." The Empress in cheerful and genial manner then tried to begin a conversation. Eddy asked her to accept two wallabies which we had brought in the *Bacchante* from Australia. These were great pets with all on board, as they went hopping and

frisking and booming about at meal hours all over the decks, as wild as hawks; they would come in through the side ports of the stern cabins over the glacis and sit themselves down on a chair by the side of any one reading there, and look over his shoulder in the most ludicrously wistful way at the book, then pricking their ears shoot out of the port as if going to jump overboard into the sea, which they would just avoid doing by picking themselves up suddenly on the very edge of the glacis, and then go off at a bound to the other end of the ship. These, he thought, by their strangeness would amuse her, more especially as they were the first which had ever landed in Japan, and go well with the other tame animals she had in the garden. At this she seemed much pleased; so they were sent off next day, and taken up to the palace in large wooden cages, by a party of bluejackets and marines from the *Bacchante*.

After remaining for about half an hour we returned to the Enriô-qwan, the way by which we had come, contrasting in our minds the scene at which we had just assisted with what we had read of the old Japanese court at Kiôto not twenty years ago. The corps diplomatique then came, attending at Mr. Kennedy's invitation, and were all presented to us both, we shook hands with and said a few words to each. After they had gone, a curious collection of performing birds was exhibited in one of the rooms; there were some capital talking parrots, and some pretty specimens of the little yama (or mountain) gara, which are as tricky as our own goldfinches. Their intelligence was accidentally discovered by a street-seller of a kind of jelly or children's sweetmeat. This man to attract his customers used to show a yama-gara which spelled words with lettered cards; and finding it take, he gradually established a little flock of twenty birds now exhibited by his sons, Seikichi and Tamazô Matsune. These two men talked in a very piquant and forcible manner to the birds, the Japanese words seeming to be pronounced without much movement of the lips and chiefly from the throat and teeth, as the birds strutted about carrying fans and umbrellas, and did many tricks similar to those birdmen show in the London streets, only neatly and without any hitch, manifesting the humorous conception of their master in the tricks he taught them. The tone and colour of the native costumes worn by the men were more soft and pleasing than those of the jugglers in the morning.

Several of our party then walked down across the garden to the

fishing temples in the grounds, which are full of large old carp; of these we caught several with hook and line baited with worm. The elder members of the party wandered about the gardens, and found in the summer houses lacquer boxes lying on the tables filled with large cigars, the ends of which were all tipped with gilt. The cigars were very good, but the gilt came off on the lips. These summer-houses were in all sorts of quaint forms, and were built in old Japanese style before the fashion of sitting on the knees and heels had gone out, and therefore the chairs and tables of European shape do not look quite natural in them. The wooden bridges that span the water of the small lake and canals (on the sides of which there is a good deal of artificial rock and stone-work) are also of the most irregular and angular build, a continuous straight line being carefully avoided in any part of their construction. It was very pleasant on the rampart at the further end of the garden looking down Yedo Bay, on which were many specimens of native craft going out fishing as the evening fell.

At dinner that evening there were thirty-two altogether, as, besides our own party and Japanese officials, there came the German minister, M. Eisendecher, and the Russian minister, M. de Struve.

Dinner was no sooner over than, while we were having coffee and cigarettes in one of the adjacent rooms, some most extraordinarily clever top spinners performed. The tops were very heavy and large, and how the man made these tops spin for such a long time was difficult to imagine. He flung them all over the place, and caught them again on the side and point of a stick in a most marvellous manner; and the expression of his face while all this was going on showed a wonderful joy and simple delight in his profession. We went up and examined the tops, and chatted with him afterwards. By this time the dining-room had been cleared, and we went back to see the dancing of some little Japanese ladies and children, the daughters and relatives of the Japanese gentlemen with us, who came in at the further end of the room with their native dancing master. The performance was very pretty, just the same in effect as if the pictures of Japanese ladies in long flowing robes, with which every one is so well acquainted in England, had all come to life, and taken to walking about. The chief movements, however, were those which were executed by waving of the hands, while the elbows were kept at one moment close into the sides, and then at another raised or lowered; the fan which each continuously opened

and shut was wielded in all sorts of fantastic ways. The head was swayed from side to side in rhythm to the music of small drums, accompanied by stringed instruments; the combined sound of these was more curious than agreeable to an English ear. The whole thing was very antique and really a curiosity, being a revival prepared for the occasion; indeed most of the Japanese themselves had not seen these special dances before.

Oct. 26th.—Beautiful fine morning. Started at half-past nine for the Hibiya parade ground—a large grass field near the Castle, where the Mikado was to review his troops. We drove there in carriages, and then left these by the tents in which were all the ministers in full uniform, and the corps diplomatique, including two Chinese mandarins in full dress. The Emperor drove on to the ground in his state coach, in which was also seated opposite to him, in full uniform, Tokudaiji, the Minister of the Imperial Household. His Majesty mounted his charger, and we also got on two horses. The officers of the squadron who were present in full uniform were also offered steeds to ride round with the Mikado and staff. These were wiry little ponies, and very skittish. Most availed themselves of the opportunity, but some seemed a trifle anxious as they mounted on this state occasion with naval cocked hats and swords; and as the little ponies kicked and sky-rocketed all over the place, there seemed every likelihood of a general capsize of naval officers in one direction and their paraphernalia in another. There was a great gathering of Japanese officials, also with cocked hats and swords. One of the medical officers from the squadron who was most eager to mount, was, however, no sooner in the saddle than he opened the fray by sending the heels of his steed full into the stomach of the polite little Japanese who helped him up, and then, without waiting to prescribe, went careering away like a sky-rocket to the other side of the field, after which he spent the best part of the time on the horse's neck. The brave little steed meanwhile shot about in all directions, and after nearly cannoning against several magnates, who tried to keep out of his way, and formed a ring to watch his erratic gyrations, lashed out at a naval captain as he sat bolt upright on his horse, struck, and nearly smashed his leg; then leaving the print of the hoofs on his trousers, broke away through the crowd and came up again on the other side, to the admiration and wonder of all who beheld him. His rider, although he had apparently discarded his reins, hung on manfully by the pommel, and with his cocked hat over his nose

was like nothing so much as a rat looking out through a bunch of scarlet geraniums, and with his sword waving up in the air, like the stiffened tail of a tawny lion, continued his equestrian exercises until it was time to dismount and light a cigar, and over that to profess that he never enjoyed anything so much in his life before.

We first rode down the lines with the Mikado; there were about 10,000 men present, wiry, neat, and handy in appearance. The brass band—a remarkably good one—played nothing but European tunes. The artillery was very smart, and the cavalry mounted on small ponies looked very serviceable. There is, however, only one regiment of cavalry, of 482 men, in the whole service, owing to the scarcity of horses in Japan. There is not a blade of grass growing in the whole empire, therefore all fodder has to be imported for them; hence, too, the absence of sheep and oxen in the country. The whole army of Japan, with the imperial guard and local garrisons, numbers about 44,000 men, with a first and second reserve of about 58,000: it is contemplated to add 10,000 more to this force shortly. We then drew up in front of the tents where the saluting post was, and the troops present marched past. As we sat there it was most wonderful to think of the strange transformation scene, of which this was the token, that has passed over Japan, its rulers, people, and the outward appearance of all things, within the last few years and in the life-time of the present Mikado. Though we had often heard of this before, and had come to take it almost as a matter of course, yet it is particularly striking when on the very soil of the country itself we see the remains of the old order of things and these new external observances side by side.

The review was most interesting. On leaving the ground we again admire the old Yashki buildings with their woodwork, which would be models for any European carpenter, so beautifully are the joints and bars of the windows and screens and gates and doors fitted and planed. Then back to the En-riô-kwan a little before noon; shifted out of uniform, and went fishing again in the lake in the garden till lunch time, to which came Mr. Kennedy, and Mr. Hawes, who was once in the marines, but has now retired and occupies an official position in the Japanese training college for naval cadets. More jugglers afterwards as a digestive, with some tight-rope dancing and strange tub performance. A man lay down on his back on a mattress spread on the ground, put his legs up in the air, and on the soles of his feet was placed a massive empty bronze water-jar four

feet deep, into the mouth of which climbed a small boy. The man spun this with his feet, tossed it up in the air, caught it on the soles of his feet again, sometimes causing the jar to stand with its mouth uppermost while he spun it round and round, then tossed it up again, and caught it on its side, the boy the whole time sitting unconcernedly inside. His assistants then inserted, one after the other, between the jar and his feet, a series of spitkins or wooden pans about a foot each in depth and decreasing in diameter, so that when the seventh or eighth was in position the jar was at least seven feet above the soles of his feet, and standing on the top of this pile of smaller tubs. The boy now crawled out from the neck of the jar, and proceeded to clamber about on the outside for a while, the man all the time balancing the pile on his feet, until the boy gets back into the jar when, by a sudden kick of the legs, he sends the spitkins flying in all directions, and catches the jar and boy as they descend seven or eight feet through the air on his feet again. It took two men to lift the empty jar on to his feet to begin with, and the most extraordinary thing is the great weight he thus pedipulates.

Afterwards our party divided itself in twos and threes, and had an afternoon in the town. We two went in a couple of jinrikishas (or "man-power carriages"); they are like two-wheeled perambulators or toy gigs, with light shafts and a hood, and just hold one European person comfortably, or two Japanese, and are drawn by a man instead of a pony. Sometimes a second harnesses himself on in front with a rope attached to the end of the shafts and carried over his right shoulder, and for a long run he and his mate often change about and run tandem, and in going down hill one will leave his place in front and come behind to check and steady the carriage. The men are short, wiry imps, and easily draw thus twice their own weight; their legs, calves, and thighs are enormously developed through constant running. They used to be tattooed all over their bodies, but this being now forbidden by law they must wear a pale blue shirt with hanging sleeves, tucked in at the waist, and tight-fitting breeches of the same colour reaching just below the knee. When out of the town they often remove the shirt, and run merely with the waist covering. Their legs and feet are bare; with the exception of straw sandals fastened on by means of plaited straw wisps, one of which goes round the ankle, and the other over the foot down between the big and second toe. Some of them still have the front and top of their heads shaved in native fashion, but as this is discouraged

by the officials, most have now shock heads of thick black upstanding hair, which grows all the stronger from the effects of previous shaving. When waiting for a fare, the little carriage is left with the shafts on the ground, and the man rests himself by sitting on the foot-board, with the rough rug thrown over his neck and shoulders, which, directly he is hired, he puts over your knees. The excellence of a jinrikisha consists in its careful slinging, or the way it is balanced on the axle, like the beam of a scale; when a man is sitting in it, and when the shafts are horizontal, the centre of gravity is immediately over the axle. When the shafts are raised for running, the weight is thrown a little in

JINRIKISHA.

rear of the axle, and this causes their ends, when grasped in the hand of the runner, to require the action of his elbows upon them to restore equilibrium, and thus some of his own weight is taken off his legs. It is thus easier to run in a jinrikisha when it is filled, than when empty, over a level ground. When once started the men go at a steady trot of nearly six miles an hour, and prefer to keep up the pace for an hour or so without slackening speed to a walk, and then to rest altogether for a few minutes, during which they take a supply of rice and a puff of their little pipes; they are then ready to get under way again. The same men will cover nearly fifty miles in one day; their wages are

about threepence a man per hour. In long distances a European gets tired of sitting in the rather cramped position that the seat requires, but for short distances in the towns it is impossible to imagine a more comfortable, steady, easy-going, light, or handy means of conveyance; every one, native and European, uses them and them alone. They were only introduced in 1866, and already the country is overrun with them; there are more than 250,000 in Tôkiô alone. It is not probable that they will ever be superseded by larger wheeled vehicles, as draught cattle must always remain exceedingly rare in Japan owing to the scarcity of grass food. They are made in all colours and qualities, and are often lacquered with quaint devices. Mounted in these we rattled along past the old Castle walls, which are made of great stones that face an earthen mound, up to the British Legation, to call on Mrs. Kennedy, whom we found at home. We went all over Sir Harry Parkes's pretty house and grounds—(he himself is absent in Europe on leave)—and in the garden saw the other two detached houses which are occupied by the secretaries of the Legation; then out on to the lawn-tennis ground, from which, as the house stands on the top of a hill, there is a good view over the west side of Tôkiô.

Leaving the Legation we went on northwards, with Mr. Satow, in another jinrikisha, to the Shô-kon-sha, on the plateau a little to the north above Ku-dan-zaka, where we saw the monument of bronze bayonets, erected in 1880 by the soldiers of the Imperial Guard, in memory of their comrades who fell fighting on the Emperor's side in the late Satsuma rebellion. Close by stands the large Shintô temple, for the worship of the spirits of those who fell in the civil war of 1868, and also in honour of those who fell in 1873 and 1877. There is the usual *torii* (bird's-rest) in front of the entrance; from the crossbars strips of white paper in bunches dangle at the ends of strings, representing the ancient offerings of hemp. Standing by the beacon we have an extremely grand view. Looking westward we see the mountains, Ô-yama and Fuji, and the Hakone range, in the distance: then, turning eastward, our eyes wander over all the most populous parts of the city, and the black roofs of the isolated one-storied houses, while those of the temples in their inclosures stand up here and there above the rest. In the extreme distance to the east is the country of Kadzusa and the sea; immediately on the right are the extensive grounds of the old Shôgun's Castle. We get into the jinrikishas again, and go down the hill and

round the north side of the Castle rampart, crossing the moat, and make our way through good broad open roads to the Kwan-Kôba, or bazaar for modern products of Japanese art and industry. The goods here are cheap, and everything is marked at fixed prices; the different kinds of wares are exposed for sale in different parts of the extensive building, that is to say, all the pottery stalls are in one part, the leathern goods in another, woodwork in a third, and silk, &c., in a fourth. We bought several small specimens of each of these. Here we met several of the other members of our party, and also other officers and men who have come up from the squadron at Yokohama; but we are obliged to leave, and getting our purchases into our jinrikishas run back through the town on the east side of the Castle, past the Asaksa temples. We have thus, since we started, made a complete circuit through those portions of the town that lie round the Castle inclosure. At 6 P.M., having shifted into uniform, we went to dine with the Mikado, at the same palace at which we called upon him yesterday. The dinner (to which all the ministers were invited) was served in a large hall that had never been used before; its sides were constructed with the same plain white wood crossbeams as we remarked yesterday in the other parts of the building, and the wall spaces between them were decorated with Japanese paintings in the old style—the stork, the symbol of long life, and the evergreen fir tree, the symbol of happiness, being introduced frequently. These two objects it is the proper compliment to have always present before the eyes of a guest at a Japanese entertainment. There were a few huge china jars between five and six feet high, each containing a tree in flower, standing in the corners and by the sides of the doors, and with the exception of these there was no other furniture of any kind in the room beyond the dining-table and chairs, and the effect of this was cool and pleasing. The service of gold plate on the table was made by Garrard, and was the same which we had seen at Marlborough House before it was sent out some years ago. Its only ornaments are the imperial dragon and the chrysanthemum—the Mikado's crest. These flowers also are the only ones which are used for the decoration of the table. The dessert service of Minton china was an exact facsimile of the blue one with roses in plaques at Marlborough House. The Mikado talked to us both, one on each side of him, through Mr. Nagasaki as interpreter, during the whole of dinner time. At the end His Majesty proposed the health of the Queen,

which we all drank standing, and then Eddy proposed that of the Mikado, in which all joined in a similar manner. Afterwards (there were no ladies present) we all went into another large room which opened on two sides into a broad verandah, beyond which was the garden; this was prettily illuminated with lamps hanging in the trees, under which were stationed two bands of brass intruments, each very good, which had played alternately during dinner, and were continuing to do so now. Here coffee and cigarettes were served, and the Mikado spoke for a few minutes to each of the foreign ministers in succession; this His Majesty has never done before. Meanwhile we had some interesting conversation with Admiral Kawamura, the Minister of Marine, and with Iwakura, the third Minister of State, who had a narrow escape of being murdered in 1874, and who as much as any man has helped to guide his country through the difficult passage, from the old to the new regime, and who seemed cheerful and confident of the future. We also heard a good deal from Baron Eisendecher, the German minister, about Prince Henry of Prussia's recent visit to Japan. After that we went home with Mr. Kennedy to the British Legation. Here there was an evening party, to which a good many English residents had been invited by Mrs. Kennedy, and here came, too, a Japanese conjuror, who gave a clever performance. Two ordinary chopsticks were tied together and opened out like legs, and made to dance on the floor in front of him, as he sat on his knees and heels. It was impossible to see how this was done, as the sticks bobbed and frisked about as if bewitched; every now and then he waved his fan in the air a foot or two above them. He then borrowed a heavy gold watch-chain from one of the company, and made this obey his commands—rear itself on end like a snake from the floor, and there dance on its tail. After doing the butterfly, and several other sleight-of-hand tricks, he retired, and was followed by a female artist, who, kneeling on the floor, spread out a succession of large sheets of paper in front of her, and then with a large brush proceeded to paint with free sweeps several pictures one after another. It was really remarkable how deftly and quickly this was done. It is impossible to remove any colour from Japanese paper when once it has been laid on, and consequently every touch has to be left as first placed, and its effect well calculated. The first drawing was that of a large tree with flowers in full blossom, and amongst the leaves on one of the

branches was an old cat sitting up and watching a couple of butterflies. From the first stroke to the last the drawing took her five minutes to execute. Got back to the En-riô-kwan and to bed soon after 11 P.M. The jinrikisha men at night time carry suspended from one of the shafts a small long paper lantern, on the sides of which are painted in a circle their name or number in Japanese letters.

Oct. 27*th.*—Up at 6.30 A.M. and out for a beautiful ride on horseback with Prince Louis of Battenberg and the German minister. We went all round the Uyeno woods and parks on the north of the city; with us was Prince Kita Shirakawa, who has been studying in Germany, and as a boy was the high priest of the great temple in this park. A son of the reigning Mikado was always high priest of this temple, as the Shôgun found it convenient to have one of the sacred family at hand to proclaim Mikado in case of his finding it necessary to break with the court at Kiôto. And, in fact, in the last civil war, before the final overthrow of the Shôgun, he had proclaimed Prince Kita Shirakawa Mikado, who was, however, pardoned when the Shôgun's forces were overthrown by those of the present emperor. We came back quite hungry for breakfast, after which we were tattooed on the arms. At 9.30 A.M. we got into uniform, and the Mikado came to call at the En-riô-kwan. Before his arrival he sent as a present to both of us four beautiful bronze vases, each three feet high, and worked with silver and gold figures of dragons and flowers on the surface, and four cases containing rolls of silk brocade. Modern Japanese silk fabrics are thin, but the old fabrics are narrow and very rich and heavy brocades, woven in narrow Japanese looms. The Mikado still has these rolls of silk brocade made for himself alone, and occasionally sends them as sacred presents. We thanked him very much for these, and also for the box of strange imperial sweetmeat (which is only made for him). This he brought, and it was carried into the room in a fine old lacquer case a yard long, which they told us was always taken about as a "snack-box" with him, whenever he went out; though some one suggested that it contained the mystic jewel (a curious stone with a red top and a white bottom, and of a pear shape) which belonged to the sun-mother of the first Mikado, and which each in succession always keeps near his person, as a talisman to enable the possessor to obtain the gratification of all his desires. The first Mikado is said to have reigned 660 B.C. He stayed

with us about half an hour, and after he had gone we went to see the Naval College (Kai-gun Hei-gak-kô), founded 1869, and just outside the grounds. There was a band playing by the gate, and the officers and cadets were drawn up in line on the inside; amongst these were the young Prince Yamashina, and Admirals Kawamura and Nakarnura. When the college was first established, many English naval officers, by permission of the Admiralty, were here employed by the Japanese Government for terms of three or more years. Now they are able to dispense entirely with the help of foreigners. Mr. Itô, director of the college, took us first into a large wooden hall with boarded floor, on one side of which all the cadets were drawn up in line in working dress. The bugle then sounded for action, and they rushed over to the opposite side to cast loose, load, and fire through the ports, which formed one side of the hall, the 7-inch Armstrong guns, at a target moored off the shore in the bay. The time between the bugle sounding and the lowering the port after the guns were fired was two and a half minutes. They hit the target several times. After further drill, some of the cadets put on their fencing helmets and padded leathern jackets, and fenced with foils; others made some very good play with a long, heavy, old two-handed Japanese broadsword, which, of course, was all hacking and hewing. This is only done as a gymnastic exercise. And long may they continue to practise this old art, for "all authorities, medical and other, bear witness that the exercise of arms, whether in the school of the small sword, or in the practice of the steadier sabre, is the most admirable of regular corrections for the ill habits of a sedentary life. It is as true now as when George Silver wrote it under Queen Elizabeth that 'the exercising of weapons putteth away aches, griefs, and diseases; it increaseth strength and sharpeneth the wits; it giveth a perfect judgment, it expelleth melancholy, choleric and evil conceits; it keepeth a man in breath, perfect health, and long life.'"[1] We then went into the museum, where, as at the college at Greenwich, there is a collection of models and sections of all kinds of ships. After that we saw the cadets go aloft for sail-drill on a full-rigged frigate moored in the basin in the grounds attached to the college. Then, after walking through the class-rooms—in which were Prince Sadamaro Yamashina and his brother Prince Kotohito, who are both naval cadets, and constantly come across to see us at the En-riô-kwan—we were obliged

[1] F. Pollock, *Form and History of the Sword.*

to leave, and get into the carriages waiting to take us to lunch with Prince Hijashi Fushimi. The house is a very pretty one, its exterior like that of a French house in the Champs Elysées, but the interior full of beautiful articles of Japanese workmanship; in the drawing-room we saw some very old kakemono (hanging pictures). The princess and several other lady members of the imperial family (all in native costume) were there. Afterwards we went down through the garden, which is laid out in the old national style, and occupies the top of one of the many hills overlooking Tôkiô, to a polo ground, where Japanese *dakiu*, a sort of polo, was played. It differs from English polo in that the little cane stick, with which it is played, has a small netted string bag attached to its end; in this they try to catch the ball from the ground instead of hitting it, and then throw it into a large pouch, through a hole about fifteen inches in diameter perforated in an upright wooden screen which stands at one end of the course. Whichever side gets a certain number of balls into the hole first, wins. The two sides use different coloured balls, and the players have not only to score for their own side, but also, of course, by charging and manœuvring, prevent the others from scoring. The name and origin of the game are Chinese. After looking on at the game for some time, in which Prince Kita Shirakawa and Prince Fushimi were leaders of sides, we both mounted ponies and tried our hands at it. After playing two or three games we left with Mr. Satow in jinrikishas for Atago Yama, where we went up some very steep stone steps to the top of a precipitous hill overlooking Tôkiô. There are two flights of steps side by side; the more precipitous ones, up which we came, are called men's steps, and the less steep ones at the side the women's steps. On the summit are a number of little tea-sheds, where they make cherry-blossom tea, which is supposed to be a great delicacy. Its colour is very light, and its flavour is faint, like the scent of the flower itself. We had some in very small cups without handles, while we sat looking out at the magnificent view over the town and surrounding country and bay to the south-east. The roofs of the Asaksa temples with their surroundings seem quite close to us on the north-east, and beyond them on the left rise the wooded slopes of the Castle grounds; on the south we see the Shiba temples, with their roofs rising among the trees; close to us on the west a wholly different suburb of the town to any we have been in yet, with its valleys and streams; by the side of these, rise tier upon tier of the ordinary

black-roofed, one-storied, wooden-screened houses—a wilderness of sheds and houses straggling over an area nearly as large as that of London itself, only without its smoky canopy, and with many green trees and open parks interspersed. It contains a population of over a million, more than twice the population of Birmingham, and three times that of Manchester or Leeds. Close by these tea-sheds is a temple, where we saw a sacred white horse fed and venerated, and also a number of pigeons, which it is supposed to be a meritorious act to feed with rice and small cakes crumbled after buying them in the tea-gardens. Down the steps we went and into the jinrikishas for the temple of Sen-gaku-ji (or "Spring-hill Monastery") and the tombs of the forty-seven Rônins. These lie some way to the south of the town, and we rattle along thither past the Shiba gardens, sometimes wheeled in single file, and at other times alongside each other when we want to ask a few questions or otherwise converse. The well-known tale of these retainers we had read in Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*. It all happened only at the beginning of the last century, and in the reign of Queen Anne. We got out and walked up the hill along the path which leads to the tombs at the top. On the left-hand side of this path we were shown the well where the faithful retainers washed the head of him who had caused their master's death, and whom they had slain, according to their oath, before they placed it on the tomb of their lord. Under the old ginko trees on the summit were all the tombs arranged round the sides of a small square court. In one corner was the grave of the leader of the forty-seven, and next to his on the other side of the stone fence that of the young noble whose life he and his comrades avenged at the sacrifice of their own. On one or two of the stone monuments over the graves of the Rônins were small sprays of evergreen, and traces where incense had been lately burnt by some who admired the virtue of these men, who were the deeply-reverenced representatives of the old feudal chivalry and high Japanese feeling. Small painted images of the forty-seven "masterless" heroes and martyrs are still exhibited in a little temple just outside. Then home to dinner at the En-riô-kwan, and after that to a ball at the Imperial College of Engineering (Kô-bu Dai-gakkô), given by the Mikado to the English residents at Tôkiô and Yokohama, and to which two special trains from the latter place both for going and returning had been arranged. Prince and Princess Higashi Fushimi and the other Japanese princes and

their wives were there, and also several Japanese ladies in native dress, looking very pretty, but they did not dance. Several officers from the squadron and fleet put in an appearance, as did also a large number of Japanese in black evening costume, but very few of these danced. There was plenty of room, as the ballroom was a large one, built in horrid European fashion, with iron pillars and girders supporting great galleries at the sides and one end. The best thing that can happen to it is to be shaken down by the next earthquake when no one is in it. The prettiest part of the whole business, however, was the arrangement of lamps and lanterns over the entrance and exterior.

Oct. 28th.—Started at 6.30 A.M., and went with the Prince Kuroda wild duck netting. There was one large lagoon on which were a number of wild duck and teal, and out from this through the woods that surrounded it on all sides were cut eight or ten narrow dykes, each leading up to another small pond entirely shut in by trees. On the bank of each of these smaller ponds was a small wooden hut to which the tame ducks, at the tapping of the gamekeeper on a board, are in the habit of coming to be fed. Accordingly he now scatters the food and taps on the wood, and immediately up the dyke from the larger lake come swimming two or three tame ducks, who thus decoy no end of the wild ducks along with them into the small pond. Then at a signal from the gamekeeper we all come forward from our hiding-places behind in the wood, and catch as many as we can of the wild duck as they rise off the water to fly away, with nets, one of which each of us carries, like a large butterfly net at the end of a pole eight or nine feet long. This operation is repeated at each of the small ponds all round the lagoon, until about forty-seven wild duck in all were thus captured. The Daimiô, whose whole soul is devoted to sport, has some trained kestrel hawks which were unhooded and flown at some of the wild duck when rising in the air. Before the revolution he ruled a province and kept up an army of 30,000 men; now dethroned, and his yashiki or palace in Tôkiô occupied by the foreign office, he spends his days as a gentleman of the old school, cheerfully as best he can in the midst of an altered world. Some of the old nobility, strong in their feudal castles and surrounded by their armed retainers, used to draw from their wide estates yearly revenues of from £40,000 to £350,000. But they gave it all up of their own free will, in order, in the words of one of their leaders, "firmly to establish the foundations of the imperial govern-

ment." Back to breakfast at 9.30 and then the tattooer finished our arms. He does a large dragon in blue and red writhing all down the arm in about three hours. He first sketches the outline on the skin in Indian ink and water, and then pricks in the colours required, blue or red, with little instruments that look like camel-hair-brushes, only instead of hairs they consist of so many very minute needles. One man mixes the colours and the other tattooes, holding the instrument in the right hand and grasping your arm with the left, while he tightens the surface of the skin on which the drawing is to be made between his thumb and fore-finger. We did not find the pricking hurt at all, but this varies with different people and according to the part of the body on which the drawing is made: the best parts to have tattooed are those where the veins do not lie near the surface. The man who did most of our party was beautifully tattooed over the whole of his body, and the effect of these Japanese drawings in various colours and curves on his glistening skin was like so much embroidered silk. Like so many of their old customs tattooing has been abolished by law, but these two artists were allowed to come to us in our own room here. Two others went on board the *Bacchante*, where they took up their quarters for two or three days, and had their hands full with tattooing different officers and men. After this, we started off to some curio shops over the Ni-hom-bashi (or "Japan bridge"), from which as from a centre the distances used to be reckoned along the Tô-kai-dô and other roads throughout Japan. The sides of the bridge, as of most others here, are constructed of curious stone-work in posts and bars, evidently imitated from wood. It was near here that the old English pilot, William Adams, lived in a sort of honourable captivity in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

He was the first Englishman who came to Japan; he was hired by the Dutch in 1598 as pilot-major to a fleet of five ships. The vessels parted company, and he was forced with his ship to winter at the Straits of Magellan. After meeting with extraordinary adventures, and escaping unheard-of dangers, the twenty-four men who alone were left resolved to direct their course for Japan; the general, the master, and all the officers had been murdered. After losing others, he arrived in Japan in 1600; was sent to prison, and by the efforts of the Jesuits and Portuguese nearly put to death. Afterwards the Shôgun allowed him two pounds of rice a day and twelve ducats a year; he then built a ship of eighty tons, and taught the Shôgun geometry and mathematics, and won greatly

on his favour. He made him many promises, but would by no means let him go; he endowed him with a lordship, and eighty or ninety husbandmen to be his slaves and servants. Adams describes the island and the people, who he says are "of good nature, courteous above measure, and valiant in war; and that there is not a land better governed by civil policy." Eleven years after, he writes again to his friends in England, his intermediate letters having been all intercepted by the Dutch; he says that the Shôgun was charmed to hear that the King of England had such a good opinion of him as to be about to send an embassy; and Adams boldly asserted that his countrymen would be as welcome and free as in the port of London. They came, and Richard Cocks, a person of great experience, was appointed head of the new traders. But the Shôgun was so far like James that he had an intense aversion to tobacco, and put 150 persons at Ôzaka into jail for smoking. The trade, however, between the two countries went on for a short time; but in 1623 all the British factories in Japan were abandoned. When Adams died he bequeathed his goods "to his two dear wives," one of whom was in England, and the other a Japanese lady here.

This is the busiest part of the town, and here you see in the streets some of the most characteristic mixtures of old and new Japan, both as regards the houses and shops, and also the dresses of the people. We got some very nice old ivory carved netsukes (or little figures three or four inches high) and little pieces of old bronze and modern metal work at Mikawaya's, and then walked up to the Shintô temple of Kanda at the top of its hill. This is one of the oldest temples in the place, and is dedicated to the aboriginal deity of the country, who resigned his throne in favour of the Mikado's ancestors when they descended from heaven. The temple is an extremely popular one, and the festival held here on the 15th of October is one of the most frequented. We saw the sacred white horse, but he looked unclean and unhappy as he stood in his shed in the middle of the grounds open on four sides. His head was hanging forward, and through never having had any exercise whatever the poor creature looks as if he was no more fit to carry a god than a man. There are two fine *torii*, and a grey wooden gateway, on which the metal work used for fastening the wood together shows very well. The temple itself is of red painted wood ornamented with gold. Though it has lately been purified of Buddhist ornaments, there remain still more handsome craving

on the screens and more paintings on the walls than is usual in Shintô temples, which are now made as plain and bare as possible. The altar is gilded, and the ceiling above is decorated with writhing dragons. We come down the hill and proceed on to Uyeno. In this large park, beneath the heavy green trees which cast their thick shade on all sides, we make our way first of all to the Ni-no-Go-Rei-ya, or the second of the great mortuary temples erected on this side of the town to the memory of eight of the Tokugawa Shôguns and their wives, and in friendly rivalry to the ones we had seen on the other side of the city at Shiba. But here even a greater desolation seemed to have overtaken these priceless legacies of the art of old Japan. At a restaurant close by in the park there was eating and drinking, and throngs of Japanese in European black cloth dress were trying to make believe to be *flâneurs* on the boulevards of Paris, within a stone's throw of these old temples that would be themselves the glory of any other land, but are here deserted, neglected, and forlorn. The gates admitting to them were all closed and fast barred; the weeds were growing in the courtyards, and the green moss was beginning to cover over and hide for very shame their beauties. Not a soul was near who seemed to care one jot about them; but after much knocking and ringing, at last one poor Buddhist priest, the solitary remnant of the members whose endowments have been appropriated to enable the government to carry out its plans of improvement, came and let us in through a side gate and through a roundabout passage at the back of the temple, until we came at last into what was at one time the front court of the first mortuary temple. To this we approach up through a colonnade of wood open on either side, that leads to the oratory, the ante-chapel, and the shrine, the same three parts as exist in every Buddhist temple. There is not so much gold or gilding here as at Shiba, but the carving and the lacquer work in the halls and passages are much the same. In this temple are twelve shrines; the first four to four Shôguns, who are: the third, who died in 1651 (and is buried at Nikko), then his successor, who died in 1688 (and is buried here), and two others, who died in 1786 and 1841; the other eight are those of their wives and daughters. All the shrines are of beautiful gold lacquer, and of the same round form as those we saw at Shiba; they contain, as those, only tablets of their names and their images; on the retable in front of them are similar bronze figures of the Dêva kings, or archangels, guardians of the world from ill.

We leave the temple, and go up behind to the stone monuments that mark their tombs, through some beautiful bronze gates, on either side of which, on panels, are bronze phœnix birds, as well as specimens of the pine, bamboo and plum-tree, symbols of new birth and resurrection to life. "Over the grave of the 11th Shôgun who died in 1841, hangs a weeping cherry tree placed there in memory of the love of flowers which distinguished that amiable prince, whose rule was the culminating point of the splendour of old Japan." The stonework is already showing signs of decay, and between the crevices weeds have inserted their roots, and as no hand is there now to uproot them, they will in time uproot the monuments; one of the doors of the tope itself is half off its hinges, and hangs ready to fall. The doors of these round structures are two great slabs of granite carved to look like panelled wooden doors, and which turn on granite hinges.

We left the precincts of this temple and the boy priest who showed us round, and went on to the second mortuary temple, which almost adjoins the other, and here again after a good deal of knocking we succeeded in arousing an old fellow, who came to us half undressed, and apparently was not a priest; and he let us in through a side door into a similar front court, across which also ran a wooden colonnade like that in the other, only more finely carved than the first. The wood-work is painted red, and divided into square compartments, each with a medallion in the centre filled with painted open-worked carvings of birds and chrysanthemums, through the interstices of which you can see the court and woods beyond. In the middle of the colonnade is a gate with a beautiful painting of a phœnix with a woman's head, looking just like a winged and plumed mediæval angel. The ends of all the beams in this colonnade are painted in a very striking and effective diaper pattern; in the ceiling is a large amount of metal work. We go up through the same arrangement of oratory, ante-chapel and chapel, only that the steps here are all covered with beautiful black lacquer, and on the ceiling the phœnix is repeated over and over again on green and gold ground. That in the chapel itself is decorated with small gilt lattice work. Over the lacquer altar stand the shrines of three Shôguns and those of five mothers of Shôguns, and one of the favourite son of another Shôgun who died at the end of the last century. Afterwards, as before, we go up to their tombs in the grounds behind, where in peace and quiet their bones repose. The tombs are all of stone, except that of

the fifth Shôgun, who died in 1709, whose tomb monument is of bronze, as well as the gates on the steps that lead up to it, which are ornamented with large gilt Sanskrit characters, pine-trees and dragons, unicorns, and phœnix birds from Korean castings.

[There is something that particularly moves the mind beneath these cool green glades in which to-day there is no sound but the birds singing in the branches, amid these signs of a vanished civilisation and a glory and power that have passed away. From one point of view, indeed, it may be well; these temples may have been the product of nothing but pride, selfishness, cruelty, taxation, and the symbols of the subjection of the daimiôs to the Shôgun, and of the people to the daimiôs. But the same in a way may be said of every great architectural or monumental work either in our own past, or that of any other country, ancient or modern. Mixed motives go to the design and execution of all great works: and because some of those motives may not be, or have been, ideal, is no reason why we should not feel sorrow at their overthrow. On the other hand, the workmanship and art lavished on every inch of surface here are the product of patience, carefulness, and love. Of all that we have seen in Tôkiô these temples and the students at their work in the naval college have seemed to us the most suggestive. The untiring industry of these last good specimens of young Japan, and the zeal with which they devote themselves to their new studies with a pure and simple faith that in the "new knowledge" is the panacea for all political and social evils, is of the same sort as that which their fellow-students sent to England have shown in trying to learn by rote the works of Mill, Herbert Spencer, and Buckle. But in too many instances it would appear they fail to grasp the spirit that underlies the new, just in the same way as most of them never seem to have understood the spirit that underlay their old, literature, religion, and customs; they have but exchanged their mental clothing as they have exchanged their bodily, they have but taken one outside for another outside. They have shaken themselves free from the trammels of their old religious faith, and are now apparently, as far as one can find out by converse with this student class here and in England, without any religion at all; the deeper truths of Buddhism they never seem to have grasped, and therefore cast it away as they do their old clothes, and are either unable or unwilling to give any information whatever concerning it. Many of them who were priests in the temples have, now that their religion has

been disendowed and disestablished, abjured their vows and returned to the fleshpots of civil life, for having done which they exhibit a premature self satisfaction; and what strikes an outsider the most is the total want of self respect with which they laugh and mock at their forefathers, and all their ways; fickleness and want of good sense are at the least thus displayed, if nothing more. In all this there is indeed a likeness to that which occurred in our own country after the spoliation of the monasteries by the Tudors and their favourites; and although Shintoism is weaker than Protestant Puritanism, and although Buddhism is more powerful than Shintoism to move the hearts and minds of men, and is gaining ground and coming forward again somewhat like Catholicism did, yet the end that apparently awaits all these monasteries and their art treasures and shrines is the same as that which befell those in England in the sixteenth century. We know indeed what the new learning did for our own country, we can only hope the best for the similar movement amongst the Japanese. Strenuous indeed they are in covering the country with a network of educational establishments, and spite of all antiquarian regrets over a past that has gone, we must wait in patient hope for the result in the next generation: though sometimes nevertheless one fears that the present generation of the student class have forsaken reality and are running after a shadow, that they have put on other men's clothes and are trying to make believe that they are those other men themselves, whereas if they wore their own clothes mentally and bodily and were content to be their own genuine selves they would inspire far more respect and hopefulness—for their innate courtesy and good humour, their cleverness and bravery cannot but be acknowledged by all that have come in contact with them. We were told that all Englishmen who come to Japan begin by liking and admiring the nation, and that nearly all afterwards feel more or less despondency as to its future.]

We left the grounds, passing down the long avenue of stone lanterns, each of which bears the date 1651, and the name of the daimiô by whom it was presented as a tribute to the memory of the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shôguns, to whose memory here, as at Shiba, a temple, lavishly decorated with gold and colours, dating from 1626, has been dedicated, and where he was revered on the 17th of every month, the anniversary of his death being April 17th. We pass in the park a huge

bronze statue of a sitting Buddha, in the open air, twenty-one and a half feet high, but a poor specimen of this kind of Dai-butsu carving; it dates from 1660. We then go to the Sei-yô-ken ("house for the nourishment of the energies") hotel close by, where we are to have lunch, and from which there is an extensive view over a large part of Tôkiô and the Shinobazu-No-Ike lake in the foreground. This lunch, which was rather an elaborate affair, was served in a chamber opening into the garden, from which we saw some fireworks let off by daylight from the bottom of the hill in front. The curiosity of these seemed to be that when the maroons and shell-shot were discharged from mortars, they, on bursting high in the air, set free a number of fancy articles of all shapes, colours, and descriptions, which float slowly towards the ground. We then got into the carriages and drove to the Fuki-age ("raised aloft") gardens within the Castle inclosure, right up inside the inner moat. Here, in a broad green meadow, surrounded with woods on all sides, was to take place a grand tournament between men in ancient Japanese armour fighting in the olden style. The two sides were supposed to represent the adherents of two rival factions who contended for the throne about 500 years ago; these as red and white knights, entered the lists to a strange, slow, and melancholy music of conch-shells and drums. All were mounted on most curious old saddles, and all wore suits of old armour; the helmets completely covered their faces, so that each knight had need of his large crest at top, and of the little pendant which bore his device fluttering above, the staff carrying which was fixed down his back on to his saddle. Their swords were made of bamboo, and they were armed with bows and arrows, and spears. There were only two spots on the body where the hits counted—a small leathern target on the right hip, which was to be struck by the lance, and a little earthen cup worn on the crest of the helmet, which had to be broken by the sword. He who was struck by a blow in either of these places had to retire as if he were killed. On either side were about thirty knights, and each side had its own leaders, who, when they first entered, rode at the head of their troop and saluted each other before the play began. The knights then wheeled all over the place, charging each other, and slashing about with their swords, although but few of the cups were broken. The proceedings ended by one of the chiefs being surrounded and taken prisoner. After the tournament was over we wandered about in the gardens of the

old Shôgun's palace, which are laid out in the old Japanese style of landscape gardening, with kiosques, waterfalls, rockwork, bridges, water, woods; they reminded us of the slopes at Windsor. It is here that the new palace for the Mikado is to be built. After enjoying these grounds and woods for a short time, which are generally kept closed for the Mikado's private use, we drove back to the En-riô-kwan.

At 5.30 P.M. we started for the red maple tea-house (a private club) in the Shiba gardens, where we had a Japanese dinner, to which also the ex-daimiô Date of Uwagima and all the Japanese officials who had been with us had been invited. We took off our boots at the door so as not to soil the delicately soft mats, and went up stairs into a long saloon, down the three sides of which we sat on our knees and heels on small mats, Prince Higashi Fushimi occupying the post of honour at one end, the centre of the third side. The walls of the room were of course all in woodwork and screens, and there was no furniture whatever except a sort of round lacquered dumb-waiter in the centre, on which were artistically grouped and arranged all the little lacquer plates of cold viands that would be served during dinner-time; a very pretty kakemono (or hanging picture that may be rolled upon cylinders) and bronze vases were in the recess at the end of the room. In every Japanese room there is a sacred corner or recess of this kind, where a picture is hung and where cakes are offered to the genius or kami of the house, in the same way as by the old Roman to his Lares and Penates. Little square lacquer trays were brought in and set down in front of each of us on the ground by the Japanese maidens who did the waiting. On the trays were several small plates, cups, and dishes, also of lacquer work; the varnish stands heat, so that the soups and other hot mixtures are served in lacquer cups with a cover, out of which they are drunk; no knives, forks, or spoons were there, neither did glass or linen appear. There were all sorts of fish dressed in all sorts of ways, and some of it was raw; and there were all sorts of sauces, some of them very hot and others very sweet; there were all sorts of vegetables and soups and rice dressed in every imaginable way; pickles, sweetmeats and dried fruit, and seaweed. The little trays were constantly changed from time to time, and of course we used nothing but chopsticks to eat with. What we liked best of all the delicacies, most of which were strongly flavoured with fish, was

some plain boiled rice, which was very nice. The only drink was saké, or rice beer, which was drunk out of small cups, and it was a compliment to ask your friend to drink with you—he came from his place, bringing his saké cup in his hand, and knelt down on the matting immediately opposite your tray, and you then changed cups and drank to each other's health, after each rinsing the cup in the little lacquer basin of warm water, which is part of the furniture of each tray. These little cups are filled by the maidens as often as required from small white china bottles. The dinner lasted between two and three hours, and when it was over there was some dancing done by a troup of actors at one end of the room to the sound of the native guitar and drum. The movement of the hands, fans, and heads of the maidens was very pretty and graceful, and their attitudes most charming. Their features all seemed much alike, with pug noses, flat, except at tip, and long eyes turned up at the corner, their black hair drawn back and kept in place with long hair-pins protruding each side of the head. These last are the only ornaments that any of the native Japanese wear. They moved very slowly, and the whole thing was totally different to anything we had seen before. The gardens outside the tea-house were very prettily illuminated with red lamps in imitation of the red maple leaves, and there were some fireworks let off as we went away between nine and ten, after an interesting evening, with which everybody seemed pleased, both Japanese and English.

The next morning the remains of the dinner was sent off to us carefully packed in little wooden boxes and trays—on the same principle that some of the City Companies in London give their guests on leaving the dining-hall boxes of sweetmeats to carry home. After breakfast the whole party were photographed on the steps of the En-riô-kwan—Prince Higashi Fushimi (major-general), Prince Kita Shirakawa (lieutenant-colonel), Prince Fushimi (lieutenant), and the two young princes Yamashina and Kotohito (naval cadets), and with these was Kagawa (the Empress's chamberlain), Kuwange Maruoka, Yoskitane Sannomiya, Seigô Nagasaki, Kenzô Susuki, Captain Matsumora, and Commander Sengô Hatori. We have had a very pleasant stay in Tôkiô, and nothing could exceed the kindness and thoughtfulness displayed by each member of the suite deputed by the Mikado to receive the large party of captains and officers from the squadron who have been enjoying his profuse hospitality. We

left the En-riô-kwan as we arrived, driving out between a line of troops on either side of the road to the Shim-bashi railway station, whence a special train ran us down to Yokohama, where we arrived at 9 A.M., and went off at once to the *Bacchante* in a Japanese steam launch, and had a quiet day on board. To lunch, at 1 P.M., came Prince Higashi Fushimi, with Lieutenant Naka-Mikado (of an old Kiôto family of that name), and the two cadets and the ex-daimiô Kuroda. The Yokohama Club beat the officers of the squadron at a cricket match to-day, they getting ninety-five runs against our seventy-three. In the afternoon the first part of the Yokohama regatta, chiefly sailing races, came off: the *Cleopatra's* gig won a pulling race open to gigs of men-of-war of all nations at anchor in the roadstead. The admiral, we are very glad to hear, is much better now, and is able to get on deck. In the evening Fuji-yama stands out beautifully clear, and it is magnificently fine, although the barometer has been falling since yesterday. While we have been away some of the officers got very fair sport at snipe-shooting round Kanagawa, bags of between seven and eight couple being made to one gun in a day: a few pheasants and duck were also killed. To dinner, in the evening, on board the *Bacchante* with the captain, came Vice-Admiral Kawamura, Mr. Maruoka, Mr. Susuki, and Captains Matsumora, Stephenson, and Durrant. The Minister of Marine brought us off, as a present, a beautiful old kakemono painting; and we were much interested in talking with him about the Japanese navy. There are two things amongst others which they tell us they are sorry we have not seen at Tôkiô; one of these was the performance of the wrestlers, who all come from a particular province inland down to the capital in the spring, but who are none of them now here; and the other is the great chrysanthemum flower show, which is a national festival held in the Dango-zaka in the month of November, and to which the people flock in thousands. The flowers are trained so as to form the clothing of groups of figures illustrative of old Japanese history and romance, or birds and animals ten feet high, or junks twenty feet high, sails and crews all made of blossoms of flowers that grow into these shapes. We have just missed it: it was intended to have held it a little earlier than usual this year on account of the visit of the squadron, but the flowers would not come out in time.

We should also very much like to have seen the ex-Shôgun Kei-ki, the last of his race, who, since the end of the civil war,

has been living in honourable captivity in a castle in the province of Suruga.[1] There is still considerable rivalry between the eastern and western provinces and clans of Japan. At Tôkiô, the "eastern capital," the Shôgun was really the representative of the interest of the eastern clans; his power was never so strong in the west, where the Satsuma clan was paramount; and the Mikado at Kiôto, the "western capital," was the head round which all the interests of that part of the country rallied. When the Shôgun was overthrown the western conquered the eastern, and the Mikado shifted his residence from the western to the eastern capital. In many of the old families the feeling of clanship and local attachment is still very strong, even though every possible means has been taken to stamp out and eradicate the influence of the old daimiôs. If the country was to have any internal peace at all it was absolutely necessary to extinguish their retainers the samurai or double-sworded gentry class—and nothing short of absolutely forbidding these to appear in public in their native dress, and with the two swords—the much-prized marks of their birth—could have availed so to do. Many of them have since taken service in the new army and navy, and the old family sword blades have been re-hilted, and are prized and still worn by their owners in scabbards of service pattern. But throughout the length and breadth of the land there is no trace of the old caste feeling left: many of the government offices that were filled by the samurai are now held by farmers and merchants.

We are to sail in two days' time, on the 1st of November, and shall thus be unable to get up the 100 miles to Nikkô, with its art treasures and historical curiosities. It is now looking its very best, with the autumn tints on its maple-woods, and two or three days' journey inland would have allowed us to see something of the interior life of the country away from the towns, which is now so rapidly changing. It would have taken, however, at least five days more. Prince Henry of Prussia enjoyed his visit up there as much as anything in Japan, and arrangements had been made by the Mikado for our visit there also. On account, however, of the squadron proceeding at once to sea, we must be content to give it up.

The next day we left the *Bacchante* with the commander at 7.30 A.M., although the weather looked very threatening, and there was a hurly-burly of wind and swell coming into Yedo Bay, and

[1] He died February, 1884.

FUJI-YAMA.

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the barometer was still falling. After landing at the Hatoba, in the English portion of the town of Yokohama, we mounted the jolly little ponies which Mr. Buchanan had kindly provided, and brought down last night from Tôkiô; then started, rode along through the long street of native houses to the south of the town, struck over the bridge and across the paddy-fields which stretch inland behind the bluff, and so on, up the hill, and then across more fields to the village of Seki, where we stopped for a few minutes to rest the ponies at a native tea-house and inn about seven miles from Yokohama. Soon after leaving this, the path gradually mounts the hill and goes along the ridge of its crest, whence there is a magnificent view right round the horizon—inland over the country, which, with its wooded hills and paddy-fields in the hollows, is dotted here and there with cottages, and seaward over the bay to the south. After a while we arrive at Oji-waki, where another path joins the one we are on, coming up from the valley below. Still proceeding along the summit of the crest—which, however, does not run straight, but winds with the contour of the hills—we shortly come to Nô-ken-dô (*i.e.* "well-seeing hall"), a tea-house, where in the garden above is a dilapidated look-out, which, together with the trees hereabouts, evidently suffered much from the typhoon which swept over this part of the country last year.

To-day it has turned out a lovely morning, though the barometer fell one inch last night; and there is a heavy, black drift of clouds and scud coming up from the south which are the remains and the outskirts of the typhoon which passed fifty miles out at sea last night. From this spot, where there is no wind now, though up overhead the scud is flying along, we can see to the west the straggling village of Kanazawa, at the bottom of the valley, stretching down to the shore of the inlet of the sea, and backed by the wooded hills; while out in the offing lay two steep-sided and wooded islands, and a third, Perry Island, away in the distance. The snow-white peak of Fuji is just visible over the tops of the other hills, which shut in the view further inland. From here the path (which would never do for jinrikishas) goes down very steeply into the valley, and we are obliged to get off and lead our ponies over the slippery zigzag rocky slopes. Arrived at the bottom, we find ourselves on the outskirts of the village of Kanawaza, which really consists of thirteen separate little villages. We halt at the Adzuma-ya, on the nearer side of the bridge,

which is a native inn, by a fish-pond ornamented in Japanese style with rockwork and shrubs, and sit a while in the verandah, for some native tea to be served. We are now about twelve miles out from Yokohama. From here we trot on over the bridge, passing first a Shintô temple, and then a small Buddhist one, until we come to the entrance of the mountain pass, where there are two steep cuttings in the rocks, apparently excavations for a gate and remains of earthwork fortifications in front. It is, in fact, the entrance to the valley of Kamákŭra. This road was made in A.D. 1241. A stone figure of Je-zô, carved in the rock by the wayside, marks the boundary where we pass into the province of Sagami. On the left is a little stream which is the head source of the river that flows through Kamákŭra. We ride on through the pretty valley to this village, which is the shrunken remains of what was for three hundred years the eastern capital of Japan, from A.D. 1192 to the middle of the fifteenth century, a period contemporary with the Plantagenets in England. Here lived the Shôguns of the Minamoto family, the chief of whom, the great Yoritomo, in A.D. 1180 here laid the foundation of that system of government by the military caste which prevailed in Japan, uninterruptedly, from that time up to 1868. We are told that there were no regular walled cities in Japan, and that only the castles were fortified, and that the people lived outside these in their wooden houses as a general rule. Yet if it stood anywhere at all, the city in his day and that of his immediate successors apparently extended all over this plain three or four miles at least in length, shut in as it is on three sides by a series of rounded hills which look like gigantic artificial earth fortifications, and up in the recesses and on the slopes of which still nestle the swarms of ancient shrines and temples which are almost the sole remains of the ancient capital. These being situated on what were its outskirts have thus escaped the vicissitudes that befell its inhabitants. On the fourth or south side the plain is shut in by the sea.

After Yoritomo's death his two sons succeeded him one after the other in the shogunate, but they were only puppets in the hands of their mother and her designing and clever father. And now began the curious process of government which reminds us of nothing so much as the Chinese puzzle-boxes fitting one inside the other. The Shôgun had reduced the Mikado to a puppet, although he carried on all rule in his name; but now the Shôgun himself

was made a puppet of, and for over 120 years the Regents of Kamákŭra carried on the government in the name of these boy or puppet Shôguns, whose decrees ran in the name of the puppet Mikado. And as if this was not enough, these Regents of the Shôguns became gradually in their turn, through idleness and corruption, the puppets of another guardian, until at last the Regent, a silly boy of nine years old, who cared for nothing but dog-fighting and debauchery (and who was the contemporary of our Edward II.), made the whole process too ridiculous, and in 1319 the Mikado of the period upset the whole system, wheel within wheel, guardians, Regents, and Shôguns, and got back his individual power. But, apparently, it was still impossible to govern the eastern and northern clans in their highlands from the western capital Kiôto, for he immediately established one of his sons here as Shôgun, who, however, could not hold his own for long, and a series of intrigues and rivalries ensued between the different heads of the clans. The power fell first to one and then to another, who occasionally was able to hold it in his family for a generation or so, until, in 1455 (in the reign of our Henry VI.), this legalised anarchy became no longer bearable, and the western clans took Kamákŭra by storm, and burnt the whole city to the ground, and from that blow it never again recovered. Rulers there were indeed who resided here, but their power was shrunken, and so was the city which they endeavoured to revive. These efforts were finally put an end to when it was again laid in ashes in 1526. Shortly after this, Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokogawa Shôguns, arose, and in 1590 raised Tôkiô to the position of eastern capital, which it has ever since held.

We trot through the village, and dismount at the entrance of the temple of Hachi-man at 12.30.[1] This was founded by Yoritomo himself in A.D. 1191, and from that day to this the service has never ceased within it. Passing into the inclosure, we walk along a broad gravel path between two ponds used for the growth of the sacred white lotus plant. Many of the buildings which adorned

[1] The origin of the worship of Hachi-man seems rather obscure, but it is at least certain that he was taken in the 11th century by the fighting Minamoto family to be their patron deity. Hence, all who wished to emulate the prowess of that great clan paid their vows to him, and he gradually came to have the attributes of a god of war. Oddly enough, the deity now called Hachi-man, and popularly taken to be a male god, is said by some antiquaries to have been the "Weaving Maiden," a very important personage in every household or village in early times, which would account for the worship of her modern representative being so widely diffused throughout Japan.—E. S.

the inclosure were swept away in 1870 when the temple was "purified" for the Shintô religion—in the same way as the inside and outside of Salisbury Cathedral was swept bare of much that did not suit the taste of the period when it was restored at the beginning of the present century. Amongst the losses thus to be deplored was a Korean building containing a revolving library of the Buddhist scriptures, a two-storied pagoda, another chapel for the goma or fire-rite, and a belfry in which hung a bell dated 1316. There were besides several small Shintô chapels which have also disappeared under the hands of the Puritans, who have thus destroyed some of the finest parts of the temple of Hachi-man. Where the plain wooden *torii* now stand there used to be a fine gateway with giant figures of the two protecting demi-gods. We work our way up the slope past the red painted wooden shed in the centre, which is now called the oratory, but which was formerly the stage for the miracle plays and sacred pantomimic dances. On the right hand side, just before we begin to mount the steps, we are shown the red painted heavy-roofed little chapel, which was brought up here from its original position on the seashore. On the other side of the lotus pond are three huge willows which are said to be as old as the thirteenth century, and close by is a fine Chinese juniper tree, and at the foot of the steps a giant ginko nearly twenty feet in circumference, and which is as old as the willow trees. From behind this the high priest of the temple is said to have sprung one dark night in 1218, and slain—as he came down this flight of steps from returning thanks in the temple above—his uncle, the Shôgun Sanetomo, the son of Yoritomo, who had allowed the high priest's father and his own brother to be murdered in order to obtain the succession.

We now ascend the broad flight of steps to the main temple, which is surrounded by a square colonnade, and painted red. Its central part was only erected in 1828 in the place of another one that had been destroyed by fire. It is dedicated to three ancestors of the Mikado's family. But it is in the square colonnade that the exhibition of all the treasures and relics belonging to this most ancient temple are to-day unpacked from the silk cases and boxes in which they have reposed for centuries, and are carefully laid out by the Mikado's order on tables for our inspection. Some few of these are often shown to visitors, but the larger part are always kept under lock and key. Here were several of Yoritomo's swords, one of which was beautifully inlaid (its fellow

had gone to the Vienna Exhibition). Here too were Yoritomo's inkstand, his metal mirrors, and many other curiosities—amongst others a lacquer tray that belonged to his intriguing wife, and a wooden figure of himself, cases of old coins, wardrobes filled with old dresses in silk and embroidery, and some splendid and very ancient kakemonos which are only unrolled once in a blue moon. In another part of the corridor are the little wooden shrines of the ancestors of the emperor, and the arks with their poles for carrying the statues on men's shoulders in procession on *fête* days, down from the temple to the seashore.

Coming back to the chief entrance to the temple we make our way over the hill on the north to the Buddhist temple of Ken-chô-ji founded in 1251; it is about ten minutes' walk from that of Hachi-man. We pass several other small temples and chapels on either side of the path, most of them deserted, until we arrive at the gatehouse of this monastery on the right-hand side. Over the gatehouse, underneath which we enter, are images of Buddha and the inner ring of his sixteen disciples; in the courtyard to which this opens are several large dark-foliaged Chinese junipers, one six feet in diameter, and on either side are various old wooden outbuildings and chapels. We go into the main hall further on; its lacquered pillars were once covered with gold-leaf, and on the ceiling are just traceable the outlines of the phœnix birds on gold ground over black lacquer which date from 1500. Over the altar sits the statue of Je-zô, gilt over black lacquer, the very same that Yoritomo himself used to reverence. Above, and on the wall behind, are 400 small images of the same saint, said to have been carved in the tenth century. Here, too, we were shown a large drum which Yoritomo used in his hunts on the slopes of Fuji. Passing on we come into another large hall perfectly plain and without any image; and then, crossing a small garden, into a third hall behind, in which are ranged in tiers sloping back from the ground to the roof, the 500 disciples of Buddha, each in bronze, and all different in expression and character the one from the other. If a man loses his father or any friend by death, and then comes here, he will always after prayer be able to find the face of that friend or father amongst these. The old woodwork, of which all these buildings are constructed, on account of its great antiquity is of course very dry, worn, and in some parts worm-eaten; but, owing to its good quality and the dryness of the soil on which they stand, these pillars and walls may stand for

almost any length of time yet; but as they all have thatched roofs the risk from fire is no small one. The neighbourhood of these hillslopes contains no less than eighty-five temples, some of them over the graves of various Shôguns of the middle ages, their regents and guardians, their wives, children, generals and great men, and most of them dating from the twelfth to the thirteenth centuries, and now falling to ruins. In one is a belfry containing the largest bell in Kamákŭra, dating from 1201, eight feet high, four and a half feet in diameter, and six inches thick. We walked back past the temple of Hachi-man, and then went again through the village until we turned up through a paddy-field on the north side of the road to Yoritomo's grave. This is at the top of a flight of steps up the slope of one of the sides of the same hill on which the temple of Hachi-man stands, only a mile and a half to the eastward of that. The best plan would have been to have visited it before entering the village, but the advance guard of our party on ponies had then ridden on past the little side-path that turns off thither. The tomb itself, as you would expect from its age, is grey, grass-grown, and lichen-covered; it consists of a square base and a succession of differently shaped stones which represent the five elements. In two small caverns in the rock close by are the graves of the founders of the Chô-shiu and Satsuma clans; the last was the son of Yoritomo. From here we return to a red *torii*, which is one of the side entrances to the temple of Hachi-man, and so down to its front gateway, where we had left our ponies. These we now mount, and ride straight down to the seashore, the road to which on either side is inclosed between two banks of earth, which were thrown up by the hands of Yoritomo and his chief officers working amongst the ordinary labourers in hopes of thereby making his wife pregnant by this pious work. For the road was the sacred way to the temple, and was intended for the use of pilgrims coming from the shore, between which and the temple itself are three stone *torii* at unequal distances stretching across it. It is about a mile and a half from here to the village of Hase, where at the Mitsu-hashi (or "Three Bridges") tea-house we are to have lunch. By the entrance outside on the wooden post hang clusters of the cards of former guests of eminence; they are planks of about three feet long, hung by the end, with the name written in large Japanese characters from bottom to top; some are lacquered and coloured and gilt. We go across a courtyard, kick off our boots, and mount the clean stairs and passages to where, laid out for us in a very

pretty room with nought but matting, screens, verandah, and open lattice-work, is our meal; for this, as it is now past two o'clock, we all have a keen appetite after our long morning's ride and walk. This concluded, we walk through the village to the statue of Daibutsu, a little distance off. There are three giant statues of Buddha in Japan; it was when Yoritomo was taking part in the dedication of the temple that surrounds the first of these at Nara near the western capital, that he conceived the desire of having a similar giant statue at his own capital in the eastern provinces, in the temple that had been standing here ever since the eighth century, but he died before it could be made. Money was collected after his death to carry out his purpose, and the present bronze image was cast in 1252. Like that at Nara, it was inclosed in a large building whose roof was supported on sixty-three massive wooden pillars, the stone bases of which are still to be seen round the statue.

Twice over, however, has the building been destroyed by inundation from the sea, and the last time was in 1494 (a few years after Kamákŭra had been laid waste), and from that time to this the statue has remained in the open air. As the metal is showing signs of becoming affected by more than three centuries of exposure to the weather, a subscription is being collected to rebuild this temple shelter, at an estimated cost of £4,000. The effect at present produced by the size of the statue on approaching it, and which is best obtained from a point about half-way up the avenue in front, would of course be interfered with somewhat by such an erection, but anything would be better than that it should suffer decay. The height of the figure of Buddha, as he sits, is nearly fifty feet, the length of his face is between eight and nine, the eyes are nearly four feet long. The eyes are of pure gold, and the silver boss on the forehead weighs over thirty pounds. The image is formed of sheets of bronze cast separately and brazed together, and then retouched by the chisel. In the interior, which is entered from behind the figure, is a little chapel with two altars surmounted with statues; in front of these the smouldering joss-sticks stuck on end in vases send up their thin wreaths of sweet smoke; several bronze lotus petals are here lying about which were cast in the last century and intended to surround the stone base to give it the appearance of a large lotus flower, the emblem of purity and life as the throne of Buddha. He is sitting with his legs crossed (the length from knee to knee is thirty-

five feet), and with his hands resting in the attitude which implies meditation. An altar, with vases and flowers, and candlesticks, stands in front for the prayers and chant of daily service. There is only one other statue, that of the Christus by Thorwaldsen over the high altar in the Fru-Kirke at Copenhagen, that has ever impressed us more than this one does. The calm dignity and unselfish benevolence of the countenance of Buddha as one who is possessed of the true light of wisdom, is not surpassed even by that expressed in the face and attitude of our Saviour. Each alike is intended to welcome toiling humanity and set before them the ideal for their aims. "Venite ad me omnes qui laboratis et onerati estis et ego reficiam vos," is the promise that breathes from each teacher. But as the sitting Buddha of Eastern Asia personifies the rest and passionless repose won by contemplation, so the up-standing and forward-moving Christus exhibits rather the ideal of Western Europe, the rest of satisfaction born of action and progress, His arms and hands strengthened by rough manual work, yet outstretched to welcome all who "follow Him" in the workman's life.

> "What are we set on earth for? but to toil,
> Nor seek to leave our tending of the vines,
> For all the heat o' the day till it declines,
> And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil."

The high priest and his attendants were here to-day to welcome us, and showed us the plans of the proposed wooden temple, which will be so constructed with open work at the sides as not to interfere more than is absolutely necessary with the view of the statue from a little distance, and yet will be so arranged that the light will fall through an aperture above on to the features of Buddha, and thus best enhance their effect when seen from immediately below.

Leaving Daibutsu (or "Great Buddha"), who will ever be indelibly stamped on our memories, we return to the village of Hase, and walk to the temple of Kwan-non (or god of Pity), which stands on a small eminence at its western end. The platform in front of the temple commands a beautiful view of the seashore on the south as far as Misaki Point, and in the other direction over the paddy-fields of the Kamákŭra plain. Over the altar, on entering, is a statuette of the Queen of Heaven, with figures of twenty-eight other saints, her followers; and in the corners right and left are placed the usual four guardian archangels or Dêva kings.

One of the side statues, a sitting figure in bronze, dates from 1436; but the chief treasure of the temple is concealed from view at the back of the altar, behind a pair of lofty folding doors which are only opened for a few days on certain festivals in spring and summer. At other times the entrance thereto is by a little door at the left side of the altar, through which we go, and see a tall standing statue towering up for over thirty English feet above us, all chocolate lacquer covered with gold; it is carved in camphor wood, and tradition makes it a thousand years old. By the help of a lamp which the shaven-headed little lad in a yellow robe lights and hauls up in front of the statue, we are able to distinguish the features of a fine majestic face in the darkness; the staff in its right hand is that wherewith we are told the god of Pity chastises the wicked and supports the just.

Returning to the village inn we remount our ponies and make the best of our way on to Enoshima. We soon come down on to the sea-beach and get a good canter along the sands, with the island looking like St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall rising from the sea on the port-bow a few miles ahead. Before 1868 the island was sacred to the goddess Benten, who also had an island sacred to her in the Inland Sea, and another in the Biwa lake. She was really the goddess of Purity, Health, and Reason, and as such the bestower of prosperity in every form—power, riches, fame, and success in war and peace,—very much in fact the same as the Virgin Athene. This was the Buddhist myth when the three old shrines, which have existed on the island from prehistoric times, were appropriated in her honour, but which before her arrival were sacred to three maidens begotten of the Sun goddess; to these three ancestresses of the Mikado they have now again been restored in a purified Shintoism. The tide was out this afternoon, and therefore we were able to ride right along the sandy spit which is covered at high water, and joins the north shore of the sacred island and the mainland. We dismounted under the great *torii*, whose cross-bars arch right over the steps up which alone access is obtained to its rocky precipitous sides. The huts of the fishermen and the tea-houses of the little village hang all up the cliff's face here, house above house, just like those at Clovelly. There is a very strong fishy smell all up the quaint narrow little street, which starts away at once from the water's edge and runs up straight towards the centre of the island. On either side are many little open shops, in which strange-shaped, bright-hued shells and

shellwork, baskets, coral, crabs, and various small ornaments, are laid out, as souvenirs, to tempt the pilgrims to buy. All the inhabitants seemed to have turned out to-day, and stand good-naturedly looking on. We mount the hill to the first Shintô temple on the left among the great green pine-trees: each side of the path up to this is guarded by Korean stone lions; and from the top we get lovely views in every direction, of the sea and rocky coves, of the grey mountains far away inland, and of the open country along the shore. The sun is drawing towards the west and shining out from behind the cloud drift, the last fragments of which are still floating up from the horizon, while away far to the south is the island of O-Shima with its top all a-smoke. Whatever we may think of the people or of their religion, one thing at least is very conspicuous in the peasantry and lowest class, and that is their simple devotion and faith. One of these in a rough blue cotton and scanty coat comes up in front of the plain wooden shrine, and without any ostentation throws his "two mites" into the coffer in front, claps his hands three times, then kneeling makes his prayer with an evident concentration of purpose and faith, which there is no gainsaying, whether the object for which he prays is a wise or foolish one, whether a selfish end or the good of others: then rises and goes his way to his work and to his labour until the evening. "Omnia quaecumque orantes petitis, credite quia accipietis et evenient vobis" (St. Mark xi. 24). From here we passed on over the top of the hill, noticing a small European built house standing in a garden, which we were told is the property of two or three English merchants in Yokohama, who come here in the summer time—and a jollier place they could not have chosen. Thus we come to the descent on the other side of the island, where there are more little stalls for the sale of shell ornaments, and painted sign-boards of tea-houses, which, however, are all now closed, and so down to the entrance of the sacred cave on the south side of the island. This is approached over wooden staging, round two points of cliff; close up to the foot of both of them the sea is breaking. The height of the opening is about thirty feet, and it reaches inwards for 372 feet. Up the first part of the cave the wooden staging still continues; the sea comes booming and slushing along the sides, the rhythm of its advance and retreat being echoed from the hollow rocky roof above, and the green broken curves of the waves running in one after the other resemble the slithering

onward coil of the great dragon snake of the old myth. Further on in the darkness, right up at the end of the cave on the sandy floor, is the Hon-gu (or "true shrine") of the goddess, and before this are burning a few oil lamps. We make our way up to it each with a candle in our hands, listening to the strange stories of the dragon who devoured children, luring them in here away from their friends; and of the earthquake which shook the island to its centre; and of the female archangel, bright as the sunlight, who appeared in the clouds above, came down, and was wedded to the dragon, who ever afterwards became a gentle monster and reformed his ways. As we come out from the cave we stop at the little stall by the entrance, where small paper and copper charms are sold, instinct with the wonder-working power of the spot. Before we mount the hill again, we clamber for a while over the large flat slabs and outjutting ledges of rock left bare by the tide; and from off the edge of these go plunging into the sea, which is quite deep alongside, numbers of the divers that haunt the place. They are all as naked as the day they were born, and their brown bodies are tattooed from stem to stern; they bring up crabs and crayfish, shells and other marine stock, from the bottom, shaking the brine from their eyes and holding the trophy up over their shaven-topped heads. Some wise folk say these treasures come from nets which the men have fastened to the rocks below and previously filled. But if this be the case, there must be a lot of these nets about, for they plunge in in all directions, some near and some distant, and there is no appearance of any deception. We returned through the village by the same path by which we had come up, took a cup of light coloured tea, sugarless and milkless, in one of the tea-houses, and then went out through the *torii*, got on to the ponies, cantered off over the sands up to Fujisawa, taking care to avoid the fishermen's nets, which together with cargoes of seaweed for market, are spread out all over the sand-hills to dry; on which too are the strange boats hauled up, with many boatmen and brown grinning fishermaidens and children about. The distance we have accomplished on pony back from Yokohama is now over twenty miles, and it is at this place that the jinrikishas are waiting for us to take us the sixteen miles along the Tôkaidô back to Yokohama. Into them most of us get at once, but one or two of the party prefer keeping to the ponies. Off we go at a swinging trot, and as it soon begins to get dark, halt for a few minutes at the village of Totsuka, at the end of the first five miles, to light

our paper lanterns. On we go again, but as it is a cold frosty night we are quite glad to get out now and then to warm ourselves by walking up the hills, at which the men seem much surprised. They keep up their pace along the smooth level road, which was the great highway for the Daimiôs to pass in olden time from Tôkiô to Kiôto, carried in their palanquins, with their retainers and two-sworded men marching around them. At the end of the next six miles we arrive at the village of Hodogaya, where we turn into the courtyard of a native tea-house. We sit outside and have some tea in small cups, while the jinrikisha men join several of their brethren in a large open room by the street side, where each has his bowl of rice which he holds close to his mouth shoveling down the food with chopsticks. Then after three whiffs from the miniature pipe—(the bowl of which will about hold a pea comfortably and which being generally of metal every Jap carries along with the leathern baccy-pouch slipped in over his waistcloth)—and a little cup of *saké* taken on the top, they are ready to start again for the remaining five miles run to Kanagawa. This rice diet seems to make strong hardy men; they eat nothing but this and beans, a very little dried fish, and seaweed; on it they are able to do very hard work and keep in grand condition.

The moon was shining brightly, and the tall trees by the side of the road cast their shadows across its white sandy line, as we were whirled along like babies in these perambulators without the front wheel turning over in our minds all the strange things we have seen to-day until we are brought up sharp on the Hatoba at Yokohama at 9.30 P.M., and find the Japanese steam-launch waiting ready to take us off over the glistening waters to the *Bacchante*, where, after getting some dinner at 10 P.M., we turn in tired, for a good night's rest.

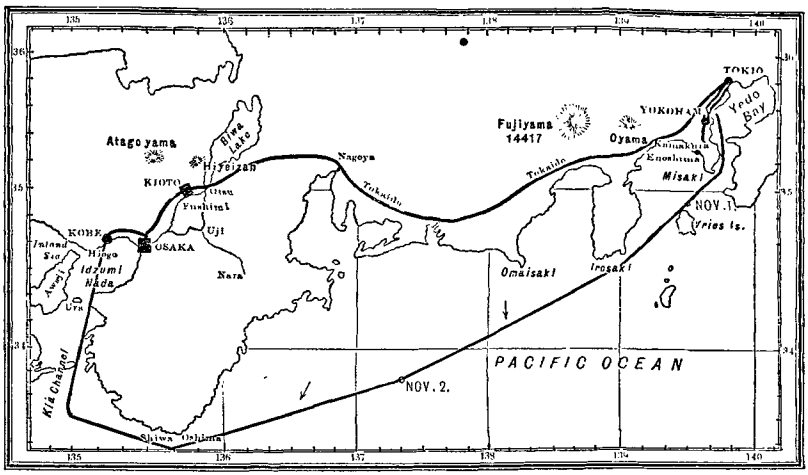
The next morning dawned a magnificently fine day. The typhoon that passed out at sea has evidently, as usual, cleared the air and brought fine weather. At 8 A.M. all the men-of-war in the anchorage, both British and foreign, dressed ship, our own fleet in rainbow fashion and the rest yard-arm fashion, in anticipation of the Mikado coming afloat. At 10.30 A.M. we all manned yards, and every ship of the two British squadrons, the American, Russian, and Japanese, fired in turn a royal salute of twenty-one guns as the Mikado left the shore. A quarter of an hour afterwards he came alongside the *Bacchante;* and was received at the gangway by Admiral Willes (as Lord Clanwilliam was unwell), Captain Lord Charles Scott and Captain Robinson of

H.M.S. *Encounter;* and the Japanese royal standard was hoisted at the *Bacchante's* main. His majesty brought with him Prince Higashi Fushimi, Prince Kita Shirakawa, and Prince Fushimi. He was attended by Tokudaiji, Minister of the Imperial Household, the Prime Minister Sanjô, the Third Minister Iwakura, Inouyé, Minister for Foreign Affairs, Ôyama, the Minister for War, Admiral Kawamura, the Minister of Marine, and Rear-Admiral Nire, port-Admiral at Yokohama. His majesty went round the ship, and afterwards when he came on the poop some Whitehead torpedoes were run, and some spar torpedoes and hand-charges were fired from the steam pinnace. He and the ministers then all went below for lunch, to which came the captains from the other ships, and Mr. Kennedy and the two secretaries of Legation. At 2.15 P.M. his majesty left the *Bacchante* under the same salutes from all the ships as on arriving. This was the second day of the Yokohama regatta, and George had to slip away before lunch was over to get into his flannel suit to steer the officers' boat in a race. Another race for men-of-war cutters was won by the United States *Monocracy's* ten-oared cutter, the United States *Swatara's* fourteen-oared cutter came in second, and the *Bacchante's* Sydney-built cutter third. After evening quarters the squadron got all boats in and prepared for sea; after seven weeks at sea coming up from Viti, we have thus spent seven days in Japan.

Nov. 1st.—A lovely morning. At 9.30 A.M. weighed and proceeded under steam in company with squadron out of Yedo Bay. Formed columns of division in line ahead. The Honourable Mr. Marsham (cousin of the captain), and Mr. Satow have come on board and are going with us as far as Kôbé. It feels cold, the thermometer is 62°. The square-sailed sampans, or native boats, are all over the bay, fishing. Fuji-Yama, covered with snow, stands out on the starboard beam in all its clear-cut beauty, and Vries on the port beam, with its smoking cone and with apparently also other smoke issuing from the lower land on its northern shore. The last time Fuji-Yama was in eruption was in 1707 (in the reign of Queen Anne), the same year that saw the last eruption of its twin brother in the other hemisphere, the Peak of Teneriffe. We passed a German corvette going up to Yokohama; she saluted the admiral, who returned the salute.

Nov. 2nd.—We made plain sail last night at 11.30 P.M. and this morning about an hour after midnight shortened and furled sails and pointed yards to the wind. At 10.30 A.M. made plain sail

YOKOHAMA TO KÔBÉ.



Date.	From Previous Noon.		Wind.	At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Distance.			Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
	Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Nov.				N.	E.				
1	...	15	Variable 1	...	139·45	64	68	62	68
2	...	156	N.E. 1·2, N.W. 3·5	35·15	137·3	68	68	61	63
3	7	179	N.W. 4·2, N.E. to N. 6·2	34·8	135·0	64	64	67	64
	...	30	...	34·16					
	7	380							

Total distance 387 miles.

again and stopped the engines, rounded in, and set starboard topmast and topgallant stunsails. The flag-ship raised her screw, the rest of the squadron keep theirs down, and now and then take a few turns with them to keep in station. The wind is from the N.W. having come round from the S.E. where it was earlier in the morning: we are going about six knots, keeping in by the land to get out of the strong northerly current: it is cloudy and cold, the land in the distance is gradually getting higher and

higher. In the afternoon, as the wind had slowly drawn round to the east and then died away, the flag-ship got her screw down again. We have altered course eight times in the last twenty-four hours, as we are making up for the entrance of the Inland Sea, into which we passed towards the evening. At one time in the afternoon we have our port stunsails set, and at another time the starboard stunsails; at other times we are braced sharp up, and at other times, when the wind was aft, squared yards. There was was no drill after quarters. We sighted at 10. P.M. the Shiwo light and took in the port stunsails.

[Mr. Satow has been telling as a good deal about Shintoism. In its oldest and simplest form Shintoism, like the ancient Chinese faith, identifies the heavens with the Supreme Being. The heavenly bodies, the five elements and the powers of nature, are worshipped and addressed in prayer as spirits: of these spirits there are 8,000,000; that is to say, they are innumerable. The whole system, however, which is exceedingly barren and empty (especially in its restored form), resolves itself into a vague reverence for deceased ancestry, especially for those of the Mikado, who is the one hundred and twenty-sixth lineal descendant from the Sun goddess. Shintô ("the way of the gods") is probably autochthonous, and was brought by the Mongol forefathers of the Japanese with them, when they first, in prehistoric times, broke off from the rest of the race and came to these islands. At an early date it received a considerable mixture of Taouism: it afterwards extended a similar hospitality to the doctrines of Buddha in the sixth century: while to both these Kobo-Daishi added the teachings of Confucius.

Thus the common people of Japan came to believe with equal fervour in all the saints and supernatural powers found in the Buddhist or Shintô temples, and prayed to the former and the latter with the same ardour; and, like the Catholic peasantry of Europe, were the more pleased the greater the number of holy beings they found ready to listen to their prayers and disposed to further their petitions. Roughly speaking, it may be said that the peasantry are rather Shintoist than Buddhist; the double-sworded men were, and the townspeople are, rather Buddhist than Shintoist in their faith. The attempt at a revival of pure Shintô which was made by Mabuchi in the course of the 18th century, and renewed in the present century by Hirata, who died some thirty years ago, ended merely in the unearthing of the few liturgies known, which are little more than long repetitions of formulæ or incantations

pronounced over various offerings of the fruit of the soil. The official countenance lately lent to the ancient religion has not served to increase, scarcely indeed to maintain, its ancient authority and influence: to an outsider it seems like an attempt at galvanising a ghost, the chief difficulty being first to catch your ghost. It seems to have no literature or anything whatever which appeals to the higher nature in man. Buddhism, on the other hand, is still a living force in the country: though frowned upon by the government it gains daily in power; and though for a time stripped of nearly all its outward wealth, through disestablishment and disendowment, it would seem to be striking its roots deeper, and even manifests a certain inclination to establish missionary societies. In most Buddhist countries, and notably in China, from which the religion originally came to Japan, it has long been a mere shadow of its past self. But in Japan it has always been the cult of the dominant military and territorial caste, from the days of Yoritomo, the founder of the Shogunate in 1180, up to its abolition in 1868. Its powerful sects and wealthy abbots backed by numerous vassals have played a conspicuous part in the history of the country. Its gorgeous ritual has attracted the crowd that were repelled by the bigworded but meaningless prayers that constitute almost the whole ceremonial of Shintô, while its subtle metaphysics and grandiose, if complicated, cosmogony, have not been without charm for the educated; just in the same way as the efforts of the schoolmen in the middle ages attracted many minds to employ themselves on the theological dogmas of the Catholic Church. The perfect toleration and divine charity that forms its distinguishing excellence, which originated in the theory that whatever good any religion might contain was the work of a Buddha—(thus resembling the Christian teaching of the Alexandrian school as to the work of the Logos and Divine wisdom in inspiring all ancient philosophers and prophets, whether heathen or Jewish, preparatory to the subsequent incarnation in our Lord)—and its code of ethics inferior only to that of Christianity, have together given worthier and more permanent elements of life to a system which, however true it is to the higher instincts of humanity, would otherwise have been stifled by the mass of superstition which gradually overlaid it (as it has done also our own religion) almost from the beginning. The learning of Japan has always to a considerable extent been a monopoly of the Buddhist clergy, as was the case with their Christian brethren in Europe in the middle ages.]

As it was a bright moonlight night, we took Mr. Satow forward on the forecastle to see the effect of the white light on the full sails: at that moment we had stunsails set both sides like giant wings, while there were many porpoises sporting under the bows, and much sheet lightning away in the south. He has been not only a most agreeable companion during our stay in Japan, but also of invaluable service to us on account of his special knowledge of everything connected with Japanese history, language, and literature.

Nov. 3rd.—At 1.30 A.M. stopped the engines; we were able to do without them for an hour, but then were obliged to steam again to keep station. At 3.30 A.M. took in the starboard stunsails and altered course. At 6.30 A.M. shortened and furled sails, but shortly afterwards set fore and aft sail. At 8.15 A.M. in fore and aft sail; and at 10.20 A.M. formed single column in line ahead. It is a lovely morning and the Mikado's birthday; he much regrets the exigencies of the public service prevented us from spending it with him. The coast scenery is very beautiful with its hills, and islands; there are many junks, and fishing boats with their white sails all round us. We passed up the Kia channel, and into Osaka Bay between the two headlands, observing the tower of Ura on the port hand with its new fort, but no guns mounted, and twelve junks lying behind it. The hills here are of granite and for the most part barren, but the tops of some of them are covered with fir-trees. After entering the strait, out of which the tide was rushing very strong, we were met by a dead muzzler, which detained us somewhat, steaming against it. At 4.30 P.M. sent down topgallant yards, and at 5.30 P.M. came to and moored off Kôbé. The United States sloop *Alert* is here. The sampans with reefed sails were lying right up in the wind's eye, as they beat up for the harbour. The breeze continued all night. All landing here has been forbidden by signal from the flagship.

Nov. 4th.—The wind was still strong from the N.E. with much rain, and it was very cold. As it seemed very tantalising to have come here and not to be allowed to land at all, Dr. Turnbull obtained permission to go ashore with Mr. Satow and make inquiries of Mr. Aston the Consul as to the sanitary condition of the place. This was found to be extremely satisfactory: which on being reported to the admiral, he kindly gave us seven days' leave of absence from to-morrow morning.

AT KÔBÉ.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Nov.		°	°	°	°
4	N.E. 6·7	65	66	64	65
5	N.E. 7·4	68	68	70	70
6S.	Variable 1	68	68	74	70
7	Variable to W. 1·3	68	68	70	66
8	Variable 1·2	68	67	69	65
9	Variable 1	65	65	67	64
10	Variable 1	64	64	77	66
11	Calm to W. by S. 1·2	64	64	62	60

Nov. 5th.—At 7.15 A.M. left the *Bacchante* along with two ward-room and two gunroom officers, and after calling alongside the flag-ship to pick up Napier, landed. Mr. Nagasaki and Sannomiya were waiting with jinrikishas to take us up to the station. They had previously arrived at Kôbé by mail steamer from Tôkiô, and have already arranged everything for our trip to Kiôto and Nara. We caught the ordinary 8 o'clock train from the Sannomiya station, five minutes' distance from the landing-place, and our light luggage was brought up in other jinrikishas. The railway carriages are all of English construction. We make the run of twenty-two miles to Ôzaka in a little over the hour; the remaining twenty-six miles between Ôzaka and Kiôto occupy another couple of hours. There are now ten trains a day each way. The line was opened in 1874; its total length is more than sixty miles. It runs right through from Kôbé, past Ôzaka and Kiôto to Ôtsu, on Lake Biwa. It has sixteen stations, and traverses the wealthiest provinces of the centre of Japan: bringing down silk, tea, cotton, rice, wheat; and carrying inland the articles imported from abroad and the native goods sent by sea to Kôbé. The view on either side of the line is curious and pretty; in the distance are the mountains with the cloud drift still blowing over them, and in the foreground are the nearly continuous rice fields, which, between Kôbé and Ôzaka, are each surrounded by embankments and walls of stone; along the top of these run the water channels to keep them irrigated. On arrival at Kiôto Prince Higashi Fushimi met us at the station with carriages, in which we drove through the town. The streets are quite straight

and narrower than those at Tôkiô, and the inhabitants show more curiosity, and are all standing agog at their doors as we pass to the westward, and drive first to the Tô-ji monastery on the south side of the city. We enter this through the north gate, and go first to the hall of the founder, a low, grey, wood building with a roof of thick shingling, and with bronze cappings to its unpainted beams and poles. This hall was built in 1380, from wood which had been sanctified by having been previously used for a hall of the Mikado's palace of that time. Here in his shrine, with a heavy brocaded curtain in front and priests on either side, sits the life-like wooden statue of Kô-bô Dai-shi, in his hands a rosary. He was born in 774 A.D., and when he was twelve years old his parents resolved to educate him for the priesthood, and sent him to school at Kiôto, where he spent four years studying the Chinese classics. Not being satisfied with the teachings of Confucius, at the age of nineteen he was ordained a Buddhist priest by the abbot of this monastery, and devoted himself to his office. Like many another saint, by fasting, prayer, study, and contemplation, he wrestled with many evil spirits and had many visions. At the age of thirty he visited China for two years, in the capacity of a Government student, whence he returned with a large quantity of Buddhist works, and many relics and sacred things (as a pilgrim from Rome). In 810 A.D., at the age of thirty-six, he was appointed abbot of this monastery of Tô-ji. At first he seems to have had some trouble with his monks; but on one occasion, after being engaged in instruction, he was transfigured before them, and the light of wisdom so beamed from his countenance that not only they, but also the Mikado and his courtiers, ever afterwards acknowledged his sainthood. He knew the way of bringing fresh water from a rock, of staying the spread of pestilence, and of curing the sick without the use of medicine. He died at the age of sixty at another monastery which he had founded in his native province, and there he was buried and will remain until the coming of the Buddhist Messiah, to whom he will yield the title Kô-bô Dai-shi (or "the great teacher who spreads abroad the law"), which was conferred upon him within a few years after his death. The title Dai-shi is equivalent to the Jewish Rabbi or Rabboni, and is applied in the same way to very many teachers. "It is curious to observe how the human mind both in the east and in the west acts in this notion of saints; the resemblance between the saints of the Church and those of Buddhism is close and fundamental. In reading the life of a

Buddhist saint we are constantly reminded of European mediæval saint biographies. In the east, as in the west, the coming of the holy man is heralded by omens, his birth takes place in the midst of prodigies, his life and teachings are illustrated and enforced by miracles, his death is accompanied by marvellous events; his ashes, his very cast-off garments, are endowed with supernatural powers; the scenes of his grief and joys, the places where he has communed with himself, striven with himself, vanquished himself, and, finally his tomb, become the resort of successive generations of pious pilgrims."

Behind the great teacher's old lacquer shrine, in another chapel back to back under the same roof, were laid out the instruments used for the "fire sacrifice." Most of the buildings of this monastery are in the most ancient style. Their plain stone floors and white plaster walls, their pillars and beams gray and weather-worn, or some few coloured red with oxide of iron, are older-looking than even those we saw at Kamákŭra. We enter the two great halls which are detached the one from the other, and both face south and date from 1610 A.D. They are filled with various statues, some of which are said to be the work of Kô-bô Dai-shi himself, who, besides being a great teacher, was also, like many other monks of the middle ages, a great artist; these fine and vigorous works of his hand indicate how great a force there was in the man. Several of the statues, especially four of the Dêva kings, display much power, both in the skilful arrangement of the drapery and in the careful study of anatomical details. We then went up the five-storied pagoda, which is over 200 feet high. It was built in the reign of our King Charles the First by the Shôgun of that day to replace one that had been destroyed during the civil wars, and cost £200 in the coin of that period. Every monastery is furnished with a five-storied pagoda dedicated to the five Incarnations of the Divine Wisdom. The lower chamber of this is gorgeously decorated, and on the walls are idealised portraits of Kô-bô Dai-shi and his seven spiritual forerunners. We mounted up through the labyrinth of woodwork which forms the staircase in the centre, and went out on the various stages until we arrived on the top story; from this, looking north, we had a fine bird's-eye view over the whole town of Kiôto lying at our feet. This is laid out with mathematical precision, all the streets (there are said to be 1,701, and 60,000 houses) run at right angles one to the other, from north to south and from east to west; the first are parallel

with the river Kamo-gawa, which, either naturally or with a diverted course, runs straight from north to south on the eastern side of the city, and at the foot of lofty hills which also shut it in on that side. On the north-west is another range of hills inclosing the plain in that direction, and on their slopes, as well as on those of the eastern line of hills, stand the chief monasteries in their grounds. When first laid out, the site of the city measured nearly three miles from east to west and a little over the same distance from north to south; the whole of this huge square was surrounded by a double ditch and low wall. Kio the first two syllables of its name, as they are the two last of Tôkiô, means simply "residence of the sovereign." In the very centre of the city rise the strong walls of the large square castle of Ni-jo, that was occupied by the Shôguns when in attendance on the Mikado; not far from which, a little to the north-west, is the larger, but unfortified, inclosure of the Mikado's palace. On the south of the city are the inclosures of the two large monasteries, the Nishi ("western") Hon-gwan-ji and the Higashi ("eastern") Hon-gwan-ji, the former being the parent foundation of the two, and in that our quarters were established. The chief buildings of each are erected in the form of a large Maltese cross. The wind is still blowing rather high, so we come down, and after seeing the curious log-built wooden storehouse in the grounds, which dates from the year 1000, we get into the carriages again and drive to the Nishi Hon-gwan-ji, or "western monastery of the real vow." "The vow" was made by Buddha that he would not accept Buddhaship except on the condition that salvation was made attainable for all who should sincerely desire to be born again into his kingdom. The central idea of the sect being salvation by faith, and the merciful power of the Saviour, and not by works or vain repetitions of prayers. We enter by the side gate to the west of the larger one that leads up to the temple itself, and thus come straight into a small courtyard, in front of what are called the state apartments. Here we find that the large audience hall has been partitioned off with a number of beautiful old screens, into separate chambers for dining and sitting in. The huge size of the whole place impresses us very much, and the wealth of carved wood and painted and lacquered ceilings and old screens painted with all sorts of devices, birds and flowers, trees and blossoms, is most wonderful. The sleeping places, which have all been got ready with European furniture, open out from another large hall into a broad corridor or cloister, which opens again into a garden of trees,

rock-work, and water, in which are the bathrooms. The mats which cover the interior of all these huge halls have European-wove carpets spread over them, so as not to be injured by heavy boots. Here we are luxuriously put up.

After lunch, at 1.30 P.M., we start in a string of jinrikishas through the town of Kiôto for Kiyomidzu, on the slopes of the hills on its eastern side. The streets appear altogether much less affected by contact with Europeans than those at Tôkiô; and the houses here are constructed with lighter roofs, and seem somewhat smaller than in the "eastern capital." The monastery to which we are going can be seen all across the town, standing up in the midst of its green woods. We leave our jinrikishas at the lower gate, where also the abbot meets us, to go the round of the grounds and buildings. It is rather a steep climb up the hill; on the top of this we go into the great hall ("*hon-dô*"), where is the chief statue of the monastery, Kwan-non, the god of Pity. The great power of the all-compassionate one is symbolised by a thousand hands stretched out to save, and his wisdom and perception by as many heads. In his hands he holds various symbols; it is not supposed he always carries them, any more than that St. Catharine is always walking about with her wheel and open book, or St. Paul with a sword, or St. Giles with his crutch and unicorn. The shrine containing the statue had not been opened for thirty years, but by the Mikado's desire it was so to-day. The image is carved in wood, and is at least eleven hundred years old, and has always escaped the fire, although the temple has been burnt many times. The figure is a sitting one a little over five feet high, and behind its head is a large golden nimbus. When, by the Mikado's orders, the doors of the shrine were slowly opened for us by the high-priest himself (the lock seemed rusty and the hinges to move somewhat stiffly), the many Japanese standing in the long matted corridor in front availed themselves of the opportunity of revering the Merciful one, who has not thus looked forth upon them since the old order passed away and Japan became open to the foreigner, since the Shôgun was overthrown and the Mikado's sway re-established. Right and left are the usual four Dêva kings or archangels, and at the east end an image of Bi-sha-mon, and on the wall to the right of the shrine hang large pictures of three other statues of the god of Pity. There were fine screens here of bronze and lacquer-work, and several joss-sticks smoking in little vases on the side altars, and a smell of incense pervading the

dimly-lighted hall. From this we go out on to the wooden platform in front, and find that it is a lofty scaffolding of solid beams overhanging the wooded ravine, which sinks away forty or fifty feet immediately below. On the steep sides of this gully the autumnal tints of the red maple leaves here and there are to-day interspersed with the darker green of the pines. The front of this staging used to be a favourite place for suicides, who leapt over and cast themselves down into the arms of the god of Pity. The view looking out from here commands the whole of the town of Kiôto and the country beyond to the west of it. We climbed a little higher to another small hall, in which, also, is an image of the god of Pity, which occupies the site of the wooden hut of Giô-yei, the old man whose form was assumed by the divinity when he appeared here to a novice and ordered the temple to be built. In front of this are tea-houses commanding the same view down the valley. The building next to it contains the statue of the Saviour ("Amida"), supported on either side by Kwan-non (Pity) and Sei-shi (Wisdom). We went up to the top of the pagoda, the interior walls and pillars of which have a number of paintings upon them, which seem, however, to be all peeling off.

We then left the grounds of the temple and came down the hill and visited several of the pottery shops. Into one, Kanzan's, the best of the lot, we went, and saw the different processes of turning and moulding. We tried our own hands at the lathe and turned out one or two little brown teapots in clay. A small stream from the hillside runs through the workshops and ground, and the whole thing reminded us very much of the pottery works we had seen at Lithgow Valley over the Blue Mountains in New South Wales. After buying a few pieces of his workmanship and a china panel or two, then up the hill Shôgun-dzuka ("general's mound"). Here they say, when the capital was removed from Nara, a warrior in full armour and provided with bows and arrows was buried, that his spirit might ever be present thereafter to act as the protecting guardian of the new city. Be this as it may, from the midst of the woods which encircle the "Shôgun's outlook," standing nearly 600 feet above the plain, there is obtained the broadest and most extensive prospect of the sacred city which we have yet had. All the houses are of one height; all their roofs are of one dark brown colour, and not a single chimney among the lot. The number of human beings now sheltered beneath them is over eight hundred thousand; that is, Kiôto is larger than Vienna, or half

as large again as Liverpool, which last city would have to increase more than fifty per cent. in order to equal Kiôto in population. The city is the third in point of population in Japan: is divided into sixty-five wards, each of which has its school and its head man. The local governor of the city and county of Kiôto has two secretaries and about 350 subordinates under him. There are four gaols, one supreme court and four inferior ones. It seemed very odd to stand there and look down on what only twenty years ago was the sacred city unapproached by any European. There on the right was the Mikado's palace, now empty, where he was kept and tended as a god in human form. And in the centre rose the walls of what was the Shôgun's castle, now occupied by the prefect. The narrow straight streets looked like so many lines, ruled and measured mathematically. The new American cities are built on the same type with parallel and right-angled streets; in this ancient city, too, as in those new ones, they are simply called First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Streets. Away to the north, over the plain, rose the summit of Atago-yama, 3,000 feet high, with a clump of trees on its top; and further away to the right can be seen the summit of Hi-yei-zan on the north-east, dusty to-day with a covering of snow. Down below, on the opposite hill, are seen the old Tô-kai-dô and the modern railway running along side by side in the distance: while the cawing of crows, the sound of bells and gongs from temples here and there, and a babble of voices coming up fitfully from the tea-houses below are borne on the wind as it rustles up in little gusts among the pines around. We wondered if we should ever see that other sacred city of Lhassa in Thibet, the only one now whose sanctity remains untouched; before its mystic virtues also crumble and fade and be dissolved like that of so many other shrines and centres of men's faith.

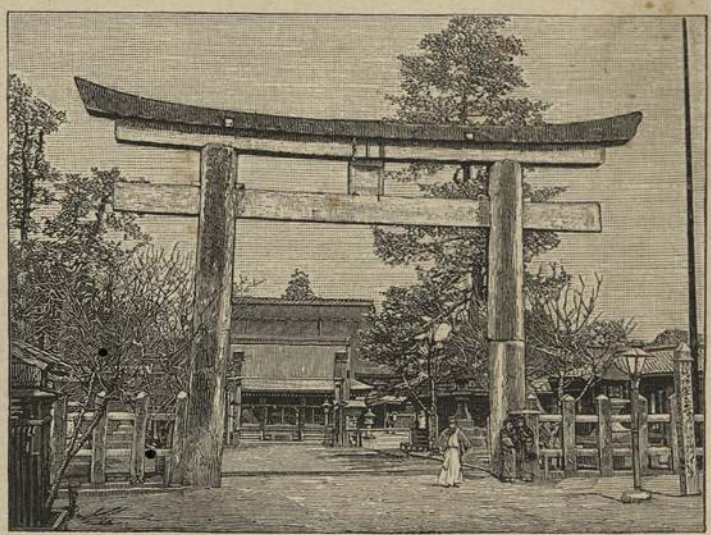
We work our way down the north slopes of the hill to the temple of Gi-on, passing little groups of graves and tombs of monks and others who like to be buried here amongst the trees close to their monasteries. A small monastery with its courts and chambers we come upon, all deserted, forlorn, and falling to pieces. In the great hall, dusty and unswept, stood the usual statue of Buddha. The bell that used to toll for service is still hanging in the courtyard under a sort of wooden lych-gate, but the wooden ram, that was swung at its side to cause it to sound, now lies broken on the ground. Disendowed and dis-established, the whole place is falling into ruins; but even here there are

some curiosities still about. Observing some Sanskrit characters cut on a small rock at the foot of the cliff and by the side of a well, after some search we found an old servant of the place, and asked him if there was any tradition connected with them. He told us this was the sacred stone where Giô-yei (the god of Pity in disguise) used to come and sit by the side of the hermit or votary, who at the top of the cliff here was doing penance for his sins. From within a little square wooden chapel, in the same grounds, came the voices of the few old monks who still linger about the place. Close concealed behind their papered screens, they were chanting their vespers in response to a priest who intoned. We were told that these are nothing but a series of Sanskrit formulæ, not a word of which they could understand; some of the monasteries chant the formula in a Chinese translation from the Sanskrit, which, however, is just as unintelligible to the Japanese, as the Latin service of the Catholic Church is to the peasantry of Europe, or the old Sclavonic service of the Russian Church to those who hear or take part in it.

When we arrived at the temple of Gi-on (which is Shintô), the head priest met us at the gate. He wears what looks like a very full surplice with baggy sleeves, but its skirts are stiffer than they would be if made of linen, and the whole thing has a sort of yellowish paper look about it. In his hand he holds a little white wooden ruler over a foot long, which is supposed to be the survival of a traditional fan, and on his head is a sort of lacquered black hat crinkled all over, lapping forward in front. This temple is of course, like all Shintô temples, dedicated to the Mikado's ancestors; in this case to the miraculously-begotten five sons and three daughters of the Sun-goddess and her brother; and once a year he sends offerings to them. It is all of plain wood and roofed with bark; round the outside is a granite paling, and the *torii* is also of granite and was built in 1662 A.D.; the side pillars are thirty feet high and measure eleven feet in circumference.

On from there we went to the great monastery of Chi-on-In (knowledge and grace), founded in 1211 A.D., by En-kô Dai-shi, who at the age of nine entered a seminary, and at the age of ten was admitted to the priesthood. He devoted his life to the study of theology, and founded the Jô-do community (or those who seek the way to the "Pure Land"). He settled at Kiôto in 1207 A.D., founded this monastery, and died five years after, at the age of seventy-nine.

It is one of the largest temples we have yet seen; every part —the gateway, the halls for worship, the grounds and all their appurtenances and belongings—is on a huge scale. The monastery, like most of the great wooden buildings in Japan, has been repeatedly destroyed by fire; the present building dates only from 1630 A.D. We went into the *hon-dô* which faces south, and is 167 feet in length, 138 feet in depth, and ninety-four feet in height, and is thus the largest building of its kind in Kiôto. It is just the same height as King's College Chapel in Cambridge and half the length, but more than three times its width. The shrine



GI-ON.

of En-kô Dai-shi stands on a stage within a sanctuary, which is marked off from the rest of the hall by four tall gilded pillars: in front of these rise from their bronze vases great lotus plants in gilded metal, each twenty-one feet high. The abbot himself was away, but we were received by the prior, who welcomed us into the private rooms of the abbot and showed us all the curios. There were all sorts of beautiful old paintings, amongst these a great Chinese picture of Buddha with his 500 disciples: wooden doors and screens, carved and painted. The most noticeable was covered with paintings of birds; on it had been a sparrow, which was so beautifully drawn that he at once came to life and flew

away, only, unfortunately, he knocked a hole in the paper of the screen as he went out: the story must be true for the hole is there still: a little egret who tried to follow the sparrow is still there in the act of rising. We sat and took tea with the old gentleman, and he showed us a beautiful pictured manuscript written by a former Mikado, and illustrated with drawings in gold on dark-blue paper, by Kô-bô Dai-shi, of whom we had heard in the morning at the temple of To-ji, and who died more than 1,000 years ago. There was also set out on the table a large model of a junk in silver with all its fittings complete; and in the corner of the same room where we sat, a great fungus in a bronze pot, every leaf of which was as hard as wood and which they told us was growing still, but very slowly; it was perfectly black, several feet in height and of most quaint shape and contortions. This room opened out into a regular Japanese garden with rocks and running water and trees, and pretty little landscape arrangements. We then left this great hall and its surrounding buildings, and climbed the hill behind to the bell tower of wood, in which is the great bell of seventy-four tons weight, cast in 1633 A.D.; it is nearly eleven feet high and its diameter is nine feet, larger than the great bell of St. Paul's. The tones of this bronze giant only boom forth over Kiôto on the greater festivals. On the hill side higher up are many walks in the woods: we went under the pine-trees, over the banks that serve as small walls to divide the monastery grounds from the unconsecrated, and walked a bit amongst the native tea-houses that stud the hill side here. The natives were collecting for their evening dances and singing.

We finally left the precincts of the monastery by the main entrance, a huge two-storied structure over eighty feet high and nearly forty feet broad. The woodwork of this is as usual all carved about with dragons and birds and flowers and musical angels. Down to it run two flights of steps from the great court beyond, and away from it, back into the town in the other direction, leads off a great broad avenue with banks on either side planted with cherry trees. Down this we rattle in the jinrikishas, which draw up before we are half-way across the town for the men to light their fire-fly lanterns, as there is some festival on to-night. Instead of going straight home we make a little round through the narrow streets, and are amused to find the same exhibitions here as in an English fair. There is an advertisement outside one shop of a monster

with a human head to be seen within; and at another, of a boy who will eat any amount of raw meat like a tiger. There are theatres with pictures of the striking incidents in the plays performed within placarded on the walls outside. There are toy-shops and jugglers who seem to attract the children chiefly; the shops, at which rice cakes are being sold of every sort and kind and shape, seem to be doing a flourishing trade. There was one stall where dolls were standing to be pelted with balls (in the manner of Aunt Sally at home); if you knocked down so many, you carried off a doll as a trophy of your skill. There were no gas-lamps (or any other lamps) in the streets, but there was no lack of light, for the front of each of these native shops is entirely open (though later on at night they will be completely closed with heavy wooden shutters), and now their interiors are flooded with the light of lanterns, lit with petroleum or rape-seed oil. As we go slowly down the middle of the street, we can see clearly every person and everything that is being done within, and it is very amusing now and then to stop and watch them all. So home to dinner, to which came the Prefect of Kiôto; and after that was over, two native artists came and did some painting on paper and also on calico, spread on the floor before them as they sat on their heels. They ask you first to take the brush and make any blot, or draw a triangle, or dash, in any way upon the white surface, and then out of these dots and strokes and blotches they will produce a picture of anything you like to name, an animal, or bird, or flower, with most marvellous skill. When you hand the brush back to them, they look wistfully at the incoherent mess you have made for five or six seconds, and then with firm, clear stroke that never falters or swerves, produce the design they have imagined, generally a humorous one, but always full of life and expression. We were told that the extraordinary accuracy of hand and wrist shown by these painters results from the way that from earliest infancy they are taught to use the brush in writing the complicated Chinese characters. Every touch and dot and tail of these has to be most accurately put in without wavering, and without any possibility of rubbing out or erasing a mistake: hence their firmness of touch and accuracy in imitating exactly what they see in bird or flower.

The next morning, after breakfast, we were all photographed in a group under the sacred tree in the court of the Hon-gwan-ji monastery. Then came a bright boy with several parcels and

baskets full of old and modern Japanese books, most of which were illustrated. These he proceeded to put out in the corridor, and amongst them Mr. Satow found several very curious ones. This little lad was the first whom we had seen give the old-fashioned Japanese greeting, by crouching down on his knees and heels, exactly in the same way as the natives of Viti do, only instead of their deep-toned woh! the Japanese utter a sibilant sound between the teeth. He is to bring some more of his stores from his father's shop to-morrow; the catalogue of books he has for sale is a long strip of paper about four inches broad, and of simply an interminable length, which he rolls and unrolls to find the title and price of any particular book, the names of which are of course written on the roll in Chinese characters.

We then started as before in jinrikishas and went to the old palace of the Mikado. This with its grounds contains an area of about twenty-six acres, round the outside of the whole runs a wall of earth and plaster, eighteen or twenty feet high and roofed at the top. Through this wall there are six gates; three of these are on the side facing the west, and one on each of the sides facing the other three cardinal points. We enter by the centre gate on the west, and leave the jinrikishas just within the palace court, for the buildings on this side are close to the west wall. The palace has been repeatedly destroyed by fire; the present buildings were erected in 1855 A.D., of exactly the same size and style as those that had been burnt the previous year. All the painted screens (except one) and much panel decoration were saved from the old palace, and some of them are of great antiquity. In the construction of the whole nothing but plain, unpainted, and unvarnished wood is used; the effect of this at first is poor, as there are no bright colours, lacquer, or bronze; but the want of this is made up for by the beautiful carpentry and the graceful drawings on the walls of the rooms. We go first into the Hall of Audience, which is a separate building by itself, a little over a hundred feet long and about half that number broad. It faces to the south, and opens on that side into another courtyard, down into which a flight of eighteen steps leads, and on these steps in olden days stood the nobles of the court, those of the highest grade on the top, and those of the lowest on the bottom. On the right and left hand of these steps are the two sacred trees, the one a wild orange and the other a cherry, each with a mystic meaning. immediately fronting the entrance, on top of these steps stands

the throne, which is a light chair of thin fine lacquer (the only chair in the whole palace) under a square, box-like canopy; in front of this is still hanging the curtain veil which used to be let down to conceal all but the feet of the Mikado when he sat to give audience here on New Year's Day and other state occasions. Here he was enthroned at the beginning of his reign. On either side the throne are a pair of bronze Korean dogs, emblems of the conquest of Korea by the Japanese in the earlier days of the monarchy; like the three silver lions in front of the throne of Denmark in the Rosenborg Palace at Copenhagen, which stand there as symbols of the Danish king's supremacy over the Great Belt, Little Belt, and Sound. Along the wall behind this are portraits of ancient Chinese sages, as examples for the courtiers to follow. We have pointed out to us the building across the court where the Mikado used to celebrate in November the harvest festival, by offering new rice to his ancestral deities, and another similar building just outside in which was kept the model of the sacred mirror of the Sun-goddess, the original of which is at her temple in Isé.

From here we went into the suite of apartments called the "Pure and Cool Hall" from the brook of water which runs under the steps. In one corner is a square of cement let into the floor, on which earth was strewn every morning, so that the Mikado could worship his ancestors on the earth without going outside into the open air; this reminds us of the way in which the Shah of Persia was said always when travelling in Europe to wear boots between the soles of which he carried some of the soil of Persia, so that in all his wanderings his majesty never had his feet off the sacred soil of his own dominions. Here also the Mikado conducted the worship of the Four Quarters of the Heavens, on the morning of New Year's Day, in the same way as the Emperor of China does in the open air temple at Pekin. We next pass on into another suite of rooms called the Lesser Palace; here there is another audience hall about half the size of the larger one, facing east; the roof is supported on plain wooden pillars, and the floor covered with the fine matting. This is where the highest kugés or court nobles and priests had audience, but not sight, of the Emperor. It opens into a very pretty garden with evergreens and the usual rocks and stream of water. Immediately adjoining this are the eleven rooms in which the Mikado lived. They are so arranged that his sacred person was safely guarded at night in the centre chamber;

round this are the rooms that were occupied by his female attendants. None but women were ever allowed to attend or wait upon him, or ever to behold the light of his countenance. If any high official had message or business to transact with the sacred animal it was transmitted to him through the women.

Here was his bed-room, the walls of which were decorated with fresh paintings at the accession of each Mikado, according to his choice. The present ones are those of tigers who are bounding about in every attitude, and were selected by the reigning Emperor when it fell to his lot as a boy to enter this cage, from which he has since escaped. They were supposed to be guardians of his slumber from evil spirits.

From this chamber four magnificent heavy sliding screens with broad black lacquered frames open into the oratory; where were kept the sacred Stone and the copy of the sacred Sword, and before these symbols of his sovereignty he used to say his prayers each morning. The copy of the third symbol of the Sun-goddess, the Mirror, was kept elsewhere in the palace by the ladies. On the floor are two pairs of mats, so arranged that immediately on entering through the screens he could kneel and bow before the almonries containing them. They are all empty now as well as every other chamber in this rambling palace.

The next suite of rooms that we are taken to see are close behind these holy bed-chambers, and are called the Mikado's studies. Their wooden walls are beautifully decorated with paintings of wise men (chiefly Chinese) and birds and flowers. Here lectures were read to him, and poetry and music occasionally performed; sometimes he was allowed to sit and see a performance of dancers and actors, who, however, were kept at a safe distance from him, the stage on which they performed being on the opposite side of the courtyard and under an entirely separate roof. It was from here that a long passage led off to the empress's palace, which lay away on the north side of the emperor's. It has now been entirely demolished, and nothing remains of it whatsoever, in the flat, dusty, large open space where it stood, except the beautifully constructed stone water channels which ran beneath the palace, and in which the water is still running. We went, however, into a number of apartments covered with lovely screens; which were once occupied by other ladies of the harem, but all now bare and deserted, with the mats turned up and the windows closed. If these innumerable rooms are never to be used again, it would seem

a pity that these paintings are not removed to some museum; or, better still, as the palace is one of the most interesting buildings in Japan, make it a museum, and arrange here in some of these empty chambers the art treasures which are going to rack and ruin in other parts of the country. One chamber we were shown, the floor of which had double mats to keep off wet and damp. This was the room for the son and heir of the Mikado to be nursed in, if one should chance to be born. There was a separate suite of rooms for use if the babe happened to be a princess.

Last of all, we went out into the garden of the palace with its winding streams, stepping-stone paths, and stone and wooden bridges, and groupings of maple and pine trees, little tea-houses and flower-rooms. Although the palace in which the Mikado at present lives at Tôkiô is nothing like so extensive or commodious a building as this, we could quite understand, apart from all political considerations which make it necessary for him to reside in the eastern provinces, why he should shrink from coming back into this scene of the splendid captivity of his ancestors; and we can now also understand why many of his predecessors preferred to resign the Mikadoship on behalf of their young heirs, and as ex-Mikados live elsewhere in Buddhist monasteries, or in the country, and exercise their power indirectly and at a distance, rather than cooped up in this sacred but unenviable seclusion and *restraint*; to his subjects, who knew him not, the embodiment of all earthly and heavenly perfections, but to himself a miserable puppet without object or any, even the thinnest, shadow of real power.

We had spent some time in rambling about the grounds and buildings, and, therefore, now made haste to find our jinrikishas and start for Kitano-ten-jin on the north-west side of the city. This monastery was founded in 947 in honour of Michizané or Ten-jin who came of a learned family that supplied tutors to successive Mikados. At the age of ten he was a profound Chinese scholar; later on in life he became one of the chief ministers of State, but having incurred the anger of the young Mikado, who was only sixteen, he was sent into exile where he died. He is considered to be the best Chinese scholar Japan ever produced, and he has left behind him much poetry and prose in both languages. He has been canonised, and is looked upon as the patron saint of beautiful and artistic writing, of which the Japanese are very fond. We enter the grounds through the great stone *torii*, and on either side of the path beyond them are a number of tea-houses in succession, interspersed with

stone lanterns dedicated to the saint. Further up on the left is a reclining bull in bronze, and two more bulls a little further on in black and red marble. This animal it was that drew his funeral car, and by stopping suddenly, revealed where the sage should be buried. The temple inclosure itself is entered through the gate of the Three Luminaries, that is the sun, moon, and stars, which are carved on the beams. Here we were met by the Shintô priests in full attire, who went with us across the little court and up the steps into the oratory at the top. In front are hanging a number of metal mirrors which have been offered at various times; one is three feet in diameter and was presented in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; on its back is a map of Japan. On a table that had been arranged inside, the priests had brought out a number of kakemono paintings for our inspection, and amongst other things a full description of hell and purgatory; the scenes here depicted covered eight rolls, each roll being occupied with one of the eight hells; here were shown amongst other labours a man (like Sisyphus) rolling everlastingly a wheel up hill, another man as an elephant exhausting his powers in trying to draw out of the mud a car which evermore sank deeper and deeper therein; here also were "the wicked being holden with the cords of their sins", and it would certainly seem as if "hell and destruction were never full," for there are here crowds enough of doomed sinners pressing in; in one place was the disobedient son with ravens pecking at his eyes, just in the same way as Solomon describes, "Oculum, qui subsannat patrem, et qui despicit partum matris suae, effodiant eum corvi de torrentibus, et comedant eum filii aquilae," Prov. xxx. 17. On another roll the biting and fiery remorse that follows from the pleasant sins of gluttony and sensuality was vividly depicted; and on another the wicked were being beaten with iron hammers, or boiled in iron pots, or fed on food resembling red-hot balls of iron, or plunged in a river flowing with streams of sharp-edged razors, where their torments last 500 billion times as long as it would take to clear away a large load of tiny sesamum seed, at the rate of one seed in a hundred years. All are parables of the terrible consequences in another existence of moral evil in this: "Evil deeds must bear evil fruit. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage. Punishment is not an arbitrary thing: it is the other half of crime."

On leaving this temple we went on to the neighbouring one at Hirano. It is the simplest of plain wood open air Shintô temples. The oratory is an open shed in the centre of the court, in it are hung pictures of thirty-six poets; apparently there is some connection between the patrons of this temple and the literary Michizané of the neighbouring one. There are four plain wood shrines side by side at the end, with brass-bound beams. Altogether, like most Shintô temples, it appears little more than a good specimen of plain carpentry, cold and naked; and now that the absolute divinity of the Mikado is subject to the wear and tear of ordinary life, it is difficult to understand how, the centre of the Shintô faith being shaken, any others than officials can be devout Shintoists pure and simple.

Then to Kin-kaku-ji (or "golden pavilion monastery"), so-called from the golden pavilion in the garden at the back. In some rooms opening out into this garden we had lunch. It was here that one of the Shôguns who had surrendered his title to his youthful son retired in 1397 and became a Buddhist monk, though he still really directed the affairs of the kingdom. In the same way as another Shôgun, also of the same dynasty, in 1479 after his similar retirement built Gin-kaku-ji ("or silver pavilion monastery"). Everything here certainly to-day has an air of great antiquity. In the middle of the garden is a large pond all covered with green duckweed, and on a peninsula jutting out rises the dilapidated grey three-storied golden pavilion, the sole remains of the palace monastery built by the Shôgun; it is thirty-three feet long by twenty-four feet broad, and faces south. On closer approach we see that the woodwork has all once been lacquered, and, going inside, we find in the lower hall a sitting statue of the retired Shôgun, and little gilt statues of Buddha with Pity and Wisdom by his side. In the chamber on the next story is a curious imitation of a rockwork cave, and a little image of Pity is here enshrined with the four archangels. On the retable at the back of the altar which stands in front of each of the statues is the offering of a small rice-cake, and water in another bowl (which is the universal accompaniment of nearly every statue in Japan). The colours of the painting on the ceiling are all peeling off. Mounting into the third and last story we see that every inch here, both of the ceiling and floor and wall, and the railing of the balcony outside, was once covered with gold. This has now nearly all disappeared, but the woodwork is complete, although put up in the time of our Richard II.; there

KIN-KAKU-JI.

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are only a few patches of modern boarding. The effect when it was new must have been very dazzling, especially with the sun shining upon it, but somehow now there is a disreputable air over the whole. On the top of the roof is a bronze phœnix three feet high, which was also gilt. As we stand in the balcony we are shown a large hill on the west, called "silk cap mount," which, on a day in July, when he felt it broiling hot here in this golden pavilion, one of the ex-Mikados ordered to be covered all over with white silk, that it might look cool and glistening, as if with snow. In another part of the garden upon the hill side, and approached by a winding path through the wood, is a charming little summer-house built of rockwork and curious quaint-shaped rustic wood carvings. It was built in the reign of our Charles I. for Iyeyasu the first of the Tokugawa Shôguns.

Then back into Kiôto to do some shopping. We visited the metal workers, and saw some beautiful specimens of bronze and silver work with small raised flowers on the surface. The best artists keep but a few specimens of their work on hand, and there are two or three in Kiôto whose modern work is as good as the best antique, only of course expensive, as the workmanship is first-rate, and takes much time and patient skill. There may be, no doubt in Japan as elsewhere, workmen who scamp their work, but such cases are rare; for the main characteristic of all Japanese work is its conscientious perfection of detail in every particular, in that which is hidden as well as in that which is exposed to the eye: this may be seen in the cheapest and most trifling toys almost as well as in the costly lacquered cabinet or the enamelled *cloisonnée*. Then to a crape shop, a most rambling store, where there were piles of this stuff, white and pink and blue of every shade; under the same roof in another department were some splendid samples of gorgeous silk embroidery, and needlework, manufactured entirely for foreigners with long purses, especially those from America, of whom there is a constant tide across the Pacific, as the run from San Francisco to Tôkiô rarely takes more than twenty days. Then after visiting two or three second-hand pop-shops, in which there were all sorts of odds and ends, bad, good, and indifferent, from the great metal bells and images from some despoiled monastery down to the little metal pencils and writing-cases for the girdle—and round us as we stand in front of these gather at once stray men, women, and babies full of curiosity, no one of whom shows the least incivility or

rudeness—we went home to dinner, and found the bookseller's little boy waiting respectfully on his haunches in the verandah with several fresh piles of old books by his side. From these we chose out several of Hokusai's drawing-books (he was born in 1760, but went on working till 1840), and two or three that had been printed from blocks in Japan in the reign of Henry VII. (just the time that Caxton was at work at Westminster); a native guidebook to Kiôto, and a curious native account of the revolutionary war in 1868 illustrated with portraits of the chief actors, most of whom we had seen recently at Tôkiô in European black cloth dress, but who were here portrayed in all the glories of their ancient attire, two-sworded, and with high-shouldered wings of state. The first printed book in Japan was published in 1172, and about a hundred years afterwards the whole of the Buddhist canon was printed and circulated, but it was not till 1596 that the first book was printed with movable wooden type; the first wood-engraving was not printed till 1504, and coloured pictures about two centuries afterwards. It is very curious to note the contemporaneity of certain leading events in the histories of Japan and England. Buddhism and Christianity were introduced into each at about the same time; the tenth and eleventh centuries in each were the great monastery-founding periods; the invention of printing was also contemporary in each. It looks as if some influence or law of mental development had been at work in each country independently of the other.

Captain Lord Charles Scott arrived with John from the ship. After dinner there were some theatricals, performed by the troupe attached to the temple in which we are staying, on the regular stage opening out of the hall behind the one in which we are put up. Some of the dances were really very pretty, and like the meke dances in Viti, were supposed to represent the movements of birds and butterflies. There were also two short comedies given; the point of the story of the first turned on the hypocrisy of a young wife lately married to an old gentleman, who she was desirous should leave her for a while and go on his travels. When he came to tell her that it was his intention so to do, she pretended to fall a-weeping violently, but rather overdid it; and the old gentleman suspecting something was up—for he saw a little dish of water she kept by her side, into which she stealthily dipped now and then her pocket-handkerchief, in order that it might appear as if it had become wringing wet with tears—substituted

an inkpot: she, not perceiving the change that had taken place, in a few minutes blackened her face in the most horrible manner; which, when done, her husband brought her a metal mirror, and put her hypocrisy to an open shame. The actors, both the older and the younger, evidently enjoyed their parts, and the effect of the transition from the deep hoarse guttural sounds to the sibilant endings of many of the sentences, which are pronounced in an odd way through the teeth, was very peculiar. In between this and the next piece the band of minstrels attached to the temple service came in and played. Their music was very similar to that we had heard at the En-riô-kwan. The concluding comedy seemed to be the story of how an old hunch-backed man, after all sorts of ridiculous adventures, got rid of his burden and became young again, and had his bent back straightened: but after all, found his fortune in this renovated condition harder to bear than before, and so prayed the gods to once more restore him to what he was; which being done, he hobbled off the stage after giving utterance to many wise opinions.

The next morning before breakfast the Rev. Mr. Akamatsu, one of the priests of this temple who has studied Christianity at Oxford and Cambridge, and returned to his own brotherhood here just as zealous a Buddhist as ever, came to us to take us round the temple. In this monastery, as well as in the neighbouring eastern Hon-gwan-ji, learning is by no means dead. The Rev. Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio, another monk belonging to it, has spent three years at Oxford, learning Sanskrit with Professor Max Müller, with a view of re-introducing its study into Japan. The Clarendon Press has lately printed his catalogue of the Chinese translations from the Sanskrit of the sacred canon (1662 works in all) of the Buddhists in China and Japan. It was a new sensation to be able to talk perfectly freely in English to an Oxford man who was also a Buddhist priest. One point which he kept insisting on was that Buddhism was not a religion but a philosophy. At first we could not quite see what he meant, but after a little bit he made it clear. The one truth which Buddha, when he founded his "kingdom of righteousness," after he had himself abandoned his rank and forsaken all the joys and ease of family life in utter self-renunciation for the good of others, insisted upon over and over again was, that everything in the world is constantly changing. And as everything is subject to the law of cause and effect, every

man must either go up or down in the scale of being, until the just or perfect at length escape the yawning gulf of continual birth and death by absorption into the Infinite Light. In accordance with the inexorably just law which rules in the universe, each one of every man's actions and thoughts is indestructible, and their influence goes on even after his body is destroyed. If a man speaks, acts, or thinks what is evil, pain follows him; there is no power anywhere in the universe that can destroy the fruit of a man's deeds, they must work out their full effect to the pleasant or the bitter end. And thus the last may be first and the first last; the lowest may, by good works, attain to the highest, and the highest born in this world may, by his evil deeds, awake in the next world a demon. And there are ten ways or sins by which a man can do evil; three of the body—(taking life, theft, unlawful sexual intercourse); four of speech—(lying, slander, abuse of another, idle talk); and three of the mind—(covetousness, malice, contradiction). And the only way by which these sins are to be overcome, either in one's self or in one's neighbour, is by self-control, unselfishness, courtesy and kindliness. The practice of these, "the crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts," is the truest wisdom: be pure and kind, patient and contented, be earnest, not lazy in thought, and so shall you tread the only path to the joy and rest of perfect wisdom, and goodness, and peace. This, he said, was philosophy, not religion; and was the same law as we called the indestructibility of force. It may be held with the purest materialism, or might be supplemented by a religion; but in either case he thought it the most efficacious teaching to promote virtue and discourage vice.

Going into the large *hon-dô*, he showed us the image of the founder of the Hon-gwan-ji, Shinran Shônin, who died in 1262 A.D. This is two feet high, and was carved by the sage himself, and rubbed with his ashes after he had been cremated, so that as it were the very substance of the form he had worn in the body had now passed into this his statue. As we stood there in the dim religious light in which the lacquer tables and the altars and silk vestments and flashing gold and metal work glimmered, reaching away into further depths of the building behind, another priest came forward from behind the sanctuary, and with genuflexions and much quiet reverence, like a Catholic priest before the altar about to elevate the host, unfolded the doors of the shrine, within which the image is concealed, in order by its sight to

intensify the devotions of the faithful who were kneeling in front; and it certainly seemed to have the desired effect. If ever any man prayed, those Japanese on their knees in front of the screen were praying in that early morning; and the words they uttered (Namida Butsu, equivalent to our Kyrie eleeson) came most manifestly from their inmost depths; and every feature of their faces expressed the ardour of their devotion quite as, if not more, intense than many Catholics display when kneeling in church at devotion before the images and pictures of the saints. We did not suppose for one moment that these men were idolaters. Mr. Akamatsu, however, observed, "This reverence is not even shown to the teacher whose image that is; it is only a thanksgiving for the good deeds done and for the truth taught by him. In fact there is no such thing as prayer for the real Buddhist; we meditate on love, or pity, or joy, just in the same way as the Christian performs his act of meditation and self recollection, and with these we should be content." Gautama lived 600 years before Christ: his teaching was brought into China the first century after Christ, but not till 550 A.D. was it introduced into Japan, within a few years of the date that St. Augustine introduced Christianity into England (596 A.D.); so that if the English follow the example of the Japanese, and disestablish and disendow Christianity in England, the two religions will have served very nearly an equal term for the respective islands. Buddha laboured at first to give a new life to the old forms of Brahmanism, a new meaning to old words, and a new purpose to an effete society. In this he failed, as many have failed after him in similar efforts, and he then became the founder of a new teaching which since its first rise in India, has counted more converts than any other religion, and which even now seems to exercise a more powerful influence on the Eastern mind than any other form of faith. Thirty-one per cent. of the inhabitants of the world are Buddhists, thirty per cent. are Christians, seventeen per cent. follow the teaching of Mohammed, which after all is only an offshoot of Christianity.

We went on with him through many halls and rooms in which the monks were sitting at work; and passing a statue of Buddha with his hand raised in the act of blessing, in which the tips of the thumb and forefinger were conjoined, we asked what this was supposed to symbolise; our guide told us that "the five fingers of Buddha's hand stood each for one of the five elements; that the thumb and forefinger represented the air and atmosphere, which

being circumambient of the world, when the finger and thumb were thus joined, typified for the faithful the way in which 'His mercy is over all His works.'" In a similar way the priests of the Greek orthodox Church join the fingers of their hands in benediction to form the initials of our Lord's name.

Then across the garden of usual rockwork, water, trees, and shrubs, with a carp-pond crossed three times by wooden bridges something like the one at the back of Queen's College, Cambridge. We went into the summer-house, and to the "pavilion of the flying clouds," and up stairs into the top chamber called the "hall of good manners," where there is a picture of Fuji-yama so painted on the gold lacquer of the walls that you cannot see it from any other position than when bending low on knees in front of the daïs on which the great man would sit, behind whose back the picture was. Then to breakfast, to which came Mr. Marsham.

Afterwards, at 9 A.M., got under way in a long string of jinrikishas for the rapids of the Katsura-gawa. We soon crossed the upper waters of this river, after which the road began to rise gradually, passing through some tea-plantations and woods of large green bamboos, which reminded us of Trinidad and Jamaica. We rattled through one village, and then the hill became still steeper, and we all got out and walked, and of course enjoyed the view. We arrived at Yamamoto at 12.30—having done the twenty miles across country in very good time. Here a festival of the village temple was going on, and all the people had turned out to see our cavalcade. Arrived by the river side, we waited until the jinrikishas had been transferred to the flat-bottomed boats which were here waiting. They, with their men, completely filled six boats; the rest of the party filled two other large ones, seven or eight going in each. They are long, perfectly flat at the bottom, and almost square at the stern; their sides rise almost perpendicular from the floor for nearly three feet, and when fully laden they are said to draw not more than seven inches of water; the bow is high. The boats are flexible and give readily each time they touch the ground or rock. The river descends from here to Arashi-yama, thirteen miles below; it runs between very high banks, and the water is very broken. For the two hours we were descending the rapid it winds among lofty tree-covered hills, on which to-day were many bright contrasts of autumn tints in full sunlight; it swirls round rocks which, jutting out into the stream, appear now and again to bar all passage forward, but past

which one man in the bows and one in the stern with great punting-poles skilfully steer the boat. At one place only did the surge break over the gunwale, and that was in a very narrow passage between two rocks, scarcely wider than the beam of the boat. There was something very exhilarating in this rapid and strange sliding downhill on water. In one long straight reach where the river broadened out a bit like a valley in Wales or Scotland, we had some fun racing the boats containing the jinrikisha men. They had started ahead of us, but we now passed two or three of them. Here, too, we saw the boatmen towing up the stream other boats, hauling the rope over their shoulders as they themselves walked along the bank, by the side of which great bamboos were stuck out from boulders of rock, to fend off the tow-ropes, so that they should not be frayed by rubbing on the stone, but might run smoothly over the poles. Arrived at the bottom of the rapids at Arashi-yama, had lunch in the upper story of a tea-house (Sangenya) which faces the hill and looks out on the bridge there: then after resting a bit in the verandah and looking at some specimens of fine writing which belonged to the proprietor, we started in jinrikishas to return to Kiôto.

We stopped on the way at Udzumasa or Kôriû-ji, which is just on the west of the city. It was founded in 604 A.D. by Shôtoku Dai-shi, and is one of the oldest Buddhist foundations in Japan. The present hall and oratory, erected in 1150 A.D., were built out of timber saved from the frames of the old temple which dated from 836 A.D. They contain the sitting image of Buddha between Pity and Je-zô, the friend of little children and travellers, a sort of St. Nicholas. Going through behind this we arrived at the chapel of Shôtoku Dai-shi; this contains his effigy in wood carved by himself at the age of thirty-three. At the accession of every Mikado the image proceeds to the palace to pay its respects to his Majesty, who then presents it with a silken robe of imperial yellow, which it wears during the rest of his reign. There are very handsome gilded sliding screens which usually are closed in front of the standing statue, and which were withdrawn as our party entered. In his right hand Shôtoku holds a courtier's wand, and in his left a censer. Besides the yellow robe he wears wide trousers of white silk and a black court hat. The walls and roof of this chapel, as well as the passage connecting it with the oratory, are covered with paintings of the phœnix

bird and bunches of wisteria, plum blossoms, lilies, and azaleas, of about the date of William and Mary. The chapel doors are adorned with an elaborate geometrical pattern in a style very like the Moorish decorations. We went across the temple grounds to a very ancient octagonal outlying building, in which are stored the original images brought at a very remote period from Korea. The most important of these is one of Kwan-non, the omnipotent god of Pity, about three feet high, sitting on a stool with the right foot on the left knee and the left hand resting on the right foot. The right hand supports the face, which wears a pensive expression. The hands are beautifully modelled, but one of the feet is modern. The hair is drawn back from the forehead and tied up in a knob at the top in Chinese fashion. This image was packed in a box on the left-hand side of the door as if ready for removal. There were two other images under the same roof, one of them also Korean, and the other in the right-hand box Japanese, dating from the ninth century. We then went round to a second entrance on another side of the octagonal building, where there was a statue of Kôbô Dai-shi most likely carved by himself, and one of Ri-gen Dai-shi of lacquered wood. Here also is the image of the Chinese prince who migrated to Japan in the pre-historic age and introduced the silk-worm. In a third box, only lately unsealed, and stamped with the Mikado's seal, is a very old statue of the god of Pity, presented to the empress of Japan in 592 A.D.; it is never venerated now, its glory is gone, although it is over a thousand years old.

Then into the jinrikishas and on to Omuro-go-sho, of which temple Prince Higashi Fushimi had been in former days the abbot, the thirty-third of a succession of abbot princes. One of the Mikado's family always held that office here, for it was a royal foundation, and, in fact, two ex-Mikado's, one in 952, and the other in 899 retired, and (the last for thirty years) lived as priests here, freed from the more irksome trammels of their kingly rank, though still in peace pulling the strings of power behind the scenes. The monastery is splendidly situated on the hill slopes to the north-west of the town, and commands extensive views of the whole of the Kiôto valley. The entrance to the grounds is by a large two-storied gatehouse with very full overhanging roofs. Passing through this, on the left-hand side is the residence of the Prince-Abbot, dating from the reign of Charles the First. Into these chambers we went: the walls and screens were beautifully

painted with cranes, bamboos, and peonies, but all much faded; in other rooms were vast numbers of Chinese scenes in the same style as those in the Mikado's palace at Kiôto—Chinese children at play, and of Chinese sages, one of whom, like Orpheus, was able to attract birds and living creatures by his music. The sleeping place is arranged in the same way in the centre of the building, with rooms round it for attendance, as in the Kiôto palace.

We wandered up the hill through the large deserted gardens, by the five-storied pagoda over 150 feet high, with the usual five Buddhas, passing other relics, and an enormous bronze lantern at the top of a flight of stone steps, all falling to pieces, and down through groves of cherry trees, reared here on account of the beauty of their blossom in April. We look into some of the halls, particularly one containing the Saviour sitting on a lotus-flower, with Pity and Wisdom on either side, each holding a lotus, and into another hall which was brought here from Kiôto in Charles the First's reign; which up to that time had been the public audience hall of the Mikado's sacred majesty, and in area is about half the size of the present one in the Mikado palace there. As it was now getting dusk we made the best of our way home.

We dined this evening at the Japanese hotel Nakamoura, where the captain is staying, and went to some native theatricals afterwards with him, but we could not understand what was going on, though the dresses and scenery were pretty enough.

Nov. 8th.—Up early, as every morning in this monastery, to the cawing of rooks and the sound of bells: the voices of nature and of men's worship are exactly the same here as in the precincts of some old English cathedral. Had the tattoing on our arms finished before breakfast, and then at 8.30 started for the railway, to go by train to Otzu and Lake Biwa. The line, on leaving Kiôto, passes through mountainous scenery with bamboo woods and tea plantations on either side. The little currant-like bushes of this last shrub were the first tea we had seen growing. There is a fine view of the lake immediately on coming out from the tunnel, in the same sort of way as you get the view of the Thames and shipping on coming out of the Charlton tunnel going down to Woolwich. But there is no smoke or fog here, although at the end of the lake rises the volcano-shaped mountain. The lake gets its name from its supposed resemblance in form to a "guitar"; it is thirty-seven miles long and twelve broad; in area about equal to the Lake of Geneva, though the appearance to-day

at this, its lower and narrower end, reminded us more of Lake Thun in Switzerland, and, like that, it is about 280 feet above sea-level. According to the legend, it was produced by an earthquake 286 B.C. in the same night that, 120 miles away in the eastern provinces, Fuji-yama was thrown up near Tôkiô. At Ôtzu, a large town of about 18,000 inhabitants and over a couple of miles long, we mounted jin-riki-shas and started along the west border of the lake for Karasaki, about three miles distant. The governor of the province had met us at the station, and went spinning ahead in a jinrikisha along the path which led across the flat rice-fields. Of the cereal crops grown in Japan, 77 per cent. are rice, 12 per cent. are barley, 8 per cent. are rye, and only 2 per cent. wheat. The thick stalks of the rice are to-day set to dry in sheaves with their heads resting on screens; and the brown flat stubble fields without the vestige of a hedge remind us of the appearance of the wheat-fields at harvest time in the Isle of Thanet. On the fields are many small heaps of votive stones.

Arrived at the village of Karasaki, found all the people turned out, brown and grinning. Here there is a very ancient pine-tree; it is said to be about 400 years old, and to be the representative of an older sacred tree which existed here from the days of the first Mikado, 660 B.C. Its branches have been trained to grow out over a framework of poles extending in different directions, and thus cover a very considerable area, part of them overhanging the lake. The small grounds surrounding it are approached through a gateway, as if sacred, and on the right-hand side is a small shrine. The usual Japanese tea was served in the shade of the tree, and seated on the little promontory until our men were rested, we watched one or two small steamers that were running on the lake. They take the traffic through from Otzu to Nagahama, a town at the opposite end of the lake, whence the railway runs another twenty-seven miles to the port of Tsuruga, upon the northern coast of Japan. We get into the jinrikishas and bowl on to Sakamoto, at the foot of Hiyei-zan, three thousand feet high, the slopes of which are covered with monasteries. We had hoped to have ascended the mountain this afternoon with Mr. Satow; but, as the weather was too thick for any view from the top, we gave it up. In clear weather it is the finest view in Japan. We lunched at the Buddhist temple of Shiga-in. Here the governor had quite a little museum of antiquities arranged for the occasion; several country gentlemen had lent suits of old armour and other family curios for the

day. In one of these suits George arrayed himself as a young knight, all the pieces, from the helmet to the greaves, exactly fitted him, as the Japanese are a smaller race than Europeans. Here too were laid out specimens of the native produce and manufacture of the province, amongst the rest some rolls of white crape, better even than what we had seen in Kiôto, and a number of little articles and cases made from the fibre of wisteria. Then went into the new house lately erected for the priest, of plain white wood; a fine specimen of native carpentry, if nothing more; and from here walked up the hill behind to the Shintô temples of Hiye-no-jinja, or "the spirit of the cold mountain" whose pine-clad tops and rocky cliffs are seen towering up above, and aloft on these, other temples and shrines. These woods and grounds seemed to extend for a considerable distance all over the eastern side of the hill. At one place in the broad avenue the governor had drawn up the school children in two lines on either side of the path, and they sang in the same way as the school-children so often did in Australia. We went into one of the Shintô shrines, which was bare and lifeless; then back to the station at Ôtzu, where we met Prince Louis of Battenburg and Mr. Blake from the *Inconstant*. They have been down the rapids this morning and have collected several boxes and baskets full of curios. It was proposed to have run across to the other side of the lake in one of the small steamers, but there is no time to-day. We got back to Kiôto about 5 P.M. and went straight to the Hon-gwan-ji. Here we find the corridor and sitting chamber filled with specimens of bronze and porcelain, and embroidery, painted screens, and all sorts of goods of Kiôto workmanship set out for sale. After dinner we choose some of these to take home as presents, and get to bed early as we have a long day before us to-morrow.

Nov. 9th.—After despatching a telegram to Sandringham wishing the Prince of Wales many happy returns of his birthday, we set out in jinrikishas on our journey inland to Nara, a distance of thirty miles. We left the Hon-gwan-ji at 9.20 A.M., after having said good-bye to the abbot, or, giving him his full Japanese title, the "Great Teacher and Perfecter Ôtani Mitsu Taka," and to Mr. Akamatsu, and went out of the city past the station and across the bridge over the Kamo-gawa river, making our first halt at the temple of Tô-fuku-ji, on the south-east side of the town.

This monastery was founded in the reign of King Henry III.

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by Ben-yen, who became a monk at the early age of eighteen. When he was thirty-three he went to China (which was then the centre and source of art, civilisation, and religion to Japan, just in the same way that Rome was to Europe) to study for six years. Two years after his return he was made abbot of this monastery, where he spent the rest of his days, and died at the age of seventy-eight; all the trees in the grounds turned pale at his death; perhaps it was the autumn. The present buildings, which date from 1347, cover a great extent of ground, and are all of large proportions. The massive two-storied gateway has an inscription written by the hand of one of the Kamakura Shôguns; and in the upper story are the usual statues of the sixteen disciples of Buddha round their master, and at the east end a portrait of Ben-yen. These founders of the various brotherhoods and monasteries in Japan are each in their way counterparts of the great founders of monasteries in Europe, St. Benet, St. Dominic, St. Bernard; and in the wild cruel lawless days of mediæval Japan their monasteries and foundations were the sources of the same beneficent influences here as their counterparts in Europe.

Passing on we come into the great hall of Buddha, 108 feet long by eighty-eight broad, a lofty building of plainest construction, the wood of which is grey with age. In the centre is a huge sitting figure of Gautama, fifty feet high, which nearly reaches to the roof, and on either side of him two statues twenty-five feet high, one of them as usual is that of the god of Pity, the omnipotent (hundred-handed), and of gentle but resistless influence (silken-corded), for he is believed "to declare his almighty power most chiefly by showing mercy and pity," and the other is that of Mi-roku, the Buddha or Messiah that "is yet for to come." These three sitting images are of wood and gilt, with long Indian eyes. By them stand erect and full of power the four archangels or Dêva kings, each twelve and a half feet high. Here to-day was unfolded for us the hugest Kakemono in Japan, forty-eight feet long by twenty-four feet broad, representing Gautama's death and all creation mourning around him. It is seldom unrolled; when it is, it forms a complete screen from floor to roof in front of his image. Some of the faces of his disciples were almost too full of expression; all the beasts were weeping, and their attitudes and proceedings were well imagined and beautifully drawn. Few colours are used in this great picture, and whether from age or other cause its whole tone is very much

subdued. The date of the picture is 1408, it was painted by Chô-Den-su, as were also many other valuable Kakemono in this monastery. Next to this we went into the Hatto, another large hall, 102 feet long by sixty-nine deep; here sermons are preached and the chapter of the monastery meet for business; on a lacquered platform is the abbot's chair; and above on the ceiling are the coils of a dragon who goes writhing and twisting all over the place. We were shown the library with a complete copy of the Buddhist canon in a revolving case; some of the volumes have the stamp of the original owner, with the date corresponding to 1377 A.D. The monastery kitchen is built of timber brought from Korea. A fine wooden corridor and cloister, prolonged in the shape of a covered bridge, stretches right across the river; each side the dell are woods of red maple, now at their best, and here and there are the small tea-houses projecting out on wooden stages where the Japanese come and sit and enjoy the view and the tints on their favourite trees. Some of the trees in the grounds (or their progenitors), especially two old junipers, are said to have been brought from China by the first abbot, Ben-yen himself, whose effigy, with that of his Chinese teacher, is enshrined in the chapel to which this long wooden corridor leads, one of the most elaborate pieces of old carpentry we have seen even in this land of master carpenters.

Leaving this monastery we went to the Shintô temple of Inari-no-Yashiro which is only a little distance up the road, and is approached through two great red *torii*. This and Kitano are the two most popular Shintô shrines in Kiôto. Inari means "rice-man," and the temple is dedicated to the goddess of food, and was founded in 711 A.D., when she first manifested herself to those who sought her (by cultivation) on the hill behind, on the three peaks of which were three shrines. She and her companion gods make their pilgrimage every year in their cars to the temples of Isé, starting on the 29th of April and coming home on the 20th of May. We go up the steep flight of steps to the chief chapel, passing two stone foxes on pedestals. This animal is sacred to the goddess of food and agriculture, perhaps because he digs holes and so burrows in and turns up the soil. Curtains are hanging before the six chief Shintô shrines, and in front of each of these is suspended a large metal mirror, about a foot and a half in diameter. The five Shintô spirits that are revered here in this popular temple are, first, the goddess of food, child of the

sun-goddess, and of the mountain god; secondly, a god who is the personification of the Mikado's palace, and who thus stands for the State; thirdly, a monkey-faced god who stands for human intelligence; fourthly, the harvest god who revealed himself in the form of a crane carrying a grain of rice in his bill; and, fifthly, another god which represents all the islands of Japan personified. The sacred cars are beautifully decorated in gold, silver, copper, and iron. We pass the building in which they are kept, and go up a path under no end of red *torii*, through a pine and oak wood, and so get our last outlook over Kiôto, which is very similar to that we had off the Shôgun's hill. Getting into our jinrikishas we then take the road to the village of Fushimi, a little over six miles from Kiôto. Here we happen to meet a grand religious procession. The whole village street was filled with men dressed up in the old-fashioned Japanese state dresses with hempen wings and masks. One old fellow with a huge mask came dancing on at the head of the procession. The centre of this was the car, a lofty construction carried on men's shoulders and painted scarlet, with many brass jingling ornaments suspended from its various stories; the bearers kept constantly shaking this car, as if its weight was very great, for the glory of the god is supposed to be in proportion to his heaviness; it really contained, however, only the sun-god's symbol, a sacred mirror, which they were conducting on this festival of fertility to the temple of the goddess of food which we had just left, and where also we had seen preparations of flags and decorations being made for his welcome. We could not help thinking of the Lord Mayor's show which is going on to-day in London, and of the symbol of plenty, and success in trade which, in the person of the Lord Mayor, is being carried in procession in his sacred car through the streets of London to the temple of the goddess of food at the Mansion House; these mummers, who were dancing and enjoying themselves in the bright sunny air of this country, looked more natural and comfortable than the men in armour and other attendants used to do, as they kept high festival in that City.

We turned off the high road alongside of the river, and took the path over the rice-fields to Uji; the road is rather dusty, and the sun is shining bright and warm. It was noon by the time we drew up in front of the Kiku-ya tea-house at Uji, where we are to have lunch, over-hanging the swift-flowing river Uji-gawa, which rises in

Lake Biwa and flows down to Ôzaka. We first walked on to Biô-dô-in, the oldest temple but one that exists in Japan. The present building dates from 1052, the time of our Edward the Confessor; the oldest we are to see to-morrow at Hô-riu-ji (p. 116). Just before you come to the gate of the temple, they show you the stone on the grass plat where Yorimasa committed suicide at the age of seventy-five in 1180, by ripping himself up to avoid falling alive into the hands of his enemies, whose 20,000 men he had tried with 300 to resist at the battle of Uji-Bridge, which is the Japanese Thermopylæ. Though he was conquered, the object of his resistance was achieved, and this was simply to afford time for his king to escape. In the monastery they show you a fine old picture of Yorimasa supposed to be taken just before his death; they also have here his saddle and his bow with which he slew the monster (either mortal or supernatural) that troubled the same Mikado's sleep. The ground plan of the temple is of a most curious shape, it is intended to represent the phœnix; the two-storied central part is the body, the colonnades right and left are the wings, and the corridor behind forms the tail. The ceiling is inlaid with mother-of-pearl; immediately beneath this runs a frieze with paintings representing various saints, and the doors and walls and back of the altar are covered with very ancient paintings of the nine regions of the Pure Land or paradise, and of the saints in different degrees of glory according to their merit. These were on black lacquer, but are now very much worn. The altar in front of the principal image is also inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and was once lacquered with gold. The bronze panels, however, with designs of the lion and tree peony date only from the time of Charles II. The three wooden figures are all beautifully carved. The central one is the sitting figure of the Saviour (Amida Buddha) issuing from a flame of glory, and the baldaquin over his head is one mass of gold and pendant work. On one side of him is Kwannon, the god of Pity, here represented as the protector of sea-going folk, and sitting in a boat along with the artist. The third figure is Chinese. On the roof of the temple outside are two phœnices in bronze, three feet high, which serve as weathercocks. In front of the temple is a lotus pond, stagnant and still, and over the bank, a few feet distant, is the rushing river. Here Amida has sat in meditation for 800 years, with the river sounding musically over its stony bed, and the fir-clad hills on its opposite side rising before his gaze just as they are now, for all that time. To-

day it was bright and quiet and still; a lark carolling overhead, and some small birds singing in the bush, were, with the running waters, the only sounds that broke upon the ear. Amida was the symbol of Religion, calmly supreme over the fleeting generations of men, and of Nature supreme over all else. In those grey remains of old religion and its surroundings there was something that reminded us of Valle Crucis Abbey. We walked up beside the stream along the narrow path which runs through the woods, which come sheer down on either side to the water's edge the same as on the Wye. We went up to the ancient bronze bell which hangs on the top of a small hill behind the temple in the open air, and is covered with lions and cherubs; it has a very fine tone as we found by practical experience. We returned by the side of the river to the tea-house for lunch, which was served in a room up stairs on a verandah overhanging the stream. The apparatus for washing our hands was a large wooden tub which was filled with wooden ladles from a small pond in the garden, in which were several specimens of three-tailed fish, each about three inches in length, and white like very aged gold-fish. After lunch we tasted some of the tea which is grown about here, and which is the best in Japan; it is called "chrysanthemum dew," and is of the lightest straw colour, and has such a delicate taste as to be scarcely perceptible to a European palate; it is made with lukewarm water on the top of which the tea leaves are thrown in.

Started again directly after lunch and arrived at Nara by 6 P.M. The "mids" and feather weights of the party made their entrance up the steep hill into the town, in advance of the more portly and dignified members. Of these last one of the ponderous civil officers from the squadron acted as whipper-in. Like a fiery sun rising from behind a bank of clouds, he, enveloped in the fragrant wreaths of tobacco smoke (for the Mikado's cigars were good and plentiful, and of these he always carried a pocketful), made his appearance, by the help of two or three extra hands to haul his chariot along, the wheels of which drove somewhat heavily. Then pulling himself together, he alighted safe and sound amid the congratulations of his younger friends, who had arrived a full quarter of an hour before, at the Normal school, a large European building where our quarters have been arranged for the night.

The national school system extends over the entire empire, affording facilities for a common school education to every child male and female; and their attendance is compulsory. Of these

elementary schools there are over twenty-five thousand, and at them there are in attendance more than two million pupils. At the middle schools, of which there are not quite four hundred, there are about twenty thousand students. There are about one sixth of this number at the fifty-two technical schools in the kingdom, and at the university of Tokio there are over seven hundred students and fifty professors. There are twenty-five schools in the kingdom teaching English, and about a thousand and a half pupils at them learning that language. It is from the middle schools that the students are chosen who are sent to reside in England, the United States, France, and Germany, at a cost of about £200 per annum each. It will be a great thing when a sufficient number is thus educated, for foreign climates do not agree with the Japanese; every steamer brings back some student who has wrecked his health through over-application, or contracted consumption, general debility, or, what is not at all an uncommon malady, abscesses and tumours. We hear that owing to all the best literature of the country being written in Chinese characters, a boy must work hard up to fifteen years old before he can read or write with any ease. There are twenty-one public libraries in the empire. It is proposed by some of the native reformers to employ Roman letters, for the Japanese language itself, apart from the Chinese characters, is said to be simple enough.

Dinner was at half-past seven; one of the dishes was a large round pie, the crust of which being cut out flew a number of birds all over the room, which were immediately given further liberty through the window. Prince Higashi Fushimi proposed the Prince of Wales's health, and wished him heartily many happy returns of the day, of which, although it was the evening with us, the morning was only just beginning at Sandringham. In one of the large rooms up stairs there had been arranged by the Prefect the best of the contents of most of the curiosity shops in Nara, with their respective owners sitting behind them. Every article had been labelled under his eye with a fair price, and some of the things, considering their rarity, were wonderfully reasonable. We bought some old swords, specimens of old lacquer work and china, of wood carving, and especially a little wooden pagoda, about ten inches high, which was one of those brought over from China, in the year 764 A.D. to be distributed among the temples and monasteries of the empire. Each of these minature padogas contained a slip of paper, eighteen inches long by two wide, so as to

admit of its being easily rolled up and inserted in the hollow interior of the pagodas, on which was printed in the Chinese character a Sanskrit motto, probably off metal-plates.

Nov. 10*th.*—Up at daybreak, and out at once in the fresh frosty morning air to the site of the great temple of Kô-buku-ji, just opposite our quarters. This once enormous temple stood on what was the central platform of the old city of Nara, which was once ten times its present size of 21,000 inhabitants, and was the capital of Japan during the reigns of seven Mikados, from 709 to 784, or before the time of Alfred the Great. It was founded in 710, and, as so often befell these wooden erections, was destroyed by fire and rebuilt several times. It was last burnt in 1717, and has not been rebuilt. The five storied pagoda however, which is 150 feet high, has escaped all these vicissitudes, and dates from 730. In the bottom story are two sitting figures of an Indian saint, first-rate specimens of wood carving, and many other little wooden statues. Immediately in front of this pagoda is an enormous pine-tree with spreading branches supported on poles, said to be 1100 years old, the same age as the pagoda, and to have been planted by Kôbô Daishi as a perpetual offering to Buddha in place of flowers. Close to the pagoda on the north is the only one of the three "golden halls" still standing of this once enormous temple, of which it was the eastern-most. It was founded in 724 by the Mikado of that day, with the hopes of obtaining health for his aunt the ex-empress, and it is dedicated to Buddha the Healer-King whose image, with the pearl of omnipotence in the left hand, here sits enthroned; supported on either side by bronze figures with gold background; which represent (personified) the sun and moon. In this hall was stored a multitude of statuettes brought here from monasteries lately destroyed, and some of them very beautiful. Amongst these a bronze statuette of Amida Buddha, standing about two feet high, with two onyx bosses, one on the forehead and the other amongst his hair, was especially striking. In this latter boss is said to have been concentrated the power which Gautama possessed over space. This resided partially in each of the 280 curls of his hair, and by the aid of it he could cause himself to become any size, either smaller or greater than he was in the flesh. The statue is holding the pearl of omnipotence in his right hand—"the pearl of great price," the philosopher's stone, or gem, the possessor of which is enabled to obtain the gratification of all his desires. Here were deposited also the wooden heads of two Niô figures, the features of

which were carved with more than ordinary power, as well as a shrine containing the Five Original Buddhas that had been brought from a Shintô temple, when it was lately purified. When Buddhism was introduced into Japan, the five Shintô gods were given out to be only manifestations of these five Buddhas, and their places were then to be taken by them. This hall is at present one vast receptacle of whole and broken works of art; they ought to be sorted and arranged in a local museum, or else they will be soon further destroyed.

Leaving this hall we passed across the thick foundations of the walls of the other two golden halls, the central and the western one still distinctly traceable on the platform, and across the stone pedestals on which once stood the wooden pillars in the interior. Each of these halls was dedicated to Gautama, and each was as large as, if not larger than, any other in Japan; they were both destroyed by fire in 1717. Passing these we are conducted by the abbot, a most intelligent man, who is full of talk in Japanese, and who carries in his hand what seems to be a lengthy catalogue of all the statues and odds and ends that have lately come under his charge in such great quantities from other temples, to the octagonal building or "Circular Hall" on the south side of the temple platform. In the island of Sado, off the north coast, where, up to the downfall of the Shogun's government, 600 temples existed, there are not now 130.

In this hall on its northern side was a colossal sitting Kwan-non, the "unerring silken-corded god of Pity;" and back to back to this on the southern side a colossal image of the same hundred-handed and All-Powerful. Before this many pilgrims from Eastern and Northern Japan were praying in the early morning hours. The building is eight-sided, as representing the fabulous mountain which was the favourite resort of the god. Facing west in this octagon is an image of Amida Buddha, and on the walls, which are huge wooden panels, are painted figures attributed to Kôbô Daishi, but now undecipherable. This building also has been made the receptacle of all sorts of things brought from elsewhere. There was a triptych dating from 710 painted on silk and then stretched on the panel, the whole about five feet high. The subject is the heaven of Amida Buddha and his attendant saints; each figure is finished with excessive minuteness and the whole is a lovely specimen of Chinese art. There were also six monks carved in wood, life-size, the heads of each were totally different in feature

and expression, and all showed wonderful vigour. Then on to a second eight-sided building a little to the north of this and dedicated to Mi-roku ("the future incarnation of Buddha"). His sitting figure is as usual supported by two others; and behind these againare two wooden standing figures of monks as lifelike in expression as those in the other octagon. Here too are stored a congeries of the fragments of images, some first-rate and others not so good. Amongst the crowd are a pair of giants; the anatomy of their legs is said to be the best example of sculpture in wood to be seen in Japan.

It was now breakfast-time, for which meal we were quite ready. After this, we sallied forth in jinrikishas for the Mikado's Go-Down, a large log building supported on pillars eight feet above the level of the ground, for the sake of keeping its contents dry. This is a treasure-house of all sorts of rare and curious things which have been put away and locked up in cases here. Until it was opened in 1875, it had not been touched for the last 250 years. It has no windows, but only three large barn-like doors on one side, which are approached from ladders temporarily placed in front of them. They each open into two chambers, one over the other; and in these the collection of priceless antiquities, the beginning of which is said to date even as far back as 750 A.D., when the Mikados were resident at Nara, is put away, and has only lately begun to be sorted. Both chambers contain numberless boxes and cases full of old things of all sorts and kinds, silks, dresses, armour, weapons of war, carvings and metal work, hangings and jewellery. Some of them are still unopened, others have been unpacked and their contents arranged in glass cases round the sides of the upper chambers, but the scanty light which only finds entrance through the doors does not allow them to be seen to advantage. Two large silver vases, each four feet in diameter and six feet high and elaborately chased all over, but now black with age, are bowled away in a corner where it is impossible to see them properly. There are also some pieces of green glazed pottery said to be a thousand years old, which if authentic would completely upset the usual date given for such manufactures. There are also specimens of the oldest glass in Japan, and much else which antiquaries would like to examine with more care and attention than is possible here; what is arranged seems to have been put out without any apparent method. The things are rarely, if ever, shown to the public, but are all locked up in the dark. As the objects have no local

connection with Nara they might go to Tôkiô, and would there form a fine nucleus for an historical museum arranged on the model of that at Copenhagen, which is unique of its kind in Europe. The last thing we saw before we left this log house was a long stump of a tree about eight feet in length of incorruptible wood, a thousand years old at least, and scented; no one knows from what country it came, it was said to have floated to the shores of Japan from some far-off paradise. It was probably brought, by the help of the south-west monsoon and the strong current which runs up from the south, from some part of the Malay Archipelago. It is not sandal wood. Nobunaga, who protected Christianity and destroyed the Buddhist priests (a contemporary of Henry VIII.), is the only one who ever dared to cut off a piece from this sacred wood.

Leaving this curious old weather-worn treasure-house we go on to the temple of Tô-dai-ji. The great two-storied gateway of this with its three portals is built of wood and white plaster, with beams and pillars painted red; and on either side are the usual guardian kings. This gateway is the oldest part of the temple; it has stood as it stands now for over eleven centuries. Opposite, in the centre of the open space, on a pedestal, is an immense and very old bronze lantern, large enough for a man to stand upright in. It was presented to the temple in the twelfth century by Yoritomo of Kamakura (p. 58), and is still in daily use. Further on rises the ungainly building which contains the giant Daibutsu, the predecessor of the Kamakura Daibutsu. The present building itself is not more than 180 years old, its height is 156 feet, its length 290 feet, and its depth 170 feet. Its walls are rather out of the perpendicular, and it was evidently only erected to shelter the image from the weather, and to take the place of a much grander one that had been destroyed. On the south-east and south-west of this hall are still traceable the foundations of two great pagodas which have also altogether gone. This Daibutsu is seven feet higher than the one at Kamakura, and was first cast in 749 A.D. after seven previous abortive attempts. A hundred years afterwards the head fell off and another was put on. In 1180 the whole building was destroyed by fire, and the second head of the image melted in the flames; but the temple and the image were restored fifteen years later, only again to be destroyed in 1567, when the third head of the image fell off, and was shortly afterwards replaced by the present one. From that time he remained sitting in the open air without any covering till about 1700 A.D., when the

present covering was erected. He is sitting with his legs crossed, the right hand uplifted in attitude of blessing, with the tips of the fingers on a level with the shoulder, the middle finger being five feet long; the left hand is resting on the knee. Above the head, the face of which is sixteen feet long, rises a nimbus fourteen feet wide, above which again rises for several feet the flame-like glory which arches in the rear of the whole figure; in front of this glory are sixteen sitting figures, each eight feet long, of his sixteen disciples. The weight of metal in the statue is about 450 tons, it is cast in pieces about eleven inches square, which are brazed together. The leaves of the immense lotus on which he sits are each ten feet long and six feet wide, and there are fifty-six of them. There are traces of gold upon them as well as on the left foot; each leaf is covered with chasings which apparently contain a history or story that runs all round the flower. The whole together are said to be the full account of all that has happened and will happen in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, from the beginning to the end of time. This Buddha has the title of "the Light of the World"; in front of him is the usual altar with standing incense burners and bronze vases, some plain and some richly gilded, full of flowers. On either side are statues of Wisdom and Pity, 180 years old, of the same date as the hall, while in the four corners of the hall are the four archangels. As you enter the door, although the effect of the size of the image is apparently increased by its being under a shed, yet the expression of the black head is not nearly equal to that of the Kamakura Daibutsu; the gilt upon it is also much fresher than that on the rest of the statue. The huge hands are, however, well arranged, and from a distance are full of expression. There is a wooden cloister running all round the court outside, and many people were assembled here to-day, quiet and very respectful. Under the temporary sheds which have been erected round the base at the back was set out a museum of old bronzes and other antiquities. We were shown here two demons, bearing lamps, of very fine pose and expression; another of Buddha creating men by the breath of his mouth; several triptychs and reliquaries, and another small Chinese painting, somewhat like the one we had seen in the morning of lovely little miniatures on silk, just like Fra Angelico's work; fragments of Gautama's own stone begging-bowl; and, what seems a favourite relic of the great teacher, little white pebbles varying in size from that of a pin's head to that

of a pea; these are said to be the dust collected from his funeral pyre, and to have the property of life inherent in them, so that they constantly multiply themselves. We asked the priest if he had ever observed any of these little pebbles doing so; he said "Certainly;" and shaking the little glass case in which six or seven were contained, he pointed to one or two that were not quite round; the small bumps on their sides he said were produced by the process of growth, and by and by, when they were large enough, they would break off, and it was thus that they multiplied by fissure.

We went up the hill to the bell-tower, where hangs the huge bell cast in 732 A.D.; its height is thirteen and a half feet, its greatest diameter over nine feet, and its greatest thickness at the edge eight inches; and nearly thirty-six tons of copper and one ton of tin were used in the casting. It has a beautiful deep tone, and we struck it with a large spar which swings backwards and forwards. Beyond this we wandered up the hill to the Ni-gwatsu-dô (or "Second Month Hall"), so called because in the second month of every year a special series of services are held in this temple in honour of the little copper image of Kwan-non, which, when it was first found, was warm as living flesh. The present building in which it is enshrined is only two hundred years old. It is approached up two steep and very long flights of steps; one flight is roofed over by a wooden corridor, while the other is open; and at their sides and all over the grounds are a multitude of lanterns in stone and bronze of all sorts, sizes, and designs. At the top of these steps you come out upon a large platform of scaffolding very similar to that in front of the same god's temple at Kiyo-midzu, near Kiôto; and from here there is a fine view over the tops of the dark pines and other trees with their autumn tinted leaves across the plain, on which stood the ancient town of Nara, to the range of hills, behind which lies our destination, Ôzaka. This shrine is a very favourite place of pilgrimage, and while we were standing there we saw many men and women and little shaven-headed children come toiling up the steps and then kneel for a few minutes before the shrine and go their way. We were told that many of these pilgrims had tramped long distances in order to put up this short prayer here; and that having done so in the way we had seen, they would at once return the same long distances to their homes. From the ceiling of the deep verandah or open hall in front of the shrine were suspended (as we had often seen in Catholic churches before the various shrines of the Virgin) many *ex voto* offerings, one of

which was a large Chinese compass, which, as it swung overhead with its transparent bottom, showed that the temple faces due west. It was probably offered by some sailor who had escaped the perils of the deep under the patronage of "the All-Powerful and All-Compassionate."

From here we pass on through the grounds of the Shintô temple, dedicated to the popular god Hachi-man, and under the usual *torii*. The buildings are of timber and white plaster, and are roofed with thick layers of shingle in the ordinary style. High on the left hand rise the three tops of the "Three Hat Hill," one above and behind the other. It is also sometimes called Young Herbage Hill, because it is almost bare of trees and is the only one grass-covered hill in all Japan. To-day it looked brown, and according to some persons it is from this hill that Nara takes its name, because the grass was "trampled flat" by an army of the Mikado that once encamped up there. We walked along its base past several magnificent specimens of cryptomerias of quite colossal size, and through groves of lentens stretching on either side of the paths, which here go winding away into the woods all up the mountain to various lesser and greater shrines. Alongside the lower path are many tea-houses and curio-shops. Passing these we come to the Shintô temple of Kasuga. Here we find the Shintô priests waiting with their daughters in full dress, which consists of a long pair of wide red trousers and a white shirt above, and over all a long mantle on which is worked the purple wisteria blossom (the crest of the temple). Their hair is gathered into a long tress and hangs down behind, on their heads are wreaths of flowers of the wisteria and scarlet camellia. Their faces are plastered thick with whitelead powder. They hold in their hands either fans or rattles with small bells. We sit down on the platform in the shade, while they perform on the large square wooden-floored inclosure, the front of which is open on all sides to the ground, the roof being supported merely by light, square, wooden pillars. The priests are the orchestra and perform on the drum and the flute, and join from time to time in a sort of chorus to the hymn which the maidens sing during certain portions of the sacred dance. Two of these temple dances were performed while we sat there; the first of these was a semi-dramatic rendering of the story of the "Sun-goddess in the Cave," and the other was entitled "Hymn to the Mikado." If we had understood the words they were singing we should have no doubt appreciated it more; but it was impossible not to admire the graceful way in

which they went through their well-drilled performance, which was entirely unlike anything that passes for dancing in Europe, and consists in advancing and retreating, and posturing and singing, each movement being conducted very slowly.

This over, we walked on through the temple grounds to what is called the Waka-miya or "young temple." All along the sides of the path again are thousands of lanterns. Of these the priests still manage to light as many as 600 every night: in their palmy days the whole hillside used to be a-twinkle with them. We looked into the wooden shrine, round which runs a wooden cloister hung with mirrors and lanterns, and then wandered up into the avenues of the cool evergreen wood, which is composed of a rare tree called *nagi*, and amongst these the huge wisteria climb, twisting and rolling their thick arms everywhere. We come down into a large sort of park under evergreen oak-trees, which reminded us of the quieter corners of Greenwich Park. Here there are a number of sacred deer and other tame animals, that are fed from the hand with rice balls and rice biscuits and little cups of beans, which are supplied from a small shed close by. One of the old Shintô gods is said to have arrived here from his travels, seated on a deer, and these old antlered creatures are the descendants of his steed. Bronze statues of recumbent deer ornament the entrance of the temple; one of them is used as a drinking fountain. By this the jinrikishas were waiting for us, and in them we made the best of our way back to the Normal school-house for lunch.

On the way thither we came across a sacred procession, and stopped a few minutes while one of the maidens performed a sacred dance in the midst of a small circle of admirers. She was young and very sedate, and went through her performance with demure solemnity; every action and turn of the wrist and of the hands and varying of the posture was most deliberately gone through; but it must have been rather trying, as the sun was blazing down upon her and melting the paint all over her face. We were told that by this and similar performances she would probably win (as English maidens do by their wealth) a well-born husband, or one of good position; for these sacred performances are looked upon as great accomplishments, and maidens of her standing never dream of receiving actual money payment for them.

Lunch over, we mounted the jinrikishas again and started for Hôriu-ji. Going down the hill outside Nara, came across another sacred procession. This time the mummers were men so dressed that

they represented creatures standing on their heads. On their uplifted hands they had fitted straw sandals, and trousers on their arms, and masks in the middle of their stomachs, and thus went capering about with many antics. Just outside the town we came across a place which is used for cremation; the exterior looked something like a lime-kiln, and it was approached from the road up a short avenue of sacred figures, which led to a lotus-shaped altar with the inscription "Namida Butsu," and on this the tub containing the dead body is deposited on arrival. After the burial service has been read, the tub-coffin is carried into the wooden shed behind, which contains two pits which were full of charred ashes and pieces of bone. A blackened bas-relief of Jezô, with a pilgrim staff in one hand and the pearl of Omnipotence in the other, and a small stone in front, for standing incense on or libations, faces you on entering this shed. The implements for stirring the fire, the rakes and pokers, were leaning against the interior walls. There was no ill odour whatever about the place. Nine-tenths of the country folk hereabouts are burnt after death, and the practice prevails very largely in the neighbouring Ôzaka province and in some other parts of Japan. Near the bottom of the path leading back into the road were several small figures of Jezô with little piles of pebbles in front of them. It is believed that an old hag dwells on the banks of the Stygian river, who, as other of her compeers, takes delight in setting hard and impossible tasks to little children, and makes their spirits toil in piling stones there before they can cross over to the other side to the land of promise. Hence their friends seek to aid them and lessen their labours by piling these stones here. Be this as it may, these heaps of pebbles are anyhow mute tokens of love and pity, and a desire to help those who have passed away from all other means of earthly help for ever.

We arrived at Hô-riu-ji after a very quick run of an hour and a half, including stoppages, the distance being over seven miles. These jinrikisha men with us to-day are fresh ones from Ôzaka; the Kiôto men with their jinrikishas (of which there are 7,000 in that city) have returned thither from Nara. Before starting there was a friendly competition among them for securing the lighter weights; and while the string of two-wheeled perambulators goes rattling along, the men as they trot chaff each other about their occupants and compare notes as to the way they balance themselves as they sit inside. A fidgety person adds much to their

inconvenience and labour; they like you to sit well back and remain steady, for so the shafts balance best under their elbows, and if you keep continually turning from side to side or shifting your weight it throws the balance out. The men seemed to have three or four notes, which now and then they chant together in a sort of monotonous chorus, when their energies begin to flag.

The whole of the country that we pass across is cultivated like a market-garden; and this village of Kôri-yama that we have just come to with its 15,000 inhabitants is a long straggling town, down the narrow streets of which, lined with the curious crowd, we go to the temple. The city of Nara extended in former times as far as this, and it was one of its seven great monasteries. It was founded by Shôtoku Daishi (p. 97), and completed in 607 A.D. Several Buddhist priests received us, and we go first to the chief temples in the inclosure. Of the two giants on either side of the gateway the black one is carved out of a single cryptomeria trunk, and the red one opposite is of wood covered with clay. The large hall just beyond this is the oldest wooden structure in Japan, its age being more than twelve and a half centuries (p. 105). The interior is very dimly lighted, but we can just distinguish three images of Buddha, in the centre as Gautama, on the left as the Healer, and on the right as the Saviour. These are all Indian, as are also their four attendant archangels, or Dêva kings.

In a little shrine at the side are seven small bronze images of Kwan-non, which date from the same time as the temple. Here too is an Indian image sitting, of the life-prolonging Jezô. There is no doubt that these Indian images all came overland through China, and from Korea into Japan, twelve centuries ago. Here too is the standing image of Jezô, five feet high and of Chinese workmanship, which was brought here lately from the Yata-no-Jezô, a couple of miles away to the west. There is a legend attached to this of how a certain monk who, like Dante, penetrated to the infernal regions, saw Jezô sitting in the lowest of the hells undergoing torment for the sins of mankind, who, however, for the most part failed to have their hearts turned towards him. The monk was so impressed by the vision, that he devoted himself henceforth more particularly to Jezô's service; and on his wishing to obtain a statue to aid his devotions, the one now standing before us was supernaturally vouchsafed to him. In another building sits Buddha with Pity and Wisdom on either side, also evidently of Indian workmanship. All the pedestals of the statues here

have been painted with pictures on their panels of Indian figures with long almond-shaped eyes, necklaces, and bracelets. There is no doubt they were some of the first ever brought to Japan from Korea, ten or twelve centuries ago. The walls of this building are covered with fresco paintings, the only frescoes in Japan, now nearly effaced, but with enough still remaining to show that they are by Chinese artists. Under this roof are many statues brought in from elsewhere, some very good and others very indifferent; amongst the first is one of a naga, or hermit, with a devil on his back most vigorously carved, reminding us of Bunyan's Christian with his burden of sin.

We go next to the pagoda which is as old as any part of the monastery buildings, and the ground floor of which contains four very curious clay groups representing, 1. on the east, the mountain of light, the centre of the universe; 2. on the south, Buddha supported by Wisdom and Pity; 3. on the west, the death of Buddha; and 4. on the north, his cremation.

In an eight-sided building in the centre of an inclosure surrounded by a wooden corridor, is another image of the god of Pity, 600 years old and in here also an image of Shôtoku Daishi 1,100 years old, and carved by himself: this we saw behind a veil, there is a light always burning before him. In the rear of this is a long building into which we went and were shown the pupil of Buddha's left eye. It is a little white object of about the size of a pea, inclosed in a rock crystal monstrance of the shape of a pagoda; it is exhibited to the faithful every day at noon. The founder became possessed of it when he was little more than a year old: as soon as ever he could learn to speak he turned to the east and repeated the formula "Namu Amida" (Honour be to Holy Buddha) then opening his hand found in its palm this relic; which is after all but the concrete representation of the fact that this infant Samuel within the sanctuary, by means of prayer and meditation, became even when young possessed of an insight and a perception equal even to that possessed by the great Buddha himself. In the same room is the statue of the founder at the age of two. There are many other statues of him in the monastery, one at the age of sixteen and another at the age of thirty-five: there is also his begging bowl, and pictures painted by him, amongst others that of the crane and hawk who always come to the help of the monastery, as the ravens did to Elijah, in time of danger. In another hall we were shown one of Buddha's teeth in

a crystal reliquary. It is larger than a man's, unless it were a double one, and clean, though full of cavities; and the last thing before leaving we were shown by the priests, who brought out all their most ancient pictures and treasures; weird was a sculptured representation of Gautama doing penance in the mountains beneath the trees, attenuated and reduced to a skeleton. We were obliged then to leave without seeing one tithe of all the curios they had to show, the accumulations of centuries; of these, although numbers have been filched or sold out of the country, there yet remain enough, it would appear, to stock numberless museums.

The grounds of this monastery are very extensive, and wooden cloisters were stretching away leading to various cells of the priests in the gardens. The clay walls that surround these seemed to be falling into decay: the whole place and its precincts bear tokens of a hoary antiquity about them, but must soon disappear; since the disestablishment of the Church, all the endowments of this priestly city have naturally been resumed by the State. 120*l.* per annum are, however, allowed for keeping these enormous and rambling buildings in repair; and, as far as it will go, the more aged priests attached to the monastery from starving. And so has gone by the board the last of the mediæval civilisations that once girdled the world. That of the Incas in the west was the first to be destroyed by the ruthless and barbarous hand of the Spaniard: Protestantism in Europe broke up that in the central quarter of the globe; the art and learning of the East, or Moslem world, lasted a little longer, but in its turn went to ruin; the Middle Age chivalry of Japan was the last to die: yet here too at length the age of faith has passed away; "refriguit charitas multorum;" guns, and uniforms, railways, steam, revolution, and haste to be rich, are the order of the day here as elsewhere. Every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost; the last man down from aloft will be flogged on the quarter-deck: and in the universal scramble something must be smashed. We were to have stayed the night at this monastery, but push on now to Kômiô-ji. The streets of the village are all ablaze with lanterns and fires, especially the gateway and the *torii* leading up to the Shintô temple, in the grounds of which is the house of the Shintô priest, where we are to sleep. We find the same chamber prepared for us both, that the Mikado used on a former occasion. All the fittings are thoroughly Japanese, but very comfortable.

The beds are of course arranged upon the floor, which is made of beautiful soft mats set in frames, neat as a band-box; there are no walls, but a series of frames, or partitions of paper screens in polished stained wood-work, slide in grooves, so that you can open a door anywhere into the next room, or into the verandah, which runs all along the outside and opens into the garden; like all houses in Japan it is only one story high. The Japanese paper is not made from old rags like ours, but from mulberry bark, which gives it a very light brown tint, and renders it tougher and more difficult to tear than English paper.

Nov. 11*th.*—Up at daybreak, and had our morning tubs in the garden, ladling the hot and cold water as requisite over our naked bodies in the open air. After breakfast started at 7 A.M. for Ôzaka, seventeen miles distant, where we were due to arrive not later than 10 A.M. Our road led away from the lofty hills behind us over a plain besprinkled throughout its extent with numerous villages. *Torii* and temple roofs attracted the eye to these, and many a shrine and little guardian image fringed the road on either side. Here and there in the distance artificially raised mounds and tumuli, the burial-places of dead mikados, most of them crowned with a little tuft of pine trees, which we could not help contrasting in memory with the more gorgeous burial-places of their Shôguns in the eastern provinces, were conspicuous; and the people, catching sight of our long string of jinrikishas, swarmed in the village streets or hurried across the fields to have a look at us as we passed. And what of these who are the real people of Japan, the sinews and bone of the country? What of their character? Are they better or worse off since the revolution of 1868 than they were before? As to their appearance they are the most polite, civil, good-humoured, cheery, and hearty lot we have ever met. We have never seen one in a rage or misbehaving himself in the streets either at Tôkiô, Kiôto, Nara, or anywhere else in the country. They work like horses; men, women, and children carry and haul loads that would astonish even a Swiss porter. They are always laughing, and seem always apt to take a joke or make one. They often reminded us of the gnomes of Scandinavian tales, little imps, but at the same time, though small in stature, sturdy, strong, and hardy, with hair invariably black and straight, and with eyes that turn up at the corners, and scanty beards or none at all. There are footpads and rascals and broken down men ready for mischief in Japan as well as elsewhere, but taking them all in all

no one seems to want to hurt anybody else: and life and property is secure throughout the land.

[At present the condition of these sons of toil is pretty much the same as it was under the old *régime*. Although the Samurai class have totally disappeared, much to their relief, and though the Daimiôs, whom they used to see moving at rare intervals with flags and banners through their midst, have been abolished, and the produce of their toil no longer goes to minister to the grandeur of these or to the ease of the abbots or the pomp of a religion, the outward paraphernalia of which have been swept away, the people labour on much as they did before in their rice-fields and their workshops, and win for themselves the little food and clothing, "alimenta et quibus tegantur," with which they are content. Sometimes, no doubt, they wonder at the change when they see the representatives of authority clothed in the plainest of black cloth coats; but the taxes have to be paid the same as ever, whatever be the end to which they are applied. The majority of them still possess an unbounded faith in the Mikado, whose dynasty has sat on the throne for 2,500 years, during the whole of which period Japan has never passed beneath the rule of a conquering race; and although in some quarters the Mikado's authority is less than it was, and the people are gradually getting discontented with the government, owing to their poverty and the way that the metal money has been drained out of the country, yet no doubt things will come all right in the end, and the present ministry, of which Itô and Inouyé are the chief statesmen, will hold on and carry through. The supreme legislative and executive power is possessed by the Mikado, whose official title is Tenno, "Heaven-Highest." From the earliest times the absolute power of the Mikado has been tempered by a great council (Daijo-Kwan), or heads of the executive departments, which correspond in name and organisation to the ministries of Europe. This still remains, but while we were in Japan the Mikado established a privy council (Sanji-in); at this he presides in person; its numbers are unlimited, but at present there are only a dozen members, and amongst these only one of the ministers. This council has power to discuss the acts of the ministry, and to hear and decide cases relating to administrative questions, and is intended to be the beginning of a deliberative assembly. Practically up to this time each minister at the head of his department was responsible only to the Mikado. The nine ministers of state are now responsible each to the privy

council. Before any law is enacted by the Mikado and his council it is sent down to the Senate (Gen-roîn) to be deliberated upon. The members are all nominated by the Mikadò; at present they are thirty-seven in number, and when a bill is sent down to them from the council it is always specified whether they are merely to report upon it, or whether the liberty of absolutely rejecting or adopting it is given them. They have at any time the complete freedom of making any suggestions for fresh legislation, or for the repeal and amendment of existing laws. They have no power over taxation, and have been in existence since 1875.[1]

A national representative Assembly has been promised to the people in 1890. Meanwhile since 1878 there has existed in every city and prefecture an assembly elected by all male citizens who have attained the age of twenty years, and pay £1 of land-tax annually. There are nearly two million such electors. These district assemblies have full control over the local rates and taxes, as to how they shall be levied and how they shall be spent. Other questions concerning irrigation works or canals, or anything the proper management of which affects the inhabitants of more than one prefecture, are also settled by assemblies representing the interests of the persons or places affected. Each city and prefecture has a governor who, with a staff of secretaries, has full authority over all administrative matters. Once a year ever since 1872 all these governors (there are forty-seven of them) are called together in Tôkiô for the purpose of discussing drafts of new laws, or amendments of existing ones, sent to them by the privy council. A criminal code has just been promulgated.

It will thus be seen that Japan possesses already the germs of a representative government, and is gradually growing up into an orderly freedom. Up to the present moment, the party that asserted itself against the great Daimiôs in 1871, and which only finally triumphed five years later, has had all power in its hands. Just before our arrival, however, Itagaki, the leader of the radical party, delivered an address in Ôzaka, advocating the adoption of more liberal measures by the government, and the hastening of the

[1] On June 6, 1884, the Mikado re-established by decree a titular Japanese nobility of five grades, like the Chinese (duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron), only, unlike that, the titles are to be hereditary in the male line. "All members of the nobility are to take care that their relatives receive a proper education." Several of the former Daimiôs have been raised to the highest ranks; there are eleven dukes, twenty-four marquises, seventy-six earls, 324 viscounts, and seventy-four barons. They have no legislative power at present: whether they will be absorbed in the Senate, or be eligible for election in the National Assembly in 1890, remains to be determined.

calling together of the national representative Assembly, without waiting for the people to become first gradually accustomed to managing their local affairs before taking in hand those of the empire generally. His address was backed up with quotations from Herbert Spencer and various ancient Chinese and Japanese authorities, and comparisons of his own country with Spain, France, Ancient Greece and Rome, America, and England.

Freedom of the press has already been granted; there is an official journal like the *Pekin Gazette*, and there are at least two thousand Japanese papers, counting periodicals: one of them has a daily circulation of over 20,000 copies: most of them sell for three halfpence. They contain leading and money articles, news paragraphs, market reports and advertisements, all precisely as with us, except that they are read from the bottom of the column to the top. Over 37,000,000 were sold last year.

Meanwhile the native post-office and telegraph system, which penetrates to every village of the empire, is very good and well-managed. After only ten years' growth nearly 95,000,000 letters have passed through it this year, about half that number of post-cards, and the same number of newspapers. The telegrams sent were over three millions. A very small proportion of the letters are foreign, scarcely one in 150. There are also post-office saving banks, which are largely used.

Since the end of the civil war in 1875, Japan has been more or less in an exhausted condition, its revenue has fallen off, and its debt, both external and internal (the latter chiefly for railways, public works, &c.), has risen to the very large total of £70,000,000 sterling; but about two millions a year are being steadily wiped off. The total foreign debt, however, is under two millions: on this the government has to pay seven per cent. The exigencies of war, and the exhaustion of the country compelled the government in 1879 to have recourse to an inconvertible paper currency; but it is hoped specie payments may be resumed in a few years; during the last three years very nearly three millions have been spent in withdrawing paper money. Last year the revenue from land-tax was eight and one-third million pounds sterling; *from customs (import and export), only half a million sterling;* from all other quarters, three million sterling. Making thus in all not quite twelve millions. (In 1884 it had risen to fifteen millions.)

The population of Japan is thirty-five million, more than that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and their land-

tax is three times as heavy as ours. Of their expenditure the largest item is the annual interest paid on the debt, which is four and a quarter millions; next to this come the various government departments, which cost two and one-third millions; then army and navy, two and a quarter millions; grants to local governments, just under one million; police, half a million; public works, one-third of a million. Then come the indemnities paid to the nobles and their retainers under the abolished feudal system, which amount to a little over £100,000. This item, however, as they die off, annually decreases. The Mikado himself, his family, and civil list, only take £200,000 a year (about one-sixtieth of the annual revenue. The British monarch and all the royal family absorb only the one hundred-and-sixtieth part of the British revenue). The only other two items are £27,000 for the support of all the shrines and temples in the kingdom, whose lands have been taken from them, and certain miscellaneous expenses amounting to £900,000. The mass of the people are Buddhists; there are over 76,000 Buddhist priests, and 21,000 students preparing for the priesthood: Shintôism has 17,000 priests, and about 1,000 students preparing for priesthood.

With regard to foreign trade, the total annual exports have been pretty stationary for the last five years; the imports, on the other hand, have gone steadily up until their excess over exports is double now what it was four years ago. (In 1882, however, the exports were valued at over seven millions, and the imports stand at under six: a great change.) Their chief export trade is with the United States, and next to them with France, then China, and fourthly England (who takes about one third what the United States do, and about half what the French or Chinese do); after us come the Italians, and next Australia. The import trade is differently arranged; that with Great Britain is far and away the largest, China comes next, sending about half the goods we do, the United States next, with a quarter of ours, India with a fifth, France with a tenth of ours, and Germany with about the same as France.

With the imports it is the old story—they are chiefly wool and cotton goods. Of the exports silk is by far the largest, next comes rice, then tea (but neither of them half as much as the silk), next dried fish, and then coal.

The two great difficulties the government have to contend with are, first, the arrangement of the tariff on imported foreign goods,

and, secondly, the question of the ex-territoriality of foreigners. As regards the first, if the Japanese were a European nation, the tariff would be altered to-morrow most undoubtedly. It is difficult to make the English at home understand the importance of Japan, or to think that they have not a right to force their goods upon Eastern nations, though they never attempt to do so in Europe. But in reality there is no more short-sighted policy, even from a commercial point of view, than to bully the Chinese and Japanese in the way we have been too prone to adopt. If our goods are worth their price, and if they are wanted, they will be taken readily enough. If our race is fit for anything it will win in fair competition, and the best plan is to trust to its virtues and to leave the tariff, as you would in any other country, to the Japanese themselves; merely stipulating that it is not to be revised oftener than once in so many years, so as not to interfere with the investment of capital. The Japanese, so long ago as 1871, expressed a wish for the revision of the treaty of 1858 (by which the duty stands at a uniform rate of five per cent. on all articles imported), and sent an ambassador to England for that purpose, but he returned without making any definite proposition. Again in 1878 they expressed a wish to revise the treaty, and in 1880 the proposals came under English consideration, as well as that of the other treaty powers. They ask merely to be allowed to do, as an independent nation, exactly what we freely allow our own colonies to do—fix their own tariff. It is a shortsighted answer to say that, if this were granted it would practically be prohibitive to the foreign trade generally, and to ours in particular; for the object which they have in view is to increase the amount of their customs, and this would, *ipso facto*, be defeated: and protection here, as elsewhere, would be found by experience to be a failure. The Americans, who, in foreign policy at any rate, more and more, year by year, will become one with us, are disposed to concede the requests of Japan to determine her own tariff duties, and to provide judicial tribunals approved by the Western Powers for the trial of causes to which foreigners are parties.

At present trade is not flourishing, and the Japanese revenue by some means or other must be increased. The chief source of their revenue, the land-tax (which furnishes two-thirds thereof), cannot well bear increase; therefore they turn to the revision of the customs.

The seas of Japan teem with fish, and the day is probably not far distant when something will be done for the development of this branch of industry. Some parts of the soil of the country are rich in mineral products—coal, copper, iron, gold, silver, and lead (the total yield of minerals last year was over a million pounds). These must ultimately be worked with foreign capital, the Japanese government taking a royalty. The Japanese themselves have neither the machinery nor the capital for such employment. The coal mines of Yezo (which island is being gradually colonised by the Japanese, and is only sparsely inhabited by the Ainos or aboriginal inhabitants) are practically inexhaustible. A considerable trade in sulphur from this northern island has lately developed itself, chiefly with the United States.

At the present moment, while we are here, there is a dead lock in the silk trade. A native silk company has been started, which has bought up all the silk from the interior, in order to raise the price for the foreign merchants, and to attempt in a measure to wrest the trade from their hands. These at present are holding out against them, and there seems a slight tension on either side, both being banded stiffly together in their union guilds. Meanwhile the price of silk is rising in the markets abroad. The foreign merchants complain (1) that it is the Japanese government that is engaging, directly and indirectly, in foreign and domestic trade, and encouraging the natives to act unitedly in these direct trading companies; (2) that owing to the prohibition which, according to treaty, debars them from access to the interior, they are unable to reach the real consumer or producer of the goods they sell or buy, and that all the trade has therefore to pass through the hands of agents in the treaty ports, and that this is really just as hurtful to the consumers as to the suppliers. The Japanese reply is that they would be willing, in making a new treaty, to barter the right of unlimited access to, and settlement in, the country for the foreigner against the right of fixing what tariff they pleased on the goods imported, just as any other European nation does; and that the government does not subsidise the trading guilds, and that if they do so with the steamship companies it is no more than the French and German Governments themselves are doing all the world over with the lines that belong to their own subjects. The days, however, of commercial treaties of any sort are probably numbered. Never again, it is to be hoped, will British blood or money be spent in the endeavour to force foreigners to take Manchester or other

English goods. If they want them they will take them, and if they don't want them they will go without them.

As regards, however, the second point (that of foreigners being subject to the jurisdiction of native courts), even supposing that the judges of these were thoroughly impartial and free from all external influence, there would still always be difficulties. The rowdyism of the loose fish from Europe and America, who are always drifting about the treaty ports, is much more effectually kept in check by the consular courts of their several countries than it could be by the Japanese themselves. The Japanese complain, however, (1) that frequently their own subjects in the employ of foreigners are, by the privilege they possess of appealing to the consul, placed beyond the reach of law in any shape whatever; (2) that many of the offences committed by these protected Japanese are against the local police and municipal regulations of their own country; and (3) that the confusion resulting from fourteen different consular courts in some of the ports, each with a different code of its own, and none able to compel the attendance of witnesses other than subjects of the particular consul's government, is subversive of all order and decency.

Another grievance the Japanese have, and that is that no foreigners pay any taxes whatever for the many public advantages which they enjoy at Japanese expense. There are now over six thousand permanently resident in the country.]

Meantime we are drawing near Ôzaka. We pass through many suburban villages and seem to be running along for some miles through an almost continuous town before we really enter the city. When we do come to this, we pass through long streets with temples leading off on all sides. We drew up at the bridge which crosses the moat into the Castle at 10 A.M. It was built in 1583, and the whole was completed in two years. Outside the present fortress ran another moat and parapet, which, however, were levelled in in 1614. The wall is made of great stones which face an earthen mound. Inside this is an outer circle in which are houses and barracks, and at the corners of the walls still remain the large, black, heavy-roofed guard-houses. Some of the stones in the wall are Cyclopean, and all of irregular shape, merely worked on the surface. We measured two near the centre gateway, one was thirty-five feet long and the second was over forty feet, the height of the first was greater than that of the latter. We passed on by the barracks,

which are now arranged with officers' quarters and orderly rooms, exactly the same way as in Europe; and then went up to where once stood the topmost donjon tower of the Castle. It was the most magnificent building that Japan ever saw, and immense sums of money had been lavished upon the carving and decoration. But on the 2nd of February, 1868, it was set on fire by the Shôgun's party before their final retreat, and was completely destroyed in a few hours. The well, however, the mouth of which is carved out of one large square stone and is called the "golden rock," is still there, the bottom whereof is said to have been lined with gold plates to make the water good, all the other water near being very bad.

From this platform there is a fine view over Ôzaka. It covers an area of eight square miles and contains 270,000 inhabitants, or more than Copenhagen and nearly as many as Sheffield; and a stranger mixture of ancient picturesqueness and modern monstrosities it would be hard to find. Down below, the tall brick chimneys are belching forth their smoke, and the brick walls of a gaunt-looking manufactory, no better and no worse than hundreds we see in England, rise on the banks of the river, which flows at the foot of the Castle walls. These, in their stony grandeur, still stand fast; each line of wall was once crowned by buildings heavy and impregnable to bows and arrows, similar to those that now only remain over the gateways. Where the town now spreads the sea probably came in the eighth century, and the Venice-like city is intersected with numerous canals, which necessitate a large number of bridges.

As time pressed we went straight to the mint, which is a large building covering forty acres of ground and giving employment to 600 persons; it was opened in 1871, but beyond the silver dollars which circulate chiefly in the treaty ports, we have not seen much coin since we have been in Japan; the inconvertible paper money, which is now 50 per cent. under its nominal value, is used everywhere.

Attached to the mint is a reception house for guests of the government; it is a large European building furnished in a heavy, tasteless manner. In one room down stairs were set out some specimens of the artificial flowers made here from feathers, a large bouquet of which were packed up for us to take home to the Princess of Wales. The governor of Ôzaka, and the director of the mint, joined us at lunch, which was served in the dining-room, where the heavy

mahogany sideboard and chairs, and the Art Union prints on the walls reminded us of those you find in an English inn. After lunch we went straight to the railway station through the town, crossing the river by the steep wooden bridges twice to get there, and left by the 12.23 train for Kôbé, where we arrived at 1.30 P.M. The governor of Kôbé gave a picnic in the afternoon to the admiral and officers of the squadron, to which we went in jin-riki-shas, eleven miles off. We stayed there till it got dusk, and then came back again by 6 P.M. and off to the *Bacchante* in the ordinary officer's boat. There was a cricket match here two days ago between the squadron officers and the Kôbé cricket club. Kôbé scored sixty-one, and the squadron ninety-four runs.

In the evening the town was illuminated in honour of the admiral and officers of the squadron; though two or three squalls, which unfortunately came on just before dark, scattered and shattered many of the paper lanterns, yet sufficient remained outside the club and other buildings to present a very pretty effect from the ship. Mr. Nagasaki, together with Mr. Satow and Mr. Aston the consul, came off to dinner on board the *Bacchante*.

We have had a very pleasant fortnight ashore (one week at Tôkiô and one at Kôbé), and we have had to crowd a great deal into a short space of time. Nothing could exceed the courtesy and kindness of the Japanese gentlemen who were deputed by the Mikado to manage everything during our stay on his territories.

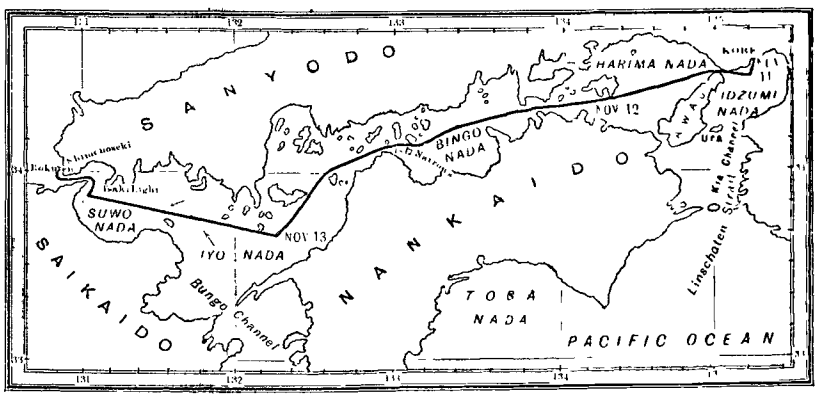
We said good-bye to Prince Higashi Fushimi and the others to-day, and also to Mr. Satow, whose company we have been so glad to have throughout the whole of our three weeks in Japan.

Sport was obtained round Ôzaka during our absence by some of our messmates—principally snipe in the marshes at the mouth of the Yodo river, a few wood-cock were also killed, and one of the lovely mandarin teal.

Nov. 12th.—At 5 A.M. weighed and proceeded under steam, with squadron in company forming single column in line ahead. It was very cold, but a lovely day for going through the Inland Sea. At 10.30 A.M. set fore and aft sails, and took them in again a couple of hours afterwards. We are steaming between eight and nine knots to get through the sea as quickly as we can. H.M.S. *Zephyr*, who is accompanying us, has some difficulty to keep up at this speed. She has been detached by Admiral Willes in order to afford any officers of the squadron who might be able to get leave an opportunity of visiting any of the many

interesting spots of which this sea is full. No opportunity, however, occurred for any one availing themselves of Admiral Willes' kind intentions. The scenery on either hand consists chiefly of mountains and rocky coasts and islets; these are all more or less bare of trees, but continually, as we pass along, group and regroup themselves in a perpetual panorama. Every now and then the dark-green woods come right down to the water's edge, and both

KÔBÉ TO SHIMONOSEKI.



Date.	From Previous Noon.			Temperature.			
	Distance.		Wind.	Sea.		Air.	
	Sail.	Steam.		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Nov.							
12	...	46	W. by S. 1·2, N. 3·6, N.E. 1·2	66°	66°	56°	55°
13S.	...	100	S.E. 1·2, N.E. 2·5	64	64	59	59
14	...	109	N. to N.N.W. 4·1	66	66	67	60
Total distance 255 miles.							

sides of the passage approach together and then again recede and form no end of pretty openings. At 1.30 P.M., just before reaching Oki-shima, we passed a very curious three-topped hill, retiring tier beyond tier quite in the far distance: and after that, all the afternoon the view became prettier, and the islands of all shapes, near and distant, wooded and rocky, were numberless. Their shores are full of quaint old temples, with many unexplored

antiquities hidden here and there amongst them. We pass them all at a higher rate of speed than the squadron has ever gone under steam before. At 6.15 P.M., after dark, the flagship made signal to anchor, and burnt a blue light, and when it was extinguished all five ships let go their anchors simultaneously off the entrance of the First Narrows, as the passage is too intricate for navigation except by daylight.

Sunday, Nov. 13th.—At 5 A.M. shortened in; at 6 A.M. weighed and proceeded under steam in single column in line ahead through the Northern Channel as soon as it was light. The islands stand here more thickly together and are very pretty; some cone-shaped, others with sandy beaches and walled fields at their base; others, again, terraced with careful labour to their very tops. When the sun rises at 7.50 A.M. it produces a curious effect on the water; a number of little fluffs of vapour like steam form about one foot above its surface; and out of these stand up the brown sails of the junks and sampans that are all about. Off Wadi-mura, where there were many paddy-fields over which the mist was still hanging thick in one dell, it had been blown out apparently in these puffs over the water. We pass through the first narrows by 9.30 A.M.; we are hurrying along over twelve knots an hour by the land. At 10.30 A.M. church on the main deck. The fore and aft sails are set and taken in alternate hours to catch a breeze every now and then as we wind among the islands. We have dropped the *Zephyr* although she has set sail to stunsails both sides, and is steaming all she knows. This inland sea is a perpetual panorama of loveliness, and as to-day is bright and cool (thermometer 57°) the mountains are some of them capped with clouds, and others stand out grey and bare; some again are covered with dark green. In one place we can see a large quarry of red stone being worked on the top of the hill, and traces where it is rolled down to the water's edge for shipment. We pass scores of junks with their one square sail, many of them with huge holes in them. At noon we pass the lighthouse at the entrance of the Iyo Nada on a fir-clad hill with a European house, and the fields nicely cleaned around, which give it a neat and comfortable appearance; from this point the view looking back reminded us very much of Scotland; the fir-clad islands in the foreground were backed by grey and lofty mountains behind. At 10 P.M. we all anchored off Isaki Light in eight fathoms.

Nov. 14th.—At 5.30 A.M. weighed and proceeded under steam in single column in line ahead through the narrow Straits of Shimonoseki, which appear to be more thickly wooded than any islands in the Inland Sea, at one place their banks reminded us very much of those of the Dart above the anchor stone off Dittisham. There was a very strong current running into the straits as we steamed out and anchored in a bay round on the north side of the straits at 8.30 A.M. in five and a quarter fathoms. Rokuren Island and the lighthouses shut us in to seaward; but looking towards the land there was a pretty view with wooded and grass-covered slopes in the foreground, and behind them higher and greyer hills. There is a back passage for boats up to the town of Shimonoseki through a narrow opening. At 9 A.M. crossed royal yards, loosed sails; at 11 A.M. furled sails and out boats. At 4 P.M. out stream-anchor and cable. At 5.30 P.M. replaced ditto. In the evening at low water, at 8.30 P.M., we found that the *Bacchante* touched the bottom aft, and bumped. Shortened to two shackles when she was afloat again, and asked permission from the admiral to get up steam and shift berth.

AT SHIMONOSEKI.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Nov.					
15	Variable 1	64°	64°	62°	63°
16	N. and N.E. 3·4 and Calm	64	64	65	60

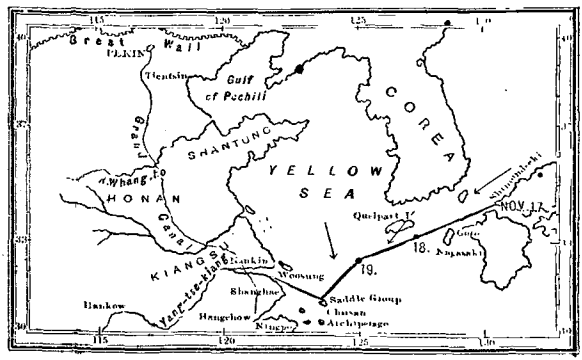
Nov. 15th.—At 6 A.M. at daylight shifted berth and anchored in deeper water, eleven fathoms. In the forenoon manned and armed boats. The *Zephyr* is to return at once to Kôbé. The memory of what happened at Shimonoseki is a most unpleasant one; the faces of all the Japanese who were so hospitably entertaining us at Tôkiô fell directly the name of the place was mentioned. The Americans have generously returned their share of the fine (nearly one million pounds) that they and the English exacted here for no adequate reason, after bombarding the town with nine ships from the Japanese Government in 1864; no British ship was injured.

Nov. 16th.—Laid out a target and "expended quarter's ammunition," each man provided with twenty rounds standing up and firing away as fast as he can at one small target, the only object as far as can be perceived being to get the powder burnt and the lead into the water. The Nordenfelts too, go firing away at no target at all. This "quarter's expenditure of ammunition" is, as at present managed, absolute waste, and to a stranger fresh from the shore it appears one of the greatest absurdities imaginable. By the present system no single man becomes a better marksman, and the only result is a great waste to the country. Every one appears to have but one object—haul the shot up from the magazines and pitch it overboard, and get the thing done quickly in order to make the requisite official entry in the log, "expended quarter's ammunition." There is now no effective training in musketry exercise, either of petty officers or men afloat. Thorough preparation and systematic training of the men in the use of the best weapons is what is required. The French for instance, have 30,000 repeating rifles issued to their navy. We have none in the British navy, our boats would be placed at great disadvantage with theirs thus armed in a night action. The din and rattle which the five ships made firing must have awakened many memories for the Japanese ashore. In the afternoon some of the officers landed and went to have a look at the "Bloody Rocks;" others went snipe-shooting and brought back ten couple, among which were several of the painted snipe that went running along the ground like water-rats and were difficult to put up.

Nov. 17th.—At 6 A.M., as soon as it was light, weighed and proceeded under steam outside the islands. After divisions set sail to stunsails both sides; we are making seven or eight knots. The wind kept shifting from one quarter to the other, so we kept on setting and taking in stunsails. At 3.20 P.M. the Yebosi lighthouse is abeam, and we get our last look at the land of the Rising Sun—hilly, rocky, wooded, broken into islands, one flat-topped, like Mount Edgecumbe, and others peaked like extinct volcanoes.

Nov. 18th.—At 9.15 A.M. up screw. Sailing all the morning, with Quelpart Island, forty-five miles long, on the starboard beam. The lofty summit of Mount Auckland in the centre, 6,544 feet high, is clearly visible, and the long line of cliffs with rocky islets at their eastern end. It is a little warmer to-day, thermometer 63°, there is a strong current from the south against us.

SHIMONOSEKI TO WUSUNG.



Date.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Nov.					N.	E.				
17	...	...	37	Variable 2·3	33·52	130·15	68°	64°	60°	60°
18	S. 67 W.	18	132	N.E. 4·5	32·54	127·30	68	65	65	65
19	S. 68 W.	130	...	N.E. 3·4, S.E. 4·6 3, N.E. 4·5	32·5	Nil	73	73	62	62
20S.	S. 59 W.	134	6	N. to N.N.W. 6·7	30·49	122·53	64	64	56	54
21	...	...	9	N.W. 5·8·4	...	...	63	64	52	50
22	...	...	53	N.W. 7·8·6	...	...	66	56	51	50
		282	274							

Total distance .. 556 miles.

[The Chinese hate the Japanese and regard them as renegades and pushing usurpers. Young Japan despises the Chinese and thinks that with the help of the many inventions they have borrowed from the Europeans they are more than a match for the Chinamen. There are two questions on which the two nations have at present outstanding differences, one is that of the sovereignty of the Loochoo Islands, and the other is that of Korea. Meanwhile there is a third power looking on, fully determined that, however the game may turn out in the end for these two, it will at any rate walk off with the greater part of the stakes. And while the game is going on, each of the two contending parties keep appealing to this on-looking power for its good favour, which of course, in order to keep the ball rolling, it grants now to

one side and now to another, but always on each occasion taking some small equivalent in return for its good offices.

Japan and China both claim the sovereignty of the Loochoo Islands, and as neither is likely to yield and there is no compromise imaginable between the two claims, the question is one that, however its decision may be postponed or played with from time to time, must ultimately, if either side is serious, be fought out to the bitter end. In 1879 the Japanese forcibly occupied the islands and deposed their king, and forbade the old tribute-bearing embassy to the Emperor of China at Ningpo.

This outstanding question alone, without the complication of the Korean, is quite sufficient reason to lead the Japanese to further and further expenditure on iron-clads and additions to their army. Beyond, however, the question of prestige, it is difficult for an outsider to see what advantage either Japan or China could obtain by the undisputed possession of these small islands, equally distant 400 miles from either empire, and peopled by a race as nearly allied to the one as the other.

The question however of Korea is different and a little more complicated. Almost the only victorious foreign expedition that the Japanese ever undertook in history was against the Koreans in 200 A.D., and although they were ultimately beaten out of the country by the Chinese, yet they have always retained possession of two or three ports on the coast. They have now made a commercial treaty with the Koreans by which they are to have access to the country. The Chinese, however, do not approve of these proceedings, partly because they regard Korea as belonging entirely to them and as having no right to conclude such treaties without their sanction; and further because they entirely disapprove of opening the country at all. Meanwhile the Koreans themselves seeing that between the two contending parties they are likely to come off badly, and also perceiving that under these circumstances their probable fate will be to be absorbed by the third neighbouring power, are most anxious to be protected by a fourth, and to make over this island of Quelpart or some other advantageous port on their coast to the British government. According to the notions of the last generation, who would have felt inclined to use the resources of the nation for the support of the interests of trade in these seas, which would naturally be jeopardised, if not worse, when Korea passed into the hands of Russia, the offer would certainly have been accepted. But according to the more recent notions of the

duties of government that prevail, England has declined to have anything to do with the matter at all or to occupy the island of Quelpart or any other port. In fact, rather than increase her responsibilities would prefer to substitute here as elsewhere the suasion of moral for material force, and thus retire before the giant of the north. As Russia has absorbed Saghalien, one of the most valuable from a mineral point of view of the Japanese islands, so no doubt Korea too will in time be absorbed. The Koreans are in physique the finest people in Eastern Asia, they are Mongols like the Chinese and Japanese, but taller and stouter than either; though, as a nation, absolutely unarmed they could offer little or no opposition to the Russians, who, once permanently established in Korea, would become the strongest naval power in the Pacific and easily compel both China and Japan to comply with all the demands it might be convenient hereafter to make. They have been preparing to take the country for over thirty years, in fact even on our own Admiralty charts all the chief headlands and bays are already marked with Russian names, and it is only the question of a convenient date as to when the event shall take place.]

At drill after quarters the *Bacchante* was the first ship at shifting topsails, as usual. The wind has been astern, and we have averaged over eight knots. In the evening it rained heavily and so continued all night.

At one time it was on the programme that the squadron should visit Nagasaki, but this was countermanded on account of the cholera prevalent there just now.

Nov. 19*th*.—Pouring with rain, but very little wind from the south-east, so that all the morning we made but two or three knots an hour. At noon sounded with Sir William Thomson's patent sounding machine, at twenty fathoms bottom fine dark sand. The water is getting yellower and yellower with the mud brought down by the Yang-tse-kiang, and is becoming a veritable Yellow Sea. In the afternoon it cleared up a bit, and the wind drew round to the north-east, then freshened a good deal, and we went along nearly twelve knots under plain sail, less royals. There were many rain squalls.

Sunday, Nov. 20*th*.—At 1.15 A.M. sighted the light on North Saddle Island, which is 780 feet high, and is eight miles north-west of East Saddle Island, under the lee of which we ultimately anchored, and which forms the northern end of the Chusan archipelago. At 2 A.M. cleared lower deck to take in two reefs of the topsails and wear

ship, coming to the wind together on the port tack and standing off from the land. At 7.30 A.M. wore again and shook out one reef. At 10.30 A.M. down screw. As it has been such a blustering morning there has been no regular Church service, but only a stand-up one for ten minutes on the main deck. At 1.30 P.M. shortened and furled sails. After passing close to the Barren Islands, sixteen miles to the east of our anchorage, came to under the south side of East Saddle Island at 2 P.M. There are lots of junks drawn up on the beach of the next (South Saddle Island), the highest point of which, the north-east end, rises 680 feet above sea-level; one junk is anchored out here with us under the lee of this, which rises in almost perpendicular rocks from the water's edge, but with patches of cultivated ground on its steep sides. The *Carysfort* has gone on to Gutzlaff to telegraph our arrival to the senior naval officer at Wusung, and to send for pilots to take us up the river.

Nov. 21*st.*—At 8.10 A.M. H.M.S. *Carysfort* arrived and anchored, after having reported the arrival of the squadron at Gutzlaff, about twenty-five miles to the west of our anchorage. It has been blowing hard all night, and is very cold: thermometer 52°. Some of us went on shore in the afternoon on East Saddle Island. There was some difficulty in finding a place to land, on account of the swell, and after we had managed to get out of the boat on to the rocks we then had to scramble up the cliffs on all fours with our guns. We got some great bustard and quail, and saw some Chinamen on the island, poor and very dirty, but good-tempered.

Nov. 22*nd.*—At 5.30 weighed and proceeded under steam, forming single column in line ahead, out from under the lee of East Saddle Island, through sea as thick as pea-soup, to the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang, or "the river." It is the largest river in the Old World, and ranks next to the Amazon and the Mississippi, in the New. Its fountain head, although never yet visited by explorers, is known to exist among the mountains of Thibet on the east side of the same ranges from which on the west the Brahmaputra and the great rivers of Burmah and Siam take their rise. It is fully 3,000 miles long, but the distance in a straight line direct from its source to its mouth would be 1,900 miles, about the same as that between St. Petersburg and Lisbon. The estuary and delta of the Yang-tse-kiang is seventy miles broad from north to south. We are entering it by the southern channel of the three by which it may be approached: the northernmost of the three is unsurveyed: the central one has silted up, but is still navigable for small craft.

The main stream of the river is divided into two almost equal portions by the Tsung Ming Island, the largest alluvial island in the world, now supporting a population of half a million, although in the fourteenth century it did not exist above the water. Sent down the topgallant masts and pointed yards to the wind. At 9.30 A.M. sighted H.M.S. *Foxhound* coming towards us, and at 10.30 A.M. stopped and took the pilot on board. At 11.15 A.M. sighted the Tungaha light vessel. We are now steaming as much as ten knots against a strong head wind. At 4 P.M. we arrived at Wusung, and found here the *Iron Duke* flagship of Admiral Willes, and the *Vigilant*. The *Inconstant* took up moorings close to her. The *Bacchante* proceeded three miles further up the river, to an anchorage off the telegraph station, and passed a regular fleet of Chinese war junks painted red, and with small brass carronades, at anchor off the village of Wusung, under the guns of a large European-like fort. The *Tourmaline* is moored a little ahead of us, and close to a Chinese frigate and gunboats. The *Cleopatra* and the *Carysfort* are moored lower down the river, midway between us and the *Inconstant*. It is an eight miles' walk across country by the telegraph wires from here to Shanghai, although it is twelve miles round by the river. As we came up to-day we passed several Chinese steamers, and one or two Japanese. The foreign trade of China is passing rapidly into Chinese hands: the American trade is nearly all gone, and the British is following it. Sir Thomas Wade, our minister at Pekin, has lately been staying at Shanghai, and left by the last mail to return to the capital. He could not wait any longer for the squadron, as there was a chance of the approach to Tien-tsin being already frozen over. Our own visit, therefore, both to Pekin and to the Great Wall beyond, to which we had so much looked forward, had finally to be abandoned.

Nov. 23rd.—At 9.30 A.M. arrived H.M. gunboat *Kestrel*, and at 2.30 P.M. sailed H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, with Admiral Willes, for Hongkong. In the Chinese fort close by we hear the bugles playing the first thing every morning, and all the forenoon we can see the Chinese soldiers drilling in European fashion. The Chinese, evidently, are "feeling their strength." These forts are the successors of those which were taken June 16th, 1842, after two hours' cannonading and a brave hand-to-hand fight between our marines, who were landed, and the Chinese soldiers. Their general fell pierced with wounds on the walls of the fort, bowing his head as he died in the direction of the Emperor's palace.

Posthumous honours are still paid to him, and his son was ennobled. It was very cold in the morning watch, and there was ice on the deck; the thermometer was down to 37°. Employed refitting aloft, each ship acting independently of the flagship. In the afternoon went on shore and played rounders, and got nice and warm. Mr. Hughes, the consul, came to call from Shanghai.

AT WUSUNG.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Nov.		°	°	°	°
23	N.W. 6·2	54	55	57	46
24	Variable, to N.W. 4·6	56	56	55	42
25	N.W. 7·1	55	54	47	42
26	Variable 1	55	54	53	50
27S.	Variable 1	53	54	56	55
28	Variable 1	54	54	58	54
29	N.W. 1·2	54	55	52	50
30	Variable 1·2	55	54	59	56
Dec.					
1	N.E. and N.W. 4	54	54	51	52
2	N.W. and N.E. 4·2	54	54	56	52
3	N.E. 2·3·1	54	54	56	53
4S.	Variable 1·2	54	53	51	54
5	Variable 2·1	54	53	53	54

Nov. 24th.—This morning we were to have started in H.M. gunboat *Fly* up the Yang-tse-kiang to Nankin, but as the wind is blowing strong from the north-east, and would be dead ahead if we went from here round to the other mouth of the river, this plan has been abandoned, for it would take a longer time to make the passage thus than we can spare. We are sorry for this, as Nankin, though terribly in ruins through having been the head-quarters of the Taepings, is yet well worth seeing. Its walls are thirty-five miles round and fifty feet thick. The tombs of the Ming emperors (who reigned from the time of our Edward III. to that of James I.) are also there. The graves are enormous mounds, just the same as an ordinary grave only larger, but there is an avenue of stone animals of colossal size, in pairs, leading up to them—elephants, horses, lions, warriors, and camels. This morning the admiral went up to Shanghai in the *Vigilant*, and as he passed the Chinese frigate she saluted him with fifteen guns, which the *Inconstant* returned. This is something quite new, for until recently the

Chinese never saluted any official, however high, with more than three guns, and this being their rule (which they adhered to tenaciously just in the same way as our own Home Authorities would do if asked to salute a Chinese official with more guns than we allow to our own), any interchange of salutes was of necessity foregone. They have also started a new flag for all their war vessels; it is triangular, deep yellow, with a blue dragon in the centre. H.M. gunboat *Foxhound* takes those officers who wish to go up to Shanghai each day from the squadron. The tide runs here both ways very strongly.

Those who landed in the afternoons for casual shooting found a fair number of pheasants and snipe in the paddy-fields on either side the river, and in the cover round the wooded clumps by the graves.

Nov. 25th.—Left the ship at 9.30 A.M. with Evan-Thomas and Captain Smythe, and went on board the gunboat *Fly* (Commander St. Clair). Captain Fitzgerald and Dr. Lynch, from the flagship, joined our party. The *Fly* is just like the *Elk*, on board of which we went up the River Plate in South America. It is a fine bright day, and the wind has gone down a good deal since yesterday. Halfway up to Shanghai is Blackpoint, where the banks are low and flat. Over the inner bar of the Wusung river there are only twelve feet at low water; the average depth at high water is nineteen feet, at spring tides twenty-three feet. The greatest draught ever brought up to Shanghai was H.M.S. *Impérieuse*, which drew twenty-four feet. We hear that there are fewer trading ships lying up here than there used to be ten or fifteen years ago, but amongst them we notice the *Lord Elgin* that we passed at sea on October 10th. Last year the British steamers and sailing vessels that entered and cleared from Shanghai were nearly three thousand in number, with a tonnage of over two millions; all other nationalities put together entered and cleared only two thousand. The chief reason for the present stagnant state of foreign trade is that the great body of the people, the poorer and agricultural classes, will not buy our manufactures. The poor complain that our cotton goods will not stand washing; that they wear out too quickly (in two years); that the thread of which they are composed is weak, and will not endure frequent patching; that they are hard, brittle and stiff, and cannot, when worn to rags, be sold to make up the thick soles of Chinese shoes. The native cotton cloth is cheaper, stouter, and stronger; it can be patched and repaired over and over again,

and does not tear so easily. If these things are so, it is not surprising that the Chinese labouring classes, who are fully alive to the advantages of "thrift," prefer native cloth to British cotton goods, and unless we send them a better article our trade will still further decline.

On our arrival at Shanghai, twelve miles up the river from Wusung, Captain Long of H.M.S. *Curaçoa* (which is lying off here), and Mr. Hughes the consul, and Mr. Carles the vice-consul, came on board. From where we are anchored we can see, at the southern end of the Bund, a large square building in red brick, which is the British Consulate, standing in its own grounds, near a long bridge which crosses the Soochow creek. The quay extends all along the river-side for nearly a mile in length and is backed by the fine European-like residences of the foreign consuls and merchants. In the centre of the Bund, and easily recognised by its Chinese architecture, is the Chinese Custom House, presided over by European inspectors. The neighbourhood of Shanghai, the principal of the nineteen treaty ports, having fallen into the hands of the Taepings in 1853, as there were no regular Chinese officials, Sir Rutherford Alcock (then consul here), in conjunction with the consul of the United States, collected the duties by means of inspectors appointed by themselves; Sir Thomas Wade, then English vice-consul, being one. This system has spread under new treaties, until its ramifications now extend to twenty seaports; it is the model of a Customs service for the whole world, and extremely popular. Sir Robert Hart has been inspector-general for twenty years, and has exercised absolute control, to the satisfaction of Chinese and Europeans alike. He has under his employ 687 Europeans and a larger number of Chinese. The majority of the assistants are Englishmen, but there are many Germans and Americans. The harbour and lighthouse department for all the coast-line of China is also efficiently managed by this board. It is possible that the construction of railways may be undertaken upon some similar basis of a board of control. [According to the Official returns for 1882 the receipt from Customs in that year was four millions sterling, raised more on exports than imports. The foreign and coast trade of China consisted of over seventeen million tons; sixty-one per cent. of this was borne in English ships, twenty-six per cent. in Chinese, four per cent. in German, and less than that in French ships. The total value of the trade was, in round numbers: Foreign trade, imports, twenty-two and a half million

pounds sterling—exports, nineteen and a half millions; coasting trade, inwards, forty-two millions; coasting trade, outwards, thirty-six millions; total, one hundred and twenty million pounds sterling. It may safely be asserted that *Great Britain, with the aid of the Colonies*, India, Australia, Hongkong and Singapore, Africa and Canada, *has absorbed four-fifths of the whole trade done by China with foreign countries.* On the Yang-tse, the only real channel of trade from eastern to western China—with a total navigable length of 1,700 miles, of which the 600 between Shanghai and Hankow are traversed by large sea-going steamers, while Ichang, the furthest open port, some 360 miles beyond, is reached by light-draught steamers—we have now five treaty ports; their total trade value is nineteen and a half millions sterling. Nevertheless, the import of cotton goods is in a most unsatisfactory state, the export of tea and silk is decreasing each year in value (in 1883 to about one-half the quantity exported in 1879), and the opium trade is steadily dying and will soon be completely extinguished by native competition.]

The bridge over Soochow creek, beyond the British Consulate, leads away into the American concession, which stretches along the river-side eastward and up the further bank of the creek. We passed this outlying portion of Shanghai as we came up from Wusung, and here are situate two of the principal docks, as well as the "Sailors' Home," and many of the leading firms of the place. The opposite bank of the Wusung river, called the Pootung side, stretching right along opposite to the Bund, is common to all foreigners, and here are three large docks, each 380 feet long, and with a depth of over 21 feet over the sill. Here also stood the British Naval Depot, which has just been broken up and the ground sold. After lunching with Captain St. Clair, we shifted our gear into four house-boats, which came alongside for us. We took with us beds, guns, and food and drink for a week. We were cautioned against eating the vegetables up country, on account of their having been sprinkled during cultivation with liquid manure; all the water also for drinking purposes that we took in beakers had been condensed in the *Fly*. These house-boats are small cutters fifty feet long and of fifteen feet beam; the mast works on a hinge so that it can be lowered when the boat is towed, or passes under bridges. The bows are sharp, and there is a kind of well forward, in which at night-time two or three of the native crew coil themselves down to sleep; in the day-time this is closed and

forms a little deck on which we stand or sit when the boat is under way. The central part of the boat is roofed over, so as to form a comfortable "house" or cabin; on the lockers each side of this two people can comfortably sleep; every spare corner of the cabin is utilised, and fitted with stoves, gun-racks, small bath place, &c. The windows are closed with shutters and curtains, and down the centre runs a table with flaps; a few easy-chairs, a looking-glass and pictures on the cabin sides, make them appear very cosy. The cooking is done in the after part of the boat, which is fitted

"ARIADNE" HOUSE-BOAT.

up with a little kitchen apparatus and covered in with a sort of awning, from the framework of which are suspended greens and vegetables, joints of fresh meat, and other larder requisites. Along the roof over the cabin, parallel with the mast, when it is down, lies the one gigantic oar of dark wood, over thirty feet long, and with the handle curved, so that it can be worked more easily over the stern by three men, who "youlow" (punt, or scull) when the boat is neither sailing nor being towed; the blade of this is a foot and a half

broad. Our party of eight (Mr. Carles is going with us) just packs comfortably into the four boats. We two share a very nice one, the *Ariadne*, belonging to Mr. Wheelock, a gentleman in Shanghai; she is very prettily fitted up in every way. The rest of the party stow themselves away in the three other boats. We are to meet in one of them for meals, but the greater part of the day we hope to be on shore shooting, and during the night to move on. We have a steam launch for towing, and we hope to be a week in the interior, and to get up past Kia-ching and Karhing. All hands counted we have forty-four Chinamen on the four house-boats; our marine servant and Captain Fitzgerald's coxswain are the only Europeans we take. Having lashed the boats in pairs, we started on the top of the tide about 3 P.M. Shanghai-hien ("approaching the sea") is now twenty-five miles from the coast, but was once upon the seashore; the low land which now intervenes has gradually been formed by alluvial deposits. After coming to the end of the Bund we see the native city rising along the left bank of the river (on our right as we go up); it is a walled city a mile in length and half a mile broad, and is separated from the European community by the Yang-king-Pang stream. Even to-day, from a distance it looks black and dirty, and there are swarms of dirty ragged junks moored off it. The country on either side of the river above Shanghai is flat. This Wusung river is shown by old records at one time to have been at least three miles across; it is here a mile broad, and is little more than a tidal channel, penetrating forty miles into the interior, whence it helps to drain off the waters from the complicated network of the interior lakes. A few centuries ago the river barely existed, and much of the country north and east of Shanghai is the growth of the last 800 years; for fifty miles round the city there is water communication with the interior in every direction by the numerous creeks which intersect the neighbouring plain. One large pagoda is very conspicuous ahead before the river turns, a few miles above Shanghai. About three miles above the city we pass Kiang-nan, the Shanghai arsenal. It contains shipbuilding yards, foundries, and all appliances for the construction of marine engines of large size; a gun factory, under the management of an Englishman who was formerly a foreman in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich. The guns made are of the muzzle-loading rifled type, the iron is imported from England in bars, and made into coils and machined here; the steel for the tubes is also imported. This is the chief place in China at present where large

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rifled cannon can be manufactured. The small arms factory can turn out 500 Remingtons a week; large quantities of shot and shell are being constantly produced, and a great number of iron torpedoes are made. Fifteen hundred workmen, all Chinese, are usually employed in this arsenal. The other arsenals are at Nankin (where, since 1866, small Krupp field-pieces, Gatling and Nordenfeldt machine guns, shot and shell for Krupp, Armstrong, and Vavaseur guns, are manufactured), Tien-tsin (where there is a regular torpedo school of Chinese cadets), Foochow, and Canton.

Before dusk we passed through a Chinese river-village, with its old stone bridge and the people out all agog. After dinner played a rubber of whist before turning in; at night it was very frosty and cold, and we jammed and jogged not only against the side of the bank, but several times on the bottom as well, for at various places the people have constructed great wicker weirs for the fish on either side the canal. Our dreams were disturbed by the shouting of the Chinamen pushing us off; they did not seem to have any captain, and each man shouted his own opinion as to what should be done at the top of his voice, and as their opinions were all different there was quite a little Babel. Mr. Carles, who speaks Chinese, went out in front of his house-boat and induced peace; and after that we were towed in single column in line ahead.

Nov. 26th.—A beautifully fine morning, with a white frost over all the ground and on the tops of the house-boats.

We are in a narrow canal, which turns and twists about a great deal. We pass under several one-arched stone bridges, the parapets of which are all ruinous. At 11.30 moored boats just outside Kia-ching ("the prosperous town") which looks anything but that now. It depended chiefly on its silk trade, but was devastated much during the Taeping rebellion: the last of a series, for China has always been a country of frequent revolutions, secret societies, and powerful robbers. In a little over twelve hundred years there have been fifteen changes of dynasty; the founder of the Ming dynasty (A.D. 1368) was a servant at a Buddhist monastery, who joined a vagrant band of marauders. In 1653 the interior contained eight separate rebel armies, each with its leader, its set of grievances, and its appetite for plunder; and its coasts have always been infested by pirates. The Chinese are a race who are great at founding co-operative societies: societies to rob, societies to resist robbery, and societies for every conceivable object. All along the river-side were the remains of old houses with their

roofs gone, the population must have once been at least ten times what it is now. Kia-ching fell several times into the hands of the rebels, and then into those of the Imperialists, and each in turn devastated what the other had left. As many as five millions perished during the Taeping rebellion.[1] The country hereabouts,

[1] The rebellion began before the first Great Exhibition in Hyde Park; it lasted all through the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, all through our second China War, and did not end till 1864. Hing, the Taeping leader, was born in 1813; he was the son of a farmer who lived thirty miles from Canton, but had failed to pass his examinations or enter the civil service. In 1850 he gave himself the name of Tien Wang, or Heavenly King, and headed a rebellion in the southern province of Kwangsi. Vacillation, indecision, and want of nerve on the part of the government caused what might, with some small sacrifice at first, have been got under to assume larger proportions and cause immense ruin, death, and expense. The rebels waxed, many schoolmasters and peasants joined, and were made "kings" by him, eastern, western, northern, southern, assistant kings: others took titles of princes and grandees, and parcelled out the whole of China for their own. After two years, having thoroughly exhausted the southern province, they marched north into the centre of China, still under pressure of great need, but everywhere ravaging the country, and sweeping like an irresistible torrent down the valley of the Yang-tse-kiang. On March 24th, 1853, Nankin, the second city in the Empire, fell to their arms, and the route of the Grand Canal was taken: up this they advanced toward Pekin with 200,000 men. They penetrated as far as the Hoang-ho, and into Chihli, and came within eighty miles of the capital. From October, 1853, to March, 1854, all through that winter, they were kept shut up in their camp. Checked here, they surged into the west of China, and kept on their devastations till 1855. Their leader meanwhile never came out of Nankin after he had once got in: the Heavenly King there abandoned himself to luxury, and was never seen abroad again after 1853. Intrigues and rivalries naturally spawned around him, and four minor "kings" were all slain one after another. Nothing is more shocking at this distance of time than to read the imaginings of the missionaries, who regarded this monster as the instrument given them by God for the evangelisation of China, and with undue eagerness welcomed his blasphemies. Meanwhile the English Government remained neutral between the Taepings and the Imperialists, only stipulating that both should observe the treaty of Nankin and let the merchants trade as best they might. A volunteer corps at Shanghai was raised for self-defence in 1853; for the rebellion swept round by this province, and down again to Canton neighbourhood in 1855. In this last year 100,000 were massacred at least: many Imperialists were crucified or impaled, and burnt alive. In 1858, Tseng, Tso, and Li were all out against the Taepings, who in 1860 gained further successes in Central China: and in May of that year took Soochow. Then the Chinese Government—although at war with England—again appealed to the English for help. It was declined. They would defend Shanghai, however, as the centre of their trade, and two Americans, Ward and Bourgavine, organised a volunteer force so to do. In March, 1861, the foreign war with England and France came to an end. By this time it was evident that the success of the Taepings was hopeless: in the interests of humanity, no less than that of trade, the sooner an end was put to the struggle the better it would be for all parties. In December, Ningpo and Han-kow fell to the rebels, and in January, 1862, they attacked Shanghai. Then the English admiral and general (with the French) helped the Imperialists. Ward having been killed this year, on the 24th March, 1863, Major C. G. Gordon was sent by the English Government to take the head of the ever victorious army which had been previously organised, but which he found "a rabble, and highly insubordinate." On May 9th the Chinese made him Brigadier-General, and Bourgavine went over to the rebel forces. (He was sent away by Gordon to Japan, and was drowned in 1865.) Li's treachery in massacring some Taeping prisoners to whom Gordon had plighted his honour, caused the latter to resign. But on February 18th, 1864, he resumed the lead. Though there was apparently already some jealousy between Li and Tso, yet by June 18th, when the ever-victorious army was

and around the grand canal, was for years its centre, and the ruins of the public works mark where the Taepings have been. Tributary streams and canals keep coming into the river from all sides, showing how immensely ramified is the internal water communication of the country. We have now left the province of Kiang-su for that of Che-kiang. We have already passed one or two villages on the banks of the stream, and they all look dilapidated. There are vast stores of thick pottery ware on the quays which run in front of the houses, which are constructed with a sort of arcade on the ground floor. In many places there are tea-shops overhanging the water, with open verandahs; in other houses we see the flowers put out in little pots on the roof in front of the garret windows, the same as at home. The quays are faced with granite, having, at every twenty yards, broad stone stairs down to the water's edge; little niches for lamps to the god of Good Fortune are everywhere at the side of these steps, and by many of the houses. All the population are dressed in blue; and on the quays, and leaning out of windows or over the balustrades, but chiefly on the tops of the bridges, they cluster, a cheerful pig-tailed race, men and women, to gaze on our flotilla of boats drawn by the puffing "inside-walkee-devil boat," as a steam-launch is named in Pigeon-English. Each house is divided from its neighbour by thick and high party-walls, so that, although they stand close to each other in the streets of the town, they are not built in continuous fashion like those in Europe, but each house preserves its independence, and consists of a shop below and a garret above. The slanting roofs are of tiles, with two tiers of projecting eaves, one over the shop and the other over the garret. There are no chimneys, but each end of the roof is slightly curved upward, like the snout of a rhinoceros, and some of these shelving roofs are also in double tiers. In front of the houses hang signboards, with immense characters, which, we were told, are advertisements. Here and there the roof of a joss-house is distinguishable from that of the others with its carved wooden devil figures on the roof. At the entrance to this village is a little flotilla of narrow, sharp-built police boats, all of polished brown wood, and several of them mounting small cannon in the bows and armed besides with spears and pikes. These patrol

disbanded, the rebellion, by a series of marches, sieges, battles, and brilliant engagements, had been completely crushed. On June 30th the Heavenly King committed suicide by eating gold-leaf in his harem: on July 19th Tseng took Nankin, and was made marquis, and the fourteen years of horrors were closed.

the rivers and canals to keep down piracy, and, when manned by forty or fifty rowers, go at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour. We passed one that was being drawn along by coolies on the bank, better clad than usual, and with a mandarin sitting out on his chair in front of the little cabin door. Now that it is daylight we see how the fishing stakes we jostled against all through the night are arranged in the river. In some places these bamboo canes make a weir right across the stream, and in others there are regular labyrinths built up each side, into which the fish are driven, and kept for breeding in these inclosed pools. It was the scraping of such canes against the bottoms of the boats as we passed over and through them last night, amid the shouts of our men and those of the fishermen to whom they belonged, that kept us awake. There never were such a people for fishing as the Chinese. The fish are driven into their nets by splashing and striking the water; or divers go down and clap sticks together under water to drive them in, or catch them with their toes when the fish, terrified at the noise, hide themselves in the mud. Everything that the waters bring forth abundantly is harvested and eaten, eels and water-snakes of every colour and size, crabs, cuttle-fish, sharks, as well as the more ordinary kinds of fish. Mussels are caught in basket traps attached to a rope floated with the tide near the bottom. Land crabs are caught in similar traps baited with a little dried fish, and laid along the edge of the fields.

At one place there was a huge stone torii, full front to the river's bank, but not, as in Japan, as an entrance to a temple. There were no buildings near it, but on it were sculptured symbols of a funeral pyre, and of the spirit rising from it. It had been erected in memory of some women who had committed suicide to save their chastity: three generations of women all got into one well, and drowned themselves here, rather than fall into the hands of the Taepings. We landed on the bank at noon, formed into three parties, and dispersed over the paddy-fields outside the present town of Kia-ching, whose two pagodas we see towering on the other side of the river, but which extended some years ago all across over here, where we are about to shoot. The country is covered with paddy-fields and clumps of stunted mulberry-trees off which the leaves have lately been pulled for feeding silkworms; each clump stands on a little eminence formed of mud, the accumulation of all that has been carefully cleared out from the rivers and the little canals which intersect the country in all directions.

Everywhere there are graves, sometimes only wooden boxes lying on the surface of the soil, at other times urns containing old bones. The form of a Chinese coffin resembles the trunk of a tree; the boards are three or four inches thick, and the case is rounded at the top. When the body is put inside, it is dressed in the most splendid clothes the family can afford; a fan is put in one hand, and a prayer on a piece of paper in the other. It is laid in a bed of lime or cotton, or covered with quicklime, and the edges of the lid are closed with mortar in the groove, so that no smell escapes, and the whole is varnished. A Chinaman often prepares his own coffin during his lifetime; the cheapest costs one or two pounds, but they run up to as much as four hundred. The poorest coffins even are of strong wood hermetically sealed; they are placed in the field the deceased cultivated, and year by year his sons add a few spadefuls of earth, which they shovel on its top, and at last cover it in with bricks; then later on perhaps a little mound rises over all. Thus the oldest tombs hereabouts are those that look like vaults, and the next oldest those that look like the roughly-built brick altar tombs of an English churchyard. Myriads of these sacred barrows cumber the rich soil, and cover thousands of acres of the land of China which the plough never turns, because they are sacred to the dead. Round these little collections of family tombs grow the thickets of bamboo-cane, and long waving reeds and grass which serve as a capital cover for pheasants now the rice crops are cut. The family whose ancestors are here interred, in the midst of the field they once cultivated, are still to-day toiling on and following in their fathers' industrious footsteps, until their turn shall come to repose beside them in the midst of the same scene of their labours.

There are many small villages and farmhouses hereabouts, and the Chinamen are working in their own fields or punting their own sampans in the dykes, or carrying along the raised causeways their own manure in poopoo tubs that resemble milk-pails, except that they are slung on a long pole and carried fore-and-aft instead of athwartships. The little paths across the paddy-fields are very narrow, and we try to keep to windward of these scent-boxes, which otherwise leave a relish in the mouth and nostrils for several minutes. The land is held by clans or families as much as possible, but it is not entailed, nor are overgrown estates frequent. A good deal is held as a freehold on payment of one-tenth of the year's produce to the State. The paternal estate and the houses upon it descend to the eldest son, but his brothers can remain upon it with their

families, and devise their portion to their children, or compound for the same: daughters never inherit. The peasantry are all more gardeners than farmers, not only because of the small size of their grounds, but also by reason of their method of cultivating them. They seem to have few implements, chiefly a large broad hoe with an iron-shod wooden blade, and a few spades and shovels; though the plough and harrow are used in rice cultivation, and are sometimes drawn by buffaloes or oxen.

The cultivation of the rice is peculiar. The grain is first soaked in water, and then, when it begins to swell, is sown very thickly in a small plat, enriched with liquid manure. When the shoots are about six inches high, they are taken up and transplanted into the adjacent grounds, which, from being a marsh one day, become the next a green field. Holding the seedlings in one hand, the labourer wades through the mud, sticking five or six of them into it at every step, each in a hole he makes with the other hand, and there they take root without further care. Six men can thus transplant two acres a day: two and a half bushels of rice will sow an acre. The produce is on an average tenfold. For such land as is leased, the rent is usually half the crop, the landlord paying the taxes, and the tenant stocking the farm; such leases run for three, four, or seven years. The Chinaman generally has but two meals a day, breakfast at nine, and dinner at four: his liquor he drinks warm; sometimes it is the spirit distilled from the yeasty liquor in which boiled rice has fermented under pressure many days. Only one distillation is made for common liquor, but when more strength is wanted, it is distilled two or three times, and for foreign sailors who wish it very fiery, aniseed and other stimulating ingredients are put in, and it is called *sam-shoo* or "thrice fired," and sold for three-halfpence the pint bottle. Drunkenness is not the Chinese failing. Weak tepid tea (without milk or sugar) is the prevailing beverage of all classes. The teapot is the never-failing companion of the mechanic, but the poorest classes know not tea—they sip hot water with the same relish, and try to cheat themselves by giving the innocent beverage the name of tea.

All this we learnt in conversation as we walked after our game. We had a capital day's sport. It was rather hot in the middle of the day when the sun was out, and the birds were very wild. We put up a great many pheasants from the bushes and long grass of the graveyards. They are great strong birds, marked with a silver ring round the neck; they have bright heavy scarlet wattles; the purple

and silver sheen of the feathers all down the back is very beautiful. We shot a fair amount of them as well as of quails and wood-pigeons. We saw some hares and small deer, but shot neither of these last to-day. We found our way back to the house boat, which had got up its mast and flag as a point for us to steer towards over the grey rice-fields, and all came in from our various beats before dusk, took our quinine and sherry, and did justice to the Chinese cooked dinner, after which got under way and went further up the river through the darkness.

It was far warmer than yesterday evening, and much rain fell. At one time during the night we thought we should have had to stop, for the screw of the steam launch that was towing us got jammed with weeds from the bottom, and there was an immense amount of shouting, "no can walkee." However, on it being represented strongly to the men that if the steam launch "no can walkee," thy, at any rate, would have to youlow notwithstanding, each of the boats cast off from the launch, which was left to clear her screw, and they youlow accordingly. This process rocks the boat from side to side in time to the swaying of the creaking oar astern, until the steam launch catches us up, and with a vast amount of shouting and jabbering, takes us in tow again. A little later on in the night we enter the Grand Canal, and, passing the barrier into it, heard the tum, tum, tum of the drums of the sentinels on the banks, beating to signal us to stop: for there is a custom-house here, and all trade entering the Canal pays dues, though all passengers pass free. There was some shouting and explanations interchanged, but not enough to cause us to stop.

The next morning we were just outside Sunmun Hien, and here we stopped for breakfast at 8.30 A.M. It is a dull morning, and far milder than yesterday. After breakfast we got out on to the bank and walked along the tow-path for some distance while the boats were making ready to follow. At one place we passed a number of natives up ladders in an orchard, gathering the berries of the tallow tree, which is abundant over Eastern China. The trees are leafless now, but are covered with little berries of dark brown exterior; each has burst asunder, showing its white inside, so that the effect of the tree covered with these at a little distance is like a fruit-tree in white blossom. The berries are the size of small cherries, and the white which shows conspicuously where the dark rind has burst, covers in its turn the kernel. This is a small nut like a Brazil-nut, full of oil, which is boiled down and used for

lighting purposes. When the tallow is to be prepared, the berries are put into an open wooden cylinder with a perforated bottom, in which they are well steamed over boiling water. In ten or fifteen minutes the tallow covering the seeds becomes soft and they are then thrown into a stone mortar and gently beaten with mallets to detach it. The whole is then sifted on a hot sieve, by which the tallow is separated from the kernels; it still, however, contains the thin brown skin which envelops the latter, and gives the whole a dirty appearance. The tallow in this state is laid upon layers of straw, which are squeezed in a press, from which it runs clear in a semi-fluid state, and soon hardens into cakes. The candles made from it become soft in hot weather, but are sometimes coated by being dipped in coloured wax.

The Grand Canal is here as wide as the Thames at Kew. Its banks are built up on either side, in many places, of wrought granite, and the towing-path is carried over bridges which cross the frequent branches of this immense artery of artificial navigation. The bridges sometimes consist of two or three arches, but generally of only one. The solid masonry of carefully faced granite or limestone advances into the water a few feet from either side; in the centre springs a light and graceful arch, more than a semicircle, quite half an oval; it springs forty feet high. There is no keystone, but the thin coping-stones are cut in the proper curve. The bridge itself is a terrace mounted by steps on either side at an angle of 45°; on the top of the slab that lies flat in the middle of the path over the centre of the bridge the wheel of life is generally sculptured. The effect of most of these bridges is very graceful and airy, although the parapet which used to extend on either side is generally broken away.

We walk along the bank for a couple of hours or so, and are much impressed with the cyclopean work of the Grand Canal, and the signs of enormous traffic along it. The stream of junks and boats that are continually passing seems as if it would never cease; some of these have large sails, which you see towering up aloft a long distance off all across the country; others are merely small sampans that are being punted along. One or two "express boats" pass; they are narrow, and worked by two persons, often a woman and a boy, or two men, and go for twenty-four hours without rest, carrying a message, and make between six and seven knots on this tideless stream. Others are worked by one man with a single wide-bladed oar used on one side only, and propelled by

his feet and legs, while he steers on the other side with a paddle under his arm. He, too, will row for eighteen or twenty-four hours at a stretch, only pausing occasionally for a few moments to cook his food in the boat, by means of a small portable clay furnace. The required rate of travel for the official post is 100 miles a day. From Pekin to Canton is 1,200 miles, and couriers often travel it in twelve days. Officers of the government, however, going on service, are allowed ninety days to do the distance.

Away from the banks on either side stretch the fields of vast natural fertility, covered with signs of patient industry, and of individual content, and peaceful—though not over clean—prosperity. Though there is decay in the public works—the bridges and the sides of the canal in many places being quite ruinous—yet the personal happiness which springs from fertile lands tilled by these industrious husbandmen of few wants and extreme abstemiousness, is very manifest. Practically, they work on without rest, for they have no Sabbath, although the first and fifteenth of each month is a sort of festival. Their only other holidays are the first three days in the year, and one or two at the spring and autumn solstices to worship at the tombs. The country of China is quieter now than it has been any time during the last thirty years. All the people are dressed in blue, and all seem cheerful and happy. At the end of the day they come and sit and look at you for an hour together, and then, as the outcome of their wonderment, make a trivial remark about your buttons or shoes. They much admire our leather, as theirs is very bad.

At one place we passed a temple in the shape of a heavy-eaved gateway, on an island in the middle of the Canal, dedicated to some spirit propitious to fishers or travellers. At the foot of several bridges stand other shrines. Everywhere where men congregate or pass are little joss-houses, to aid the prayers and collect the contributions of the faithful.

In the afternoon we came upon a lot of boats with fishing cormorants in them; they were all black birds, and had just had a meal, and so were sitting preening their feathers, or lazily flapping their wings with outstretched necks; others were sitting perched in a row on the gunwale of the punt, with their heads tucked under their wings. There were several punts full of them, just starting to go out fishing. The men will take them some way up the Canal, and then work home, fishing down it. White lumps of rice paste in baskets were stowed away in one punt: a cormorant who brings

a fish to his master gets one of these lumps in return. The price of a pair of these birds varies from one pound to thirty shillings, and one boatman can easily oversee a dozen or more, and though hundreds may be out on the water, each one knows its own master. Usually they require to have a hempen cord round the neck to prevent them swallowing the fish. If one sees a fish too heavy for him to carry alone, another bird comes to his help, and the two together carry it on board. The birds themselves are fed on bean-curd and chopped fish. They lay eggs when three years old, which are often hatched under barn-door hens, and the chicks fed with eels' blood and hash. They do not fish during the summer months.

Here and there are more of the stone monuments like torii that we saw yesterday. Some of them are erected by sons to the honour of their fathers or ancestors by express permission of the Emperor, such special favour being reckoned a high honour. The two upright pillars with the horizontal bars are sometimes very handsomely decorated; on the horizontal bars of one we notice a procession of figures sculptured. On either side below are stone Korean dogs on guard; on the top is the phœnix, symbol of rebirth to new life, the same as on the roof of temples. Shortly afterwards, we near Binghow, where at 5.30 we moor for the night alongside the bank. Hereabouts the country looks of a totally different sort to that we were in yesterday. We are moored near the foot of some hills, over which we took a walk before dinner, and put up lots of pheasants. We are only twenty-five miles from Hankow, the prettiest town in the whole of China; perhaps we may get there. The hills near and far off are covered with rough brown grass and dark green fir woods.

During the day we have been sitting a good deal on the top of one of the house boats, and have been hearing in conversation as we passed through the country something about China. The system of government in China is the most perfect that can be imagined, *on paper*. At the head of the whole is the Emperor: in him reside the highest legislative and executive powers, without limit and control, for he is the vicegerent of Heaven, and occupies the same relation to the state as a father does to his family. He is also chief priest, and three times a year (at the winter and summer solstices, and at the beginning of spring) he performs sacrifice at Pekin to Heaven and Earth, and to the spirits of his ancestors. He then says, "I think with sympathy of all men; and I bring my subjects and servants with offerings of food in abundance, a

reverential sacrifice to Heaven." This is the only remains of the old nature worship in China, which, in its origin, is the same as the Japanese Shinto. "Benedictus es, Domine Deus patrum nostrorum, in throno regni tui: et superlaudabilis et superexaltatus in sæcula. Benedictus es in firmamento coeli et laudabilis et gloriosus in sæcula."—Dan. iii. 54-6.

The succession to the throne is by custom hereditary in the male line, but it is always in the legal power of the sovereign to nominate his successor, either from among his own children, or, in fact, any of his subjects. Often it is not known till after the death of the Emperor whom he has nominated. Hsienfung *e.g.*, the fourth son of Taoukwang, was nominated as successor to him on his death-bed, February 25th, 1850, being at that time just twenty years of age. Taoukwang died at sixty-nine years of age; his reign had lasted thirty years, and was one unredeemed failure. He was the second son of his father, Kia-king, who had selected him in 1820 to succeed him, because he had previously saved his life from a palace conspiracy. The present Emperor (born August 15th, 1871) is only ten years old, but he will come of age in the winter of 1887-8; before that time he will probably be debauched by women, drugs, and aphrodisiacs, and the real power, as in the case of the last Emperor, will pass to the hands of some eunuch or female. When the Emperor comes of age, if he turned out a capable man, he might disapprove of the acts of the regency during his minority, and have the heads of all the chief actors off. Hence their motives for debauching him. If he had the mental force he could impose his will on three hundred million human beings, who regard him as semi-divine; if he prefers self-indulgence the wheels of government can work without him; and dull routine, idleness, sensuality, may surround and claim him for their own. For twenty-one years the last two Emperors of China have been minors, and the real power has been in the hands of their regents. These were in each case the same two dowager Empresses, called eastern and western, from the respective parts of the palace in Pekin that they occupied. The "eastern" Empress (Tsze-An), who suddenly died of heart disease on the night of April 18th, 1881, at the age of forty-five, was the first or legitimate wife of the Emperor Hsienfung—a debauchee, and drug-eater, prematurely worn-out at thirty years of age, whose reign (1851 to 1861) was one series of disasters, among which were the Taeping and Mohammedan rebellions and the occupation of Pekin by the European army. She was very firm of

character, but cruel and passionate, though astute and clever. It was she who with Kung overthrew the original reactionary regency in whose charge Tung-chi, at the age of six, was first left by his father, August 22nd, 1861. Kung, then twenty-eight, and Ch'un, aged twenty-six, acted together against their brother Tsai, caused him to take poison, and placed the regency in the two Empresses' hands. Tsze-An once had her favourite lady beaten for some small offence so severely that the lady committed suicide, and when the Empress some short time after sent to apologise, she was found dead. Her colleague in the regency, the "western" Empress (Tsze-Thsi), who was the second wife of Hsienfung, and real mother of the late boy Emperor Tung-chi, is said to be suffering from cancer, is a quiet woman, and does not want power, although she, as Empress-mother, with her late colleague became regent when Tung-chi (who was born April 27th, 1856), ascended the throne in 1861. They were both of strong understanding but illiterate, only knowing Chinese and not Manchu. Tung-chi died of small-pox January 12th, 1875, just after attaining his majority (all Chinese males are of age at eighteen). He had received the five European ministers in person at Pekin on June 29th, 1873; but was impatient of restraint, and had tried to escape from the palace. On September 10th, 1874, he had degraded Prince Kung in an effort to shake himself free; but on September 11th the two Empresses reversed the edict. He fell ill of small-pox in December; and this was his end, favourable at any rate to the maintenance of Tsze-An and Kung in power. He was married at sixteen in October, 1872, and his wife, Akluta (a Manchu lady of good family), was left pregnant; nevertheless, a child of four years old, son of Prince Ch'un, was adopted in a midnight conclave of Manchu princes as the son and heir of the preceding Emperor Hsienfung. A valedictory edict of Tung-chi was produced, in which he nominated this child his successor. The lad is now Emperor under the name of Kwang-sue. He was born on August 15th, 1871; his father, Prince Ch'un (born in 1835), is the seventh son of Taoukwang and younger brother of Hsienfung, who was the fourth son. The fifth son, Prince Kung, agreed to the succession of Kwang-sue, imagining that Ch'un would now retire into private life, as it would be impossible that a father should do homage to his son. Kung's son was of full age, and if adopted would have ruled in his own right: moreover Kung had then no desire to retire into private life. Ch'un did so retire for five years till December, 1880. Had

a child of the next generation been adopted as the son of Tung-chi, and made Emperor, the young wife of Tung-chi, as the mother of his adopted son, would have been regent in her own right; but by putting on the throne an adopted son of Hsienfung, his wives became again the legal guardians of the new Emperor. The girl Empress, wife of Tung-chi, died in March, two months after the death of her husband, who, by the action of his own mother (more or less in the hands of the imperious Tsze-An and Kung), was thus left without a son, either by nature or adoption, and therefore without any one to perform the rites of ancestral worship at his tomb —the cruellest wrong, according to the religion of China, that could be committed against him. The period of the double Regency has undoubtedly been one of reconsolidation of the Chinese power. The great question of audience has been amicably settled (1873); the formidable Taeping rebellion has been crushed by General Gordon (1864); two Mohammedan revolts, the first in Yunnan on the south-west, and the second in Shansi on the north-west, have been suppressed (1876);[1] and the Chinese authority in the Central Asian provinces beyond the desert of Gobi—sorely shaken by the rise of Yacoob Beg, who, as the Athalik Ghazi, or "Champion Father," was greeted at one time as a second Timour, or Genghis;—and seriously disputed for a while by the Russian occupation of Kuldja has been reasserted, thus arguing a vital power and infinity of latent resources worthy of all admiration. The magnitude of the success is in proportion to the unweariness of the effort. These two dowager Empresses have ruled China for twenty years, and have thus ruled it well, according to their lights, with the help of two men, Prince Kung and Li Hung Chang; the former the Emperor's uncle and foreign minister, and the latter Chinese Gordon's man, whose advice he followed in not lately making war with Russia in reference to the Kuldja disturbance. Prince Kung was born in 1832, and has had the chief hand in putting down two rebellions. When called first, at the age of twenty-eight, from

[1] The first was a desultory and most deplorable warfare of eighteen years' ferocity and treachery, 1855 to 1874: and the second a series of wholesale massacres, aggravated by the fury of the rival religions of Islam and Buddhism, devastated Shansi and Kansuh from 1862 to 1876. The Central Asian provinces of Yarkand and Kashgaria were severed from China for many years; while from 1871 to 1881 Russia occupied Ili. But spite of disease and famine the numerical odds of the Chinese against the rebels were such that it was only a question of time for the central power to be restored. Tso-Tung-Tang, whose intelligence and bravery, and admirable power of organisation were applied to the rebellion in 1874, in a two years' campaign completed their subjection, and Tseng, by concluding the treaty of February, 1881, with Russia, brought the whole to an end.

the seclusion of the palace, to save, if possible, the throne of his elder brother Hsienfung, England and France were marching on Pekin, and the Taeping rebels were in possession of the richest provinces of the Empire. On October 24th, 1860, as representative of the Emperor, he ratified the English and French treaties of Tientsin, which ended the second China war, begun in 1856. When Hsienfung "ascended on a dragon to be a guest on high," in 1861 (he died at Jehol, never having returned to his capital), he was in peril of his life, and had to strangle two princes and behead a third to secure his power, and that of Tung-chi, then a boy six years old. Prince Kung is cautious, and has often been impeached by the censors for accepting bribes and for lack of energy. He is thought to be too indolent to wish to continue in power, more especially after the death of his great ally, the Dowager Empress Tsze-An, and against the pushing influence of the father of the present Emperor, Prince Ch'un, though up to the present time he has had the greater power of the two. It is, however, contrary to the express statutes of the Empire, that such a near relative as the father of the reigning Emperor should hold an executive office at court. Tsze-An and Kung together have witnessed the accomplishment of everything declared to be necessary when they first assumed the responsibility of government: they have restored on all hands, as against Taepings, Mohammedans, and foreigners, the credit and power of a sinking empire; and raised China to be as great and famous and prosperous as she has ever been before; more united within herself than she has ever been since the dawn of her existence. Tso, the successful general in the late campaign against the Tartars, would, with his army, be on Ch'un's side, while on Kung's side is the former successful general against the Taepings (Gordon's colleague), Li-Hung-Chang. The three have, however, all been comrades in arms together, and whatever intrigues there may be inside the palace, there is not apparently any danger of their struggle going beyond its walls. Li is still Minister of War and of Commerce, and as Viceroy of Chihli he is responsible for the safety of its capital, Pekin. It is therefore essential that he should remain at Tientsin, but he is said to be generally unpopular. Tso was born in 1812, of poor parents, in Honan; he would have remained an unknown artizan or mechanic in his native village, if his keen and active mind had not given him success at the local examination. He then attracted the notice of the Viceroy Tseng (the father of the present minister to England), who also

brought Li-Hung-Chang into notice—in fact, twelve out of the eighteen viceroys of the Provinces of China were his nominees at his death in 1872. Tso's probity has never been doubted; he has never touched a farthing of public money, and is contented to remain poor. From 1867 he was employed in putting down the Mussulman rebellion, and for his success he was created earl (Tu-Wei); after conquering the Athalik Ghazi, and regaining Kuldja from Russia, he was advanced to marquis (Hou). He is a woman-hater, and childless; abstemious, and the sternest of Puritans. When Viceroy of Kansuh, all who indulged in opium-smoking could only do so in secret, and in fear of punishment on detection. He is by no means a bitter enemy of all Europeans, though he represents the passions of the people, and the traditions of the Government and court. He has attracted into his service many foreigners (principally Germans), and has formed the nucleus of a fleet in the Yang-tse-kiang. His vigour remains undiminished by the lapse of years. Ch'un is more active-minded than his elder brother, Kung, and is said to be brave, proud, and anti-foreign; he is a man of great energy and resolution, and is certainly ambitious and warlike. In the last reign he held a high military command in the Tartar army. Kung and Li are the two real statesmen that China possesses; their prudent counsels have always been opposed by the party of ignorance and exclusiveness; they belong to the so-called party of progress; under them there would possibly soon be railways, telegraphs, opening of mines, and inland steam navigation. But all the enterprise, just as much as under Ch'un and Tso, would be directed towards holding their own against foreigners, and would secure for that policy a great prospect of success.

Kung has not always been loyal to Li-Hung-Chang,[1] having often,

[1] One of the last official acts of Sir H. Parkes before his lamented death in March, 1885, was to telegraph to Earl Granville. "Pekin, February 14th, 1885:—I have received the following message from the Viceroy Li-Hung-Chang:—'Being deeply afflicted by the news I have just received of the untimely end of Gordon, my old and trusted friend, and noble, heroic, and unselfish companion in arms, to whom China owes a debt of lasting gratitude, I hasten to express to you, as Her Majesty's representative, my sympathy in the loss which the great British nation has sustained.'"

The following letter has also passed from the Chinese Minister, another of his comrades in arms, to Sir Henry Gordon:—"Chinese Legation, March 5. Sir,—On behalf of the Chinese Government, the civil and military authorities of China, more especially the Viceroys of the provinces of Chihli, Nankin, and Canton, and the whole of the Chinese people, I beg to offer you and the other members of your family my sympathetic condolence with you on the occasion of the death of your brother, the heroic General Gordon. I should have done so sooner had it not been that, hoping against hope, I have up to the present been reluctant to believe that one so brave, so fertile in resource, and so nobly disinterested as your brother, had at last

while in office, played off the mandarins against him, with the result that Li stands out more conspicuously than ever before China as the one Chinaman believed, by a majority of his countrymen, to possess the art of reconciling his nationality with the assimilation of foreign ideas. He was born in 1821; at sixty-two years of age he no longer feels the same vigour as when he put down the Taeping rebellion; in fact, it is evident that the four chief actors at court—Ch'un and Tso, Kung and Li, the brothers who are heads of the two rival parties, and round whom all the intrigues of the palace are spun—are, like the Empress, getting old, and will shortly give place to new men. Li-Hung-Chang's secretary and right-hand man is Ma-kien-Chung, who is about forty years of age, was educated at the Jesuit College, near Shanghai, speaks English and French, and has travelled in India. He is very shrewd and a born diplomatist, and will probably be one of those who will take a prominent part in the next twenty years of Chinese history.

Under the Emperor is the cabinet or privy council, which consists of six members, varying from time to time as may please the Emperor, half of them Manchus and half Chinese. Over these Prince Kung has presided for twenty-four years, with the exception of a curious period of one month's disgrace. On April 2nd, 1865, he was degraded for having grown arrogant; but was reinstated May 8th, not as supreme, but as chief adviser. He is about to be now succeeded by Prince Ch'un. The cabinet meet daily, and the little boy Emperor has to turn out and give audience to them every morning at 4 A.M. Even while he is a child he sits on the dragon throne for two hours to receive their reports, and mark them with the vermilion pencil; the Empress Dowager from behind a curtain prompts his actions. Eight eunuchs wait on him day and night; he dines in solitary grandeur, using gold and ivory chopsticks. Three hours a day are given to learning Chinese, and the same to learning Manchee. His father and mother kneel when

perished. . . . I offer you this tribute of sympathy, sorrow, and admiration as the Minister of a country for which your brother fought and bled, and in which his name will be for ever honoured. . . .
TSENG."

These interchanges of sympathy between the Chinaman and Englishman are as significant of the growth of union between the two nations as were those others that passed between the British public and China when, in 1876, several thousand pounds were subscribed in London and sent to Li-Hung-Chang for the relief of the famine then devastating the provinces of Northern China. "Sunt lacrymae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt." "This evidence of foreign sympathy in the cause of a common humanity made more than a passing impression on the mind of the Chinese people, and in many parts of the country a distinct improvement in tone towards foreigners might be traced to this cause."—Boulger, *Hist. of China*, iii. p. 727.

they speak to him and so of course does every one else. His tutor's father was the tutor of Hsienfung; there is a regular "whipping boy;" when he is free of his teachers he is fond of exercising himself in horsemanship in the gardens of the vast imperial palace at Pekin, or practises with Tartar bow and arrow, or in winter drives in a sleigh. He sleeps in a huge bed, the frame of massive gold and ivory.

Next in rank to the Privy Council come the General Council or "grand secretariat;" they assemble every morning between five and six; and consist of the foregoing privy council, and of the heads of the six boards, or ministries, and of an unlimited number nominated by the Emperor from other chief officers of state; half their number are always Manchus. Though this council (or senate) is not necessarily brought into direct personal contact with the Emperor, yet it is the medium through which the government of the country is consolidated, and in their hands resides most of the real power. The Mikado's privy council and senate closely resemble these two bodies in construction (p. 121). The six boards, or ministries, are those of home or civil service, finance, rites, war, criminal jurisdiction and public works. Since January, 1861, a seventh board or ministry has been formed, that of the Tsungli Yamen or foreign affairs; the president of which transacts business directly and personally with the resident ambassadors in the same way as the ministers of foreign affairs in European countries. As is clear from their names, each board manages the business of its department, under a Manchu and a Chinese president, and the heads of each sit in the general council or senate. Although this government is not representative in the western use of the word, where, in theory, each male member of the community, whether fit or unfit, has a vote for the election of his governors, yet it is certainly representative in so far that all the law makers and law executors are elected by the fittest and from the fittest of the whole male population, as tested by a series of examinations. They have a tendency, naturally, to be literary prigs, more than practical statesmen, but perhaps not more so than the bureaucratic and party prigs of the Western nations. What they are is but the result of a series of competitive examinations logically applied.

Attached to the privy council, to the general council, and to each of the six boards or departments, are two or more members of a body of men called "Censors," or independent critics: their duty is to express their opinions openly, and to freely criticise

any measure proposed to or adopted by these. They are to speak plainly about any defect they may see, and to suggest anything they please. There are forty or fifty of them, and they are responsible to none but their own conscience. Though they have not the actual power of removing members of the senate as the Roman censors had, they occupy a somewhat analogous position in the state. In western nations the press tries to fulfil the same duties.

There is no hereditary aristocracy in China, and no hereditary titles even in the royal family beyond three generations. There are eight imperial houses, who are descended from the heirs of the eight brothers of the founder of the present Tartar dynasty 240 years ago. These "Yellow Girdles" now amount to several thousands, each of whom is entitled by right of birth to a certain allowance and free quarters. Most of them live unlaborious and idle lives, as guardians of ancestral tombs, &c. They are only tolerated if insignificant; and their allowance is now little more than enough to keep them from starving. The sons and brothers of the reigning Emperor are princes for their lifetime only, and even they have no official rank or power without qualifying properly for it by examination like anybody else. Education is the sole criterion of official rank or precedence. The highest title (and it is only a title) given to any subject grows less in succeeding generations, till it finally disappears altogether. If the *title* is of the first class it decreases for four generations by one grade from duke to marquis, to count, to viscount, to baron. If the title given is the second class it decreases for three generations, and then disappears; if of the third class it decreases for two generations, and disappears; and so on for all titular distinctions in China. The result of this is that if the son or grandson of a great man inherits any of their progenitor's capacity, they have the titular advantage of a certain start in life won for them by his merits, and can of course win the highest post, but if they have no merits they fall back into the ranks of the people. There are two curious exceptions to this rule: the head of the Koong family, *i.e.* the direct descendant of Confucius, has the title of duke, and the direct descendant of Koxinga the Sea King is also a duke. These two are the only hereditary and inalienable titles; and the first of these is further remarkable as being the sole survival of the hereditary dignitaries that existed previous to the Manchu conquest: all others were then swept entirely away.

Every official post in China is open for competition: the poorest scholar if he have talent may rise to all but the throne itself; nothing but learning and merit are required. The long duration of the Chinese empire is solely and altogether owing to the operation of this principle. "A good government consists in the advancement of men of talent and merit only to rank and office." This principle has been acted upon for thousands of years, and every Chinaman for generations has been imbued with it. To reward virtue and to punish vice, to advance men of merit, of understanding and of resolution is the one object and aim (on paper), from the Emperor to the lowest official. And it is all done by competitive examinations: a literary graduate though poor is much more respected and really possesses a greater practical influence than the rich but unlearned merchant or landed proprietor. Three very manifest results arise from the steadfast and unvarying carrying out of this principle: first, the strict justice of the principle makes the untalented submit cheerfully, and as a certain path is open to every man of real talent, able demagogues are rare. The republican principles of liberty, fraternity, and equality (the truth of which is said to have only just dawned in Europe) have been carried out logically and practically for generations in China. Next to the permanency of the government, which is thus secured, as nobody of any merit or talent can wish to subvert it, results in the second place in the effectiveness of the public service: as only the wise and talented and determined hold office, public business must necessarily be efficiently performed. No man may hold civil office in his native province; no official is allowed to take a wife from the district over which he has temporary control, nor can he own land in it. Still less can he have a son, brother, or near relative holding office under him. Civil officials are also frequently shifted, and in addition to a constant mutual surveillance a triennial catalogue is made out of the merits and demerits of all the officials in the empire. This we have adopted lately in England in the shape of "confidential reports to head-quarters" both in our army and navy. In the third place the emulation that is fostered by this system of obtaining wealth and rank in the state merely through personal qualifications stimulates the whole nation to healthful exertions. The advantages of education are palpable to all, and one of the strongest passions that rule mankind—the desire of distinguishing one's self amongst one's fellow-creatures—is constantly enlisted on the side of permanent government.

Any man who does not rise must be one who has either no natural ability or no perseverance. And all this effort and exertion, although in the first instance it is called forth by the desire of individual distinction, yet is all consecrated to the service of the State. If by a civilised man we mean one who is impressed by his obligations to others and to the state of which he is a citizen, then since the times of the ancient Greeks and Romans there has been no more civilised individual than the Chinaman, and five thousand years ago they were as civilised a nation as they are now.

The state of China is one huge family of patriarchal constitution. This principle of family life is the second great constituent of their life. Every child from earliest infancy is induced to learn himself the duty of patient endurance; the necessity of subordination and the beauty of a quiet orderly life: these teachings are the pith and marrow of all that Confucius and Mencius wrote, and in fact it amounts to the religion of China. A man's parents, whether in life or death, are so sacred to him that he is bound, not only to die for them cheerfully and readily, but also to sacrifice everything on their behalf. So too any honour he may gain redounds to their credit and ennobles them, which is a far more sensible notion than that of a son getting credit for his father's good deeds. Hence the one quality above all others that distinguishes Chinamen individually and collectively is their dogged and patient perseverance, which is shown in a thousand ways, and before which, in the long run, everything goes down.

The term "mandarin" is applied to all officials. Of these there are three classes, the civil, literary, and military. Each of these classes is divided into nine grades, and each grade again into two divisions, the upper and the lower. These posts are all won by literary examination; an equal number are supposed to be given to Manchus and to Chinese, but practically at the present moment the higher mandarins are chiefly Chinese. Throughout the whole government, the theory of personal responsibility is most strictly carried out; the superior is responsible for every act of his inferior. The salaries of most of them are low, but are supplemented by fees. These, as in England, vary according to the rank and wealth of the litigant. As the wealthy with us are able by a larger retaining fee to secure the services of a more clever and experienced counsel than a poor man can afford, so also in China the rich man is expected to pay more for getting justice. The stories of bribes and flagrant injustice are very much exaggerated, and on

the whole there can be no doubt that substantial justice is administered by the mandarins, and that corruption, though of course it exists, is not nearly so bad as often stated. The witnesses are still examined by torture, if necessary, as was done not only in secular courts of England till quite recently, but has invariably been practised by Christian and ecclesiastical authorities in Church courts; Chinese prisoners are also tortured, but only with a view to extract the truth, and it must be remembered that the Chinaman, like all Asiatics, is far more callous to suffering and pain than his European brother with his more finely-strung nerves; and that, like all orientals, the Chinaman has quite a different notion of truth from the Teutonic race, and has no shame whatever in being detected in a falsehood.

The Chinese Empire is an aggregation of satrapies, under the command of viceroys, or governors, appointed indeed by the Emperor and accountable to him, but having within their jurisdiction almost absolute authority, and a quasi-independent administration and exchequer. The total area of the present Empire of China is some four and a half million square miles. Of these the eighteen provinces of China proper constitute one-third; they form together a country seven times the size of France, and fifteen times that of Great Britain. Each of these eighteen provinces is on an average almost as large as our own country. The area of China proper and of India are about the same; and the conditions physical, geographical, and climatic, are much the same. In both there is a strong tendency to multiplication of the race. In both the population congregates in favoured districts, settles down and multiplies there, till the land scarcely sustains the growing multitudes, while the less favoured districts are left with a scanty, though hardy, population. The population of China proper is probably under three hundred millions, about nine times that of Great Britain, while the area which supports it is fifteen times that of the British Isles. But besides the eighteen provinces of China proper, the Empire includes an area twice as large—Manchuria, Mongolia, Kuldja, Kashgar, Tibet, and Koko-nor. If we allow fifteen millions for the population of this outlying two-thirds of the Chinese Empire, its gross population will hardly exceed that of the whole British Empire. Thus every fourth man in the human race is a Chinaman; and the Britishers and Chinese between them just halve the world.

Nov. 28th.—Up at 6 A.M., and ashore before breakfast after quail

and pheasant. Left the house boats at 9 A.M. in two parties, one on either side of the river. We walked right over the hill and through the woods that skirted its side and top. Many of the fir-trees have strange foliage, one or two of them long fern-shaped leaves. Had a shot at a fox, but did not find so many birds as we expected, although the country is much wilder and rougher than where we were yesterday. Made our way back to the house boat, crossed the river, and made for a hill outside Binghow with a josshouse on top; worked round behind this through a good deal of shrub, and found more birds, but still not so many as we hoped for. Had our lunch, which we brought in our pockets, by some fine tombs, and asked the Chinamen who collected good-naturedly round us if they had ever seen any foreigners before; they said "No." They were very anxious for the empty glass bottles, and were all cheerful and curious; some evidently made rude observations, but these were only a few. The old men were smoking long pipes with very small bowls, just like those in Japan. This town is much less dilapidated than those we saw yesterday; it is entirely surrounded with its own wall, black with age, and moss-covered. Walking in the afternoon, came upon one old josshouse in the country completely deserted and the statue gone, but with fine polished timber roof with carved and gilt corbels, and two fine figures on the ridge of the roof, a lion at one end, and the god on his rice bag at the other, both well carved and gilt. Felt very much tempted to knock them off and carry them away as curios, but did not, though were told afterwards that no Chinaman would object. From the top of the hill looked down on the town, over which the hawks have been wheeling and circling all day long, and can distinguish the three bridges, one of them perfectly level, and built with great straight stones laid horizontally on other blocks of stone set perpendicularly upright. It crosses the river on five such piers. The other two bridges are built on arches, but with the straight upright stones of an older bridge still standing alongside them. The crowing of cocks, the cawing of rooks, the cries of children, and the noise of their talking in the distance are all like the sounds of English country life, while by the side of the path are growing numbers of violets in full bloom. As we make our way over the fields we are continually coming across collections of tombs—the whole country seems one vast cemetery. Some of the graves are in the shape of mounds, sometimes the coffins are bare, and sometimes they are covered over with bamboo leaves or dry brickwork, and in other

places there is the horseshoe-shaped wall two feet high, on which there are signs of the paper offerings that have been burnt for the dead. Paper jackets, trousers, gowns, paper houses with paper furniture, paper servants, money and food are all thus burnt and transmitted into the unseen spirit world for the use of the dead.

Passing through the outskirts of the town went into a carpenter's shop, which was filled with ready-made coffins—long boxes with arched lids which slide on and off; they were of different colours, some painted black and varnished, others brown, and some plain; the newly cut camphor wood scented the whole shop. There is a good deal of fine wooden lattice work all about the outskirts of the town, even in front of barns and outhouses; and everywhere there are signs that the town has seen better days.

The other party shot two or three wild deer but not many pheasants, and some pigeons, quail, and hare. It began to drizzle early in the afternoon, and we were glad to return to the house-boats by 5 P.M., and drop down the river, back through Binghow. We are here 140 miles from Shanghai and only twenty-five from Hang-chow, which we should have liked to have visited. For we have heard a good deal of the Sehoo Lake, with its mysterious caverns, and the largest sepulchral temple in China, 2,000 years old, that of Yu the founder of the Hia dynasty. It is the capital of the Che-Kiang province, and lies eighty miles inland from the sea; it is the southern termination of the Grand Canal, which, however, has no opening here into the river, which flows to the south of Hang-chow. By this last and the sea it has direct water communication with Ning-po to the south, and by means of the Grand Canal and the Wusung river, continuous communication with Shanghai and the north. Marco Polo describes the place as pre-eminent over all other cities in the world in point of grandeur and beauty, a chief feature of which is the magnificent West Lake surrounded by lofty mountains. It was the capital of China during the Sung dynasty, which lasted from A.D. 970 to 1127, and maintained its splendour until Nankin was made the capital. Owing to the short time we have, we think it best to turn homeward.

It was a wet night, and after dusk, as we passed under the bridges we saw many canoes and sampans drawn up under their arches for shelter; by the light of their old lamps the occupants looked steaming and happy. We got on the Grand Canal again at Wohingjao, the tom-toms beating as before; and down it we

retrace our way all night long, with the continuous hullabaloo of the sailors punting the boat about; though we were all in tow of the steam launch. Now and again too we bump up against the side of a bridge in the dark; and then on being shoved off go grating through stakes and nets in the bed of the canal. At other times, as there are four boats in tow, one astern of the other, when those in front come to a halt before the ones in the rear are aware, these come ranging up alongside those ahead, amid the expostulations of the Chinamen. This goes on until a little before daybreak we hear the tom-toms on the canal bank again, and know that we are now leaving the canal and passing through Samien ("stone gate") town; here moored at daybreak eleven miles from Kia Ching.

Nov. 29th.—A dull morning, but promises to be a finer day. We are evidently back in the old flat country, amongst the paddy fields and mulberry trees; but although there are no hills, there are several hillocks, and there seems more cover for game, and we soon find this is the case, as we had much better luck to-day. George brought down a pheasant with the right barrel, and knocked a deer over with the left: its teeth protruded like wild boar's tusks, and it had a hog back.

The country all hereabouts is much cut up by creeks, which sometimes it is awkward to get across, and you have to walk some way along the banks of the dykes before you get a boat, and very often when you do come upon one it is a poopoo boat. The cottages are like sheds, most of them seem very squalid; some few are better, and are like little farmhouses. In one we saw an old tailor sitting at his table working at his blue cotton cloths. The cotton of which these are made is grown here, sent to England to be woven into linen, then brought out again and dyed here with indigo, before it is made into the dress of the people, which hereabouts seem to be loose baggy trousers tied round the waist and round the ankles; the pelisse is padded like a shirt; the shoes are of straw or leather, of not inelegant shape, and serviceable. Outside most of the cottages the rice is spread on large round basket disks—three feet in diameter—to dry; the children all seem happy, and there are many dogs and cocks and hens round each farm. The males of the population are to-day all out busy gathering the tallow-tree berries on big steps, and we have to be careful not to shoot them as we beat and walk right across their orchards and grounds They all seem pleased to see us, are very cunning, and have a keen sense of humour, and when we are resting for lunch they come

and examine the substance of our Scotch tweeds with much interest. To the mass of the people of China the presence of foreigners in the country is a matter of indifference; and a foreigner may usually pass through their most crowded haunts with immunity from personal risk. There has been a fine clear sun ever since midday, and the night comes on bright and frosty, with the moon and stars shining brightly. It is an odd sensation to stand on Chinese soil and look up at our old friends whom we know so well elsewhere in the northern hemisphere. "Quoniam videbo coelos tuos, opera digitorum tuorum, lunam et stellas quæ tu fundasti. Quid est homo quod memor es ejus? Aut filius hominis, quoniam visitas eum?"

"Animula vagula blandula
Hospes comesque corporis
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?"

Nov. 30th.—During the night we shifted a little higher up the river, between three and four miles. Then after breakfast divided into parties and landed again for shooting; we saw some woodcock to day, and got plenty of pheasants, a few quail and pigeon, and another deer. While we were moored, Tso-Tsung-Tang—a mandarin of the first class with a lake-coloured button, the late governor of the north-west provinces of Shan-si and Kan-su, and who has just been promoted to the governorship of these two provinces of Che-Kiang and Kiang-si—passed in his flotilla, which was towed by steam-launches; all the junks comprising it were of brown varnished wood, and the largest junk was like a floating palace, with four decks, two stern-walks, and several saloons highly decorated. Immediately after it there followed several smaller junks containing his sedan-chairs, a large array of flags and banners, and any number of attendants. Ten minutes afterwards came another small flotilla towed by a steam-launch, in which also was another large junk, though not so highly decorated as the first; the rear of the procession was closed by a gun-boat, which was, however, under oars, the men having to dig out to keep up with those ahead. He is going to Nankin, the seat of his vice-royalty. This governor is one of the greatest men in the empire; it is he we heard of two days ago (p. 159), who by his individual and semi-independent action during his occupancy of office completely put down opium culture and smoking in his two provinces. The three most important and powerful provincial viceroys are Li-Hung-Chang, viceroy at Tientsin, the viceroy at Canton, and the viceroy at

Nankin. Peng-Yu-Lin, over seventy years of age, who for the last ten years has been admiral of the Yang-tze, above bribery, and altogether a man after Tso's own heart, is now his coadjutor in these provinces. What they will together effect in them, where the use of opium is still more prevalent than in the north-west, remains to be seen.

Most Chinese who can afford it smoke opium, as Englishmen who can afford it drink beer or wine; but those who smoke to excess in China are in a smaller minority than those who smoke or drink to excess in England. Judging from the amount known to be imported, there cannot well be more than three million habitual smokers, and the same number of occasional smokers out of the three hundred million inhabitants of the empire; and of these there cannot be more than one million who smoke the Indian opium, which is twice as expensive as the native-grown drug. The smokers are as active, as keen in business, and as long-lived as the non-smokers, and rather more free from some forms of malarious disease. Some stimulant would be taken by the majority of the people under any circumstances, and opium smoking has completely enticed the Chinese away from the use of their native ardent spirits, the intemperate use of which is far more hurtful than that of opium smoking. It must be borne in mind that the habitual eating and drinking of opium is altogether a different thing from smoking it, and that it is of course most hurtful, but is practised by comparatively few.

The growth of opium and its manufacture has been progressing fast in Egypt, Algiers, the Zambesi region, Asia Minor, and Persia, as well as in the Chinese provinces of Yunnan and Szechwan in the south-west, where it is officially encouraged by the present viceroys, as well as in the central provinces of China. Its cultivation in Central India, however, is decreasing; although it is superior in strength and flavour to that grown elsewhere, other crops are found to pay better there. Up to the present the receipts from opium to the Indian government amount to over six millions; but this year they have fallen off by as much as one and a half millions. It would seem, therefore, that there is no doubt that ultimately, from economical and political reasons, the Indian opium trade with China is doomed. By the treaty of Tientsin this opium is now legally admitted at a low duty, and the Chinese obtain a net revenue of over two millions sterling from import dues on the Indian drug, and only half that amount from the duties on the home-

grown article, yet they plead for a free right to tax what they please, either for the development of their own trade like any other European nation, or because they may consider the use of any particular commodity hurtful to the community, and therefore tax it, wishing to lessen its use; in the same way as the English Government (with some success) taxes alcohol, and raises the chief part of its revenue therefrom. And there can be no doubt of the sincerity of the central Chinese Government in wishing to lessen the abuse of opium; penal consequences were attached to any connection with the traffic till its import and sale were legalised in 1868. Several princes of the imperial family have been degraded for smoking it to excess (one emperor, at the beginning of the century, kicked his son to death for it), and arrests, fines, tortures, imprisonments, and even executions, have been frequent in the provinces on the same grounds. It is its abuse by the vicious, and it is the generally debauched habits of the lower outcast populations of the cities of China, that have given opium its bad name; for it is the spendthrift, the man of lewd habits, the drunkard, and a large assortment of bad characters, that slide into heavy opium-smoking; hence the drug seems to be chargeable with all the vice of the country; but beer with us is more chargeable for all the ill practices of the British race than opium with the Chinese. But the strongest objection in the eyes of a Chinaman to the foreign opium trade is that fifteen million pounds sterling are annually paid away out of China to foreigners, and that nothing of permanent value is imported for that money. The silver all goes up in smoke. It seems to them that so much is drained from them every year, and the putting forward of the thought that the money is thus going out of the country by purchasing foreign goods is quite sincere. In eleven years (1822 to 1833) they said as much as twenty millions sterling passed away. To one of the retentive and patriotic nature of the Chinaman this is exceedingly hateful; and if allowed to go on unchecked his country, he thinks, will be ruined. A portion of his anger against opium is also real. Some viceroys make spasmodic efforts to stamp out its use, others encourage the growth of the native poppy to thrust out the foreign drug; but these efforts are not self-contradictory or hypocritical if we recognise the practical independence of each viceroy. A change in the policy of a provincial governor is no more hypocritical than the change in the policy of an English minister. To admit opium is also felt as a badge of defeat in former wars. But further,

that the wish to impose an import duty on the drug proceeds from a desire to check its abuse amongst other motives, is shown from their admitting all rice free. There have never been corn laws in China; the importation of rice free of tonnage dues is a sample of the free-trade instincts of the government where the real interests of the people are concerned. Finally, the present Indian opium trade with China is nearly wholly in the hands of the Parsee merchants at Hongkong, and of these chiefly in those of Sassoon. The trade is, however, decreasing steadily. Whatever arguments may be argued for or against the Indian opium trade, it is inevitably coming to an end, as the Chinese themselves are gradually getting more and more land under poppy cultivation, fully and steadfastly purposing to destroy the foreign trade, and to be independent.

In furtherance of the same policy they have lately established machinery for the manufacture of woollen and cotton goods in China. Remembering how bitter was the opposition experienced by Stephenson and his fellow railway promoters in England sixty years ago, can we be surprised at the same misgivings, and the same mistaken forebodings should stand for a while in the way of similar enterprise in China? There is a strong party in the Government at Pekin who wish to introduce every foreign appliance in order to hold their own against the foreigner, and be free and independent to manufacture their own grown cotton into shirtings, instead of sending it to England to be made up for them. China possesses the iron and coal, and in time will have the machinery also. The idea of this party is that China can support itself, that the people can provide themselves with everything they want, and need nothing from the foreigner. If we were in their position we should probably do just the same. They wish to introduce telegraphs and railways (Li has already made six miles to the Kaiping coal mines in Northern Chihli, where they are turning out 600 tons a day already), and armies and ironclads, though they object to pay the heavy salaries required by European officials for laying them down. They have just constructed, and work, with the help of a few Danes, the telegraph line to Pekin from Shanghai and away south to Canton and all the other seaports. Owing to the peculiarity of the Chinese characters, each of which represents a word, not a letter (as in our western tongues), and owing to there being 6,000 of these, there was some difficulty at first in working a code. It is surmounted by having a wooden block, or

type, for each of these, the character at one end, a number at the other. The clerk receives a message in Chinese characters, turns it into numbers, transmits it thus, and the clerk at the other end turns the message sent in figures into Chinese characters again. And in process of time, although their introduction is slower here than in Japan, there is no doubt they will take advantage of all the other European inventions.[1] But with the enormous network of water-ways that already exist, it may be a question how far the construction of railways for traffic would pay. The Grand Canal provides a continuous water communication between Pekin on the north to Hang-chow in the south; and through the two great rivers, the Yellow River and the Yang-tse-kiang—the great arteries of communication between the western and eastern states—which it crosses, goods and passengers can pass from the capital to almost every large town in the empire. Its construction is as great, if not a greater engineering operation than that of the Great Wall. Different portions of it were made at different periods; the northern portion in the seventh century, and the rest down to the fourteenth. Its entire length is nearly 700 miles; at this day there is no work of the kind in Asia that can compare with it, and there was nothing in the world like it when it was constructed. In some places the bed is seventy feet deep, and in others the banks are sometimes twenty feet above the surrounding country, and a hundred feet thick.

This canal is the road by which Pekin, as the capital, drains and draws to itself the wealth of all the empire. Out of its population of a million, 20,000 are Government officials. Situated as it is in a comparatively barren country, and in a position exposed to attack from the north, it could be very easily starved out by a large invading force that would cut its communications. General Gordon writes: "The only power that could go to war with China with impunity is Russia, who can attack them by land. The present dynasty of China is a usurping one—the Manchu. We may say it exists by sufferance at Pekin and nowhere else in the empire.

[1] *Oct.* 1884.—An Imperial decree has been issued (and that, too, under Prince Ch'un's administration), inviting proposals for the construction of railways through the northern portions of the Empire. Mr. Detring, a Prussian from the Rhenish provinces, now in his forty-second year, who in 1864 entered the Customs service and became Commissioner in 1872, and has done the Chinese Government excellent service, will probably have a chief hand in their construction. A contract for the supply of Osnabrück steel rails has already been signed. In Shan-si, the province adjoining the metropolitan province on the west, the extent of the coal-field is incalculably great, while in the immediate neighbourhood iron abounds in profusion.

If you look at a map of China, Pekin is at the extremity of the empire, and not a week's marching from the Russian frontier. A war with Russia would imply the capture of Pekin and the fall of the Manchu dynasty, which would never dare to leave it, for if they did the Chinamen in the south would smite them. I said, 'If you go to war, then move the Queen Bee—*i.e.* the Emperor—into the centre of China and then fight; if not, you must make peace.' The two Powers who can coerce China are Russia and England. Russia could march without much difficulty on Pekin. This would not hurt trade much, so England would not interfere. England could march to Taku and Pekin and no one would object, for she would occupy the Treaty Ports. But if France tried to do so England would object. Thus it is that China will only listen to Russia and England, and eventually she must fear Russia the most of all Powers, for she can never get over the danger of the land journey; but she might, by a great increase of her fleet, get over the fear of England. I say China, but I mean the Manchu dynasty, for the Manchus are despised by the Chinese." Thus politically and economically the present position of the capital is the one weak point in the organisation of China. And yet to remove it would cause a break in the Tartar *régime*. Jehol, the great hunting palace of the Emperors, is further north still on the other side of the Great Wall. With a central capital, say at Nankin (Pe-kin means "northern capital," and Nan-kin "southern capital"), railways in China would bring about the consolidation of the empire —the deathblow of the practical independence of each of the eighteen provinces—and the prevention of famine and rebellion. The authority of Pekin is paralysed a few hundred miles from the capital. Want of communication means absence of control, lack of power, and want of grip. Railways will knit up China as they have knit up South America, and are knitting up Canada and Australia. The palace expenditure is something almost incredible, and the waste surpasses even that at Constantinople or St. Petersburg. There is an army of at least five thousand eunuchs, and although there is only one Empress, there are one hundred and twenty official, and an unlimited supply of unofficial, concubines; and the quantities of silk and precious fabrics that these people are constantly requiring can be well imagined, as well as their appetite for money, food, and other delicacies which has to be ministered to by every province in the empire. And until recently the imperial taxes were levied in kind. This huge wen of a capital must either be removed

towards the south, or in all probability the empire will break up into three or four independent kingdoms. This, however, will be no advantage to the foreigner. The astute doggedness of the Chinese character will gain its end in the long run, however long that run may be. The British trade is declining (that is, the commission trade); the exports and imports are, however, steadily increasing, the trade in fact is passing into the hands of the Chinamen. They not only own but also entirely man the tea steamships both on deck and in the stokehole, and bring them to London.[1]

In the afternoon it came on to pour with rain. When the sun went down hosts of sparrows were chirruping away in the bamboo brakes, instead of the ivy bushes at home; but the night turned out very wet and windy, and as we were moored quite close to the custom house the tom-toms kept sounding every few minutes.

Dec. 1*st.*—Fine morning, but cold. After daybreak dropped down the river twelve miles further, and moored close to Kia-ching; the rain holds up, and the wind quickly dries the soil. This was the best day's shooting we had; there were several bean fields (which seemed to attract the pheasants) and holly bushes about; we found also more quail than before, and some snipe. Towards the evening it came on to blow and rain hard again, and we youlowed down to Kia-ching and through the moat, and were then picked up by the steam-launch, and came to under the stern of the viceroy's big junk, our steam-launch whistling and making a great noise. This was awkward, as the use of steam-launches up the river is altogether forbidden to foreigners; however, he took no notice. After a bit we went on again through the night, all our Chinese crew making a fearful jabbering, every one talking and shouting against the other. What with the boats constantly running into everything they had a chance of, bumping against

[1] The China Merchants Association began business twelve years ago with a nucleus of two ships, its object being to dispossess foreigners of the coasting trade. Its operations extended rapidly, and in five years the fleet had increased to seventeen vessels. The originators were several Chinese acquainted with the foreign mode of doing business. Li-Hung-Chang fostered the company, and procured loans for it from the Government funds, and the carriage of the tribute rice. Its capital until 1881 was small as compared with its expenditure. In 1879 the fleet consisted of twenty-nine steamers. The business done was mainly confined to the coast and rivers of China, the Straits Settlements, and Indo-China; the ventures to San Francisco and London having proved failures. In August, 1884, the fleet, consisting of twenty-six steamers of 23,544 tons in the aggregate, was sold to Messrs. Russel, an American firm, and thus the ships have been saved from the French; and the American flag has reappeared and become absolutely predominant on the coast and rivers of China. Thus has ended one of the most important steps in the industrial progress of China.

the bridges, scraping over the stakes and nets, and swaying from side to side, no one got a wink of sleep all night. But we must not complain, for we have had a very pleasant five days up country, which we have traversed in this fashion for over 300 miles, going over ground seldom if ever visited by Europeans, although just about Kia-ching shooting parties sometimes come up from Shanghai. There are no game laws in China—the land is free to all; but every inch of the ground is covered either with crops or graves, and as we had no dogs to put the game up, and seldom got a shot inside sixty yards, we made comparatively but small bags. The total was only 112 head; Captain Fitzgerald made the best score, and George the next. The fields were all alive with sharp-eyed natives, who watch the course of the wounded game and follow it up, when we are gone. The doctor peppered one yesterday by accident with three pellets of No. 5 shot, but they did not go in deep, and he was able to extract them with an old knife, and sent the man away smiling and happy with ten cents. The only native coin now current is a small copper piece called "tsien," or cash. The piece is thin and circular, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, with a square hole in the middle for the convenience of stringing them. We took several rolls of these ashore with us each morning; it is a most inconvenient coinage, and very debased, twenty-four going to make one English penny; five pennyworth is quite a pocketful of money, and so it is to a Chinaman. It is ticklish work shooting, for it is scarcely possible to bring your gun up to your shoulder without covering a Chinaman. But the exercise, and fresh air and excitement and the wandering over a strange country with the cool north-east monsoon blowing is very pleasant, and the birds, when you do get them, are fine, large, handsome fellows, well fed on the rice and beans. The cocks get up better than the hens; both have the white rings round their necks.

In wandering over the bean or paddy fields we have seen scarcely a single weed, they are all so carefully cultivated by hand; the ground is not only clean, but the soil is evidently most carefully broken and pulverised, and you look for clods and stones in vain; every bean is put in separately, and every single root of rice is transplanted by hand just as we would transplant a young tree, and each of them have their little bath of liquid manure as they are sown. Stable manure is very scant, so human ordure is collected with care and sprinkled over each plant, but is too precious to be otherwise worked into the soil. The straw and the burnt

haulm of the cotton-plant are, however, returned in the way of manure to the soil, and the network of water-ways enables every acre of this vegetable loam to be flooded at pleasure. Any amount of manual labour can be had at fourpence a day. With his cheap communications to large markets through these everlasting creeks and dykes, and with his periodical rains and perfect drainage and abundance of quickly-ripening sunshine, the ordinary Chinese peasant is far better off than the agricultural serf in England. And if some of the Chinamen's homes seem squalid to herd in, they are at any rate better than the dens which some English and Irish landlords think good enough for their Christian brothers. In England too how often will you see a peasant tilling his own land? How often will you find a peasant who has any hope of possessing property or any notion of any right except the right for which he struggles hard—a share in the public alms? In China one or two buffaloes to turn the irrigating wheel or help to plough the paddy fields, two or three goats, a breeding sow, a quantity of long-legged fowls, and a flock of ducks and geese are the live-stock of a farm that supports a hundred labourers. Pork, poultry, and vegetables, and the creatures that swim or crawl about his rivers or canals are the Chinaman's natural dainties, and with them he is content, and fares better than many a poor soul at home.

It being the Princess of Wales's birthday we drank her Royal Highness's health at dinner, in the little cabin of the house-boat, and heartily wished her many happy returns of the day.

Dec. 2nd.—A dull and cloudy morning; it has been raining all night, but clears up after breakfast. It feels colder as we get down towards Shanghai. As the wind is favourable we raise the mast and make sail, but as it is very awkward to steer all four house-boats lashed together, and towed under sail thus, we all cast off, and each make the best of our way alone. The *Ariadne* soon showed us that she was the best sailer, and went gaily away, followed by one of the other boats. The remaining two proved such duffers under sail that they got their masts down again and were towed by the steam-launch; and as the river wound about they thus soon overtook and passed those that were sailing, who were so pleased with their gibing that they declined to be taken in tow. After, however, we had gone some distance further down the river, and found the tide running up strong against us, and that the wind down the longer reaches to Shanghai would also be dead against our sailing friends, so that if left to their own devices they would

scarcely fetch the town that night, we thought it best to haul into the bank, where we waited for two hours until they caught us up.

Round many of the farms hereabouts there were standing the little round stacks of rice haulm, giving them quite an English air, and the fishermen were mending their nets, that were hanging up on the banks on poles just as we see them near fishing villages in England; these nets were woven of hempen thread boiled in a solution of gambier to preserve them from rotting. We did not get down to Shanghai till 6 P.M. When we had put all the heavy luggage bedding, guns, &c., on board H.M. gunboat *Fly*, we went ashore, and walked up to the Consulate, where Mr. and Mrs. Hughes most kindly put us up for two nights. To dinner came Captains Lord Charles Scott, Stephenson, and Long, and Messrs. Patterson, Miller, and Le Marchant. During the dinner the Taotai or Chinese prefect of Shanghai's visiting cards were brought in; they are slips of vermilion paper, eight inches long, and three wide, with the large Chinese characters of his name and rank in black down the centre. The Taotai of Shanghai has many cities and a large area under his jurisdiction. He receives a fixed salary of £200 a year. He has to defray all the expenses of his government, estimated at £40,000 a year. During his three years' term an average man nevertheless makes his fortune; therefore his extra fees, perquisites, and incidentals, must be considerable. After dinner we went to the Lyceum Theatre to see some amateur theatricals by English residents here. They gave *The Rivals;* Sir Anthony Absolute (Mr. Knight), Bob Acres (Mr. C. Ayre), David, the old servant (Mr. Wynn), and Mrs. Malaprop (Mrs. Fairoffer), were all very good. Received a telegram in answer to the one of birthday congratulations to the Princess of Wales which we sent to England yesterday.

Dec. 3rd.—After breakfast we walked along the Bund and English Concession with the consul. His house is at one end of it, by the Soochow river: and the Bund is one mile long and the Concession is half a mile deep. The ground of this was set apart for the residence of foreigners in 1842. In it there are three roads that run parallel to the river, and six others that cut them at right angles running up from the river. In the squares made by these regular streets are the houses and go-downs of the merchants. The trade of Shanghai is valued at about thirty million pounds sterling a year. Many parts of the English settlement have, however, been already reoccupied by the Chinese, and we saw many of the

houses that had been built in European style already being demolished to make way for the houses and shops of natives, who are thus buying up and elbowing out the foreign intruder from his own settlement. We saw many old women and men being bundled along in wheelbarrows, which, though much used in this province of Kiang-si, are not common in other parts of China. They run on one large centre wheel which is covered over with woodwork so as to form seats, just like an outside Irish car: when the wheelbarrow has only one passenger they tilt it up at an angle and run it along thus at the slope. The passenger sits with his arm on the back, one leg up and the other dangling in a loop of rope. They go smoother than jin-riki-shas. Saw also the "slipper-boats" on the river: they are little

WUSUNG RIVER FROM QUAY, SHANGHAI.

skiffs with an arched awning of thin woodwork at the end where the passenger sits: they each have two oars, one worked by the foot and the other by the arms of the rower. They lie at the steps just like gondolas waiting for hire, and are constantly running backwards and forwards to various ships in the river. Lord Clanwilliam is up here in the *Vigilant*, but he returns this afternoon to Wusung. After lunch we went to the paper-chase. As we go out into the country we meet a Chinese funeral, a man walking ahead scattering paper money on the road to bribe any evil spirits that may be prowling about. The meet was in the Bubbling-Well Road, and there Mr. Howy and Mr. Fearon brought the ponies, on which they mounted us, and we rode off at

once with them and Messrs. Patterson and Lowe. We both had capital ponies, and we had some beautiful jumps, especially the water-jump at the finish. The whole run took about an hour. Prince Louis of Battenberg and a great many more came in at the end. The only drawback was that it was raining hard the whole time, so we were soaked to the skin. We came back along the Bubbling Well Road, which is made by the Municipal Council of Shanghai, and is marked at the side by little milestones with M. C. R. on them, and is kept up by the Municipal Council. This is a cosmopolitan body elected by all foreign ratepayers (except the French), under regulations approved of by all the Ministers. Its duties are police, lighting, draining, paving, &c., but it has no legislative nor judicial functions. It employs a large body of police, mostly Chinese, who guard the peace of the settlement; no emissaries from the native tribunals are allowed within the limits of the European concession. Offenders are taken before the courts of their own nation; there are fourteen of these consular courts, each with power over their own nationality, but no staff to enforce obedience to their decrees. Outside the concession limits, and in the Chinese town, are of course the native Chinese tribunals. Besides all these there is a mixed court, presided over by a Chinese magistrate, with a foreign assessor from one of the Consulates, to watch cases in which his countrymen appear as plaintiffs or prosecutors. On the criminal side it is simply a police court for petty Chinese cases. These are the diverse jurisdictions existing side by side, each acting independently of the other. It is a wonder the machinery acts as smoothly as it does; we have elbowed aside the native sovereignty under the ex-territorial clauses in the treaties, and set up a sort of small republic. On either side the road, as we rode home, we noticed many villas of the merchants standing each in its own grounds, all of them entirely outside the settlement and on Chinese territory. Looked in at the English cathedral, a large red-brick building, very broad and with arcades all round, and nearly all the windows filled with stained glass. To dinner came Prince Louis, the Chief Judge Hannen, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Carles and Mr. Wood, and afterwards there was some music and dancing, and several of the English residents came. We went out for a few minutes to see the torch-light processions of the fire brigades. The Bund was very prettily illuminated. There was a football match to-day—officers of the squadron against the Shanghai team—at which the squadron were beaten.

The characteristic feature of Shanghai is the export of silk, of which it is the main *entrepôt*. The best silk is found in the three provinces that border the Yang-tse-kiang, and run right across the centre of China, Szechwan, Hupeh, Che-kiang. It has communication by water through the Grand Canal with Soochow, forty-five miles to the westward, the centre of the silk cultivation.

The mean annual temperature is only 62°, and the monsoon with its changes is barely perceptible at Shanghai, showing how very local is the action of these great currents of air, and how much they are affected by the surface of the land: there is much rain and damp from January to April. The winter months are the most enjoyable, and sometimes in December and January there is a fall of snow and the ice is of sufficient thickness for skating. The months of April and May are genial and pleasant, and beautifully cool at night, but it is the following four months that, owing to its low-lying position, render Shanghai such a trying place of residence for Europeans, so that after a lengthened stay there a change to a more bracing climate is essential to the due preservation of health.

Dec. 4th.—On board the *Fly* by 7 A.M. from Jardine steps: dropped down the river with the tide and arrived at Wusung at 8.30 A.M., in time for breakfast on board the *Bacchante*. We received extension of leave, and returned to Shanghai in the afternoon for one more day. Walked with the consul into the Chinese city, intersected by a canal twenty feet wide; the whole place seemed very filthy and full of stinks. The first impressions of China are said to be thieves, rogues, humbugs, dirt, and stinks; but as every one at first begins by liking the Japanese, and comes afterwards to see their weak points, in China we hear it is usually the reverse: every one begins by disliking the Chinese, and often ends by heartily liking them. Noticed a number of goats tethered together and led along with straw wisps tied on to a long rope, and the men holding up the rope of the train at the end: it looked curious, and must be rather troublesome to drive them in this way. Then we went over Astor Bridge and right through the American settlement at the other end of the town. About one half of the total number of foreigners in the whole of China reside at Shanghai. In all the open ports of China there are about 5,300 foreigners in all: of these nearly one half are British, a tenth are German, scarcely a tenth are American, and about a sixteenth are French.

[A few years ago an Englishman, fresh from home, would have looked upon these handsome buildings and warehouses of the foreign settlement as so many proofs of the energy and enterprise shown by Europeans in this model settlement, the centre of two-thirds of the Chinese trade, and would have been inclined perhaps to feel the stirring of pride within himself thereat. But to-day, somehow, there breathes in the very air here a spirit of contradiction to all this, generated by finding that the whole tone of the local English press in Japan and China, speaking for and on behalf of the mercantile interests and entirely supported by them, is intensely and persistently aggressive, not to say bellicose. The merchant comes to China to make money and to retire as soon as possible; and, rightly or wrongly in his impatience at all obstacles, thinks of nothing but that; often, therefore, when an Englishman, whose sole aim is not to squeeze the Chinese, visits their country, he feels more ashamed than proud of what his fellow-countrymen have done. There is a jingoism of trade, as well as a jingoism of empire. General Gordon knew China, Egypt, and the Mauritius, and he writes thus of all three: "As for the European population in China, write them down as identical with those in Egypt in all affairs. Their sole idea is, without any distinction of nationality, an increased power over China for their own trade and for opening up the country, as they call it. My idea is that no foreign community in a foreign land can properly and for the general benefit of the world consider the questions of that foreign State. The leading idea is how they will benefit themselves. The Isle of Bourbon or Réunion is the cause of the Madagascar war. It is egged on by the planters there, and to my idea they (the planters) want slaves for Madagascar. I have a very mean opinion of the views of any foreign community in another country: though I own that they are powerful for evil. Who would dare to oppose the European colony in Egypt or China, and remain in those countries?"

Let us try and see ourselves as others see us. If we can for a moment imagine that Chinamen should, by a discovery at first peculiar to themselves, come into the possession of some death-dealing compound, then set out for the shores of England, and after worsting our naval and military forces therewith, insist on their right to sell, at a low duty, and such as they pleased, some poisonous compound to the multitudes of our fellow-countrymen; then, further, in order that they might the more readily so do, if we can imagine the all-powerful Chinaman proceeding to take forcible possession of

various outlying portions of our land such as Portland Bill, Southsea Common, Sheerness, and one or two other points round the coast, and on these to erect, with gains extorted from ourselves, his barbarian residences and go-downs—then we shall be able to perceive somewhat the light in which our mercantile policy and community necessarily present themselves to the eyes of Chinamen. And besides all this, the same spirit of contradiction protesting against self-glorification bids us remember, that while we think it a wrong that Englishmen should not have free access to all parts of the Chinese empire, and claim, while we intrude, that we will only be subject to our own consular laws, not to his, we for our part deny the Chinaman the right to come, except in certain numbers and under certain restrictions, to our colonies and shores, and when he comes insist on his observing our laws not his. The freedom we claim for ourselves we deny to him. And further, while we claim the right to introduce our goods, paying if any, pretty much what import dues we please, yet on the other hand when he imports his chief produce—tea—into our country, although it be one which is now almost a necessity of life, yet we load it with an import duty which more than doubles its cost to the English cottager. For it is the British labourer and mechanic who is more concerned in the China trade than any one else, since *two-thirds of the whole exports from China to Great Britain consist of this one article alone, namely, tea; which we tax* 100 *per cent.*

The least that can be asked then of an Englishman, before he proceeds to find fault with the Chinaman, is to try to put himself into the Chinaman's place, and see things from his point of view. Face to face with China, something else is wanted than claptrap about Western civilisation and the most evident motives of self-aggrandisement by those who utter it. The Chinaman feels, and rightly so, that China is a country as large as Europe, and possesses a population sixty millions greater than that of all Western countries put together; that his empire had attained to a high civilisation 2,000 years before the forefathers of the British race were painted savages, herding with the beasts in their native woods and dells; and he firmly believes it will endure centuries after the European kingdoms have disappeared. General Gordon has said: "As for the Chinese, I believe they are the coming race. They are destined to overcome the world and occupy it. They are upright and industrious, and will establish hongs in London instead of importing their tea by deputy—by agents—

and before long they will gradually absorb the commerce and wealth of the world. Li used to tell me, when talking about the railways and telegraphs, 'We will have telegraphs, because they are the ear, and it is well to hear. You push us now, but you will find, perhaps, that we shall go too sharp for you some day.' And so they will! You will see the Chinese merchants established in the great European warehouse."][1]

Dec. 5th.—Up early and started at 8 A.M. for the meet of the draghounds; it was raining the whole time and the ground was very heavy, and though it was very slippery there were but few falls. Eddy rode a pony called "Spalpeen" and George "Black Cloud;" we had a capital run and enjoyed ourselves very much. After changing our clothes at the Consulate, for we were wet through to the skin, we went to a mid-day breakfast with Chief Justice Hannen. On leaving his house we went straight to the Jardine steps and down in the *Bacchante's* steam pinnace

[1] "On leaving London for China," writes a well-known correspondent at Pekin, "I was surprised to find that all the firemen on board the ship were Chinese. The vessel was one of a large line of steamers (Glen Line) trading to China, and I learned that this particular steamer was one of the last to adopt Chinese firemen, the chief engineer being unwilling to employ Asiatics while there were Englishmen wanting bread. He found, however, that he could not help himself. British firemen were so troublesome and so given to being drunk when they got a chance, that with all his preference for his own countrymen, the 'chief' was obliged to give in at last and take Chinamen. Before giving in I think that on one occasion he had to have the ship anchored till the firemen got sober, and on another occasion to go down the channel with the engineers acting as stokers. Then, much against his will, he had to take to the objectionable Chinamen. On asking how the Chinese did, I was told they did first-class, gave no trouble, were always there when wanted, were steady and sober, and in every way competent. It did not appear that very much was saved in wages by employing Chinamen, but the gain was in the absolute regularity with which they performed their work. It is in this way the Chinese are going to conquer, by sober, plodding industry; where labour is wanted they will supply it, and be steady at their work. Some years ago there was a talk of a company importing some thousands of Chinese to London. They will come without a company and without ostentation, they will come only where and when they are wanted; but the alarming consideration in the contest of races is that they can render themselves profitable, and even necessary, to those who are reluctant to use them. If Britain can be made sober she may hold her own, for the Chinaman labours under many disadvantages; but if the steady, quiet, law-abiding Chinaman has as his competitor a man liable at any time to be off work for a day or two through drink, it is not difficult to see who will win. Against industrious perseverance no protective laws can save a country whose working population is given to the interruptions of drinking and 'sprees.' At present Britain has got the start, and for years, perhaps decades, China may be unable to cope with us in manufactures, but no length of start can keep us permanently ahead of unwearying perseverance. China is learning, slowly, it is true, but still learning, Western arts; and when once she has learned thoroughly her lesson, her industrious sober population, if prohibited from working in Britain and the colonies, will produce in her own possessions manufactures which will be lower in price than ours. For some time our name and prestige will save us, but this cannot last for ever, and I am deeply conscious that in the long run no nation which cripples its energies and wastes its income on drink, as Britain now does, will be able to compete successfully with China."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, April, 1884.

from Shanghai to Wusung against the tide in an hour and three-quarters, and got on board about 2 P.M. In the evening busy writing letters for the mail, as we go to sea to-morrow.

WUSUNG TO TINGHAI.

Date.	Distance. Steam.	Wind.	Temperature.			
			Sea.		Air.	
			Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Dec.			°	°	°	°
6	35	N.E. 2·3	54	52	55	51
7	92	N.E. 5·3	52	54	50	49
8	20	N.E. 3·1 Variable	56	60	54	56
Total distance 147 miles.						

Dec. 6th.—At 12.30 P.M. weighed and proceeded in company with the other three ships of the squadron, *Inconstant, Carysfort, Tourmaline* and H.M.S. *Vigilant*, on board of which last the admiral is going to sea; (the *Cleopatra* had previously left on the 26th of November for Hong-kong, to refit, as when the squadron breaks up there, she is to accompany the *Bacchante* afterwards as far as Suez). As we left our moorings the Chinese bumboat-man let off a succession of loud resounding crackers, in order to frighten away the devils who, though unseen, might be lying in wait to do us a mischief. At 3.30 P.M. the squadron anchored for the night off the Blockhouse Light in the Yang-tse-kiang in six and a half fathoms, where the *Foxhound* joined us. This evening there was a total eclipse of the moon.

Dec. 7th.—At 10.30 A.M. weighed and proceeded with the squadron in charge of a pilot, at a speed of eight knots. The admiral hauled his flag down on board the *Inconstant* and hoisted it in the *Vigilant*. At 1.30 P.M. made plain sail. At 3 P.M. stopped, squared the mainyard and discharged the pilot, as we are out of the river, then filled and proceeded. At 4.30 P.M. shortened and furled sails, down royal yards, and formed columns of division in line ahead. At 6.15 P.M. anchored under the lee of the Ragged Islands in ten and a half fathoms. Strong tide running the same as at Wusung. This afternoon we midshipmen had our half yearly seamanship examination. We have been in sight of land all day, and the sun has been warm though the wind is rather cold.

Dec. 8th.—At 6 A.M. as soon as it was light weighed and proceeded under steam in company with squadron, *Vigilant* and *Foxhound*. At 2.30 P.M. came to and moored in nine and a half fathoms off Tinghai on Chusan Island, a pretty anchorage entirely surrounded by hills. It is warmer to-day than it has been for the last few days, the thermometer getting above 50° again. At 3.30 P.M. the admiral hoisted his flag on board the *Inconstant* once more. Chusan Island is so called from its fancied resemblance to a "boat"; its extreme length is twenty-one miles, and it is fifty-one miles in circumference. From the beach at Tinghai on the south to the north shore the distance across is only seven miles. The island is well cultivated and is diversified with hill and dale; numerous small streams run from the mountains, of which the most considerable fall into Tinghai harbour. Its products are rice, millet, wheat, sweet potatoes, and yams; the tea-plant is found everywhere, but is treated with little or no care; the cotton-plant is largely cultivated near the sea. From where we lie we can easily see the wall, thirteen feet wide and nearly thirty feet high, which surrounds Tinghai town. This is of an irregular five-sided shape, about three miles in circumference, nearly encircled by a canal over thirty feet broad, and contains 30,000 inhabitants. Those of our officers who landed found the town full of smells. To the left of the town runs a high stone embankment to prevent the encroachment of the sea on the rice-fields, which stretch away inland behind to the foot of the hills. Every large field has its canal for the purpose of carrying away the produce. The burial ground of the British forces which occupied Tinghai from 1841 to 1846 is situated on the slope of the hill east of the joss-house.

It was on July 4th, 1840, that Commodore Sir Gordon Bremer, in H.M.S. *Wellesley* seventy-four, with four other ships, three steamers, and twenty-one transports, anchored and demanded the surrender of the town and island. The Chinese confessed they were quite unable to withstand such a force, but would do their best, neither could they understand why they were attacked for what had happened at Canton, 700 miles away, and of which they knew nothing. The commodore opened fire, and in a few minutes silenced them, and then 4,000 British landed, out of which number before the 15th of September more than 400 had died of sickness and bad food, and half the total number were in hospital. It was abandoned in February, 1841, but again occupied the second time after another obstinate resistance at the end of September the same

year; but again cholera, fever, and other diseases slew more than 1,000 before the end of the next month. When it was finally given back to the Chinese by Lord Clyde three years after the Treaty of Nankin, it was stipulated in the third and fourth articles of the convention signed at Bocca Tigris, April 4th, 1846, on the part of his Majesty the Emperor of China, that as the Chusan islands completely command not only the entrance of the Yang-tse-kiang, but also that of the Ning-po river, "they should never be ceded by him to any other foreign power." Her Britannic Majesty in the next article consented upon her part, "in case of the attack of an invader, to protect Chusan and its dependencies, and to restore it to the possessions of China as of old." It was by the same treaty, that of Nankin, to which this convention was appendix, that we obtained access to the first five treaty ports, the possession of Hong-kong, and an indemnity of five millions sterling.[1]

[1] The first of the two English wars with China lasted from 1840 to 1842. Its history was somewhat thus:—Up till 1834 the East India Company had the monopoly of all English trade in the China seas, and this was practically confined to a guild of merchants at Canton; and the most important item of their trade was Indian-grown opium. To introduce this into China was, however, illegal. The Queen's Government, in contradistinction to the East India Company, recognised this. In 1838 they warn all English citizens to discontinue the illicit opium trade, and will in no way interfere if the Chinese Government shall think fit to seize and confiscate the same. In 1839 again, the Crown declines to sanction the most important branch of the Indian trade, which the Company had done everything in its power to foster and extend. (Fifty thousand chests were in that year on their way to China.) Commodore Elliot, then the senior naval officer in China, binds himself to help the Emperor to put down the trade, promising that all ships with opium on board should be seized and confiscated. (This illogical position was certain to lead to trouble; the Queen's representative gave solemn pledges and used indignant language, yet at the same time the East India Company grew and imported the drug. The real cardinal objection of the Chinese Government to the opium and all foreign trade, was the departure out of the country of the silver paid in exchange for imports. They tried to rule that each foreign ship should take away as much bulk of exported Chinese goods as it brought of English ones, thus to insure the equalisation of trade. But the true remedy to all trouble seemed to them to lie in the cessation of all foreign intercourse, and efforts were made to extrude us altogether from Canton.) Commodore Elliot, then at Canton, orders the merchants to surrender to him 20,000 chests of opium, all in stock, worth over two millions sterling, which he in turn hands over to the Chinese. They mix it with salt and lime and pour it into the sea. Emboldened by this the Chinese try to stop all commerce. Continual squabbles result between individual English and Chinese, and piracy complicates matters on the river. The merchants appeal to England, to Lord Palmerston, in May, asking for compensation for destruction of opium given up by Elliot's orders. Sailors quarrel, July, 1839, with natives. Two English men-of-war (*Volage* and *Hyacinth*) arrive, and on 3rd November, 1839, engage twenty-nine war junks off Chuenpee. The contest now passes away from the opium question: the issue is right of English to trade at all, or right of Chinese to exclude altogether. In June, 1840, Sir G. Bremer arrives in Canton River with fifteen ships of war, four steam vessels, and twenty-five transports with 4,000 soldiers. He proceeds and takes Chusan, having bombarded Amoy on the way up; but can get no official to take his despatch to Pekin; so sails northward himself for Peiho. Imperial commissioner persuades him to return to Canton, where the matter can be better settled. He returns thither; but after much procrastination, 7th January, 1841, forces the Bogue forts after

AT TINGHAI.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Dec.					
9	Variable 1·2	61°	61°	56°	56°
10	Variable 1·2	61·	61	61	60
11S.	Variable 1	61	61	62	62
12	N.W. 1·3	61	61	54	51

Dec. 9th.—Started with the admiral and captain at 7.30 A.M. in the *Vigilant* for Ning-po, twenty miles up the river; the *Foxhound*, with such other officers of the squadron as wished to go, accompanied. We passed many islands off the entrance to the Min river. Their general aspect is that of ridges of hills, steep and occasionally running into peaks; between these ridges are little fertile and well-watered valleys, the mouths of which have a dyke along the beach, which converts them into plains, on which are grown rice and barley; on the sides of the hills, which are terraced, grow beans, yams, and sweet potatoes.

We enter the river by the town of Chinhai, which is built close to the south-west side of the citadel hill, on the west side of the

"obstinate and honourable defence." Chinese give in, cede island of Hong-kong (which was at once taken possession of, January 29th, 1841), and promise heavy indemnity. But the treaty has to be sent to Pekin and to London for ratification. So meanwhile the fleet proceeds up the river to Canton. On March 1st, the trade is re-opened. In May, Chinese open fire on English ships, and foreign factories are gutted. On May 25th, English after severe fighting take the walls of Canton. May 27th, Canton is ransomed from assault by immediate payment of one and a half million sterling "for the use of the English Crown," and all Chinese troops are to retire sixty miles inland. Trade is re-opened in July; but this is only a local arrangement. Treaty with Pekin is yet unmade: so on August 26th Sir H. Pottinger takes Amoy; Chusan, Chinhai, Ning-po, in the autumn. (In the same winter occurred the British disaster in Afghanistan.) In March, 1842, Chinese attack British at Ning-po. The English fleet move up Yang-tse-kiang to Nankin. Wusung (the port of Shanghai) is taken in June, then the land forces take Shanghai, and proceed by grand canal to Nankin, which falls on August 5th. Three imperial commissioners sign treaty of Nankin, August 29th, 1842, on board H.M.S *Cornwallis*, off Nankin, yielding "Compensation for losses and expenses, and a friendly and becoming intercourse on terms of equality." The indemnity to be paid was five millions sterling (of which one and a half were for the destroyed opium, and three for the expenses of the war). Canton, Ning-po, Foochow, Amoy, and Shanghai to be opened for trade and an English war-ship to be stationed off each. Hong-kong secured in perpetuity. Indemnity may be paid in three instalments; till then the British will garrison Chusan and Kulang-su. About opium, the original cause or pretext of the war, nothing whatever was said in the treaty: it remained illegal and contraband. The mystery still remained how the action of the East India Company was compatible with the solemn pledges and indignant language of the Queen's representative.

stream. From here to Ning-po it is eleven miles, and the river in no place is more than two cables wide (400 yards), although its depth varies from five to two fathoms. The Chinese have erected forts at Mingan and at several places to guard the entrance, as Foo-chow, their great arsenal, is ten miles further up the River Yung, beyond Ning-po; 1,800 native workmen are employed there; over a million pounds have been spent on its construction, and the arms and ammunition there stored are valued at five millions. Two ironclads of 2,000 tons each, and twenty-five smaller ships, have been entirely constructed by native workmen in the dockyard, which possesses a foundry, rolling mills, smiths' shop and all appliances requisite for shipbuilding. The coal used is brought from Keelung, in the north of Formosa. The Chinese troops, with their standards, were all turned out, and we saw them standing in line on the hill-side. At Chinhai, where the river narrows, and where their citadel is, there was quite a show of them. They had borrowed a union-jack from the consul at Ning-po, to be saluted by them, and had asked particularly as to the proper number of guns with which they ought to salute the admiral as he passed, which accordingly they loosed off from their junks as the *Vigilant* steamed by. Chinhai stands on a tongue of land at the foot of a hill abruptly rising from the water and crowned with the citadel. The town is inclosed by castellated walls nearly three miles in circumference. The suburbs and opposite banks of the river were formerly defended by batteries, and 157 pieces of cannon were taken when it was captured in September, 1841, by the British. In the fields, near the river, a number of wigwam-like straw-thatched houses, with thick stone walls twelve feet high, and a door on one side, presented a strange aspect. We were told that they were ice-houses, in which are kept the stores of ice used for preserving the cuttle-fish, which are caught here in large numbers, and cured. The sea here swarms with them.

At 11.30 we anchored off Ning-po, in the river opposite to the British Consulate, where ships drawing twelve or thirteen feet of water can easily lie. Ning-po ("Peaceful Wave" city) is about the size of Leeds, and contains over 300,000 inhabitants, industrious, enterprising, intelligent, and mild in disposition; it is the most important city in Che-kiang next to Hang-chow. The Chinese district magistrate, the Kin-hien, at once came to call on the admiral, and offered excuses for the absence of the Taotai, or prefect, who had gone down to Chin-hai to meet

the Fu-tai, or intendant of circuit, his superior, who was himself coming down to pay his respects to the admiral. After lunch, we landed and went into the town, and went first to see the wood-carvings. There were some very pretty little models and groups of Chinese figures, more finely cut than the Swiss wood-carvings; but the man who gained the prize medal at the Philadelphian Exhibition is dead, and the business has much fallen off. We had to go in Indian file through the streets of Ning-po, which are very narrow, and the admiral was carried in a cane sedan chair with green sunshades. The stinks are something awful, and we were jostled at every turn by running Chinamen carrying burdens suspended at the end of bamboo poles over their shoulders. We made our way first to the most striking building in Ning-po, the Tien-fung-tah (the Heaven-conferred pagoda), a six-sided, seven-storied building, 160 feet high, up which, by means of a flight of narrow stone steps, winding round and round inside, we all went to the top. The air there was deliciously fresh after the stifling streets, and the view over the whole town and country round, although somewhat monotonous and grey, was different to any we had seen elsewhere. The plain in which the city lies is an amphitheatre, stretching away from twelve to eighteen miles on one side to the base of the distant hills, and on the other down the river, alive with all kinds of boats, towards the ocean. The circumference of the walls is not more than five miles; they are about twenty-five feet high, fifteen feet wide at the top, and twenty-two at the base, built solidly, though at present somewhat dilapidated and overgrown with grass. The ornaments that used to project from each storey of the pagoda are all broken off, which gives it a battered and damaged appearance. In the bottom storey there is the small image, with joss sticks alight in front. From here we went to the temple of the Tea Merchants' Company, a new and very extensive building consisting of a series of courtyards, halls, reception-rooms and small theatres, both in the first and second storey, for the accommodation of the members of the guild, who meet here periodically from all parts of the province for the transaction of business, to hear news and prices from abroad; it, in fact, is a sort of exchange. The province of Che-kiang (or "Winding River" from the river Che, which runs across its southern part) is the smallest of the eighteen provinces of the Chinese empire, and occupies the south and most eastern portion of the great central plain of China. Within its limits, and on its varied soil, are produced silk, tea,

cotton, rice, and drugs; minerals, coal, and iron also abound in the neighbourhood of the hilly regions which lie upon its borders. The greater part of the tea exported is grown in this province, and in the two neighbouring ones, Fukien and Kiang-su. Ning-po and Foo-chow are two of the principal tea ports in China. Each little farmer raises tea as he does cotton, silk, or rice; there are few large plantations. The seeds are sown like the rice, first in beds, from which when they are a foot or more high, they are transplanted into rows four feet apart. The leaves are picked when the shrub is three years old; at seven it is at maturity, and, with care, will live for twenty years. Patches of ground on the hill-side above the paddy fields are the favourite situations. One plant will yield eighteen ounces of leaves, the average yield, however, being only one-third of that. There are three crops in the season, the first and best about the middle of April, the second the first week in May, and the third about the middle of July. The natural tea, the most delicate and best perfumed, made with the leaves of the extremities of the branches plucked before the first rains, is kept by the Chinese for themselves. Highly esteemed by the richer classes, it sells at heavy prices. One man will pick thirteen pounds of leaves in one day, his wages being three pence. After picking, the leaves are sorted, and the worthless ones put on one side; the rest are spread on bamboo trays and dried in the wind, and afterwards gently rolled and rubbed until red spots begin to appear. From this labour the tea is called kungfu, or "worked," whence the name Congo; the leaves are then taken by handfuls and sprinkled on a heated iron pan till each leaf pops, and afterwards rolled upon bamboo tables in order to drive out the oily juice. They are again placed on basket trays and exposed to the air to complete the drying; sometimes they are finished up by being further dried over a charcoal fire. Green tea is that which has been dried more rapidly than the black, and contains therefore more of the essential oil than the latter. The cheaper green is made by sprinkling the leaves with turmeric powder.

The roof of the chief temple of this tea-guild-house is supported by elaborately carved stone pillars, with dragons in relief twisting round and round them; there is much good woodwork in the roof and screens, but the metal work and the finish of the statues is very inferior to that we have lately seen in Japan. In the centre of the quad is the stage for the actors, who perform the

plays acted here in honour of the patron deity, and here there is plenty more of admirable wood-carving. We then went on through the town and into several shops, amongst others to a large silk merchant's, who ushered us into a sort of hall with open sides, at the back of his store, where, when we were seated, tea was first served before proceeding to business, and then different rolls of satin and silk, in pieces, were brought out and displayed with much circumspection and dignity by the merchant.

After leaving this, we walked back over the bridge of boats, 200 yards long and five broad, made of planks firmly lashed and laid upon sixteen lighters closely chained together, which could be opened, however, to allow the passage of large boats up or down the river; thus into the town, and through a grave-yard of ancestors in the midst of the houses, and got on board the *Vigilant* about 5.30 P.M.

Two hours later we went to dine with the consul, Mr. Allen. The Consulate is an airy, red-brick house in European style, standing in a large garden which lies opposite the northern face of the city and outside the Salt Gate.

To dinner came the American consul, who was full of the Queen's concern at the death of President Garfield; and also Mr. Hoare, the missionary, and a few other Europeans.

Mr. Hoare told us several very interesting facts regarding the work of the Mission. He took his degree at Cambridge in 1874, and has organised a Mission on the lines of a Christian brotherhood, he and his fellows living amongst the Chinese as themselves. He considers that they are really getting hold of the natives, and that they do good in showing the Chinamen "what sort of life a man can lead," free from sensual and mean vices, and entirely devoting himself to the good of others. The Chinese (curiously enough) are very fond of English chants and hymns, and readily accept and take home to themselves the simple elementary gospel truths, and feel the personal need of a Saviour, and forgiveness of sins. But the vast majority think the teachings of Confucius (he was born 550 years before Christ) and of the other religions (Buddhism and Taouism) engrafted on them, immeasurably superior to ours. They point to our prophets and sages as men of yesterday, and look with comparative contempt upon our literature, laws, and customs. To become a Christian seems ridiculous, and a disgrace, in the eyes of an educated Chinaman. Again, all real or alleged converts to any form of Christianity become extra-territorial

subjects, cease to be Chinese, and become English, French, or Russian. The English, however, will not be responsible now for any one whatever who claims protection as a British subject, unless he pays an annual poll-tax of five dollars to the Consulate and registers himself. So it needs a considerable sacrifice for a Chinaman to join the Christian Church, out and out, and a great break with much that lies at the root of a Chinaman's nature, for the missionaries insist on the removal of all ancestral tablets from their houses, and an utter abandonment of reverence at tombs. Some persons have expressed surprise at this last, because the feeling thus manifested seems a wholesome one, and rather to be utilised than subverted, more especially as the doctrine of the communion of saints, as held by the Church, is only another form of reverence for ancestors; and the pouring out of libations, and burning paper and candles at the grave is after all but little more than a family meeting at a social feast, with a few simple prostrations and prayers to the dead. Having found that many of the boys on learning English went off to better themselves as servants at hotels, or private families, they have given up teaching them English at all now, and train them in Greek instead. The Catholic missionaries (following the examples of the Buddhists who perpetuate their priesthood chiefly by purchasing orphans and poor children and rearing them), buy orphan children, teach them, and then send them out to spread their religion. But many Chinamen cannot make out why the children are bought, and still believe that it is done in order that medicine may be made from their eyes—in fact the Tien-tsin massacre, in June, 1870, was partly occasioned by a witty missionary showing some bull's eyes (toffy drops) in a bottle to a Chinaman, and telling him they were children's eyes; the man did not understand the reverend gentleman's wit, and on going amongst his own people inflamed their general irritation against the French Roman Catholic sisters for kidnapping children, by a veracious description of the horrors he had seen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears from the mouth of one of the missionaries themselves. But when properly taken hold off, and properly dealt with, the Chinaman is capable of very great fidelity, and of much that he never gets credit for. "When the Chinese really embrace Christianity they will become the most powerful nation in the whole world; and probably become our best teachers in religion and morals."

At 11.30 P.M. started in five house boats with the consul to go

up to Tung-Ho. As we passed in front of the city, fireworks, maroon crackers, and illuminations were eased off for us by the Chinese. Just at midnight we came to our first "haul over." It was a bright moonlight night, and we turned out to see this process. The boats are each bodily hauled out of the river up an incline at about an angle of 30°, for a distance of about fifty yards (or about three times their own length) by means of thick hawsers passed round their sterns and made fast to windlasses on the top of the bank. The naked figures of the Chinamen working at these windlasses in the light of the fire and lamps had a weird effect as they chanted some monotonous sing-song. As the boat is tilted up and slowly jerked forward up the incline, everything in the cabin that is not stowed or made fast fetches away, and one has to keep a careful eye especially on the little stoves. Once arrived at the top of the bank the boat slides by its own weight down the opposite slippery muddy incline into the stream beyond, this movement of course being far more rapid than the preceding. The first boat that was "hauled over" was one containing the Chinese policemen who are going with us. We youlow all the night, and in some places we are towed from the path.

Dec. 10th.—Woke at dawn and found we were at the foot of a second "haul over," leading into Tung-Ho ("Eastern Lake"). They wound the boats up a steeper and longer bank even than the one we passed last night. These "haul overs" act the part of locks; the water in the lake for instance, is now considerably higher than that in the canal we have just left, and, in fact, if this bank was cut through, the whole bottom of the lake would probably be left perfectly dry. On the other hand, the "haul over" we passed last night is made by reason of the need of banks alongside the river whose waters are often at a higher level than that of the surrounding country. At 7 A.M. we all got into sampans, each manned by a single Chinaman, and then dispersed all over the lake to shoot wild duck. These sampans are covered in at the bows with a sort of round hood, beneath which the sportsman is concealed until he can get within shot of the birds. We saw a great many duck, but they nearly all passed over-head out of range. The house boats youlowed across half-way over the lake to the pagoda, where we all came in for breakfast, which was spread on the shore about 11 A.M. The lake is forty or fifty miles in circumference, but nowhere more than five or six feet deep; in any other country it would probably be drained off, but here it is kept dammed

up for the sake of the fish, and all over its surface there are a number of little fishing-boats and wild duck in flocks skimming the water. After breakfast we walked to the top of the hill, and had a look at the stone pagoda which stands there, as the inscription states, "for the stability of the kingdom, and for the happiness of the people," that is, to keep the Fung-shui straight, and make "square the geomancy of the hills." This notion has reference not to the triangulation of an ordnance survey of the country, but is concerned with "squaring" the evil deities, and circumventing them in some mysterious manner; its maintenance also is pleasing to the good spirits of propriety and order. The Chinese notion of the hidden relationship which exists between various eminences and hills reminded us (although the two things were totally unconnected) of the way in which the groups of barrows are arranged on the summits of the downs all along the southern coast of England, where each group is always within sight of another. Then away each man in his own sampan again. Several of us, however, met in the course of the morning on the hillside across the lake, where we landed to walk through the dwarf fir-woods looking for game; there are wild deer, boar, and pheasants; of the first and last we saw a few, as well as many pigeon. It was a steep climb up the hill, and beyond the pretty view and the exercise we gained nothing. Shot a couple of long-tailed jays of most beautiful plumage for preserving. In some places the wild azalea (which, along with the clematis, the wild rose, and honeysuckle, are especially abundant around Ning-po and in Chusan) was still in pink blossom on the lower slope of the hill; while down by the shore fringing the paddy-fields were the tall green bamboo brakes. We took to our sampans again, and were punted about the lake after the grebe, divers and water-fowl that abound here in any numbers, until at the end of the day all the boats rendezvoused at Louey-ku-shan or the "Thunder-drum-hill," so-called because here is the drum which the villagers work with the foot, the sound of which drives the fish into the weirs and nets near the shore. Had another walk over the hills at the back of this village under very fine old Scotch fir-trees, where also there were a number of tombs, rather different in shape to those we had seen in the neighbouring province of Kiang-su, when up country from Shanghai. These are walled, not horse-shoe shaped like those; in the centre of the space thus inclosed is a cube terminating in a pyramid, both together being about four feet high. The view over

the lake reminded some of us of Killarney; the varied outline of the hills in the distance, with the greyish green, blue, and brown tints on their sides, had a very pretty effect; the day was showery, but the sunlight broke upon the waters here and there. Wandering on the hill we came across a very well preserved temple, not at all out of repair, and with an avenue of stone animals, life size, leading up to it, similar to the avenues of sphinxes to the Egyptian temples, or the pictures of similar but more grotesque images that line the approaches to the shrines of the South Sea Islanders. We heard that there was a branch of the Ning-po Mission here. When our party gathered together we left the lake down the "haul over," which was much easier work than coming up in the morning all the boys and lads of the village turning out to work the windlass, cheering and hallooing finely. Dropped down through the town, and then came alongside the bank for dinner; there were eight of us sitting round a little square table, each side of which was four feet long, and the cabin in which it was set was so small that all the dishes had to be handed in and out by the door. This done, we got under way, each pair retiring to their own house boat, and soon turning in. All through the damp night we went bumping along against the bridges that span the stream, much in the same way as during our former excursion up the Grand Canal.

Dec. 11*th.*—A moist, close morning, when we find ourselves moored outside the village of Hsiao-ba: white fleecy clouds are hanging over the hills, and give promise of the dull morning turning into a hot day. After breakfast had service, and then started at 10 A.M. for a Sunday walk to Tien-Dong monastery. We passed first through the village of Hsiao-ba, with its most horrid smells, and open latrines, with poopoo-tubs under them for the use of passers by (such are their country manners), and which are removed at intervals, as every ounce of ordure is treasured for the fields; here and there in the village are moored boats full of this filth ready to be towed away down the little canals to the paddy-fields. The stench, in its pungent sameness, on this close muggy morning, was the strongest we ever experienced. The path leads up the valley to the pagoda on the crest of the hill, on the top of which and close by, and spanning the path, is a large shady rest-house. Although it is only a footpath, it is carefully paved with stones the whole way; on either side, as the sun gets warm, the grasshoppers are chirping in the fields. After passing the summit we come down on the other side into a valley with a stream of

pure running water, and then turn to the left through another long village, abundantly supplied with open latrines. In one house a number of Chinese children are going through their lessons, exactly in the same sing-song as one hears in an English village school when the multiplication table is repeated. On the outskirts of the village is the ancestral temple of the Qwan clan. On its roof are some well-carved wooden images, and the brackets which support the overhanging eaves are well executed. Under these eaves run a series of pictures illustrative of filial piety, and the series is continued on the screen which faces the gate, but on the opposite side of the footpath. In one of these pictures the good youth is represented as being stung with mosquitoes for his father; in another the lesson is taught how robbery (in this case of peaches) is excusable if committed for the sake of parents; in another, a young woman is nourishing her old father in his second childhood from her breast; in another, an old man has dressed himself in boy's clothes, in order not to remind his still more aged father and mother of the length of years they have endured, and by his childish gambols comforts them in the belief that he and they are still young; and in another is a strange representation of the right of parents even to sacrifice their children, the child is being burnt, and afterwards in its ashes is discovered gold dust, and then, phœnix-like, the child rises to new life, and is restored to its parents. After passing through the village, we follow the path up the valley, to the left across the paddy-fields, at the bottom of which the bullocks are drawing the plough, until at last we come to the beginning of a long grove of fir-trees, leading up to the monastery of Tien Dong. The path is paved with stone, and on every twenty-fifth slab the lotus is sculptured. There are several wooden porches at different parts of the road which leads up on through the woods. There is a delicious English-like scent of autumn leaves upon the ground, which, however, are all neatly swept away in the garden of the monastery, round the large lotus tank which stretches across its whole width. We arrived there at 12.30 P.M. The buildings are grouped round three fine halls that rise on the slope of the hill, each behind and parallel to the others. The first hall contains the statue of the future Buddha and the four heavenly kings; the second hall contains statues of the three Buddhas, and the third is used as a granary for the rice. The statues are decidedly poor in expression. There are numbers of side rooms round the three courts, some of which are occupied

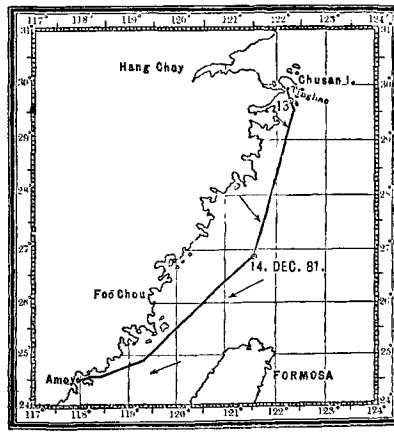
by the monks, and others by the pilgrims, who come flocking from far and near to this temple. The refectory is an old and large one, with a seat at a separate table for the abbot (who is now away at Shanghai); the other monks sit at their long thin tables down the body of the hall. There seemed to be many other small courts opening out behind this and off the other large ones, and extensive cloisters of old woodwork leading across and round them; in one of these we saw a large fish-shaped gong of camphor-wood, which was suspended, and struck on its hollow sides by a wooden hammer every hour. The whole day is divided into twelve hours, which begin at 11 P.M.: each of their hours (which equals two of ours) is further subdivided into eighths, each of which contains fifteen of our minutes. The whole day has therefore ninety-six of these. A common substitute for clocks are time-sticks—long round pieces of twisted stuff, made of clay and sawdust; the longest will burn for a week, and the amount burnt in the hour is marked on it. There are twelve months in the year, each of twenty-eight days. The week days have no distinctive names like ours, but are numbered from the first to the last, from the beginning of the month, each of the twenty-eight being called after one of the twenty-eight signs of the zodiac into which the Chinese heavens are divided, and are named after their presiding animals—the rat, ox, tiger, hare, dragon, serpent, horse, sheep, monkey, cock, dog, boar, &c. We had our lunch, which we had brought in our pockets, in a cool stone-paved reception chamber, in which were a series of square-backed wooden stone-seated chairs, with a small square table beside each. In here was a black marble tablet sculptured with the autograph of the Emperor Chung, of the Ming dynasty, who reigned in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Up stairs, overhead, we went into another chamber, from the open balcony in front of which a fine view was obtained, looking away over the monastery, and down the valley up which we had walked in the morning. The hills are mostly covered with firs, but here and there they are interspersed with deciduous trees, now bright with autumn tints and glints of sunlight. There are 200 monks attached to this Buddhist monastery, and the acres of paddy-fields all down the valley belong to the monastery and go for their support; those which we saw to-day had bright, cheerful, intelligent faces. We noticed on their heads, which are of course all clean shaven, the spots or marks burnt by joss-sticks, whenever they make

an extra vow. One of them sat with us while we had lunch, and was about to partake of some of the biscuit we offered him, but stopped abruptly short when reminded by another Chinaman who was sitting by, that they might perhaps contain animal fat, and to these Buddhists all animal matter is of course forbidden as food. We walk back to the boats the same way by which we had come, down through the woods, past the gate (or pai-low) to virtuous women, which, like a Japanese torii, rises on one side of the path, and then through the tolerably clean village, and so by the ancestral temple, and up the padoga hill with the shady rest-house of "Probity and Honour," on the seats of which we were glad to rest a while. We passed lots of people going up and down over the hill with heavy burdens at the end of poles, which they carried over their shoulders: they went along for the most part with light step and a swinging trot, the packs at the end of the bamboo poles vibrating in time to their step. They seemed not at all surprised to see foreigners. Over the hill we met some of the priests in yellow, with great white umbrellas, going back to the monastery. We got back to Hsiao-ba, taking it leisurely, by 4 P.M. Passing one house, we heard a woman at the orthodox wailing, either for the death of her child or on the anniversary of it. We met a funeral procession led by a man carrying a gong, which he beat now and then. A little in his rear came a child with white banners, and then, at a little distance further, a man with another gong, and next to him the wooden coffin of the deceased, borne on poles. They were carrying it to set him down in the midst of the fields, outside the village, which he had tilled when alive. Some distance further in the rear we met his widow, supported by other women, "going to the grave to weep there." At a shop in the village we bought some excellent fresh cumquats; often as we had tasted them preserved, this was the first time we had done so fresh. We had dinner at seven on the bank, and one of the party incautiously placed his chair at the edge of a deep hole, into which, in the midst of eating his soup, he suddenly descended backwards, head over heels, and was, for a few moments, completely lost to sight. The paper Chinese lanterns, suspended from the trees, cast but a feeble light over the scene. At 8.30 P.M. the boats got under way to youlow back through the night to Ning-po.

Dec. 12th.—We passed the "haul over," and arrived at Ning-po at 3 A.M., got up leisurely, and after dressing in the house-boats

went on board the *Vigilant* to breakfast; it was very wet and cold. We were under way at 10.30 A.M., and proceeded back to Tinghai; it was showery on arrival at 2.30 P.M. The *Vigilant* went alongside the *Inconstant*, and the admiral hoisted his flag on board her again. We found some of the officers, who had gone on shore at Tinghai, had some fair sport in the paddy-fields with snipe and teal. The midshipmen's half-yearly examination began to-day, and we have had our algebra paper.

TINGHAI TO AMOY.



Date.	From Previous Noon				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Dec.					N.	E.	°	°	°	°
13	...	...	14	N.W. 2·5·3	29·46	122·16	59	56	54	51
14	S. 10° W.	184	10	N.W. 4·6	...	...	56	54	58	58
				N.E. 5·6						
15	...	224	...	N.E. 1·4·1	...	...	65	64	59	60
		408	24							
Total distance..... 432 miles.										

Dec. 13th.—Had Euclid examination from 9 A.M. till 12 A.M.

At 9.30 A.M. squadron weighed, and proceeded under steam, in single column line ahead, out through the Melville and Vernon channels; the sun was shining brightly, and gleaming on the hillsides. Tinghai is the prettiest anchorage we have yet been in. All the

islands of the Chusan archipelago are of different shapes, some cultivated in fields to the summit, others grey, bare rocks, others again brown and green. We see, as we leave, the Chinese soldiers with their banners in large numbers turned out on the hill-side above the town. We were to have visited the sacred island of Pootoo, to the east of Chusan, on which are a number of Buddhist shrines and temples, but gave it up. At 2 P.M. we were outside the Chusan archipelago, so made plain sail, set stunsails both sides, then got the screw up, and with a fair wind from the north bowled along over eight knots. The sea is even yet very yellow, but it is quite pleasant to hear again the rustle of the water alongside, and to be at peace a while from the rattle of the screw. Until dusk we are within sight of the mountainous coast of China.

Dec. 14*th.*—Warmer, wet, dark, and showery; we are running down before the north-east monsoon, over ten knots, and are rolling a bit. Trignometry examination to-day. At 9.30 P.M. sighted light on Turnabout Island, and then altered course, bringing the wind on the starboard quarter, which increased our speed. It is just twenty years to-day since the Prince Consort died.

Dec. 15*th.*—During the middle watch we were going thirteen knots over the ground, and at daylight were in sight of land. At 7.30 A.M. took in two reefs in the topsails. Met a German corvette, the *Leipzig*, (twelve guns, 2,856 tons), coming out of Amoy, who exchanged salutes with the admiral. At 9.15 A.M. shook out a reef. At 9.20 A.M. down screw, and at 10.20 A.M. made plain sail and so proceeded into Amoy outer anchorage under sail, but with steam ready if required. Came-to just before noon. Found here the German corvette *Stosch* (sixteen guns, 2,856 tons), flying a commodore's burgee. After dinner Mr. Forrest, the consul, came off. The German corvette sailed. This is a very pretty anchorage, and is surrounded on three sides with hills. Ahead of us is the island of Kulang-su, the centre of which is one strange-shaped mass of conglomerate, rock 302 feet high, which appears from here like one huge boulder, and rises above the European houses that stand on the beach. Kulang-su is one mile long, north and south, and the same in breadth, and four miles in circumference. It is separated from Amoy by a channel about 500 yards in breadth.

Dec. 16*th.*—Dull, damp and drizzling; at 8 A.M. loosed sails, but furled them shortly afterwards, as it came on to rain. We had the practical navigation paper in the forenoon, and landed in the afternoon on Kulang-su.

AT AMOY.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Dec.		°	°	°	°
16	N.E. 1·3	63	63	59	58
17	N.E. 1·3	63	64	59	58

It was on the 25th August, 1841, that Sir Hugh Gough and Admiral Parker arrived off Amoy, and took it on the 27th. The *Wellesley* and *Blenheim* each fired upwards of 12,000 rounds, and the cannonading from the seven other ships of war, four steamers, and twenty-three transports, was continued for four hours without the least real damage to the fortifications, and killed only twenty-five people. The Chinese stood to their guns "right-manfully." It was not until the troops landed that the place was taken. The Island of Kulang-su was then garrisoned by 550 English troops, and the rest moved on to Tinghai. The Chinese naval officer in command, seeing the day lost, committed suicide to save his honour. Amongst the Chinese war-junks was found a two-decker, built on the foreign model, and carrying thirty guns, ready for sea.

Walked up to the Consulate, past the English club-house. The former occupies a very commanding position on the high ground on the eastern side of the island, and stands in the midst of a lovely garden with a beautiful view out over the bay and the islands beyond. We saw all sorts of curios in the house, china vases from the Summer Palace, and the two writing-cases of the Emperor, on one of which was found the despatch just begun but left unfinished when the troops entered the palace; some magnificent enamelled jugs and pans, and lots of stone snuff-bottles, one of tourmaline and another of moss-agate. The island is the favourite residence of the European community (they number 200, and are chiefly English), whose houses of business are across the channel in the native town of Amoy; it is covered with their villas and houses, each standing in its own garden, and in more or less airy situations.

Walked right round the island, on some parts of which there is a broad, sandy beach, and on others low, rocky cliffs, with Chinese burial-grounds atop; in other parts are low-lying spaces, cultivated

by the Chinese for garden produce. The Europeans, however, are trying to buy up the whole of the island, in order to keep them out of it. We saw two fellows with a bucket slung in the middle of a rope, the ends of which were held by each, dipping it down into one pool, and swinging it up to one on a higher level.

All the Chinamen here in this Fukien province wear turbans; they were the last to give in to the Tartars, and in this way conceal their pig-tails, which were imposed upon the Chinamen as a sign of subjection by the Manchus; and it certainly gives their features a far better appearance than the ordinary Chinaman bears. The ancient Chinese wore their hair long, and taking pride in its glossy black, called themselves "the black-haired race." It was not till 1627, in the reign of Charles I., that the Manchus obliged them to adopt the Tartar pigtail fashion, in sign of allegiance. Labourers often wind it round the head out of the way when at work.

We visited a very good joss-house at the west end of the island; it has some fair bas-reliefs of carved tigers and dragons on slabs at its entrance. We were able to sail off to the ship in the officer's boat, for a light breeze had sprung up in the afternoon, although there is a lot of stuff in the way of clouds and drift hanging about overhead, which are said to be the tail end of a typhoon which they have had at Manilla 600 miles to the south, for it is generally beautifully fine at this season of the year.

Dec. 17*th.*—Fine morning, nearly a calm. Started from the ship at 10.30 A.M., with other officers for the picnic which is being given to-day on shore. We landed first on Kulang-su and went into the club, where there was a capital bowling alley, and billiard and reading rooms; then up to the Consulate, where planted trees in the garden, and back to the landing place, crossed the channel in ferry boats to the stone-hewers' stairs just outside Amoy, and under the rock cliff (one of the leading marks for entering the port), on which is an inscription in honour of Koxinga the sea king, who, in 1657, with the Chinese forces who had fled from the Tartar conquerors, started from here to take the island of Formosa from the Dutch, and did so in 1662; the Dutch afterwards attacked him here and were beaten off. His son subsequently opened a trade with the English, both here and in Formosa. The native town of Amoy or Hia-mun ("the gate or harbour of Hia"), is the most important and best-known port in the province of Fukien, and 150 years ago was the seat of a large foreign commerce. It stands on the south-west corner of the island of Quemoy, which is

twenty-two miles in circumference. It was one of the first five treaty ports that by the Treaty of Nankin in 1842, were opened to European commerce. Amoy is the *entrepôt* of an extensive foreign trade in which British merchants are largely interested. The tea and sugar trade of the island of Formosa, which is yearly increasing in importance, is carried on by agents of Amoy firms. The value of the trade in which foreigners are directly engaged is between seven and eight millions sterling per annum. Several lines of steamers visit the port, and there is regular communication with Hong-kong, Formosa, and Shanghai. Amoy is also the centre of a large emigration; the great bulk of the colonists who crowd to Singapore and our Strait Settlements come from its immediate neighbourhood. We walked up through the native town, which is very dirty, with its narrow streets, and out through the fortified wall under a fine gateway of stone; then on through the country to the temple of One Thousand Rocks, where the picnic was given by the foreign residents to the officers of the squadron. The entire circuit of the city is about eight miles, and contains a population of over three hundred thousand, about the same size as Ning-po. There are large numbers of china-asters growing in the fields around Amoy, and the path leads up the valleys and amongst the hills, which contain some ancient tombs and sepulchres excavated out of the rocks, a mode of interment by no means common in China nor at present in use even here. Arrived at the scene of festivity, three miles out from the town, found there were several Parsees there, and the old Buddhist priest in yellow silk robes to welcome all. The flagship's band came up and played, and there were about sixty officers from the squadron in all present. The temples are grouped about all over the rocks, many of them nearly deserted; the best of the lot is one high up with statues of the three Buddhas, and another with two teaching Buddhas, one behind the other. The priests' cells at the sides of the courts are all broken down, though the remains of the terraces and stairs still exist. The wood-carving of the roof is good and still bright in colour, and miniature sketches of birds and flowers on the side wings of many of the little temples are all in good taste. The little tablets let in under the eaves are all very pretty; the work on them is exceedingly minute, half in relief and half in painting. The small creatures crawling on the roof are full of life.

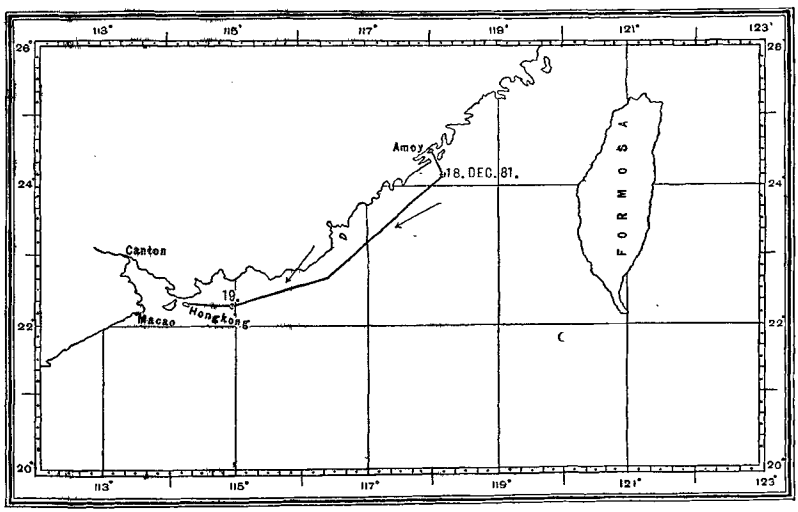
We had lunch in a large hall decorated with flags and evergreens, and afterwards were all photographed on the rocky slope outside.

We wandered all over the hills above, and from the summit, which is the centre of Quemoy island, had a wide view all round; on the south side lay the dark native city with its walled-citadel, on the north were the countless bays and islets that fringe the shore, and on the west stretched away the grey mountains of the mainland. The hills above the monastery are one enormous mass of tombs; tombs occupy every available nook, some of them are plastered and in ground plan of the usual semicircular form, like the Greek letter Ω or the seat of a huge arm-chair. The back of the supposed chair is the place for the tomb-stone, while the body is interred in the seat and a sort of little altar built over it; some of them are recesses hewn in the rock, and others are built up with masonry and stone pillars each side. The side of the hill in view of water, or a ravine near the hill top, or a copse, are all lucky places; if the position (as most of these do) commands a good view, it is thought that the spirit of the dead will be better satisfied. Under the overhanging rocks and in the caves below there were stowed away many long jars, one and a half feet high, and half a foot in diameter; they contain the bones of ancestors, which, after their bodies have decayed, have been removed from the family burial-ground in the rocks above when these are full to make room for other tenants.

We returned by quite a different way to that by which we had gone up, right over the opposite side of the hill, coming down thus on the southern beach of the island of Quemoy. Walking down had a good view of the outer anchorage, and the ships of the squadron, till we got to the racecourse, where some of us mounted ponies and had a capital gallop along the sands back to the stone-hewers' village. Those who walked back across the fields found the stone reservoirs for human manure all over the place most offensive. Just outside the village there is apparently an alms-house or large deserted temple. We sailed off to the ship at 6 P.M. with a nice breeze off shore. We heard to-day, that as usual the chief trade here consists in importing cotton and woollen goods, and opium, while the exports are camphor, sugar, tea, tobacco, and grain. The English word "tea" (pronounced at first "tay") is derived from the sound given it by the Fukien people, from whom here the first cargoes were obtained; the modern Chinese is "cha"; it was used by the Chinese in great quantities 800 A.D. We have now visited three out of the four great maritime provinces of the Chinese Empire. The fourth, Kwang-tung, we yet hope to see from Canton. A more thorough visit to China would have been made

by arriving at Chefoo, as was originally intended, not later than the beginning of October, thence to have gone by gunboat to Tien-tsin and so up to Pekin; from there to the Great Wall and Ming tombs. If possible, after visiting Confucius's tomb, &c., in Shan-tung, and after tracing the old course of the Ho-ang-ho, come down the Grand Canal to Nankin. From Nankin go on down the Grand Canal to Soochow, and thus to Shanghai, whence along the coast proceed to Hang-chow, and so on to Amoy, afterwards to Formosa (if possible) and Hong-kong. But even this would be a hasty run; for the Empire of China comprises eighteen provinces, quite large enough to form eighteen separate kingdoms; many of them larger than Great Britain, one as large as France.

AMOY TO HONG-KONG.



Date.	From Previous Noon.			At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
	Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon	6 P.M.
18S.	21	...	N.E. 2·4·6	...	...	60°	61°	51°	53°
19	204	...	N.E. 6·5	22·15	114·15	64	69	55	56
20	33	9	N.E. 2·5·2	...	...	68	68	59	62
	268	9							

Total distance 277 miles.

Dec. 18*th.*—At 9 A.M. squadron weighed under sail. The *Bacchante* was the first to get away, the signal having been made to chase. Morning service as usual on the main deck. Passed Chappel Island at 11 A.M., and the Brother Islands at 4 P.M., a bright clear day with a strong monsoon which takes us along over 8·5 knots; the country inland looking well with the sun shining on the hills behind Amoy. Bright starlight night, during which we pass several Chinese fishing boats.

Dec. 19*th.*—The wind has fallen a good deal during the night, and we are only going seven, but the sea is now quite green at last, and the hills of the mainland are still in view. We are now in the tropics, but the thermometer is only showing 55°; we seem to be carrying the cool temperature into the tropics from the north in the same way as we carried the high temperature from the south out of the tropics when going up to Japan. This is the second week of the midshipmen's examination, we had the theoretical navigation paper to-day. At 3 P.M. H.M. gunboat *Sheldrake* made her number coming out from Hong-kong with mails on board for the admiral. At 5 P.M. shortened and furled sails, and anchored for the night in sixteen fathoms, eight miles east of the Leemun Passage.

Dec. 20*th.*—At 6 A.M. weighed under sail There was a lovely sunrise; the young moon and the morning star (Lynette and Gareth) shone bright in the midst of the redness of the dawn. At 6.30 A.M. steam was ordered to be ready for use if necessary. At 7.30 A.M. hove to, at 9.30 filled and proceeded, then got the screw down, tacked, using steam as necessary to assist us. Shortly afterwards, at 10 A.M., we all shortened and furled sails, and proceeded in single column in line ahead through the Leemun Passage, which is a quarter of a mile broad, up to Hong-kong, where we came to and moored shortly after noon. Found here the *Iron Duke*, flag of vice-admiral Willes; *Victor Emanuel*, Commodore Cuming; the *Cleopatra* and five English gunboats, *Albatross*, *Pegasus*, *Vigilant*, *Fly*, *Daring* (the *Moorhen* is in Kowloon Dock); the American sloops *Alert* and *Palos*; the French frigate *Themis* with the rear-admiral, Duperré; the German corvette *Stosch*, besides Chinese gun-vessels, and the Russian ironclad *Kniaz Pojarski*. The French and Russian ships saluted the admiral. At 3.15 P.M. the *Tourmaline* made her number; she parted company from us and sailed round the island of Hong-kong, and is coming up the western passage owing to her screw being disabled. Hong-kong

reminds us at first sight of Gibraltar; but it is not very like it, except that it is a lofty hill with town at foot and ships in front; there are no galleries or fortifications visible. The *Alert* is an iron cruiser of 1,020 tons, launched in 1874; her mean draught is 12 feet 9 inches; with engines of 656 horse-power she makes 10½ knots, and carries one 11-inch and two 9-inch smooth-bore, and one 60-pounder rifled gun. The *Palos* is a newer iron gunboat of 560 tons, and 300 horse-power, carrying six howitzers in battery. The corvette *Stosch* is spar-decked, and was launched in 1879. She is of 2,856 tons, and of 2,500 horse-power; her speed 14 knots; mean draught 19 feet 9 inches. Her armament is twelve 5½-inch Krupps in battery, four similar ones on spar-deck as bow and stern chasers, and five machine guns; complement of men, 404. At sunset the *Tourmaline* anchored outside West Point.

AT HONG-KONG.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Dec.		°	°	°	°
21	Calm	66	68	67	65
22	Variable 1·2	68	68	66	65
23	Variable 1·2	68	68	65	62
24	Variable 1·2	68	68	62	59
25S	N.E. 1·3	68	68	60	63
26	N.E. 1·3	67	67	73	67
27	Variable 1·2	68	68	75	63
28	Variable 1·2	68	65	63	64
29	Calm	66	67	64	58
30	Variable 1 2	66	66	62	59
31	Variable 1·2	66	66	65	60

Dec. 21st.—Before breakfast George was away steering the officers' boat's crew, practising for the regatta which comes off next Saturday. In the forenoon had the examination paper in hydrostatics and mechanics. Unbent sails, as we are going to have a new set before we leave for home; our present set are nearly worn out from constant use; we are taking on board sufficient provisions to last us for eight months; the gun-room is also being painted, so that we are obliged for the time being to have our meals and live under the poop. In the afternoon landed at the dockyard and walked through the town. The streets are wide and clean, full of

PREPARATIONS FOR ILLUMINATIONS.

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chairs with green canopies and wickerwork sides, on long bamboo carrying-poles, and of jin-riki-shas; the motion of the latter is preferable to the jog-jog of the former, and they do not take up so much room in the street, and only require one instead of two or four men. When four men carry you, if the front man carry the pole on his left shoulder the rear man will carry the end of same pole on his right shoulder. The chairs, however, are the best for going up the hills behind the town. On either side of the street are lofty white arcaded houses in the Italian style; and groves of trees, wooded drives, and walks lead away up the slope of the hills. Just beyond the barracks (those on the right-hand side of the street are occupied by the artillery, and those on the left, the Murray barracks, by the 27th regiment, with Colonel Geddes in command), there is a large open space of grass on either side of the road used for cricket and lawn tennis; the road on the left here turns up to

HONG-KONG LOCOMOTION.

Government House, which stands dominating the town in the midst of its beautiful gardens, and just below rises the tower of the Cathedral. We went on into the further town beyond, and saw the preparations which the Chinamen were making for a grand illumination in honour of the admiral and officers of the squadron. At one place there was a very handsome and elaborate arch built up of bamboo scaffolding and hangings right across the street, on which all sorts of lanterns, chandeliers, pictures, coloured and gilt gewgaws were suspended; emerald green, scarlet, white and gold, brown and blue, being freely used, so that the effect of the whole was very brilliant, yet quite harmonious; and looked more like a permanent than temporary erection. We went into the Club opposite to the Hong-Kong Hotel, and then walked back by the Praya or Bund in front of the town by the water's edge. Here we saw them unlading the large square packets of opium from India,

each weighing about a hundredweight, and worth 140*l.* when the crude opium has been prepared for smoking. Two or three thousand chests arrive every week. When boiled down or prepared for smoking the raw drug loses thirty per cent. in weight. One hundred thousand such chests go in every year to the mainland. Hong-kong is chiefly a trade depot; only a small quantity of the goods imported being consumed upon the island, the greater portion are re-exported up the coast to other ports; opium, sugar, flour, cotton, rice, tea, silks, cotton and woollen goods, are the chief items of trade. We saw many Parsees, with their high, stiff, black hats, who evidently have a chief hand in the trade. One of them has the monopoly of preparing and selling opium in Hong-kong: for this he pays the Government 40,000*l.* a year. He ships it not only to China, but to Australia, San Francisco, and wherever there are any Chinamen. There is an export of granite, almost the only article produced in the colony, which was only founded in 1843, but whose growth in wealth has been very rapid. Four-fifths of the foreign trade with China is in the hands of the British. Off to the ship at 3.30 P.M., and after quarters away practising for the regatta again; a fine day, but showery in the evening.

Dec. 22*nd.*—Drizzling all day. Rowing before breakfast. Had two examination papers this forenoon, one in French and the other in steam. Portuguese gunboat arrived from Macao with invitation for admiral or any officers of squadron to visit that oldest European settlement in the East, dating from 1542. It was taken by the British in 1802, and, to prevent it falling to the French, held by them till Peace of Amiens. We hear it is a quaint, old-world place, with a great gambling saloon, Camoens' grave, and an opium farm. In the afternoon called at Government House, and walked round the Botanical Gardens which were laid out by Sir Arthur Kennedy when Governor here: the terraces and walks and flower-beds are prettily broken up by bamboo thickets and groups of native shrubs. Then down the hill into the Cathedral, a large broad building of good proportions, but whitewashed, and destitute of any ornament. The interior is arranged for punkahs, but these are not up at this season of the year, and when they are, must of course interfere with the wide open view from end to end. People were busy to-day getting it ready for Christmas decorations. Then into the town and to Lock King's great curio shop; it was quite a museum of Japanese and Chinese productions, bronzes, cabinets, tables, porcelain, lacquer-work, and all sorts and kinds of

smaller things, a very paradise for the wealthy globe-trotter, who regardless of price can here make a collection illustrative of his travels in the East, without going any further. Then right on down into the Chinese town. Here they have already begun their festivities, for to-day is the Chinese winter solstice, and is to be the first night of the fireworks and illuminations; they are already banging off the crackers and maroons all over the streets. There are over 150,000 Chinese in Hong-kong. They are very frugal. Six shillings a week is considered splendid wages by a coolie. On two shillings a week he can live comfortably, and send every month four shillings to his parents or wife in his native village (it is a religious duty for a Chinaman, be he never so poor, to marry young), to be hoarded for a rainy day. The Governor of Hong-kong rules the whole island with the aid of an Executive Council consisting of four members—the General in command of the troops, the Colonial Secretary, the Attorney-General, and the Surveyor-General. The Legislative Council consists of these and of the Chief Justice and four other members. Came off to the ship ("Queen's sons' ship" as the Chinamen call *Bacchante*) in a sampan which was a curious combination of family life. The mother who youlowed the boat had her young children in the stern with her, and here they live entirely, every inch of the space being utilised. They were having tea when we called them away and the little bowls of chou-chou and rice with the chopsticks were all out on the seats (there is not room for more than a couple of passengers under the canopy). The white mice came frisking out of holes and corners after the stray rice-grains that were dropped about on the deck by the children. Notwithstanding the crowded life in the boat, every part of its unpainted woodwork was beautifully clean and evidently scrubbed every day. These boat people are mostly from Canton, and belong to the Tankia class. They are looked upon as in some ways inferior to the rest of the population, and consequently hang very much together. The women wear a handkerchief of a distinctive pattern, and the whole class are supposed to have come from some aboriginal tribes at an exceedingly remote date.

Dec. 23*rd.*—Went away again before breakfast in the *Victor Emanuel's* five-oared gig, which Commander Jones had kindly lent us for the race to-morrow. Many crews, not only from our own ship but from those of the two squadrons, were practising. Had the last paper of the Examination in the forenoon. Dr. Gordon, in charge of

the naval medical quarters, and who went with us in the *Osborne* to Denmark years ago, came to lunch, and afterwards we landed with him in his boat and walked up to his house and the Naval Hospital, which stands away at the east end of the town. We went into the steam biscuit manufactory which stands at the foot of the hill, and tasted the ship's biscuits, which are just the same as those we have seen being made at the Clarence Victualling Yard at Gosport. The naval medical quarters stand on a sort of small isolated tableland; the doctor's house is on the forefront, and though there are only four rooms (two upstairs and two down) they are large and lofty and very comfortable for a bachelor. The hospital is admirably arranged in the middle of a garden and so planned that each ward is open all round. All is very clean and beautifully airy; the lavatory and drainage arrangements are completely isolated from the wards, the communication to which is through open arcaded passages. We saw poor Commander St. Clair in the hospital, who took us up in the *Fly* to Shanghai, and also six of our own shipmates, in different wards. Every commander has two rooms to himself and a lieutenant one. Afterwards we walked out to the cemetery by the racecourse in the Happy Valley. It is one of the prettiest we have ever seen. No graves are visible, the whole is like a beautiful garden; poinsettias, and other trees of variegated foliage, are growing luxuriantly on all sides; creepers are hanging down over the trees and in thick profusion from the cliffs in the face of the hills which tower immediately above, and make the whole a lovely wilderness of greenery. The monuments to the many sons of England who, serving in ships and regiments, fell in the China wars of 1841-2, and 1856 to 1860, reminded us of the true-hearted men who lay beneath.

Leaving the cemetery we walk with Dr. Gordon back up the road cut in the rock to the water reservoir, which is separate from the general water supply and exclusively for the use of the hospital under the hill above. The healthiness of Hong-kong has greatly increased of late years by reason of its sanitary arrangements and excellent water supply, which is pure and plentiful. The Colonial Government have 80,000*l.* as a nest egg, which they hope to employ in making still more extensive waterworks at Tytam and in the improvement of the town. Any amount of water could be drawn from the mist-clad heights above, just as from Table Mountain for the supply of Cape Town at its foot. Each valley of the least pretension on the island of Hong-kong sends its stream

(whence the name Hiang-kiang or "fragrant streams," corrupted into Hong-kong) to the cultivated grounds near the shore, where a portion is retained for irrigation and the remainder is permitted to find its way to the sea. We then struck up and went along the Kennedy Road which is cut on the slope of the hill above the town. This admirable promenade follows the windings of the valleys, and as there are no wheeled carriages is not quite so broad as an English road, but is a capital place for exercise, morning or evening, for the resident Europeans either on pony back or walking, and affords a wide outlook across the crowded roadstead below to Kowloon dockyard on the opposite shore of the Chinese mainland.

Hong-kong was ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Nankin, 1842: the charter of the colony is dated April 5, 1843. At that time it was little more than a barren rock inhabited only by a few fishermen and pirates, and now it is a noble and important city with a population of over 160,000, and property estimated of the value of over twenty millions. In the present year the tonnage of the shipping entering Hong-kong exceeds that entered at the port of London in 1843.

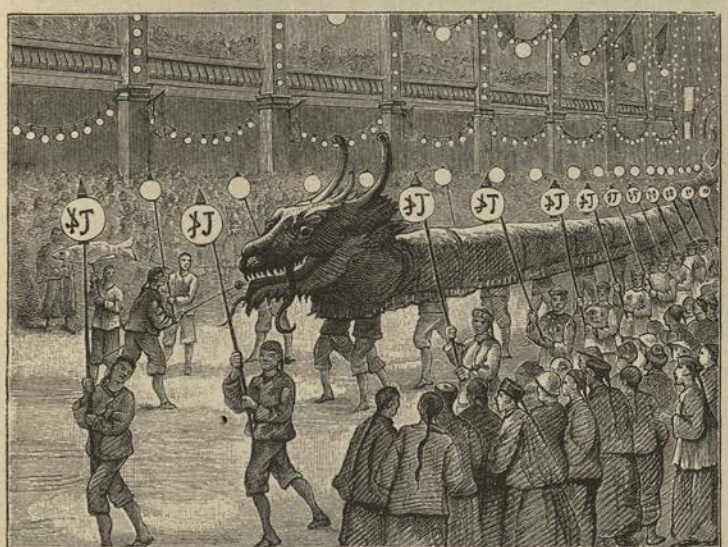
Off to the ship at 3.30 P.M. from the dockyard. They are getting the flagship's rudder off, and are going to hoist it into a lighter for repair in the dockyard. There have been more or less constant salutes from the ships going on during the last three days on occasion of the calls of the Governor to the flagships, and of the German and French Admirals and General Commander-in-Chief and foreign consuls to one or other of the ships. As much as 70,000*l.* per annum is stated to be fired away by the British alone in saluting at Hong-kong. The noise pleases "the barbarians" as well as the Chinese: some practical folk say it might better be spent on the much-needed works of defence.

Dec. 24*th.*—Fine morning; little breeze. We have three officers' crews practising for this afternoon's regatta. Received a couple of autograph letters through the Governor from the King of Siam, each sealed with a gold stamp. He hoped we would visit Bangkok on our way to Singapore. We wrote our replies and took them to Government House at 10 A.M., when we walked up to call upon the Governor and Lady Pope-Hennessy. His Excellency showed us many curious and beautiful things which he has collected during his residence here, amongst others a Japanese drawing on a screen representing the first Portuguese ship that came trading to Japan: the people on board have enormous baggy breeches, and the friars have already landed on shore. Sir Pope-Hennessy has

just returned from a visit to Pekin, whence also he has brought back several specimens of ancient Chinese art in roof-tiles and porcelain. He already has one of the best collections of blue china going. On leaving Government House, called on Major Moore-Lane, of the Royal Artillery, who once was the adjutant to the Norfolk Artillery Militia.

On board to dinner at noon. At 1 P.M. the regatta began. In the race for men-of-war cutters the *Bacchante's* Sydney-built boat came in second, and the American *Palos's* boat third. The *Iron Duke's* have a still better boat, which was built here, and which beat ours by very little. Our officers' whaler—in which were (the same crew that pulled at Simon's Bay, with the exception of the first lieutenant) Roxby, stroke; Curzon, 4; Henderson, 3; Farquhar, 2; Le Marchant, bow, coxed by George—left the ship's side at three and was towed up by a steam launch to the starting-post. The gun did not fire till 4 P.M. There were six boats entered for men-of-war gigs manned by naval officers, and after a good race we won by two lengths; the *Cleopatra's* came in second, and just beat the *Iron Duke's* by half a length. Came on board, shifted, and went to a dance on board the French flag-ship *Themis*, given by Admiral Duperré, who was at one time governor to the poor Prince Imperial. A great many officers from the other ships, both Admiral Willes and Lord Clanwilliam, as well as the Governor and General Donovan, were there. The French ship was very prettily decorated with ferns and greenery of all sorts, and the mizen mast and the brake of the poop were festooned with heavy and ancient tapestry; on the upper deck amidships there was a fountain playing, and the admiral's cabin below was as beautiful as a lady's boudoir with its silk, and pictures and china. He kindly gave us a china flask which had come from the Summer Palace, with the five-clawed imperial dragon. Back to the *Bacchante* by 7 P.M., and after dinner landed at the dockyard, where met Mr. Wodehouse and Mr. Deane (the head of the police) in plain clothes, and with them walked all through the European town as well as the Chinese, the better at our ease to see the illuminations. It is Confucius's birthday as well as our own Christmas Eve. We met the dragon procession, in which the figure of the dragon, a hundred yards long, made of light bamboo frames of the size and shape of the barrel, connected and covered with strips of coloured cotton or silk, was borne by a row of men walking inside and holding the head and each joint upon poles;

and as they walk they give the body a wriggling, waving motion. The scales drawn on its sides stood out plainly, as the whole interior was illuminated by lanterns held by the bearers. There are three dragons in Chinese mythology, one of the sky, another of the sea, and another of the marshes. The first is the chief: he has the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the eyes of a rabbit, the ears of a cow, the neck of a snake, belly of a frog, scales of a carp, claws of a hawk, and paws of a tiger. On each side of the mouth are whiskers, and his beard contains a bright pearl: his breath is sometimes water, sometimes fire. The dragon of the sea occasionally goes up to visit his heavenly brother in waterspouts:



DRAGON PROCESSION.

each is of course merely the symbol of the terrible power of nature, everywhere lurking to devour the incautious breaker of her laws. This procession was met by another in which were other illuminated animals and lanterns of all sizes and kinds. The streets were filled by a crowd on foot: the city hall, and Lock King's, and other shops and houses, and offices of the merchants, were all elaborately illuminated by lines of white and coloured lanterns hung round the windows, along the roofs, down the sides and across the centres of their frontages. The variety of the shapes of these lanterns, their elegant carving, gilding, and colouring

were remarkable. They were made of paper, silk, cloth, glass, horn, basketwork and bamboo, varying in size from a few inches in height up to large chandeliers fifteen feet in diameter. One curious one we saw was made of two or more wire frames, one within the other, and arranged on the same principle as the smoke-jack, so that the current of air caused by the flame sets them revolving. The wire framework is covered with paper figures of men and animals, horses racing, and people dancing and tumbling, who thus go round and round. In the native town saw some curious puppet images, made to move, not by clockwork, but by the action of white mice trained to run about inside. The Chinese crowd was most orderly and well behaved; we stood about in front of several of their peep-shows and small open-air theatres listening to their music, acting, and sing-song. Wherever we went even in the thickest part of the crowd Mr. Deane's stalwart form induced the Chinese to divide at once, but they were all very quiet, and there was not the least sign of a row anywhere. After looking at the fireworks on the green we came off to the *Bacchante* in our own cutter, having spent a third successive Christmas Eve away from England; the last one in South America, and the one before that in the West Indies.

Sunday and *Christmas Day, Dec. 25th.*—Bright clear day, English mail arrived at breakfast-time with letters from home.

We had church on the upper deck, the band under the poop playing the tunes of hymns, 59, 60, 62, *Ancient and Modern*. The Holy Communion was celebrated in the fresh air and sunlight under the awning on the quarter-deck. Afterwards at noon all the officers (with the exception of the captain) went round the men's messes on the lower deck. All the men had Christmas cards (which we had sent out from England for them), and many of the messes were very prettily rigged up with evergreens and flags, Chinese lanterns, and oranges and bananas. We tasted their duffs of many sorts, and the band played the "Roast Beef of Old England." In the afternoon we went on shore and called on Admiral and Mrs. Willes, the last of whom had come out in the French mail yesterday; our own admiral was there also to tea. After coming on board, busy writing letters. All between decks of the *Bacchante*, both fore and aft, was in the evening lit up by the men with paper Chinese lanterns, the gift of the first lieutenant.

Dec. 26th.—Turned out at 5 A.M. and kept the morning watch. At 5.30 A.M. *Sheldrake* weighed and proceeded up the river to

Canton. At 7 A.M. left the ship and went on board the *Vigilant* with Captain Lord Charles Scott and his nephew John, Fitzgerald and Mr. Sceales; Captain Denistoun from the *Tourmaline* and Kerr from the flagship joined us there. At 8 A.M. got under weigh, Lord Clanwilliam waving us an adieu as he stood looking out from the stern port of the *Inconstant*. Leaving the roadstead we went inside the island of Lintao, and a little further on inside that also of Lintin where the opium and other store ships formerly anchored, and arrived off Chuenpee at noon. It is now deserted, and the old fort has been pulled down. Here the old Chinese pilot who took up our force in 1857, came on board to take us up to-day. We passed the four Bogue Forts (Bocca Tigris, "tiger's gate"), the Portuguese for the Chinese name of the river mouth. The two most formidable ones are situated on two small islands, between which runs the main channel of the river. That on Anunghoy on the left bank of the river (which is on our right hand passing up) is entirely new, and contains two 25-ton guns; that on the opposite island of Wantong is also new. They are all of granite with a mud backing; the walls of the older forts are still left standing on the island next to it, just as they were when the English forced the passage, 7th January, 1841, so that their contrast with the modern walls is complete. Behind these latter we can see the large heavy guns mounted *en barbette*. Some of them are 9-inch Armstrong, five are 11-inch Krupps, with a well-arranged cross-fire; the Chinese gunners make good target practice with the 16-ton gun at 2,000 yards. One of the Alpha Beta gunboats is stationed here, and there is much building of barracks still going on. These are to hold 5,000 men, with bomb-proof casements and covered parallels; there are intrenched forts on the crest of the hill on the left or north side of the river, where the ground is high. We used to laugh at the futile defensive works of the Chinese. It is the other way now. It would be well for Hong-kong if it had a tenth part of the forts and guns that now make these Bogue Forts formidable. The Taku Forts, commanding the entrance to the Peiho and the approach to Pekin, are also now armed by twelve Krupp guns imported from Germany. A quantity of torpedoes have also been obtained in readiness for submergence in the river. Up to this point it has been very pretty, passing the various islands and hilly promontories, but from here the river banks become much flatter and of course the river narrows in, though away in the

distance over the flat plain the low chain of hills are still visible. About thirty miles above Anunghoy, off to the right, we see the nine-storied pagoda of Whampoa (built 1573), from whence Canton lies twelve miles due west. The river is divided into two branches here by a large island: we proceed up the southern channel. Further on we pass Macao Fort with its square tower in the centre of the river which the English held in 1856. Soon after this we sight Canton, and see rising above the general mass of buildings, the five-storied pagoda (a long square red tower) on the northern wall of the city: two other pagodas, and the twin spires each 150 feet high of the French Catholic Cathedral, and a number of towers which are nothing but pawn-shops; in these the Chinaman stores his thick winter clothes until he wants them in the months of January and February; they are regular hotbeds for cutaneous diseases and epidemics.

Canton, or "Broad City," the capital of Kwang-tung, or "Broad East" province (which has an area about the same as that of the United Kingdom) contains about one million inhabitants, or more than Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield and Hull all added together. With the suburbs, it extends about four miles along the north bank of the Pearl River, and it is about two miles wide. The wall round the city is a little less than six miles in circuit, and a cross wall running east and west divides it into two unequal portions, the old and the new city. The average height of the walls is twenty-five feet, and the width from fifteen to twenty-five feet; they are faced with sandstone and brick and filled in with earth. The walls around the old city were built in the eleventh century, and were completed as they now stand about 1380, in the reign of Richard II. The new city was inclosed by its walls in 1568 in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There are sixteen gates, of which four are in the dividing wall, two in the west, two in the east, three in the north, and five in the south. It was a port of foreign commerce even in the eighth and ninth centuries, and was visited by Arab voyagers in the tenth century. The East India Company was established in the city in 1684, and had the monopoly of foreign trade there until 1834. The Manchus, when the present dynasty was established, took the city in 1650 and slaughtered thousands. The English threatened to do the same in 1841, but were bought off by a bribe of a million and a quarter pounds, paid as "ransom" at the rate of over one pound sterling a head. It was taken by the English and French in 1857, and held by them for four years, during which

time it was peaceably governed by a Commission of three officers.[1] Few large cities are more healthy than Canton, notwithstanding much of the town is built upon piles. The Chu-kiang or Pearl River is formed by three principal branches which all meet at Canton (coming from the east, the north, and west, all of these are navigable), but the last—the Si-kiang—is the largest, and traverses the whole provinces of Kwang-si and Kwan-tung, and part of Yunnan. It can be ascended by light-draught steamers some 350 miles, and beyond that for another 300 miles by junks, up to the borders of Yunnan. The Pe-kiang (or North River) enters the Si-kiang (or

[1] For the sake of refreshing our memories, we have jotted down from the fuller accounts as we came up the river the following notes on the second Chinese war, 1856-1860. In 1854 the English merchants demanded admittance for trade into Canton, but the Crimean war in 1855 prevented any measures being taken to enforce their claims. In October, 1856, the lorcha *Arrow*, trading between Canton and Hong-kong, was boarded by the Chinese. The English seized a war junk and the Barrier forts in reprisal, and went up to Canton with the fleet and prepared to bombard. In November, Sir Michael Seymour took the Bogue Forts: the Americans joining us, as their flag had been fired on. (Commissioner Yeh was in great measure responsible for all this disturbance: there was quiet elsewhere between Chinese and foreigners). In 1857 Lord Elgin started from England on a special mission, but the Indian Mutiny breaking out, delayed full operations. He arrived at Hong-kong July, 1857, and the English began naval operations up Canton river: at Fatshan creek, six miles west of Canton, many war junks were destroyed. Lord Elgin left for Calcutta, but returned in September, and in December presented his ultimatum to Yeh, demanding admission of merchants to Canton, compensation, and an indemnity. On the 28th fleet bombarded Canton, and took the walls. On the 5th January, 1858, Yeh was made prisoner in his yamen by Cooper Key, and sent to Calcutta, where he died. In March Lord Elgin went north: in May the Taku Forts were taken, and on 26th June the treaty of Tientsin was signed, stipulating right of English to have ambassador at Pekin and consuls at ports; Christian religion tolerated; tariff fixed, 5 per cent. valorem on exports and imports; and 8 per cent. (£10 per chest) on opium (we had long been smuggling it; the trade was now legalised, and the Chinese Government got import dues at least:) five more treaty ports opened for trade; but war ships may use any ports; foreigners may travel to all parts of interior with passports: criminal refugees to Hong-kong to be given up: Canton to be held till indemnity was paid. In March, 1859, Lord Elgin left China: his brother, Mr. Bruce, brought out ratification of Tientsin treaty from England. He arrived at Hong-kong in April, and with Admiral Hope started for Pekin. They were fired on by the Taku Forts in the Peiho, and repulsed. They retired to Shanghai, and awaited instructions from home. In September, 1859, apology demanded. France wished to act with England, November, 1859. In 1860 Sir Hope Grant arrived from India, and joined Admiral Hope. They advanced with 20,000 men, of whom 7,000 were French. Lord Elgin came out again: demanding five millions sterling besides ratification of treaty. French dissensions threatened complications, but in August the Taku Forts were taken, and "the allies" marched to Tientsin. Battle of Chan-chia-wan, (just before which Parkes and Loch taken prisoners). The Summer Palace burnt. In October one gate of Pekin was surrendered; and Kung (aged 28) ratified, on 24th, the treaty for Hienfung, who had fled to Jehol. Kowloon by this was ceded to the English, the emigration of Chinese from China legalised; and Tientsin (the eleventh port) opened. It was this second Chinese war that was denounced at the time by Gladstone, Cobden, and Bright.

On the 17th September, 1876, the Convention of Chefoo was signed by Sir Thomas Wade and Li-Hung-Chang: it dealt with opening the south-west province of Yunnan from India; an apology and indemnity for Margary's death; and with questions about consular and mixed courts at treaty ports; four more treaty ports were opened, and six more ports of call on the Yang-tse-kiang.

West River) to the westward of Canton, flowing into it from the north. It is navigable by light draught steamers some 150 miles. Canton thus stands at the apex of what is roughly a triangular delta intersected by the many courses through which their waters find their way to the sea; the two chief are the eastern passage up which we have come, and that on the west by the Si-kiang, which enters the sea to the west of the island of Macao, on which is the Portuguese settlement founded in 1542, and lying forty miles to the west of Hong-kong, which was taken by the English exactly three hundred years afterwards. A few miles above the city, at Li-ming-kun, are the works where gunpowder and shot and shell of all kinds are now manufactured. Large engines for marine vessels are also constructed there. Thus Canton owes its pre-eminence in trade and wealth to its almost unparalleled facilities for inland navigation and coasting trade. At 4 P.M. we came to an anchor off Shameen, ninety miles from Hong-kong, the European quarter on the west of Canton. The American sloop, the *Alert*, a German gunboat and the *Sheldrake* are also anchored here. Mr. Hewlett, the Consul, came on board to arrange what we are to do to-morrow and following days. Afterwards we went away with him in his boat up the river in front of the town, to the Honan temple or the temple of the Ocean Banner on the south bank opposite. We had to thread our way among the multitude of junks and sampans which cover the broad stream of the Pearl River, and which lay thickly wedged together for some distance out from either bank. The Chinese crew of the consular boat, tall, thickset heavy men worked us in to the steps, where the water, however, was so shallow that we had some difficulty in getting the boat sufficiently near alongside for us to jump ashore. We walked a little distance to the brick outer walls of the monastery inclosure; they are well-built and apparently new. We passed in through a common door which opened upon a long granite-paved avenue of old banian trees leading up to the usual Gateway, on either side of which were the two guardian Nio, and then through the Prayer-house with statues of the Four Heavenly Kings (or archangels, devas), and so on into the large central hall where sit the three Buddhas, Past, Present, and Future, all neatly executed but nothing more. An altar of carved wood stands in front of them, and behind them as usual a statue of the Virgin, goddess of Pity. There is a certain grandeur, however, about the proportion of the hall, on either side of which are nine

large statues, the eighteen Rahats or Apostles of Buddha; the whole is filled with a dim religious light. We passed on from here into a further hall in which is the stone pagoda thirty feet high, polished and built of stone brought from Yunnan, the province furthest westward of the Chinese empire bordering on Burmah. The monks were at evening prayer, which is said daily from four to five in the afternoon, morning prayer being from five to six. There are generally thirty or forty monks present at least. Those we saw were ranged on four sides of the hall, and bowing down with their heads to the ground. Every now and then a bell was struck as it is in a Catholic church at the Elevation of the Host, and incense was burned before the altar decorated with flowers; their vestments and their chant were very much the same as those of Christians; and this is the hymn they sang, which was composed 800 years ago by one of the kings of the Sung dynasty, about the time of our Norman Conquest:

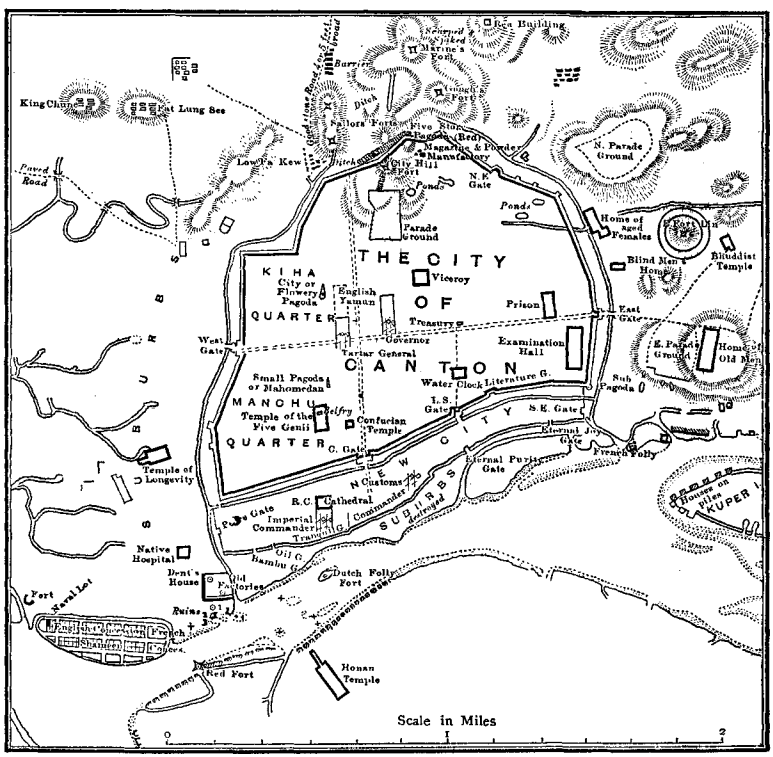
"Great and most excellent Tau [Reason]
Not created, self-existent:
From eternities to eternities
Antecedent to the earth and heaven,
Like all-pervading light,
Continuing throughout eternity;
Who gavest instruction to Confucius in the East,
And didst call into existence Buddha in the West:
Director of all kings,
Parent of all sages,
Originator of all religions,
Mystery of mysteries—
We meditate on thee."

At the end of their prayers we saw the priests rise to their feet, and then kowtow four times with their foreheads to the ground whilst a salvo of crackers was let off outside like the organ playing them out of church. The liturgy is for the most part in Sanskrit, "a tongue not understood of the people," and it is curious to observe how the mysteries of religion have a tendency to get performed in an unknown tongue. It is the same with the old Greek service in the Russian church, the old Coptic in Egypt, the Latin in the Roman, and our old English prayer-book, whose dignified and antique phraseology is nearly as obscure to our own peasants. Then on, down long stone corridors leading to the ranges of rooms for the monks, and to the refectory where there were long rows of tables set out for the common meal. Afterwards we went out into the garden, which covers from four to five acres, and where there is a curious collection of flowers and

shrubs in pots trained to grow in the shape of dragons, stags, pagodas and all sorts of figures. The juniper, cypress, pine, elm, bamboo, peach, plum, and flowering almond are thus treated. It is done by retarding the circulation of the sap, confining the roots and bending the branches into the desired form when young and pliable, afterwards retaining them in their forced position in pots, and clipping off all the vigorous shoots, until as in the case of the cramped feet of women, nature gives up the contest and yields to art. The eyes, tongue, and other parts are afterwards added to complete the resemblance. The Japanese habit of training chrysanthemums that we heard of, but did not see, at Tokio into figures and groups is a similar, but prettier, performance. Saw too the sacred fish-ponds, and the mausoleum of the monks, a large sort of barrow or hillock, where their ashes are deposited after cremation. There are a hundred monks here under their abbot: the present buildings date from the end of the seventeenth century. The monastery was founded A.D. 1600, and was enlarged about 1700 A.D. We walked on through several narrow streets much cleaner than we expected and without any smell to speak of; they were flanked on either side by tall windowless walls, the backs of buildings that opened into the quads inside, until we came to Howqua's garden in which the bridge over the artificial water to the summer-house is said to be the original of that in the picture on the well-known willow-pattern plate. Howqua was the shrewd and able leading member of the Hong merchants for over thirty years and died about 1842: his property was then estimated at four millions sterling, and passed into the hands of his grandchildren. The old mansion is now much neglected, but still exhibits unmistakable signs of the wealth of the former owner in its long wooden galleries, and many rooms in which the head of the Howqua clan was wont to entertain the several branches of his family. It was now getting dusk, but we went to the further end of the garden, full of bowers, trees and shrubs, bridges and canals, into a pretty fishing temple projecting out over the lotus pond, with the chairs and china tables prepared for the evening supper; the whole was lit up with rice-paper lanterns, where we found the old gentleman, spectacles on nose, who evidently wondered much what induced us to come here this time of day, but received us with more or less politeness.

Rowed off to the *Vigilant* at 6·15 P.M. Had dinner an hour later, to which came Lieut. Bridger commanding the *Sheldrake*.

December 27th.—Breakfasted at 7.30 A.M., and landed immediately afterwards, and walked from the steps across Shameen to the office of the British Consulate on the opposite side of the avenue. Here we each took chairs: there are two kinds of these, the lightest made of cane and bamboo, with broad arms on which you rest when sitting bolt upright; the poles pass under these arms on to the shoulders of the bearers, one of whom tramps with short quick steps in front, the other behind; they go at the rate



of four miles an hour. The other kind is somewhat heavier and has a hood: its use is prohibited to the common people: you are a little more cramped in it than in the first. Went into the city, passing out over the bridge which crosses the canal which separates the European quarter on the island of Shameen entirely from Canton. The French having no trade have not erected a single building on their fifth part of the concession. The gates across the bridge are always kept closed, and only opened to allow those to pass who

have any business with the foreign residents. All the buildings on the island, in front of which by the riverside runs a fine stone quay, with regular stone steps and landing places, in their cleanness and quiet spacious air, present a wonderful contrast to the narrow and crowded streets of the native city, that we now pass at once into. Few of these exceed ten or twelve feet in width and most of them are less than eight. Of course there are no animals or wheeled carriages to be seen, but porters carrying burdens on bamboo poles, sedan chairs with their bearers and a jostling crowd of passengers who must walk in Indian file, while outside the cookshops there is a constant movement besides of the thousands who take their meals standing or resting for a few moments in the open air. As the roofs of the houses nearly meet overhead, and where they do not, bamboo mats and other hangings are often spread, there is plenty of shade, but at the same time ventilation is very imperfect; there are no drains, all the offal is carried through the streets by the scavengers. The streets are paved with slabs of stone laid crosswise, and except near the butchers' stalls are comparatively clean; but their labyrinth seems most perplexing, every one seems to open into twenty others each exactly like the other. The vermilion signboards, ten or fifteen feet high, painted and gilded on both sides, with the names of the sellers and their goods, or such mottoes in Chinese as "Sea slugs smothered in vermicelli, and trimmed with finely shred ham," or "Famous wines from over the seas" (perhaps champagne or sherry made on the spot), "Pills manufactured out of a whole stag slaughtered with purity of purpose on a propitious day," when seen one hanging behind the other down a street, over the heads of the moving throng, present a bright and lively effect. Advertising though very generally had recourse to in China, as in England, is not considered quite the thing. It is confined chiefly to druggists—who promise to attack all kinds of diseases with success in an inconceivably brief space of time—to eating houses, lodging houses, theatres, lecturers, and fortune-tellers. Open tea-houses abound in every street and public garden—like the beer gardens in Germany—and these are frequented, not only by the thirsty passers by, but by persons who wish to have a half hour's friendly or business chat. All the houses and shops pay a ground-rent to the general Government quarterly, and are let on short leases. The best shops pay from 30*l.* to 80*l.* per annum. We are carried along first to the Swatow merchants' guild club

house, or the Chiu-chan Guildhall, a new and bright building which reminds us of the one we had seen at Ning-po, although this is far more extensive. Over the door of the grand entrance the wood carving in bas-relief lacquered and gilt is very elaborate.

There are here several quads with stages for acting in the centre, and numbers of chambers for reception rooms, and for the accommodation of the members. In the first court were some finely carved granite pillars, encircled with dragons, supporting a canopy in front of the shrine of the goddess Tien-hau or Queen of Heaven. The gilt and wood carving all over the place gave evidence of the wealth of this merchant company. The whole cost over 4,000*l.* which is equivalent to at least a hundred times that sum in England, estimated by the price of labour. On the east side of the large court on the river front is an ancestral hall, in which tablets of the deceased members of the guild are set up in piam memoriam.

Then out of the new city by the river side, further on into the old city to the Temple of the Five Genii, who are the givers of the five blessings which constitute the sum of all human felicity, namely, longevity, riches, health, love of virtue, and a natural death. They are the spirits of the five principal planets, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, the patrons of water, metal, fire, wood and earth, who rule respectively over the year and its four seasons, and influence respectively the five parts of man, the kidneys, lungs, heart, liver and stomach, and are denoted by the five colours, black, white, red, green and yellow, and are the sources of the five tastes, salt, pungent, bitter, sour and sweet. Chinese are fond of playing with numbers, and of course all sublunary events can be shown to be mysteriously bound together under the influence of the five genii to those who are willing to believe. In the first hall the chief statue is Kwang-ti, or God of War, who generally is associated with them in their temples as the protector of the peace of the empire and of families. On the right side is another hall with several smaller statues. Behind is a square tower with an arched passage twenty feet high, and in a square opening over this arch is hung the large bell, said to weigh about five tons, and, like all bells in China, without a clapper. Any sound from this bell was held to forebode evil to the city. During the bombardment in 1857, a cannon ball from H.M.S. *Encounter* knocked a piece out of it and made a sound; otherwise it is voiceless, and has never been rung of set purpose. In the rear of the bell-tower is the shrine of the five genii, and before their statues are five stones,

which represent five rams; they are now lying on the top of the altar, and are said to be the fossil head and four bones of a great saurian from the red limestone; and are probably very old fetishes. The equivalent of an altar-piece behind the holy stones represents a saurian dragon in black and white, with teeth and claws.

The story is that the five genii came to Canton riding through the air on rams, bearing ears of corn emblematic of plenty; these rams were turned to stones, and are here preserved in the temple dedicated to the five genii. This tradition has given to Canton the name of the City of Rams, or the City of the Five Genii or Archangels. Down below in a sacred inclosure is a large imprint on the stone of the waterpool, four or five feet long, and called Buddha's footprint; these giant footprints are found all over the world.

Then past a Confucian temple. There are three of these in Canton, and every department and district must have one; there are nearly two thousand in all, and nearly all are exactly alike. On entering, a crescent-shaped pond of water, emblem of purity, is crossed by three arches: three doors in red lead on into a quadrangle, where the red tablet of the great sage, with his name in gilt letters, is placed in the Hall of Perfection for reverence, and on each side are those of his "four associates." On the east and west sides of the hall are the tablets of the "twelve wise ones" (Mencius and others), and in two long narrow buildings are the tablets of the "seventy-two worthies," or chief expounders. In front of all of these, incense and wax candles are burnt, and wine and meats (chiefly the flesh of pigs, rabbits, sheep, and deer) are offered and eaten by the worshippers. Every Confucian temple has three halls. One for the tablets with names of faithful officials or sons; a second for those of benefactors to the town or district; a third for those of wise men born in the town or district; and sometimes a fourth for the names of virtuous women born in the district. In each temple also two officials are lodged, and all who pass the examinations in that district are under their direction and protection.

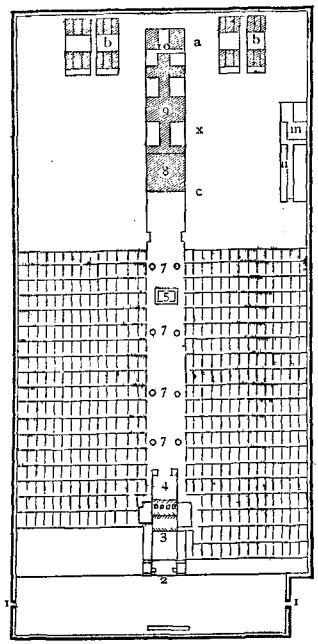
From here we went to the water-clock, called in Chinese the "copper-jar water-dropper." It is in a building over a large double gateway, and replaces a similar one of the eighth century—earlier than our King Alfred. The hour is shown on a board which is hung outside. The mechanism of it is that four copper jars are placed on steps so that the top of each is level with the bottom of the one above it, and the water trickles slowly from one

to the other along an open trough. In the lowest jar there floats an indicator, which, protruding through a hole in the cover of the tub shows the hours as it rises with the water. This clock was put up about A.D. 1324—in the reign of Edward II. The water is returned to the upper jar twice in the twenty-four hours. The watchmen strike the hours at night on drums.

EXAMINATION HALL FOR SECOND DEGREE AT CANTON.

1. Outer entrance. 2. Principal entrance to court. 3. Gateway of Fairness. 4. Dragon gate (leading into avenue). It is from this point that the view on the next page is taken, showing the side entrances into the rows of candidates' cells. 5. Watch-tower, God of Literature in upper story. 7. Four portals with mottoes across at time of examination. 8. Hall of Perfect Rectitude, where the essays are handed in. 9. Hall of Restraint, where the title-page of the essay is sealed up. 10. Hall of Auspicious Stars, where the essays are examined.

At a are the two private rooms of the Chief and Imperial Commissioner; at b, the private rooms of ten assistant examiners; at c and x are private rooms of the governor; at n, rooms where essays are copied in red ink, in order that the handwriting of the candidates may not be recognized; at m, rooms where copies of the essays are read and compared.



GROUND PLAN OF EXAMINATION HALL.

Then to the Examination Hall, which is really a long walled quadrangle with many buildings in the interior; it is 1,380 feet long by 650 feet wide. This one is used once every three years for the examination of candidates for the second literary (or Bachelor of Arts) degree; all who have taken the first degree in the whole provice are required to compete at this examination There are eighteen such halls in China, one in each of the eighteen provinces. The inclosure is divided into two parts, the larger of which is for the use of the candidates, and the other for the officials. On each side of the great avenue which runs down the middle are brick-walled ranges of cells, four and a half feet long by three and two-thirds feet wide, and just high enough to stand up in—

furnished with two boards, one to sit on, and the other to write at and eat off; they look uncomfortable holes. In each of these (they are only open, like pent-houses, in front) one candidate is boxed in, and is not allowed to come out till the examination is over; if he dies during the time, his body is left there (to the inconvenience of his neighbours) till the time is up. There are 7,500 of these cells. The apartments for the officials, copyists, police, and servants are in the rear, and there is room for about 3,000. The examination begins on the eighth day of the eighth month, and occupies three sessions of three days each. It consists in writing essays in pure literary style, bringing in as many

KUNG-YUEN, OR EXAMINATION HALL FOR B.A. DEGREE.

quotations and sentiments from ancient authors as the candidate can remember. The same texts for the essay are given out to all at daylight, and the essays must be handed in on the following morning, after which the candidates leave the inclosure to re-enter the following day for the next trial. Food is supposed to be supplied by the Government, but is so bad that it cannot be eaten, and each candidate has to buy his own, and take it with him into his cell. Quite old men compete, and come tottering out exhausted with their efforts; apoplexy or heart disease, aggravated by the excitement occasioned by their ambition, disable many.

About 130 only on an average pass the trial for B.A. degree, these are booked for employment as mandarins. They are also required to present themselves at Pekin to compete for the third or Master of Arts degree.

There is another examination hall in another part of the city in which the examination for the first literary (or Associate in Arts) degree is held. On each side of that courtyard are three long ranges of stone tables; over each range is a roof supported on pillars, so that all the tables are exposed to view. There are 232 permanent tables, each of which is thirty-three feet long. The whole will accommodate 3,168 candidates. Additional temporary tables are provided when needed. From the fourteen districts of this one province of Kwantung the candidates who have passed their preliminary local examinations are required to compete here for their first (or associate's) literary degree. These examinations take place annually. Seven alternate days of the seventh month are occupied in writing essays. About 2,000 present themselves each year; of these from twenty to sixty are chosen, and their names are posted on the front wall.

[It was about A.D. 630, under the Tang dynasty, that this system of throwing all offices and honours open to competition by examination was instituted. Boys begin their studies at the age of six or seven at simple arithmetic, and next year they are taught to wait on their superiors. At ten they leave home and are sent abroad to private tutors, "studying writing and arithmetic, and acting with sincerity of purpose." At thirteen they learn music and poetry, and at fifteen practise archery and manly exercises. At twenty they become men; at thirty they are supposed to marry; at forty (if they can), enter the service of the State; at fifty, become ministers; and at seventy, retire. This is the ideal scheme of life prescribed in the Book of Rites. But with the poor the boy cannot be kept at school more than three or four years. In practice it has been found by experiment that on an average about twenty per cent. of Chinamen can read. According, again, to the same authority, "the great end of education was not so much to fill the head with knowledge as to discipline the heart and purify the affections;" and the most minute directions are given as to good breeding, manners, fixed resolution to progress, and the avoidance of all distraction. But in practice Chinese education has become like nine-tenths of that in England—imitative only.

The subjects of examination are handwriting and style. The former is so much prized by the Chinese that busy men practise it all their lives, and mottoes and texts written by eminent hands are eagerly sought after. The Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, for example, devotes by way of recreation half an hour every day to supplying the constant demand for his autograph. A good literary degree in China implies a phenomenal amount of study of the Chinese classics, which, to secure the highest excellence, have virtually to be committed to memory. The competitive essays on given themes are judged, not by their substance, but by their style, that is to say by the writer's ingenuity in filling his paper with laconic but recondite classical allusions, which would be unintelligible to a reader not conversant with the whole range of Chinese literature. This system makes such exhaustive demands, not only on all the best years, but all the half hours of life, as to leave absolutely no room for original study, even if the taste for it existed. It follows as a natural consequence that a Chinese literate is often as ignorant of everything in earth, air, and sea as one of the narrowest school of old-fashioned Eton-trained classical scholars, who knew their Homer, Virgil, and Horace by heart, and could write elegant verses.

The maxims of former teachers are to be received without question; and from the very beginning the boy is taught to learn a mass of things by heart without taking in their sense. To begin with, the forms and names of the thirty thousand characters which are employed in Chinese writing have to be committed to memory before anything more can be done, and then composition still further taxes the memory of the student. Most of the teachers are unsuccessful candidates for literary degrees, or such as have not been able to obtain office. Private tutors receive as much as some English governesses—from £30 to £70 a year. There are no government schools, all are "private venture schools"; in the country the fee is sometimes as low as £1 a year: in the towns sometimes double that for a single pupil. The boys study from sunrise to ten, when after an hour for breakfast they come together and study till 5 P.M. They all read their lessons aloud at the same time. In winter time there are also evening classes after the supper hour. In every school is a small shrine of Confucius, and the cane. There are no holidays in the year, but there are about a dozen festivals for birthdays or ancestors, when they are excused going to school. There are colleges or higher schools

where young men of eighteen and upwards are prepared for the B.A. degree; other teachers receive pupils to study the classics in monasteries, or in secluded country retreats.

There are four literary degrees. The first or lowest is (Siu-tsai or) "budding ability"; it perhaps most nearly resembles the Oxford "Associate of Arts." Three examinations have to be passed for it. The first or preliminary examination of candidates is held in any district town, lasts for one day, and the district magistrate gives out the moral, social, or political thesis for the two themes; and one poem of twelve lines, each of five letters. These are looked over by a board of examiners, and the names of those who pass, are posted up two or three days later on the walls of the Magistrate's Hall. All those who get this first pass are entered as candidates for the next examination, which takes place in the chief town of the department, and before the prefect. It is harder than the first, but otherwise of just the same character —an essay on a given theme. The names of the successful are posted on the walls of the Prefect's Hall. Those who obtain this second pass are eligible as candidates for the third examination, which is held in the capital of every province, and those that are successful in the third pass examination obtain the A.A. degree. However many may be the candidates, never more than sixty are allowed to be passed from one province in each year. This degree is sometimes, however, sold for money, in the same way as the Master of Arts degree is still sold at Oxford and Cambridge; and as there, so also in China, the fee for the degree varies: it is about £40 for an ordinary man, but the wealthy (like the fellow commoners) have to pay more heavily to get it. The possession of this sash and tippet of honour renders a man free from corporal punishment, conspicuous in his native village, and eligible for the examination for the second (Ku-jin) or B.A. degree, which is held every three years simultaneously in all the eighteen provincial capitals, on the eighth, twelfth, and fifteenth days of the eighth month, that is in the middle of September, before two Imperial Commissioners and a regular board of examiners. The provincial capitals are then full of the students, their relatives, and friends.

The candidates enter the hall the night before, and are questioned as to age, parentage, and identity, and carefully searched to prevent cribbing; if they are caught at this they can never enter for the examination again, their first degree is taken away, they are punished with the cangue, and their father and tutor are also

punished in the same way. Nevertheless, the practice is said to be common, and miniature books, specially printed, are smuggled in the sleeves. The examinees are all under a guard of soldiers. Sometimes father, son, and grandson all go in for the same examination. They bring their own pens and paper. A gun fires, and the doors are shut. Four themes are given out on the first day, generally on some moral, social, or political duty. One of these exercises is to be twelve lines of poetry, each line with five characters; while each prose essay must contain at least a hundred characters, well written. An officer goes round and collects the essays, to which no names are attached, but only index numbers: the three must contain at least 360 characters, and not more than 720. The students go out (slow writers may continue by lamplight), and come in again the next morning. On that day three or five mottoes for other themes are given out. On the third day the five subjects given out for the essays are always on some question of government, law, history, or interpretation of a passage; it is forbidden to introduce any reference to a living statesman. Twenty-five days are allowed for the examining board to look over the essays, and out of often 7,500 candidates, to choose the seventy or eighty best, and submit these to the examiners who have come from Pekin. Supposing each candidate has written fifteen essays, and that there were 5,000 candidates, each of the ten examiners has to read about 260 essays a day. But of course they do not, and numbers of the papers are never read. At midnight on the tenth day of the ninth month a crier mounts the highest tower in each of the eighteen provincial capitals in China, and after a salute reads out the names of the successful. Next morning the names are posted under a salute of three guns before the Governor's Hall, and he comes out and kowtows three times before their names, and afterwards the successful candidates are feasted at his palace. About 1,300 throughout the whole empire thus receive this second degree and tippet once every three years, and they are now eligible for the lower grades of the civil service, for which they ballot as vacant.

The Chinese are inveterate gamblers, and in the same way as Englishmen bet on cocks, horses, or boats' crews, so they gamble on the results of this examination, so much so that the Pekin Government, fearing lest the system of public examination should be brought into disrepute, have taken stringent measures to put it down. The examination sweepstakes depended on drawing the names of the successful candidates at the official examinations.

The subscribers to the lists were numbered by hundreds of thousands. They appealed, therefore, to every poor villager, father of a family, or aspirant. It was often as lucrative to draw a successful number or name in the lottery as to take the degree. The profits to the owners of the lottery were so enormous that they were able to pay £160,000 to the Viceroy at Canton as hush-money. He said he devoted this new source of revenue to complete the river defences. In 1875 he and all high officials in Canton were degraded. In subsequent years more stringent care has been taken against the possibility of the revival of the examination lotteries.

The examination for the third (Tsin-shi or fit for office) degree of all those who have already taken the second, is held in the succeeding spring, *i.e.* on the sixth day of the third month of the year, at Pekin. Congregating these aspirants for office at Pekin, the central government is thus able to observe at its leisure the character of all the best minds of the country before appointing them to posts in remote provinces, or to clerkships in the capital itself. The examiners are of higher rank, but the mode of procedure is much the same. From 200 to 400 every three years take this degree, and the successful are personally introduced to the Emperor, and the three highest receive rewards. Those who have presented themselves, and failed to come up to a proper standard, sometimes get their second degree taken away from them. Cases have been known, but they are rare, of candidates taking all three degrees in nine months. The examination for the fourth, or Doctor's degree, is held once every three years, by the Emperor, to a question from whom an answer has to be returned in writing. Those who succeed become members of the Imperial Academy. But not one in a hundred graduates ever gets a post, not one in 500 competitors ever gets a degree. Those who do, however, are all "red sashes"; they all belong to the class of literati and share in the dignity and influence of lettered gentlemen. The unsuccessful candidates, and those who are successful but are never employed by the government, fall into all sorts of pursuits. Very many get employment as school teachers, attorneys, and clerks in public offices, or become headmen in such villages as have no governmental officer assigned to them. They are allowed to set up flagstaffs in front of their houses, or red placards over their doorways, announcing to the world the grade to which they have attained. A few are reduced to poverty, and have to live on their

wits, as letter-writers and engrossers of deeds, physicians, and fortune-tellers, and the residuum become, as with us, authors. In whatever way they turn their learning to account all enjoy no small degree of power and influence in their native places, and are looked up to as authorities on all possible subjects by their fellow townsmen.

Besides this system of literary competition for civil offices there is also another in athletics and gymnastics, horsemanship, shooting, and feats of personal prowess, for qualification and promotion in the military rank. These contests are held in public at Pekin triennally, and attract great crowds. The Manchus are particularly encouraged to go in for them, in order to maintain the ancient energy of the race, but all classes eligible to civil promotion can also enter the lists for military honours; the Emperor is present in person at the examination for the highest, and awards the prize himself, a cap decorated with a peacock's feather, which is as much sought after as the laurel wreath of the Greek athlete.

These competitions, with all their defects, secure a more able and vigorous body of officials for the people, and from the people, than China could get in any other way. The true talent of the country must rise and come to the surface: industry and strength of purpose must receive their just rewards, and the permanence of the government and State is secured, "broad based upon the people's will." And many a Chinaman there is

> "Whose life in low estate began,
> "Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
> And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
> And breasts the blows of circumstance,
> And grapples with his evil star:
> "Who makes by force his merit known,
> And lives to clutch the golden keys,
> To mould a mighty State's decrees,
> And shape the whisper of the throne;
> "And moving up from high to higher,
> Becomes, on Fortune's crowning slope,
> The pillar of a people's hope.
> . . .
> While one that was his earliest mate
> "Still ploughs with pain his native lea,
> And reaps the labour of his hands,
> Or in the furrow musing stands:
> 'Does my old friend remember me?'"

Thus the whole governing class in China is trained from earliest youth to regard literature as the *summum bonum*. The system is good; it is the subjects and the methods of examination that are

at fault, according to Western notions. When these are mended the thing would be as near perfection as examiners can make it. But what a gigantic task to clear the deeply-rooted jungle of their literary procedure! The first step is to begin at the very beginning, and get a new alphabet[1] (compare p. 107).]

We next went to the common prison, where were all sorts of malefactors, some with chains on their legs, and others with square wooden collars, or cangues, round their necks; having, indeed, got into chokey, they all looked very miserable, and the place was very dirty. We did not see any torturing, or anything very dreadful, except in the countenances of the convicts and of the gaolers. These last are exceedingly extortionate, and when we were leaving the inner dens—dark, close, wooden pen-like inclosures, where some of the worst felons are kept—they got hold of our guide and squeezed him for backsheesh, and he had to drop a good deal more than he had at first intended before he could escape from their clutches. From here, after jogging along in the narrow and crowded paths (misnamed streets), amid the shops and bazaars of Canton, we were glad to mount the walls on the eastern side of the city, by the east gate, and get out of the chairs and stretch our legs by walking on their grass-grown tops, more than twenty feet broad, with a brick rampart several feet higher on the outside edge, along which you can also walk, and look down on the suburbs of the town outside, which appear nearly as extensive as the city inside. We thus filled our lungs with a little fresh air. Working our way northward (see map), past many disused guard-houses and barracks over the gateways, we had a bird's-eye view of Canton lying on our left-hand side, until we arrived at the red, square, heavy-roofed building called the Five-storied Pagoda, on the north side of the city. It is not a pagoda, however, but a tower built on the city wall. On three sides the walls are very thick and strong but on the south side, which faces inwards to the city, pillars support the floors and roof. It was built at the end of the seventeenth century, the successor of one that stood here between 1366 and 1399, that is, in our Edward III.'s reign. We went up into the higher stories,

[1] The present Chinese letters, it is now believed, are only modifications of the wedge-shaped Babylonian writing. The oldest book of the Chinese, the *Yih-King*, is said by Professor Terrien de la Couperie to contain the records of kings who reigned 2300 B.C., not in China, but in Western Asia. Twenty-seven complete names remain of the early Babylonian kings covered by the Chinese traditions: and amongst these is the great husbandman Surgon. This connection between the Babylonian, Akkadian, and the early Chinese Bak tribes, is one of the most startling discoveries of the last few years.

which are now perfectly bare. Each of them is like a huge barrack-room, and would accommodate 300 or 400 men. From the verandah under the overhanging roofs there was a fine view over the whole of the city, with its 125 temples; two pagodas (the Flowery and the Mohammedan) stand up on the west side, and beyond them the twin spires of the French Catholic Cathedral.

Immediately in the foreground, to the south of the wall on which we stand, rises the bare green Kun-yam hill, on which are several temples, the whole being considered very sacred. We went into one, said to have been founded 1403, and approached by a long flight of granite steps; in the chief hall is the statue of Kwan-yin, "the Hearer of Cries" (the same as Kwannon in Japan), the Virgin goddess of Pity seated on a lotus flower, often represented with a child in her arms. It was on this hill, and in this five-storied pagoda, that the head-quarters of the English and French forces were accommodated from 1858 to 1862. The pagoda tower and the temples were occupied as officers' quarters and barracks. Just below, outside the city wall, lie the paddy fields over which the British forces charged when they stormed and took the wall a little to the east of this hill. The bodies of many of our countrymen who fell are buried hereabouts. At the Judgment Day English bones will be found scattered under more climes than those of any other race. From where we stand we can also see well the windings of the river stretching away towards the sea, and near its banks two nine-storied pagodas stand up. Right away to the east runs the range of White Cloud Hills, to which we are going directly. Towards the south-west is the line of the Saichiu Hills, thirty miles away. On the north is a wide plain dotted with villages. We had hoped to have visited the arsenal, which is in the city near the public execution ground. The machinery is English or American, and the plates and coils of iron and steel are from Sheffield, but the whole of the workshops, forges, rollers, &c., are all under the exclusive control of Chinese artisans and mechanics. About 400 are employed. Iron and steel breechloading guns are made in enormous quantities: the machine guns too, the ten-barrelled Gatlings of 1-inch bore, are said to be as good as any made in England, well polished and neatly finished. The Chinese workman is an exact imitator of any model given him, and anything requiring mechanical precision just suits him. We had to be content to hear of all this, for the morning was wearing away; so, although the arsenal was close by, we came down from the five-storied pagoda,

left the city by the northern gate at 11.30 A.M., and arrived at the "Monastery of Ability and Humanity by the Jewelled Rainbow Fountain" at 1 P.M. The walk thither was for the most part on the stone-paved causeways, which run along over the paddy fields. We lunched under the trees in the courtyard, which is about 800 feet above the plain; and afterwards climbed up on to the summit of the hills above, which are 400 feet higher. The court-yard of the temple was very pretty, as a great many flowers all about on its sloping sides and the buildings have to adapt themselves to the irregularities of the hillside. From the hill-tops a still wider prospect is obtained than that from the five-storied pagoda in Canton. We see the whole of Canton in the distance, a dark mass lying amidst its now glistening and winding streams on the flat, and the forts at Anung-hoy away at the mouth of the river. One of the party said that "there is no ammunition there, and that the new gun-boats are all going to rack and ruin owing to the Chinese not knowing how to keep the machinery in order; and that they, as well as the forts, are merely erected to terrify Europeans." This seems a lame tale, for the present Viceroy of Canton, we hear from the consul, is anything but a fool, being exceedingly sharp, very active-minded, and well read in European history, as the English Admiral found when he visited him lately.

Coming down the hill, we went into a small temple, where we drew our fortunes. The process is an exceedingly simple one. A small bamboo case full of spills, all numbered, is handed to you after you have burnt a joss-stick in front of the statue of the god of good fortune, who sits looking on. You draw one of these spills, and after looking at the number on it, go to the wall of the temple, on which there are a number of slips of paper, all likewise numbered, and there you pick out the one corresponding to that you hold, and there you read all that is fated to happen to you.

The hillsides hereabout are crowded with Chinese tombs.

It was not till 4 P.M. that we left the hills and returned to Canton. About half a mile outside its northern gate we halted at a Mohammedan mosque, Tsing Chau Tsze, where, in a bell-shaped mausoleum, is the coffin of a relative of Mohammed, who died in Canton A.D. 629. Though there were many Mohammedans in China within a century after the death of Mohammed, it was principally between 1000 A.D. and 1600 A.D. that they entered the country. They are, however, much cut off from the rest of Islam, and none now make the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Passing down through the streets after dark the effect was quite different to that during the day. Most of the shops were closed, and here and there we had to halt for a gate to be opened to allow us to pass. We got up thus by the west gate on to the west wall of the city, along the top of which we more conveniently work our way down to the south-west corner; and so back to Shameen and off to the *Vigilant* at 6.30 P.M.

Dec. 28th.—A dull morning; looks like rain. Landed at 9.30 A.M.; went first to call on Rev. H. Smith, the chaplain, who lives close to the English church of St. Paul at the west end of Shameen, into which we went, after having seen in his own house a large collection of opium pipes of all shapes and sizes and materials; of some the bowls were of metal, of others of earthenware or porcelain, and the long stems were either of bamboo or of bone or of copper, according to the workmanship and quality of the bowls. An average smoker takes about forty whiffs, or "draws," a day; on this he would spend 10¾*d.* daily, if he smokes the best Indian opium: if he is content with the native produce, it will cost him a little over 5*d.* a day, but most smoke a mixture of the two. A piece of opium not larger than a pea is placed in the bowl, held over a lamp, and its fumes inhaled. Mr. Smith walked with us then to the Concordia Hall, where there is a small theatre for amateur theatricals, and into the club and reading room close by. The island of Shameen is nearly half a mile long and not an eighth of a mile broad; two avenues parallel to each other run from end to end, and five others at right angles to these from north to south, A canal 100 feet wide cuts it off from the land on the north and east sides; there seems plenty of room upon it, and the houses stand most of them in their own gardens. Previously to 1859 it had been a mud-flat, left bare at low tide, but between that date and 1862 it was inclosed by a granite wall and filled in at a cost of 65,000*l.* sterling. Then we went on foot into the town, shopping; to Fowloong's for black wood furniture, and to Hoaching's for carved ivory, and to another shop close by for silk embroidery. We went without a guide and with some British residents, so don't know who—if any body—got the squeeze or usual commission for having introduced us to be plucked. After lunch on board the *Vigilant* started in sedan chairs, four coolies apiece jog-trotting along through the narrow streets up to the English yamun in the centre of the city. The various wares are exposed for sale in different quarters, the jade stone ornaments are in one street,

silver and copper vessels and enamel are in another, the lanterns and silk and the shoes, the tailoring, the butchers, the grocers and all the rest of them—through many of them we pass now—each have their own quarter, and in front of every shop there was a little niche outside the door for daily incense, and in the finer shops a richly gilt picture surrounded by gaudy tinsel ornaments in a conspicuous place opposite the door in the front room. All testified to the truth of what we heard, that there is more wealth in Canton than in all other Chinese towns. The British consul occupies what was the Tartar general's yamun. Two marble lions guard the main entrance; inside some fine old banian trees make a cool and shady retreat; over the ruins of one of the largest of the buildings that once stood here is the entrance to the Walled Park, in which this afternoon Mr. Hewlett gave a garden party to the foreign community. There were some athletic sports, and amongst other amusements a tug of war, in which all afloat pulled against all on shore. The American officers of the *Alert* and the German officers from the *Wolf* lent their aid amongst the former, who won. There are many tame deer about in the park, and among the ruins of the once very extensive buildings belonging to the yamun, which were also occupied by the Allied Forces as a hospital; the remains of the stone pillars which were then the centre of this last, and the handsome stone balustrades leading up on to the platform which it occupied are, however, all that are now *in situ*. Everything looks in a more or less dilapidated condition. We were much interested in seeing Dr. Kerr, of the Medical Missionaries Society's Hospital. It was founded in 1839 and removed to its present position on the south side of the city in 1866; there are now wards for 120 in-patients. [The chief business is treatment for ophthalmia (which is often produced by the way in which the barber when shaving his client turns up the lid of the eye to remove the mucus), and surgical operations—most frequently for the removal of tumour. Some of the patients have even been members of the imperial family, viceroys of the province, and officers of every grade. Consumption, elephantiasis, and occasionally small-pox (although vaccination has been practised by the Chinese themselves by inoculation through the nostrils for a considerable period), a few cases of cholera, or of intermittent fever (which is more or less prevalent in the low-lying paddy fields) and of leprosy, make up the list of the chief diseases brought under notice. There is no Contagious Diseases Act in China, though in every city there are public brothels much the same as in so-called Christian

countries, with the same result of moral and physical disease. Two days a week lectures on Christianity are given to the patients, but no further attempts are made to proselytise. Christianity, we are told, is slowly spreading; converts have much to give up, and very few have anything to gain in the way of loaves and fishes. All forms of Christianity are tolerated; foreigners may teach any form they fancy most, and natives may profess it. China is now more open than Japan, permission to travel and reside in any part of the interior being freely given.

In China there are four national systems of religion, four modes of worshipping the Supreme, and underlying each of these a separate philosophy. The four have been now for ages interacting on each other; they often exist side by side in the belief of the same individual, for they are not felt to be contradictory, but rather supplementary, the one to the other. A Chinaman can believe them all, or take that which he feels best suits his mental and moral development, and neglect the others; there are temples for each of the four religions endowed by the state in every Chinese town and throughout the length and breadth of the land: many Chinamen contribute to the support of all four. They are—1, the primitive Nature worship, which appeals to the universal instincts of awe and admiration; 2, Confucianism, which appeals to the moral nature of man; 3, Taouism, which in its later development appeals to his lower nature, and is grossly materialistic; and 4, Buddhism, which appeals to the metaphysical and emotionally inclined.

The existence of these four forms of religion side by side need not surprise us when we recollect how much our own Western Christianity is compounded of heterogeneous materials, that have grown around and now supplement the simple message delivered by Jesus of Nazareth himself.

1. The religion of the old Chinese Empire as it existed from the twelfth century B.C., and at an earlier period, was a purified and organised worship of spirits with a predominant fetishist tendency. The sole objects of worship were spirits, which were divided into heavenly, earthly, and human, and as a rule were closely connected with the objects of nature. This old state religion is that which the Japanese have borrowed under the name of Shin-to worship (Shin is the Chinese for spirit), and is occupied, like that, with a crowd of sacrifices to nature-powers, to the heaven or sky, to the earth, to the tablets of deceased emperors, and to the spirits of

land, and grain, and silk industry. The five elements, clouds and rain and wind, various mountains, seas, and rivers have also their local genii, these are the host of spirits that have duties assigned to them under Heaven. "As it is not lawful to name the Supreme lightly, we name him by his residence, which is, Heaven, the visible sky, the Supreme Power under whose rule we are." The Heavens are the representatives of the divine and paternal majesty; the Earth of the divine and maternal care; they represent the male and female principles, the two elements that pervade all nature. There is indeed only one temple in the whole of China consecrated to Heaven, and one to Earth; both are at Pekin, where the annual sacrifices are performed by the emperor in person, representing the nation. When he adores Heaven at the winter solstice he wears robes of a blue colour, the same as that of the sky: when he adores Earth at the summer solstice they are of yellow to represent the clay of the plains; so likewise he wears red when reverencing the sun, and pale white for the moon. The temple of the sun is east and that of the moon west of the city; these two temples are used at the equinoxes. It is said that Heaven requires too majestic and glorious a service for ordinary mortals, and that the emperor alone can worthily sacrifice to the Supreme. This is merely a courtier-like way of accounting for the fact that the worship which of old was paid to Heaven by the head of each family and household is now only rendered in full official form by the head of the state as *pater patriæ*. But there never was in the most ancient days any priesthood class in China; in the twelfth century B.C. the Chinese community was divided into four classes—(1) the official or cultured class, (2) the husbandmen, (3) the mechanics, and (4) the traders or merchants; what priesthood existed was patriarchal. Still in every city in China there is an agricultural temple, one to the spirits of the hills and rivers, and to those that preside over grain. The state officials visit this temple and sacrifice every spring. Many Chinese also still continue to offer incense to heaven twice a month at the new and full moons; on those days they proceed to the square open court round which the family home is built, and there under no covering but the sky they kneel and pray and burn incense to Heaven; others worship heaven and earth thus only once in the year. "The sky pours down rain and sunshine; the earth produces corn and grass. We see them in perpetual movement and we may therefore say that they are living." Along with this primitive

worship of the heavenly and earthly spirits existed also that of human spirits, the worship of ancestors, the rudimentary form of all religions. Of all religious ceremonies the people of China now think this the most important.

This elemental nature worship, then, with that of ancestors is the most ancient and primitive in China; it is the background of all the other three popular religions, it is the texture on which they each embroider their own fancies; the teachings of each assume it for granted. It is the same religion as the Akkadian forefathers of the Chinese race believed in, from whom also the primitive Turanian people of Babylonia were descended; who in the plains of Shinar were the inventors of cuneiform writing, of which the earliest Chinese characters are a modification. The primitive Akkadian worship was rendered just in the same way to the sky and earth (as male and female principles), and to deceased ancestors, and had a great tendency to charms and incantations—the three main characteristics of the ancient Chinese religion. The Akkadian calendar we know from other sources was formed before 2200 B.C., and consisted of twelve months of thirty days named after the Zodiacal signs. The Chinese calendar which is still in use, is said to have been arranged before 2356 B.C. which is the first historic date after the mythical period in China. Letters are reported to have been introduced 2700 B.C. The lowest computation carries back Chinese history to 3316 B.C., about the period at which the first dynasty were reigning in Egypt. That the ancestors of the Chinese and of the primitive Babylonian people should be the same is after all less strange than that the English and Hindoos should have been proved to belong to the same Indo-Germanic race. It seems also possible that the branch of the Akkadian race which established itself in China was not unrelated to the founders of the great empire of the Kheta. These last are called Khatti in the Assyrian tablets, and the centre of their power in the north of Syria between Orontes and Euphrates was certainly established there before 1600 B.C., when the district is called Khatti-land. It may be only a curious coincidence that the Chinese are called Kitai still by the Russians, and in mediæval times the country was known as Cathay. A tribe of Khatti, nomads yet agriculturists, were certainly settled in 1743 B.C. at the south-eastern end of the Caspian sea; they may possibly, at least, have been the means by which the Chinese productions travelled from the extreme east down into Egypt, where they are found in Egyptian tombs of the

date 1300 B.C. Hostilities were constant between Babylonia, the Kheta, and Egypt, and Rameses II. married a daughter of the King of the Kheta in 1333 B.C.

Be this, however, as it may, it is now known that the forefathers of the Chinese race brought the three characteristics of the Akkadian religion, the worship of sky and earth, as the male and female principles, of spirits, and of ancestors, with a tendency to charms and incantations, along with their primitive letter forms, eastwards to China with them in their migrations in about the twenty-seventh century before our era. Such was the State religion which Confucius found prevalent in his days.

2. Confucius (Kung-foo-tsze, the master Kung) was born at the winter solstice in 551 B.C., when China was one-sixth its present size. He was thus a contemporary of Solon, and taught one hundred years earlier than Socrates, and one hundred years later than Buddha. His father was a soldier of great bravery and of immense strength and stature (the two last characteristics his son inherited), but he died when the boy was only three years old, and it was his mother who had the chief share in his bringing up, and to her he was always deeply attached. To support her he had to struggle with poverty and undertake all sorts of hard manual labour; in fact, all his life through he was never rich. He married when he was nineteen, and a son was born to him before he was twenty. At twenty-two he began to teach, and his house became the resort of inquiring youths; the subjects he spoke about were the history and doctrine of the past, self-culture, and right conduct. We know also that he was fond of music. When he was twenty-four his mother died; he mourned for her with the bitterest grief: "we can have but one mother." He laid her to rest beside his father, who had died twenty years before. At thirty he "stood firm," and apparently had fully made up his mind on most moral questions, although at thirty-five (*i.e.* in 517 B.C.) he visited Laou-tsze, who was then eighty years of age, at the court of Chow. At fifty-two he became a magistrate, and introduced order where before disorder had prevailed, and reformed the manners of the people in his native state. He held office for four years only, when he was expelled, and at the age of fifty-six had to set forth on his wanderings, which lasted for thirteen years, during which period he, despised and rejected of men, took refuge with his little band of disciples in state after state, seeking rest and finding none. The whole country was torn by discord and desolated with

the wars which one feudal chief carried on against another, plunder and rapine were everywhere prevalent, and husbandry was totally neglected. During all this time he steered his course with consummate prudence amidst the rival chiefs, and would not become the partisan of any of their ambitions. At the age of sixty-nine he was allowed to return to his native state, but troubles followed him home. The next year his son died, and then his favourite disciple; three years later, in 478, his next beloved died. That same year his own end came. On the last morning of his life he tottered out with his large frame into the sunshine in front of his house, crooning these three lines of the Chinese poet: "Even the great mountain must crumble away in time; the strong house beam must break at length, and the wise man wither away like a plant."

For the moment his career seemed a failure, when he thus died, neglected and almost alone. Like Socrates, Buddha, and one greater than either, he left behind him no written system of ethics or politics, but only disjointed maxims, which, however, will command respect for all time. The *Confucian Analects* were compiled by his disciples in the fourth century before our era as a sort of Memorabilia, and are full of accounts of his personal characteristics and teachings. It was not, however, till A.D. 11 (400 years after his death) that honorary titles were conferred by the Emperor on Confucius. The present duke Kung is descended in the seventy-fifth generation from him, and is the head of the family of the great teacher, of which there are now between forty and fifty thousand members. No human teacher has for such a length of time exercised undisputed sway over men's minds; none has succeeded in stamping the impress of his own individuality upon a larger number of human intelligences. The word for religion in China is instruction; and the greatness of Confucius consists in his being a moral teacher, the most sincere, earnest, comprehensive and convincing that the Chinese have known. Bland, precise, and simple, though depressed by fortune, he never lost steady confidence in himself and his mission. His leading characteristic was faith in man's moral nature, and he felt assured that his teachings, if followed out, would result in the well-being of individuals and good order of society in the world. Confucius was intensely practical; he lived in the world; there was nothing ascetic, nothing spiritual, metaphysical or speculative in his nature. He said there were four things of which he avoided the discussion

—they were supernatural appearances, feats of physical strength, disorderly conduct, and spirits. He declined to discourse on death or the spirit-world. "When you do not know life, how can you know about death? While you are not able to serve men properly, how can you serve the spirits?" "Qui non diligit fratrem suum quem videt, Deum, quem non videt, quomodo potest diligere?" The master was a typical Chinaman; his great idea was correctness, the right ordering of manners and of society: he seems, indeed, like propriety personified. The genius of the Mongolian and Chinese mind is always that of plain matter-of-fact and phlegmatic unspeculative persistency. Each member of the race is always intensely practical; hence it has resulted that the discovery of printing, the composition of gunpowder, the properties of the loadstone were made by them many hundreds of years at least before the rest of mankind. In politics and in social economics, as well as in practical applications of science and useful inventions, the Chinese are superior to all other peoples; so too with Confucius an ethical and practical test was the only test he would recognise of truth. Other religions might be suitable for other nations if they enjoined a good morality; he was latitudinarian and utilitarian enough to give his assent to all systems that have a good moral code. For his own people, with their strong imitative propensities, he said the force of example was the best teacher; hence the necessity of exceeding correctness of behaviour and manners. He did not pretend that he had anything new to teach; "he was a transmitter, and not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients; he came not to destroy, but to fulfil their teachings with fresh meanings and applications." Adherence to traditional forms of etiquette he ever insisted on most perseveringly, for these forms were the embodiment of goodwill to all, and if sincerely observed, with full understanding of their meaning, would be a help and assistance to each one in doing his duty in that state of life to which he had been called. His own moral character was beyond reproach, yet he did not pretend to be a perfect example of virtue. In his humility he confessed he had fallen short of his ideal. "There are four things to which I have not attained: to serve my parents as I would require my son to serve me; to serve my elder brother as I would wish my younger brother should serve me; to serve my prince as I should require my minister to serve me; and to behave to a friend as I would he should to me. I am not virtuous enough to be free from anxiety,

not wise enough to be free from perplexities, and not bold enough to be free from fears. Benevolence is to love all men, as one of the earlier emperors (2000 B.C.) has said, no virtue is higher than to love all men, no loftier aim in government than to profit all."

Confucius, when asked what was the great commandment in the law, replied that the whole duty of man was summed up in one Chinese character, in that one which stands for "heart," "reciprocity," "altruism." He was the forerunner of our Saviour by 500 years, in that he taught His golden rule *verbatim*, only in the negative form: "What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others." Again he said, "Among the hundred virtues, filial piety is the chief; out of 10,000 crimes, adultery is the worst. Fidelity, filial piety, chastity, and uprightness diffuse fragrance through a hundred generations." The Jesuit fathers have been good enough to say they felt no doubt that he and his followers, who held such views, would be saved by the mercy of God in the next life. The true disciple of Confucius is the filial son, the kind and faithful husband, and the loyal subject. Nevertheless, the sage frequently reiterates the doctrine that a king's right to his throne lasts only so long as he follows the dictates of Heaven; when he swerves persistently from the right course, it is competent to the people to dethrone him. When asked what a prince should do for his people, he replied, "Enrich them, by giving security of life and property." And when asked what next, he said, "Teach them, and they will secure the same for themselves." He taught that there were four decorous principles—humanity in the heart, rectitude in the mind, propriety in the body, and knowledge in the spirit; that there were five virtues whose obligation is constant and universal, and these are—benevolence, uprightness, propriety, prudence, and trusty friendship. The sanction for all morality he unhesitatingly rested on an appeal to man's conscience and moral nature. "Heaven has conferred even on the inferior people a moral sense, compliance with which would show their nature invariably right. By complete sincerity man is able to give complete development to his own nature, and is master of his own destiny."

His followers have elaborated his appeal to conscience by teaching that the Eternal Reason underlies all existences, and that of it all things are the manifestation; and sometimes they speak of this reason as a law of a moral and intellectual kind pervading the world. God is present in all nature, therefore when we inquire into science

celestial or terrestrial, we honour God. Through the conscience, the Eternal Reason speaks to man. In the first book which the Chinese child reads in every day-school—(and there is a universal self-supporting day-school education throughout the country)—in the opening sentence he is taught that "the moral sense or conscience in every man prompts him to good; this good sense is bestowed by Heaven." "By their nature," said Confucius, "men approach to goodness, but habit leads them away from it." "Let those who have sinned against Heaven, instead of offering sacrifices to avert deserved punishment, show by their sincere desire to be virtuous, the genuineness of their repentance." The great question the Chinese sage was concerned with was, "How shall I do my duty to my neighbour?" He reasoned soberly and practically on the duty of compliance with law, and the dictates of conscience. "Honour the supernatural powers," he says, "but there is nothing certain and tangible in what we know about the multitudes of such beings. Let us discharge the duties we owe to men." And this was the principle he endeavoured to carry out when dealing with the custom of ancestral worship. He grounds it wholly on practical considerations. He justifies it as the fulfilment of filial piety. The services of love and reverence to parents when alive, and those of grief and sorrow for them when dead, these completely discharge the fundamental duty of living man. The service which a dutiful son does to his parents is as follows:—"In his general conduct to them he manifests the utmost reverence; in his nourishing of them his endeavour is to give them the greatest pleasure; when they are ill he feels the greatest anxiety, in mourning for them dead he exhibits every demonstration of grief; in sacrificing to them he displays the utmost solemnity. When a son is complete in these five things he is able to serve his parents, and as a consequence he will be free from pride, insubordination and quarrelsomeness." Thus the permanence and growth of the nation is due in great measure to this virtue of reverence for parents, the foundation of all family and social order. Confucius agreed with the Jewish lawgiver when he gave utterance to the command, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ancestral worship in its purest form as practised by the real followers of Confucius is simply the accentuation of this law in the most solemn manner. Most high officials and literary men in China visit their ancestral chapel in the morning to pass some time in

self-examination, having the feeling that they are more likely to discharge this duty most faithfully in the presence of the sacred tablets which preserve the remembrance of their forefathers, and act as a sort of guardian penates in protecting and consecrating their homes. A Confucian eschews all images, the tablet with the name on it is all that he reveres as "the place of the soul" of the departed. To do dishonour by word or act to them or to his ancestors is the direst disgrace; to attain honour is chiefly valuable as bringing honour to them. Reverence for them is the most powerful religious sentiment in the mind of the literary classes. The Chinese term for this worship is "having communion or communication with," and so the sincere worshipper strives to recall his fathers whose physical life and moral nature has been transmitted to and lives anew in him; and he dwells in thought on their virtues with a glow of steadfast affection and resolves to be good as they were. Once at the end of the year and in the first month of each of the four seasons do these family "reunions" take place where the dead and living meet, eating and drinking together, where the living revere the dead and the dead bless the living.

Confucius, then, among the three hundred millions in China, has the balance of intellectual and political influence on his side; his religion is distinctly that preferred by the literary class. Those who have rank and learning in China profess to despise the other two religions of Taou and Buddha. With the name of Confucius they associate their ancient national polity, their literature, their system of universal morality, and indeed all their civilisation. His teachings have supplied the guiding principles which have actuated the performance of all that is great and noble in the life of China for more than twenty centuries. His leading idea was the preservation of the state, as founded and built up by the wisdom of his forefathers: to this all his teachings tend, and verily he has had his reward. In every school throughout the empire the nine Confucian classics are the text books. As soon as competitive examinations were established (631 A.D.) they became the sole subjects of examination and are so still; they are the main study of every generation of Chinamen from the cradle to the grave, and on them the nation's mind and affection is concentrated and moulded.

3. If Confucius is the ideal of the practical man for China, Laou-tsze, the founder of Taouism, on the other hand, was as distinctly speculative and metaphysical; the first was devoted to self-culture, the second to self-renunciation; the first lived in the

world, the second was a recluse and philosopher, who meditated on the profound necessities and capacities of the human soul; and recommended quiet reflection rather than action. "Nourish the perceptive powers of the soul in purity and rest:"—"Let all the passions be carefully controlled:"—"Strength and progress are found in rest:"—were three maxims on which he was wont much to insist. Kung-foo-tsze and Laou-tsze were contemporaries. The former sought out the latter to learn from him the substance of his teaching. Laou-tsze told the self-conscious precisian that he seemed careful and troubled about many things, and since he found duty in life a hard taskmaster, bade him renounce self, and cultivate Taou and virtue. From this interview we are told Confucius returned to his disciples "completely fascinated," and for three days kept silence. "My soul," he said, "is plunged in trouble." Laou-tsze was a man of the non-Chinese Le tribe, who through tribal associations with the Burmo-Chinese frontier districts imbibed a knowledge of the leading doctrines of Brahmanism from the natives of the border. Possessed with this knowledge he arrived at the Chinese court of Chow, where he held office as librarian for some years. But in addition to his official duties he established a school for the dissemination of his doctrines, and when he finally took leave of the Chinese States, probably to return to his former haunts, he bequeathed to his disciples the work entitled *Taou-tih King*, in which he elaborated his idea of Taou—a word he probably adopted as a rendering of the Sanskrit Brahman. The principle meanings of Taou are "the word," "intelligence," "the right path or method of conduct," "the absolute;" all which meanings find their counterpart in Brahman, "the word of God;" "wisdom;" "the life of holiness;" "God the absolute." "It is above all, before all, and in all;" "it is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever nourishing, guiding, protecting. I do not know whose son it is—it might appear to have been before God, it might have been in the beginning with God." As we read these lucubrations of "the old sage" (and that is the meaning of Laou-tsze, whose real name is unknown) one thing, at any rate, cannot fail to strike us very forcibly, and that is the parallel results of contemplation on the mystery of God and humanity, whether among quick-witted Greeks, Hindoos, Chinamen, or Teutons. In Laou-tsze's work there are preserved only those leading doctrines of Brahmanism which were nearest in harmony with the Chinese intelligence, and would bear transplanting. As far as it is possible

to judge, no Chinaman ever thoroughly understood the true bearing of the great work of Laou-tsze. He was not one of themselves, and he preached a doctrine which was too abstract in tone to be congenial to their mental tastes, so that, when he left China to return over the mountain pass to his own tribe again, no one had either the will or the power to take up his mantle. His moral teaching in some respects surpasses that of Confucius. He taught that "Freedom from all selfish motive or purpose centring in self was that which man should aim at attaining. That humility was the chief virtue, with modesty, self-restraint, and emptying the mind of all desires in absolute resignation. Three things he prizes and holds fast:—gentle compassion, economy, and humility. By the practice of these the last shall become first, and the most mighty in physical strength are vanquished. 'He who exalteth himself shall be abased, and he who humbleth himself shall be exalted.'" "Judge not your fellow-men, be content to know yourself. Be chaste, but do not chasten others; be strictly correct but do not cut and carve other people. A nation is a growth, not a manufacture. A truly good man loves all men and rejects none; he respects all things and rejects nothing. Bad men are the materials on which the good man works, and to bring such back to Taou is the greatest object of his life." His Taou was a way or method of living which men should cultivate as the highest and purest development of their nature. But his teaching, perhaps, may be held to have culminated in the precept "Return good for evil," do not only abstain from doing that which is hurtful to your neighbour, but "recompense evil with good;" such were the very words he left on record in the sixth century before the Christian era.

But the same irony of fate that has befallen the teachings of so many other founders of religions awaited Laou-tsze. The same law of degeneration or assimilation that is seen exemplified in the development of Neo-Platonism, Gnosticism, and so-called Esoteric Buddhism presents itself here also. His theories had left the hard practical test of utilitarianism, and had assayed to teach men to soar aloft into heavenly places; they ended in grovelling hopelessly in the mire; the highest aspirations of the philosopher have resulted in the vulgarest and most material of religions. Laou-tsze's professed followers rapidly degenerated into alchemists and medicine-men seeking the elixir of life, immortality, and the philosopher's stone. The headship of Taouism has become hereditary in the Chang family since the beginning of our era, and the spirit of their pope migrates

from father to son. This is a handier arrangement than that which necessitates the search for the new vehicle of inspiration, as in the case of the two rival Llamas—the pope and anti-popes of Thibet-Buddhism, but is more materialistic in conception. Laou-tsze had been a Quietist, and taught "the vanity of striving after earthly objects." His followers in seeking to become superior to the laws of nature improved upon his tenets, and upheld "the certainty of acquiring supernatural powers by the exercise of sustained contemplation." "The soul is a purer form of matter, sublimated, dematerialised, even as the stars are purer essences than the coarse material objects of earth; and the body is to be disciplined by fasting, and the life of a hermit." Given this belief, from it sprang rapidly the greater part of what is known now as the popular religion of Taouism. This holds that "the stars are the sublimated essences of things," that there are five elements or essences that make up the world, and that these essences or souls, highly purified, reside in the five planets; and are to be revered as the five genii, for they look down from their region of purity and stillness on the world of men, and influence their fortunes invisibly but most powerfully. This teaching fits in with the primitive worship of the sun, moon, pole-star, thunder, &c., and with that of the spirits of the rivers and of the sea; the Taouist regards them as the essences and souls that reside in these departments of nature. For ordinary mortals the ethereal and grosser parts of the soul return at death to their respective sources —the male and female principles or elements that pervade all nature. The life of all living things depends on their union, and ceases with their separation. The soul, like the body, moreover, is compound; there is the rational soul which thinks, the animal soul which presides over the body, and a third which is the seat of the passions. Immortality is secured if these parts are kept from separating. The discipline of the Taouist hermit is intended to effect this. The hermits who have wrestled successfully with evil, and whose souls have passed away become deified. For as the soul is a purer form of matter theirs at the moment of death, as a vapour three inches long, becomes separate from the organism to which it belonged, and escapes upward like a wreath of smoke, or a small light cloud, into the region of thin air, and into the fine ether that floats around the stars. But before they go from the body these hermits and holy men must of necessity have attained more power than ordinary

mortals over nature as magicians. They will show men "how to do it," how to get the plant that confers immortality, how the baser essences (in metal, for instance) may be transmuted into the diviner. It is thus that a form of words first used in a metaphorical sense comes to be taken literally; and the process is all the more rapid in China, for even the imagination of the Chinese is profoundly practical. They are by birth astrologers, and prone to revert (more even than most nations) to old fetish worship, and to the use of incantations and charms. Taouism trades upon this nature; the Taouist priests show how by throwing sticks upon the floor, how by shaking lots together in a wooden cup, or drawing mystic characters on paper to paste upon the lintel and sideposts of the door, or how by manipulating numbers, magical powers to bind the spirits may be exercised. Wherever the cycles of astrology and the distinction of the male or female principle can be introduced in common life, in medicine, in the choice of sites for houses and graves, for days for going on a journey, ordering a new suit of clothes, &c., &c.; they are proficients in elaborating and working this belief. Similarly also in their hands the religion of ancestors has degenerated; its foundation, instead of, as under Confucius's teaching, being that of filial piety towards parents, and seeking to maintain "communion" with them, has become instead nothing but fear and terror; it is to appease the anger of the mischievous spirits, to mediate between the living and the dead, that is one of the chief objects of the Taouist priests. With them rich and poor, all alike, live in a perpetual fear not only of their own ancestors but of other people's. If the well-being of the spirits is not looked after, they come up to the world of light to avenge themselves. This vengeance they naturally carry out upon their own relatives first of all, but they are by no means particular if they come across anybody else on the way. There are naturally a certain number who are neglected by impious descendants as well as others whose families are extinct. These, together with all who are drowned at sea, or die in battle, or in foreign lands, and whose bones cannot therefore be deposited in the family resting-place, constitute a perpetual source of peril to the entire community. Hence the public subscription festivals, the chief of which falls about the beginning of April, to give relief to the suffering and tortured ghosts—still more to save men from their spite. Sacrifices are then made all over China by the Taouists to appease those whose irritation might otherwise endanger the peace of the whole country.

To supply invisible beings the offerings must be made invisible. Everything, therefore, is burnt. When a man dies his best suit of clothes is forthwith burnt to insure his making a respectable appearance below. Models of houses, temples, and furniture likewise; all the dead man's private letters, and all personal things he would care to have. Thin rice-paper money, coated over with tinfoil, and cut into the shape of coins, is burnt in immense quantities all along the streets, the rivers, canals, on the bridges, at cross-roads, jungle paths, jetties, and in fact everywhere where it is possible that a destitute or malevolent spirit may be wandering in want of money to support him in the world of darkness.

The Taouist system is thus hopelessly mean; it has debased each of the characteristics of the ancient Chinese religion—that of reverence for ancestors, and for Heaven and nature-powers; it has traded, above all else, on the tendency of the Chinese mind towards a belief in incantations. It confines itself practically with appeals to all the lower wants of human nature. The gods of riches, of long-life, of medicine, of war, of particular diseases all belong to Taouism; when such deities or spirits are worshipped they are to be worshipped, according, to imperial edict, through the forms of this religion. Both the rewards promised to the pious, and the punishment threatened to the impious, belong exclusively to this present life. Retribution is a truth the Taouist dwells much on; "as the shadow follows the substance, so recompense follows good or evil." But his rewards for virtue are all temporal blessings, long life, riches, health, rank, and numerous progeny, which are given by the above divinities, who also save men from the opposite calamities and award to them as punishments, diseases, early death, and misfortunes of every kind. They let loose millions of malevolent spirits, tricksy angels and demons to trouble and afflict men; hosts of them are about us, though we see them not, seeking opportunity to inflict various injuries. They may assume the form of snakes and foxes, of men and women, and so entrap the unwary; or they may enter in and take possession of men as demons and produce pining sickness, melancholy, and wild frenzy. The dread of spirits is the nightmare of the Chinaman's life, and on this dread Taouism lives; with charms and liturgies it fights to exorcise the malevolent demons. Every one of the multitudinous horrors which have ever been spawned by an abject superstition in the darkness of the imaginations of men is

found in Taouism, not only crawling but nurtured into rampant vigour to crush with their leprous coil the efforts of the uninstructed to feel after if haply they might find God. It draws its devotees entirely from the uneducated masses; any educated man in China professes himself Confucian, and is ashamed to be seen in Taouist company.

4. Buddhism was introduced into China A.D. 66, by means of an embassy sent to the West at the suggestion of the Taouists. In China, no one is called a Buddhist except the priests and nuns, but the former are said to be more numerous than the Taouist priests, and they are the more popular. They have fallen away as far from the original teachings of Gautama as the Taouists have from those of Laou-tsze. Buddhism is as elastic as Mediæval Christianity in adopting the popular and local beliefs of the countries it penetrates. In all it appeals chiefly to the emotional and the imaginative. And as ancestral worship is the real religion of the Chinese, that in which they trust more than anything else, and to which they look for consolation and reward, so Buddhism has in China thrown a grace round it, more than it has done elsewhere, and justifies it by asking, "Who so likely to watch over their children, protect from harm, and rescue from danger, cure in sickness and preserve in health, prosper in business and succour in poverty, as those who have performed these kindly offices when they were alive, and around whom the best affections of the heart are entwined?" And although the practical Chinese mind finds a difficulty in visiting those subtle depths of speculation which were familiar to the Hindoos, yet for the satisfaction of the metaphysically inclined translations of a vast number of philosophical and other works have been made from the Sanskrit into Chinese. The deities of the Chinese Buddhist are personified ideas, like the Gnostic aeons; he denies the existence of matter entirely, and concerns himself only with ideas. He reasons that there is nothing real but Buddha, and that the mind is Buddha (Perception) that the Reason (Le) of Confucius's system and the Taou of Laou-tsze are one and the same, and are really his own Buddha (Intelligence). Popular Buddhism delights in splendid pictorial scenes of far away worlds inhabited by angelic beings, and divine intelligences. Here the emotional man, who is unsatisfied with the somewhat jejune worship of the Confucians, can still, while preserving all that Sage's code of practical morality, find objects to adore of mysterious grandeur and richly endowed with the

attributes of wisdom and benevolence. Chief of these is Amitabha ("Immeasurable Light" whose emanation was Gautama) who presides in the Western Heaven, the Paradise of the Northern Buddhists, although it is totally unknown to the Buddhists of Ceylon and Burmah. In these lands of the blest, which are quite free from all sensual delights, the employment of the happy ones will be "to gaze upon the countenance of the saviour Amitabha, the King of Paradise, full of wisdom enabling him to teach, and of compassion enabling him to save." They will moreover enjoy the magnificence of the gardens, by the side of streams of living water. These are almost identically the same as those St. Bernard, when full of the enthusiasm that incited to the second Crusade, saw in his vision of Jerusalem the Golden,

> "That radiancy of glory,
> And bliss beyond compare!
> . . . . .
> The Prince is ever in them,
> The daylight is serene;
> The pastures of the blessèd
> Are decked in glorious sheen.
> And they, who with their leader,
> Have conquered in the fight,
> For ever and for ever
> Are clad in robes of white."

Omito-fuh (or Amida-foo) is the Chinese form of Amida Buddha: he is the guide of the disciples to Paradise, and his immediate providence is the salvation of his followers. His name (as we saw in Japan) is constantly invoked by the faithful, and at every morning and evening service in the monasteries. He is the teacher and the saviour, but not the governor or the judge: he is not prayed to for forgiveness, and sins are not confessed to him. "If a bad man becomes sensible of his faults, he will abandon them: and as he acts virtuously his sin will day by day diminish and be destroyed, till he obtains full enlightenment." It is this enlightenment, this "deliverance out of the miseries of this sinful world," that occupies as large a share in the aspirations of the Buddhist as of the Christian. The yearning of our own forefathers, while alive, to go westward, in quest of the earthly Paradise, was only their effort to put to a practical test the same longings which the Chinese and Japanese, as well as the Egyptians and the Greeks, have entertained of finding peace in the Land "where the weary Sun hath made a golden set." The phraseology of the pious under the influence of

this *Heimweh* is almost identical, and many a Chinese Buddhist would join with a Christian in singing,

> "O Paradise! O Paradise!
> Who would not crave for rest?
> Who would not seek the happy land
> Where those that loved are blest?
> Where loyal hearts and true
> Stand ever in the light,
> All rapture through and through
> In God's most holy sight."

Often again with the Buddhists in China life is described as a vast sea: men are tossed perpetually upon "the waves of this troublesome world." There is a shore which by Amida's help the tempest-tossed soul may reach. On the rocks near many of the larger temples in China is often carved "this is the shore"; "you have but to turn back, and come home, you are safe on this shore." We were more than once reminded thus of the hymn of the Revivalists, which we had heard some of our own ship's company singing:

> "Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand!
> See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's land.
> Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
> Safe within the lifeboat, sailor, pull for the shore,
> Heed not the rolling waves but bend to the oar."

The imagination of the pious soul all the world over, feeds itself on almost identically the same thoughts and images. "The shore" for Buddhist and for Christian is the same as "the little Heaven below." Both alike believe that the danger and misery of vice, and the good that comes from self-restraint, are endless and incommensurable, and that only a few escape the waves of passion and attain to rest. The majority, the Buddhist believes, can expect nothing higher than to advance one or two steps in the scale of existence. Since the passions are our enemies, the highest happiness of the soul, and the idea of redemption, is to conquer the sensual nature and all agitation, in Nirvana, where the soul is triumphant over matter. Before they attain this they may have to pass through thousands of lives: therefore they leap, in imagination, straight to the more tangible presentment of Paradise.

The practical outcome and effect of these four religions is therefore this.

The Chinaman, who is content to lead a sober, virtuous and industrious career, and to find exercise for his emotions in the kindly

offices of family life, accepts without question, like the ordinary Englishman, the religion he has been born into; he practises the morality of Confucius, and adores the power outside himself that makes for righteousness in the primitive and simple forms of the state religion.

Those, however, whose less robust natures and mental tendencies are such that they crave the support afforded by *hocus pocus*, as well as they who feel an overpowering instinct to appease an angry deity or deities by sacrifice, betake themselves alike to Taouism. And so too with us, there are certain forms of Christianity in Western Europe as popularly perverted, which are the creation of sentiments closely akin to either of these. And as the majority of Buddhists in the East divest themselves in the hour of supreme need of all the metaphysical playthings of their hours of ease, so too the majority of Christians in the West forget in the toil and moil of life the subtleties of dogma, that still however remain in the background and underlie their faith. With the majority of Chinamen, as with the majority of Englishmen, the hope of "going to heaven at last" is the chief "*solamen in malis*," as well as the exceeding great reward for their struggles to be good; and this hope it is, as of "some far off divine event," that practically comes to occupy the larger part of the religious horizon of both races.]

Meanwhile the hurdle races and flat races, and also an animal race, have come off in the grounds. Just outside rises the Flowery Pagoda, an octagon of nine stories and 170 feet high. It was built about A.D. 537, and was repaired a few years ago at an expense of over 2,000*l*. This and the other pagodas were erected (it is said) to bring and secure good luck to the region, in accordance with the rules of the Fung-shui—for a pagoda (as we saw at Tungho, p. 195) is always believed to exert a great influence upon the fortunes and prosperity of the surrounding region. They have always an odd number of stories, seldom less than five—and never more than eleven. Visitors are not admitted now to the Flowery Pagoda; the staircase to the top comes outside at every stage, and we were told that in the time of the British occupation of the town, when these were all broken off and there was scarcely therefore any footing on the exterior walls, an English midshipman and bluejacket attempted nevertheless to get to the top, but whether it was one or both who fell and were killed, we could not hear; it has never been allowed to be climbed since. The Fung-shui ("wind and water rulers") are supposed to be much interfered with by the two

tall spires and by the lofty nave of the French cathedral, so that the spirits of the air have a difficulty in finding their way about, and like blind bats are constantly stumbling up against it, or, as we say in English, find it a continual eye-sore. Though begun twenty years ago it was only finished last year; the walls are of solid granite, and the arches of the nave are seventy-five feet high. It dominates the whole city as an ever-present reminder of the foreign devils, and in case of an outbreak is the one detested spot of all others that the populace would make for and destroy; it is invulnerable to everything but gunpowder or dynamite; it occupies the ground where the Viceroy Yeh had his yamun. For dinner at 7.30 P.M. we had some excellent birds'-nest soup, white gelatine brought from Borneo, Java, and Sumatra. It is the nest of a swallow found in caves and damp places; the bird takes seaweed and other marine substances with her bill and makes the nest of their fibres. They are carefully cleaned and stewed with pigeons' eggs, and when cooked resemble isinglass. It was almost tasteless, though very nutritious; it did not come up to the sea-slug soup we had had in Queensland. The curried white frog was very delicate. These frogs are caught by tying a young one to a fish line and bobbing him up and down in the grass and grain of a rice field, where he is taken as bait and swallowed whole by an older member of his family; he is used as bait for many in succession. And the salted ducks' eggs which are kept hermetically sealed for forty days in a mixture of salt, ashes, lime, and aromatic water, were odd. A still greater delicacy are eggs kept for five hundred years until in a powdery and pungent state. Fresh pork constitutes more than half the meat eaten by the Chinese. This, with geese, ducks, poultry and fish meet the eye everywhere in the streets. Fish is the commonest diet of all, and is not only caught in seas, lakes, and running waters, but is reared in pools and tanks all over the country. Not only are the coasts, rivers, and lakes covered with fishing boats of various sizes provided with nets, dredges and tackle of all kind, but even the spawn of fish is collected, hatched, and reared in the pools of the rice fields and gardens. It is however the succulent stew fried in oil or fat, and it is the sinewy and gelatinous substance both of fish and animals that appeal most to a Chinaman's palate. After dinner there were some fire-works in the park, but unfortunately it came on to rain. We slept in the bed-room that the Duke of Edinburgh occupied when he was here. We had a fire at night, but notwithstanding the cold the mosquitoes were lively.

Dec. 29th.—Up early, and saw a parade of Tartar troops in the park. The men looked clean, smart and orderly. Their drill was very creditable; they wheeled and formed squares with excellent precision; the words of command were English. This regiment are all armed with Snider rifles, but it is difficult to induce the men to keep them clean—the officers grudge the oil, and recommend instead to pour water down the barrels and then dry them in the sun. Other regiments are armed with Winchesters, others with Mausers; some go through their evolutions to German words of command, given by Tartar officers. There are as many as 150 German drill officers in the army. They had some small field-guns, also, which they trotted about and unlimbered and limbered up quickly. Their pay is less than one pound a month, about four shillings a week, which is paid once a month in silver; out of this they have to find themselves in food and clothing. A month's supply of rice will cost about six shillings; many a private not only supports a family upon the balance of his earnings, but also puts by every month. An English private's pay is about twice as much. The weekly pay of an ordinary labourer at Pekin is four shillings: skilled artisans naturally get more. With proper drill they would soon become good soldiers. They all wore two squirrel tails in their caps, which is the distinctive Manchu mark. All this part of the city is occupied by the Tartar garrison; the streets are wider than those in the Chinese town proper, and the houses mostly built of adobe, like those of the Manchu cities of the north. The Chinese army has been divided, since the time of the Manchu conquest in 1644, into two great divisions, that of the banner army and that of the green flag militia. The banner army are all Manchus, and descendants of the Mongols, who conquered China. This Regular army is divided into eight divisions, distinguished by the colour of their banners; in the organisation of these a great revolution is now in course of development. The total banner army is nearly 116,000 men. Of this force one half is scattered throughout the eighteen provinces as their Tartar garrisons, and one half is stationed in or near Pekin, and in the province of Chihli. It is these last that Li-Hung-Chang has been seriously taking in hand for fifteen years. They are now all armed with Martini-Henries and have been drilled by Germans engaged by the viceroy at most liberal salaries, who have also acquired such influence that most of, if not all, the war material for the army is supplied by German contractors.

The green flag Militia are exclusively Chinese and number about

600,000 men. They are not required to serve outside the limits of the eighteen provinces of China, and should be regarded rather as the town and village police and constabulary than regular soldiers. They are most numerous in the southern provinces. Forty thousand green flags, however, are stationed in Chihli, and these have been disciplined by Li with the regular Tartar troops. On the militia alone have been annually spent over eighteen millions sterling for many years. Besides these two bodies there are the survivors of Li's and Tso's victorious armies who served not a despicable military apprenticeship against the warlike races of central Asia, and form a nucleus of trained and veteran soldiers. Thus there is, at any rate, amongst the Chinese levies an unlimited supply of the stuff out of which good fighting troops can be made.

Then, again, there are the levies from the fighting tribes of the frontier, more than 200,000 at least, one-third of whom are mounted. It would not be difficult now, probably, to move an army of 50,000 men, at least, well disciplined and armed, to any part of China. The progress made by the Chinese army, both as to equipment and drilling, during the last few years, is very great. Naturally much yet remains to be done (but so also does it in the British army), and many abuses to be swept away; still, considering that only a short time ago their picked troops were armed with nothing but bows and spears, he must be very blind or very ignorant who does not see that the giant is moving.[1]

[1] The old notion is pretty well got rid of that the Chinese are at all a cowardly people, when properly paid and efficiently led; while the regularity and order of their habits, which dispose them to peace in ordinary times, gives place to a daring bordering upon recklessness in time of war. Their intelligence and capacity for remembering facts make them well fitted for use in modern warfare, as does also the coolness and calmness of their disposition. Physically, they are, on the average, not so strong as Europeans, but considerably more so than most of the other races of the East; and, on a cheap diet of rice, vegetables, salt fish and pork, they can go through a vast amount of fatigue, whether in a temperate climate or a tropical one, where Europeans are ill-fitted for exertion. Their wants are few; they have no caste prejudices, and hardly any appetite for intoxicating liquors. When in 1880 war seemed to be imminent between China and Russia, Li appealed to his old friend Gordon, who had just resigned his private secretaryship to Lord Ripon. He at once went to Tientsin, and at Li's request drew up a memorandum on the Chinese army. As the latest accessible view of a European on the subject, it is interesting. "In numbers the Chinese army has an advantage over the armies of all other nations; it is singularly capable of enduring hardships; and if its infantry were armed with breechloaders, and trained to their use, it would be very efficient in war. They should be of 1,000 yards' range, and of simple and solid construction; it would not matter if they were rather heavy, as a Chinese soldier does not carry a knapsack or baggage of any kind. The mobility of the Chinese army and the smallness of its requirements give it further advantages over European armies. A rabble of men armed with spears and swords may overcome the best regular troops if the ground is difficult and the assailants are as twelve to one. If the former were armed with breechloaders their task would of course be much easier. The Chinese army should never engage in a

After breakfast the viceroy sent a polite message desiring that the forts should salute the *Vigilant* on her return down the river, which, however, we declined, with thanks.

We got into our chairs at 8.30 A.M., and returned through the city to Shameen. On our road we met a mandarin in his chair. First came two pair of men in fancy dress, shouting to clear the way; then several pairs of attendants with long tails and arms of all sorts and a little behind them the sedan chair with the old swell, spectacles on nose, gravely gazing out in the front. The round pebbles of which these are composed are nearly two inches in diameter, and their rim rests on his cheek-bones, the frame has a hinge between the glasses, and the machine is kept on by loops over the ears. He was going to take his seat in the magistrates' court. A little further in the rear was another sedan chair with his secretary and writing case, and then a few more officials on foot, and when these had passed, the crowd closed in, and we jostled along as before. We turned off by the Smooth or Bare Pagoda, so-called because it has no projecting stages, which is in reality no pagoda at all, but only the tower of the oldest Mohammedan mosque; it looks in fact like a round tower, on the top of which is a minaret, and by the minaret's side is growing a tree. It was built by the Arabian voyagers about A.D. 850, and was rebuilt in 1468. It is 160 feet high, but looks deserted, and we were told the entrance to it was closed. [The followers of Islam are found in all the provinces—chiefly in the north, where they number a third of the population; some of them hold office, and have passed through the examinations to obtain it. There is no Test Act in China, and the road to office is not closed to adherents of particular religions. Roman Catholics as well as Mohammedans have often held office. Their simple and intelligible form of theistic belief, with an ethical code making no very severe demands on the weakness of human nature, was introduced into the country within a century after the Hegira. Whole villages and districts of Moslems may be found in

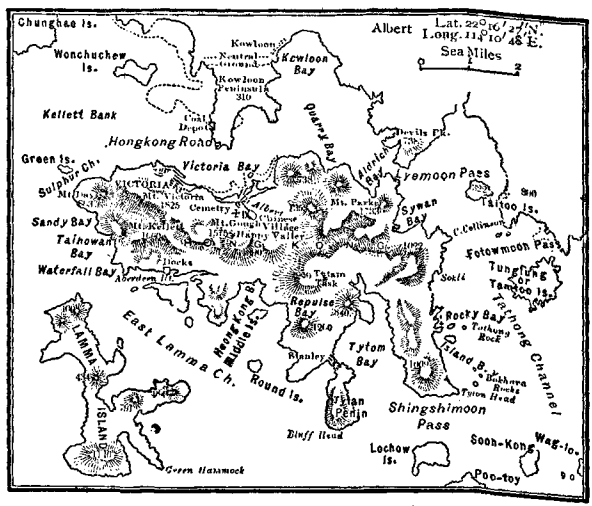
regular battle; its strength lies in quick movements, in cutting off the baggage-waggons, in night attacks, and in constantly disquieting the enemy. It should not be provided with heavy artillery, which would only hinder its movements. It should never attack fortified positions, but starve out the enemy and alarm him night and day. For this purpose it should have a few breechloading siege guns, as a long-continued fire will prevent the enemy from sleeping, and consequently fill the hospitals with sick men. If the enemy should break into a Chinese fortress, the garrison should at once make its escape, which it will be easy to do, as it has no baggage. It should then harass its adversaries on all sides, so as to tire them out and disorganise them." The whole policy recommended may be summed up in two words "Numbers" and "Worry."

the midst of the Buddhist and Confucian inhabitants of the country where no other foreign religion has taken root; and it is said to boast 20,000,000 of adherents among the subjects of the Celestial Empire. Some have thought it might possibly be the future religion of China.] After hearing what we were to expect, we were surprised to find the streets of Canton much cleaner than those in the Chinese city at Shanghai, or at Ning-po or Amoy. Got down to the *Vigilant* soon after 9 A.M., taking on board with us five little chou puppy dogs, which are scarcely weaned from their mothers. We weighed at once, and dropped down with the tide, having to go carefully where the barrier of stone-laden junks is sunk right across the river, and where the passage is very narrow, and kept cleared from the mud which rapidly accumulates under the left bank. At Whampoa are shipbuilding works and stone docks belonging to the Chinese Government. We arrived at Hong Kong at 6.30 P.M., and after dinner went on board the *Bacchante* about 9 P.M.

We find that while we have been away our Sydney-built cutter, pulling twelve oars, had had a race with the *Iron Duke's* fourteen-oared cutter pulling twelve, and beat them by nine strokes. The course was round the police hulk, about a mile and a half in length. To-day the *Bacchante's* eleven played the *Iron Duke's;* our eleven got 228 runs, and they 181.

Dec. 30*th.*—Bent the new sails, made plain sail, and furled them during the forenoon; went on board the *Iron Duke* to say good-bye to Admiral Willes. Went on shore about 1 P.M. to lunch with the Governor and Lady Hennessy; our admiral and Admiral Duperré were there also. The French band played during lunch in the verandah. Saw the wonderfully executed Chinese address painted on silk and rolled up with carved ivory ends to be forwarded to the Prince of Wales, it was deposited in a long lacquer-work box. Afterwards walked down to General and Mrs. Donovan's. Met Mr. Snowden at 3 P.M. outside the cathedral, and walked with him up to the signal staff at the top of the island of Hong-Kong. There is a good path the whole way, and he has his chair and four bearers to follow in case of needing their services. It was deliciously cool up above, and there is often as much as ten degrees difference between the temperature at the top and bottom of the hill. Many merchants have their houses up there now, and come down for their business every day; the greatest drawback is the fog that hangs over the summit so often

in the summer months. Went to the Governor's cottage from which there are lovely views in either direction, down away to the islands south, as well as on the north side over Hong-Kong roadstead, to Kowloon on the Chinese side of the strait, and to the mountains on the mainland. This afternoon it was perfectly clear, and the whole outline of Hong-Kong island, nine miles long, and from two to five and a half broad, and with an area of about twenty-nine square miles, stood out clear and distinct. Aberdeen Dock, with its bay down below on the south side of the island, was visible. Victoria Peak (1,825 feet) is the highest point in the island.



ISLAND OF HONG-KONG.

Standing there we looked down upon Victoria Bay and Hong-Kong roads, one of the finest harbours in the world, and which, extending practically from the Lyemoon Pass on the east to Kellet Bank on the west, covers an area of ten square miles. Its waters are crowded, to-day, with shipping of every sort and kind, steamers great and small, sailing ships and Chinese junks. Next to London and Liverpool it is the largest shipping port in the British dominions. The tonnage of the shipping entered exceeds 5,000,000 tons every year. The direct export trade from Hong Kong to England is over £1,000,000 value a year (and consists chiefly of tea), but the direct import trade of British manufactured goods to Hong-Kong is nearly £3,000,000 a year. But besides

this the whole of our trade with China (as described p. 142), the value of which at the lowest estimate is over £50,000,000 a year, passes through Hong-Kong. Besides the regular mail steamers there are local lines to Australia, Singapore, Japan, the Philippines and Siam, and India.

Hong-Kong is the great distributing centre—a little England in the eastern seas, the creation of British energy, enterprise and industry. The census of this year (1881) gives the population as 160,000 (more than that of Newcastle), of whom 3,000 are resident Europeans. Of these almost one half are of Portuguese descent, and only one-third English; the rest are chiefly our American and German cousins. Twenty thousand Chinese live in boats in the harbour. The Chinese are thriving in every way: their merchants have started steamer, insurance and trading companies; Chinese clerks fill the offices; Chinese barristers practise in the courts; and Chinese newspapers are rapidly increasing in circulation, and printed here penetrate into the interior of China. There is an annual flow of about 58,000 Chinese emigrants through Hong-Kong, most of whom go to the Straits Settlements.

The annual revenue of the colony exceeds a quarter of a million a year, nearly twice as much as the whole revenue of Scotland was at the time of the union. Besides defraying expenses of public works, of a strong Sikh and Chinese police force, of port, shipping, light-house and other matters, the colony annually contributes £20,000 to the Imperial exchequer, and receives in return 600 soldiers all told, infantry, artillery and sappers. It not only has no public debt, but its invested assets equal its annual income, for there has been a yearly surplus of revenue over expenditure since 1855.

But besides being one of the most thriving places in the world and a great commercial emporium, Hong-Kong is the sole base of our Chinese squadron. A hundred thousand tons of coal are constantly stored on the island and on the Kowloon Peninsula; there are the naval dockyards at Aberdeen and Kowloon, and three private docks. All this is practically defenceless. There is not a single gun in the island that could pierce an ironclad. There are two torpedo boats and an old-fashioned turret ship, the *Wivern*, lying unmanned in the harbour. The port might easily be put in a thorough position of defence. But to do so would cost £400,000. Of this the colony is willing to find half, if Great Britain will furnish the other half. The persons most interested in Hong-Kong commerce and shipping property reside in the manufacturing

towns in England. The colony differs thus entirely from the self-governing colonies in Australia and Canada. Two forts would have to be erected to command the western entrance to the harbour; one of these would be on Kellet Bank or Shoal, and the other on Hong-Kong island, on Belcher Point opposite Green Island, to command Sulphur Channel, the ordinary approach to the roads on that side. A third fort on Lyemoon Point, to command the eastern entrance, would also be covered by this outlay. With these and the mines the entrances to Hong-Kong harbour would be reasonably secure. But at present it is most dangerous to rely on submarine mines alone. Victoria, with its four miles of warehouses could be knocked to pieces in a few hours by an iron-clad; the docks constructed with such care and at such expense are practically undefended; and the coal by which alone our gunboats can steam northward against the monsoon, could be burned without the possibility of any effective resistance. The gunboats available for defence are slow tubs and of obsolete pattern, all undermanned, and several of their guns are known to be untrustworthy and could not be fired at all. There is no direct telegraph line to Singapore in English hands; the only one is a French line to Saigon, which in case of a war would not be available. There is no valid reason why a definite plan for the forts should not be decided upon and the works pushed on. Meanwhile, as the guns and the forts cannot be ready for years, a torpedo flotilla should at once be properly equipped and manned.

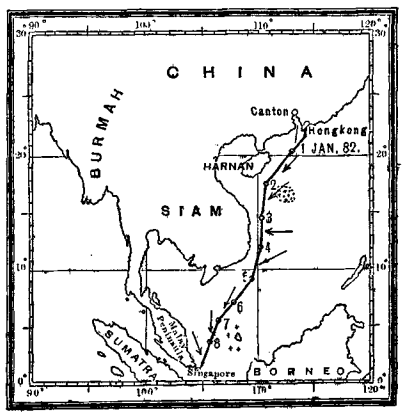
Looking eastward along the ridge from Victoria Peak to Mount Gough we were much surprised to find what a number of merchants' houses—we can count more than fifty, each with its lawn-tennis ground and racket court—have been built up here, on what a short time ago was a barren hill top with nothing but scrub and heather. There are admirable roads, and telephone and telegraphic communication with the town below, and they are talking of making a wire tramway up and down. The aspect of the hill has been entirely metamorphosed by all this planting, levelling, filling in with soil and turfing; it is now quite a second town up here. Within a year or two 1,000,000 trees have been planted with every prospect of rendering the climate more tolerable. Standing here and realising the island nature of Hong-Kong, we can better understand how the colony is entirely dependent upon the mainland and the coast islands for its supplies of food, and how, if the junks failed to bring in provisions would be reduced to sad plight. Walked

down and got off to the ship by 6.30 P.M. In the evening there was a subscription ball given by the English residents to the admiral and officers of the squadron at the city buildings. We went on shore with other officers to it at 10 P.M. It was one of the prettiest balls we have ever seen; the outside of the building was decorated with long festoons of lanterns, and the interior of the rooms, with all sorts of naval banners, the names of all the admirals and generals who have served from time to time on the China station, and the names of the old and present ships and regiments under their command, were illuminated on shields against the walls. The floor was in first-rate order, and there was plenty of room, and it was altogether a great success. The supper was served in the theatre, and the horseshoe table at which sat the governor and the admirals and captains was arranged on the stage; we had a very good view of them from where we sat with the other junior officers at our supper in the balcony. We got away at 2 A.M.

Dec. 31*st.*—Went on board the *Inconstant* to say good-bye to the admiral, who is going home to England from here to-morrow by the mail. He has been very kind indeed to us, and we are very sorry to part from him. Mr. Mosse, assistant paymaster, joined the *Bacchante* for passage to Suez. At 2.30 P.M. proceeded under steam with the *Cleopatra* out through Lyemoon Passage. The admiral ran up the signal "Farewell" to us, and we thanked him and signalled "Farewell, but only for a short time," as we quite hope to see him again at Singapore. The bumboatman made a tremendous noise with crackers and guns to keep off the evil spirits as we left the harbour; he must have made a good thing out of our mess. When a junk is fully laden and on the eve of sailing, the crew always commend themselves to the sea-dragon in such a frightfully noisy religious service. Offerings of food are thrown into the sea, and one of the crew holds up burning joss paper towards the sun; while the others produce an ear-splitting din on gongs and cymbals. Thus the protection of the sea-dragon is invoked and they start on their seaward journey. And so we slowly steamed away from our old squadron mates, the *Inconstant*, *Tourmaline*, and *Carysfort*, whom, however, after they have gone round the Cape we hope to meet again at Gibraltar, and return home to England with them from there, once more a united, though for the time "detached," squadron. After evening quarters made plain sail, and at 8 P.M. passed Lema Islands on the starboard beam. And so ends another

year of our cruise. This time last year we were at Buenos Ayres. We have seen a good deal, and passed through many adventures in the last twelve months, and now feel "homeward bound." *Deo gratias.*

HONG-KONG TO SINGAPORE.



Date. 1882.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Jan.					N.	E.				
1	S. 35 W.	44	90	N.E. 2·5	20·14	...	65°	72°	62°	68°
2	S. 40 W.	188	...	N.E. 4	17·50	113·0	74	72	73	72
3	S. 13 W.	180	...	S.E. 4·5	14·54	110·52	78	78	77	76
4	S. 4 W.	152	...	N.E. 4	12·23	110·10	79	78	79	79
5	S. 12 W.	182	...	N.E. 2·5	9·25	109·17	80	79	82	77
6	S. 40 W.	164	...	N.E. 4·7·3	7·20	107·31	79	78	81	79
7	S. 40 W.	121	...	N.E. 2·3	5·48	106·12	79	79	79	80
8S.	S. 24 W.	123	...	N. 2·3	3·36	105·21	80	79	80	78
9	S. 22 W.	165	15	N.E. 4·5·2	1·19	104·13	80	82	76	76
		1319	105							
Total distance ... 1424 miles.										

Sunday, Jan. 1st, 1882.—At 6.15 A.M., up screw and made all possible sail. A fine day, so with fair monsoon we make between seven and eight knots. The *Cleopatra,* as her bottom is clean, is sailing much better than we are. Had usual services on the main deck.

Jan. 3rd.—Thermometer 82°, men all in blues, sweltering; no awning: a good, rough hour of sail-drill in the evening, but not against the *Cleopatra*.

Jan. 4th.—Raining off and on all the day and a good deal in the afternoon, we are only going six knots. After evening quarters, exercised reefing topsails: it is much duller work drilling thus alone, than when against a squadron or another ship.

Jan. 5th.—Very hot and damp, raining off and on with squalls. At 5.30 P.M., the port fore and main top-gallant stunsails booms were carried away, and the boom iron from the main-topsail went overboard in a squall.

Jan. 6th.—We have white cap-covers to-day for the first time, men still in blues and reeking: the pitch is melting in the seams all along the deck; it requires a skull of wood to stand under such a sun without a scrap of awning day after day. Had a good heavy drill after evening quarters, shifting the main topsail yard and jibboom, which took a long time and was not finished till after dark. It is very hot to-night; there is no wind at all.

Jan. 7th.—A fine day, but very hot sun, some of us quite head-achy from the heat. Two yellow sea snakes, three or four feet long, and others all in coils and knots, passed the ship to-day; they wriggle along the top of the water. Passed also, many pieces of wood all covered with seaweed and barnacles, floating about. The Canton puppies are doing well at present.

Sunday, Jan. 8th.—We are losing the monsoon, it is very hot and misty, and we are scarcely going two knots. Had church on the main deck which, with the ports barred in, was swelteringly oppressive. In the afternoon rove screw purchase and got the screw down at 2 P.M. and commenced steaming at 3 P.M., when the wind had freshened nicely and we were making eight knots. To-day is Eddy's eighteenth birthday, so we both, with some of our messmates, dined with the captain.

Jan. 9th.—At 10.30 A.M. stopped off the Horsburgh Lighthouse (erected in 1851, thirty-six miles from the town, on the Pedra Blanca rock in the middle of the eastern entrance to Singapore Straits), lowered the two cutters, and ran Whiteheads at a target towed astern by them while we steamed eight knots. The Colonial flag was flying on the lighthouse, and there was a delicious tropic aromatic smell coming off the land, which reminds us somewhat of Trinidad in its appearance, with huge trees towering up ashore. At 1 P.M. we are off South Point, and at 5.30 P.M. anchored in nine

fathoms in Singapore Roads. Found here H.M. ships *Comus*, Captain J. W. East, senior officer, *Alert*, Captain J. F. Maclear, *Lily*, Commander R. Evans, *Mosquito*, Lieutenant-Commander Hon. F. R. Sandilands, and a French gunboat. We are still in blues, but hope to be in whites to-morrow if we follow senior officer's motions; the *Comus* has her awnings spread from bow to stern; that example, at any rate, we shall not follow, for the *Bacchante* has never been so seen since she has been in commission.

A number of Malay boats, with short oars having blades like spear heads, come off to the ship. Lord Clanwilliam left here at 6.30 A.M. this morning a few hours ago in the French mail, so we have just managed not to meet him. Some of us are very sorry for this, as he had counted on seeing us again, and had told the governor ashore that we should be in by Saturday. The Honourable Clementi Smith, C.M.G., the Colonial Secretary, and Captain Tunnard, the governor's aide-de-camp, came off to call.

AT SINGAPORE.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Jan.					
10	N.W. 3·5, N.N.E. 1·3	82°	82°	80°	79°
11	N.E. 2·4	82	82	80	79
12	N.E. 2·3	82	82	84	79
13	N.N.E. 3·4	82	82	83	81
14	N. 2	82	82	83	82

Jan. 10th.—The Maharajah of Johore, G.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., came off to call at 8.30 A.M. with Mr. Hole, his private secretary. He talks English perfectly, and has been to England twice and to Calcutta once when Lord Northbrook was governor-general. He is the ruler of the independent principality of Johore. During the forenoon there were four Whiteheads run from the ship, and after dinner the Singapore regatta took place. The first race for large Malay sampans, long narrow craft, each with a crew of nineteen men, was competed for by six boats. These were able to go twice round the course while the other boats were going round once. The second race was contested by twenty small Malay sampans, and the third was a sailing race for which thirty kolehs started.

These three races were all sent off one after another almost as fast as the boats could be got into line. After a short interval the European boats were started. The fifth race (sailing) for men-of-war's boats was won by the *Bacchante's* first cutter sailed by Mr. Farquhar, the *Mosquito*, *Lily*, and *Comus*, each sent a boat. The pulling races began with three races for native boats: the first for large Malay sturdangs, the second for kling sampans, and the third for Malay jalors. These were followed by pulling races for Europeans. The race for men-of-war's cutters was won by the *Bacchante's* Sydney built second cutter, that of the *Comus* being second; another race for gigs was won by the *Cleopatra*, *Comus* again coming in second, so altogether *Bacchante's* did very well. At 4 P.M. we landed at Johnstone's Pier, where Sir Frederick Weld, K.C.M.G., the governor of the Straits Settlements met us with Captain Tunnard, aide-de-camp, and Mr. George Browne, private secretary, and where Mr. W. H. Read, the oldest inhabitant of the colony, read an address on behalf of the European, the Armenian, Arab, Chinese, Jewish, and Malay communities.

One address only was presented by all the various races to typify the unity which pervaded the whole community. In it he referred to Singapura ("lion's city") having been founded two-thirds of a century ago by the prescience of Sir Stamford Raffles, who purchased it in 1819:—

"Thrown open to all as a free port, the advantages offered to commerce soon attracted attention from all parts of the world, and Singapore rapidly rose from a fishing village to become the centre of Eastern commerce and trade, with equal justice, and complete liberty enjoyed alike by all classes."

Its present population is nearly 140,000, *i.e.* more than that of Portsmouth and nearly that of Newcastle. After thanking them for their welcome, Eddy told him, "that last year when at the Cape of Good Hope we had the pleasure of receiving from the members of the Malay community in that portion of the Queen's empire, tokens of their loyalty and devotion towards the throne and person of her Majesty: and were glad to find similar sentiments prevailing here. We regretted that our present visit was but a passing one, and would not permit us to become personally acquainted with the other settlements and native states of the peninsula, but expressed our sincere desire that each and all might flourish and prosper, and that the varied and rich resources of these islands and mainland upon which Nature has lavished all her gifts and placed

at the cross-roads of the central highway of commerce, may be developed in unity, contentment, and peace."

The pier was covered in with greenery and flags, and there was a great crowd of people. We drove off up to Government House, crossing the river by the iron Cavenagh suspension bridge covered with white and red drapery, and along the esplanade more than a quarter of a mile long by the sea shore. We thus passed the cricket pavilion, which stands at the west end of the broad green grass common, and the chief hotel with its long low verandahs, and St. Andrew's Cathedral, which was built after the model of Netley Abbey, and has a fine tower surmounted by a lofty spire. It will contain five hundred people; the Bishop of Singapore, Labuan, and Sarawak, has his bishop's stool here, and the congregation usually attending is about three hundred. There are six Roman Catholic churches in Singapore, one of the Armenian, and four other various Protestant chapels. The Scotch Church has two places of worship and engages in missionary work amongst the Chinese. At the corner stands the Raffles' Institution where 546 boys and 91 girls receive an English education partly free; and then come a number of villa houses in their own gardens all abloom with scarlet and dark purple flowers. We notice many gharries, little black four-wheeled cabs, only with venetian blinds where the windows would be, filled with Malay ladies. The Malays are copper-coloured: they wear turbans and a bright coloured silk sarong or kilt round their thighs: some of them have nothing else on their dark-brown glossy bodies; even those who adopt European dress still wear the sarong, which then has the effect of a sort of bishop's apron of light and fancy pattern. There are also white-muslin-clad Hindoos walking about, the women with rings in their noses and bangles on their arms and ankles, and lots of Chinese coolies with flat hats, nearly a yard broad, and pigtails. They carry parcels, or buckets slung at the end of springy bamboo poles just the same as in China. The tall forms of the Sikh police with the light brown tunic and turban of same colour, remind us of the two Sikh and Afghan officers who came home from India with the Prince of Wales. Mangrove trees with their skeleton roots fringe the shore, and betel palms, bananas, and other tropic trees grow by the road side. Government House is outside the town at the top of a hill surrounded with beautiful gardens and park; an imposing building, palatial in style and dimensions. On the second floor is a fine large reception room

with a deep marble-floored arcade running for shade along on the outside. There are punkahs working the whole length of the immense room, keeping it beautifully cool. The broad staircase leading up to this is decorated with a profusion of flowers and ferns, and everything seems cool and airy. Many of the servants in the house are Chinese; but there are besides Bengalee servants with white tunics and scarlet and gold-laced belts, and with broad, flat, scarlet hats somewhat like a cardinal's. In the drawing-room we were very glad to meet Sir Harry Parkes and his two daughters who are resting here from the mail on their way out to Tokio; they left almost at once, but we were able to send messages by them to the Mikado and our old friends in Japan. Afterwards there came the Maharajah of Johore, the Bandahara of Pahang (another independent prince of the Malay peninsula), and the Rajah Idris, Chief Judge of Perak and of the royal family of that state—the two last with their interpreters. There came also Prince Krom Mun Devawongsa Varoprakar, brother of the Queen of Siam, who has been sent from Bangkok to meet us here. He brought us autograph letters written in English from the King Chulahlongkorn and a present of some curious bowls and other articles of beaten gold, the colour of which ranges from light yellow up through red to dark bronze. These are for the Queen and Princess of Wales. There was another most beautiful little cup made of pure gold with enamel on it for us, and two photographs, one of the king and the other of the queen, in pure gold frames. The prince has never been to England, but he speaks English perfectly; his brother Prince Swasti Sobhon is there now and will go to Oxford. He himself is chancellor of the Siamese exchequer and is the right hand man of the present king who, born in 1853, succeeded his father in 1868. He with his advisers is taking spirited action in all parts of his kingdom to advance its commercial prosperity and social enlightenment, and evinces the most friendly disposition towards Great Britain. No Oriental kingdom is more entitled to consideration and respect than Siam. Her people are peaceful and progressive. They have readily entered into relations with the European powers, and they are true to their engagements; if they have a fault it is that they are too yielding. It is really one of the weakest states, for its size, in the world. The Siamese government knows its danger well, and is downright afraid of the French. They turn for help towards England. They are willing to construct a railway line from Bangkok to Raheng on our Burmese frontier,

if the Government of India will favour its connection with the British port of Moulmein. Such a line would open up a vast new field to our commerce, and would probably checkmate French mischief on our borders. It would encounter no serious physical obstacles, and would be "the golden road" into South-western China through the Shan states. The revenue of Siam is about two million pounds sterling, and of this, about 300,000*l.* are spent in government administration, another 200,000*l.* are appropriated for the king's civil list, and the rest is spent on military defence, the purchase of gunboats, &c. There is no public debt, and no paper money. The population of the kingdom, in area double that of Great Britain, is 6,000,000, that of Bangkok about 500,000. There are two kings, the first of whom is absolute monarch and the second nominal head of the army, reminding us of the Japanese system of Mikado and Shogun, though in Siam the second king has never gained the power the Shogun once had in Japan. Feudalism prevails throughout the kingdom. The value of the exports to the United Kingdom proper is about 35,000*l.* a year (chiefly teak wood), the imports about the same (chiefly machinery), but the value of the total exports is nearly two millions sterling, and the staple article of export is rice to the British colonies of Hong-Kong and Singapore.

Another Siamese Prince, Chao Sri, is the hereditary family doctor, and came to dinner in the evening with his cousin Prince Devawongsa. When the king takes the priestly vows of Buddhism, and during the days of his retirement in the monastery, a regent rules; in order to keep the vow of poverty and renunciation the king makes over to his mother all his goods for the time being.

After the addresses which the Siamese and others had brought had been read, and replied to, we had some capital lawn tennis in the garden, and then walked about with Sir Frederick and Lady Weld and their four daughters. There are some very pretty views both from the garden and from the flat top of the house. We can see on the east side down below one large, cleared space, which is the race-course, but inland beyond as well as to the north is one large billowy surface of tropic trees and greenery stretching right away, with bungalow roofs standing out here and there in the clearings, and the smoke of jungle fires rising. Away to the south are the Straits with the crowded shipping in the roads beyond are the islands belonging to the Dutch; the largest of these is Bintang, and its mountains rise nearly 1,400 feet above the sea.

Firewood and timber are exported thence to Singapore, and black pepper and gambier are grown by the Chinese settlers: as far as we can see in the distant haze the islands all look forest-clad. To the west is Fort Canning with a flag-staff on the top of a hill 150 feet high, the site of the Governor's old residence. The new harbour lies on the other side beyond that hill, and is shut out from view.

Dinner was at 7.30 P.M., to which came the Siamese princes, the Maharajah, Captain Durrant, several members of the council—over thirty-eight guests in all. Afterwards we drove out through the Chinese quarter in Singapore to see the illuminations: coloured lanterns were hung all about, and the streets were inclosed under awnings so that no chance shower might interfere with the festivities. Across the streets were suspended illuminated fishes and birds and animals, both real and fabulous, very similar to what we had seen at Hong-Kong. In some places there were Punch and Judy shows where the puppets were shown behind ground glass, on to which thus only black shadows were cast: further on were stages with Chinese singing girls on some, and exhibitions of fighting men on others. We heard that the Chinese had spent over four thousand pounds in these decorations and illuminations. Opium is smoked by about 23 per cent. of the Chinese here. We got home soon after eleven.

Jan. 11th.—Woke in the cool of the early morning to the sound of birds singing just like the chirping of sparrows at home. Somewhere down below, outside, the hours are struck on a gong with a clear and yet far-off sound. Breakfast at 7.30 A.M. and start at 8 A.M. to shoot deer and wild boar: though we ought to have started three hours earlier. Sir Frederick drove us in his own drag with a team of four horses. Mr. Osborne joined us from the *Bacchante* and Captain Durrant from the *Cleopatra*. It was very hot, the thermometer showing between 120° and 130° in the sun when we got down at Bukit Timah police rest-house, half-way across the island. We all trudged into the jungle on the east side of the road, and after going some little distance were posted singly along the hillside. In the first beat Captain Durrant got one boar and George saw one deer, who passed very close to where we were stationed, but with the exception of these no living thing stirred the stillness of the air. We sat for an hour in the partial shade; overhead the heavy clouds threatened rain. Around us were palms, and standing up in front giant tall dead trees,

remnants of the old jungle: one of these last rose white and naked, without a bough for its whole height of 150 feet, but at top it carried a heavy green crown of ferns, a staring head-piece for a dead and bare body. Back to the rest-house, and refreshed with cool drink from green cocoa-nuts; went next into the jungle on the western side of the road for a second beat. Here Lord Charles Scott shot a boar. Then on to the drag and back to Government House by 2.15 P.M. Shifted into uniform and off to the *Bacchante* to receive Prince Devawongsa, who, with Captain Richelieu, a Danish naval officer in the Siamese service, came on board at 3.30 P.M. We showed him all over the ship: he examined the guns and torpedoes and went down into the hold, the flats, engine-room and stokehole, where he was much pleased with a drink of condensed water which the chief engineer administered. Afterwards we visited him on board the king's steam yacht, the *Vesatri* ("Angel of the East"), a pretty little vessel built at Southampton. She was beautifully clean throughout. His own cabin was fitted up in English style, only with a peacock-feather punkah, and there were many well-used English books all about, Spence Hardy on Buddhism amongst the rest. Owing to the swell which is still running into the roads, the little craft rolls a good deal at her anchorage, but they all seemed to be used to it. Then ashore again and up to the gardens of Government House, where we had a capital game of lawn tennis, and then walked round by the reservoir and looked at the races which were going on. Dinner was at 7.30 P.M., to which came forty guests. Afterwards there was a little dancing, to which some of the *Cleopatra's* officers came.

Jan. 12*th.*—Up early, but did not breakfast till 10 A.M. It is very hot this morning, and we quite realise that we are only about eighty miles off the line. Went into the town in a gharry; they are queer little carriages, and just hold two people sitting *vis-à-vis*. They are tolerably cool, as they have a second roof raised about three inches off the body of the carriage so as to allow of plenty of ventilation; the top is coloured white. The variety of oriental costumes, the quaint Chinese house decorations, their joss shrines, the shops, the Mohammedan mosques, the Indian temples, the Malay fishers' houses on posts, and the general bustle and life of the streets, are all interesting and picturesque. In Commercial Square found a shop full of Japanese and Chinese *curios* and some lovely birds of paradise skins all bright yellow, from New Guinea. They

asked over a guinea apiece for them; which is dearer than usual. The captain came in and told us that the *Bacchante* had gone round to New Harbour to coal alongside the Borneo wharf. She returned to the roads in the evening, and there was a gig's race between the *Cleopatra* and the *Comus*, in which the former won. The importance of Singapore as a coaling station may be estimated from the fact that its stores never fall below 300,000 tons; about half of this has been dug out of the earth in old South Wales, and the rest comes from the mines of New South Wales. The facilities for coaling with despatch at New Harbour are almost unequalled; labour is plentiful. The famous steamer, *Stirling Castle*, racing homewards with tea from China, had 1,600 tons of coal put on board her in four hours; and her rival, the *Glen Ogle*, the same day, 1,800 tons at the same rate. The largest steamers can lie alongside the jetties, and there are four docks (the largest of which was opened in 1879 and is over 470 feet long), and two of them with more than twenty feet of water over the sill. They are entirely built of granite. Singapore will soon have the largest dock in Asia, capable of docking any of the Queen's ships. As a specimen of the amount of trade from this port, on one day during this week out of fourteen ships that cleared out, ten were British, one Portuguese, one German, and three Dutch. The total number of vessels that entered and cleared from the port of Singapore alone in the year 1880, was 4,229, representing a tonnage of over 4,000,000, which is about equal to that of the Clyde. This, of course, did not include the native craft, of which nearly five thousand, employed in the coasting trade of the peninsula and islands, are entered as having arrived and departed in that year, and the number every year is steadily increasing. (In 1883, crews European, 227,000; native, 84,000.) From the port of Penang about an equal number are registered as having entered and cleared, and from the old port of Malacca about half that number. In the event of war, Singapore, like most of our other coaling depots, is practically undefended; although some forts—chiefly earthworks—have recently been erected, much more would be required than is now authorised. There is not a single armour-piercing gun here, so that often the place is at the mercy of any passing cruiser. And yet Singapore is the centre of a sea area over which passes some 250,000,000*l.* of British goods in one year, nearly equivalent to a quarter of the whole British annual sea trade.

Plans for the fortifications of Singapore have been drawn up

and have long been under consideration at the War Office. In order to place the coal sheds of Singapore out of the danger of a strong attack by a foreign cruiser an expenditure of 400,000*l.* would be necessary. The two forts on the islands adjacent should be armed with 10-inch guns, and two forts be erected on the island opposite. The heights of Fort Canning should also be supplied with heavy guns. The colonial government have offered to bear the whole cost and expenditure necessary; and as there is a large surplus revenue there would be no difficulty about this. They have remonstrated strongly at being left as they are, but their remonstrances are useless. "It is a grief and a pain to me that this most important position, a station that is acknowledged by the highest authorities to be quite one of the most important commercially and strategically in the whole British empire, may be at present said to be virtually defenceless." (Sir F. Weld, 1884.) Drove to the cricket-field where there were two matches going on, the first was the Navy *versus* Singapore; the Navy won easily by twenty-three runs, a couple of balls being hit clean over the trees into the sea; and the second was our own blue-jackets against those of the *Comus*, in which our men won. Tried to get into St. Andrew's cathedral, but found it all locked up. Lunched quietly at Government House at 2 P.M. At 3 P.M. started in a couple of carriages for a drive with the Governor. We went first to see the large new reservoir, for the water-supply of the town; it is an artificial lake banked in at the southern end, and lying in the heart of the hills fills one head of the valley: the grounds round are all laid out as gardens. Then on to call on the Maharajah. He was out, but we went over his house, which is built in a quaint mixture of European and Eastern fashion and stands in an airy position in the midst of a pretty park. From there to the Botanical Gardens and to the Tanglin barracks airy, commodious, and on a dry healthy site, the head-quarters of the Buffs, where four companies of the regiment are stationed; two other companies of the same are at Penang, and one company at Malacca; these complete the battalion. Their mess building opens into the Gardens, in which there are here and there a few specimens of various animals, tame birds, and monkeys. But what struck us most were the magnificent creepers hanging from the trees just in the same way as in the high woods of Trinidad. After walking about a bit here the horses met us and we mounted and rode through the town up to Fort Canning. Here a battery of the

artillery are now quartered, and we saw the gunners playing cricket under the shade of the huge trees just outside their barracks, which are the head-quarters of one battery of artillery and one company of a European regiment. They all look hearty and strong, though rather pale; their children playing about look very much so. For grown up and temperate people Singapore is said to be a very healthy station, although the rainfall so near the equator is of course very great, always over 100 inches a year, and scarcely a day passes without the sunshine being broken by heavy downpours. The highest temperature observed was 91° in the shade and the lowest 69° in the year 1880. Certainly this fort seems one of the jolliest spots in the place: there was a cool breeze as we stood on the grass ramparts that surround the signal staff and looked out to sea over the town of Singapore, which lay below both on our left and also on our right towards the new harbour. Going home we had a look into the native Malay town, the thatched huts in which are built on bamboo piles and staging over the water, just like the pictures of the lake-dwellings in Switzerland during the prehistoric times. There were lots of sampans with mats and awnings, fishing gear, shells, and fish, and many long black-haired, brown-skinned Malay men and children paddling and poking about.

After dinner there was a fancy dress ball, to which the people began to come at nine. The Chinese came in state apparel. The Siamese princes also were in full uniform, a sort of loose-fitting tunic, one mass of gold embroidery but not stiff like our lace, for the thread is worked in very fine and therefore yields readily to every motion of the body: loose cloth knickerbockers with white silk stockings complete the dress. The Maharajah and the Bandahara were both there resplendent in jewels. The fancy costumes of many Europeans were very cool and pretty. All the grounds round Government House and all the roads approaching it up the hillside were illuminated with strings of paper lanterns festooned from pole to pole, over 4,000 in number. All the façade of Government House was lit up, with rows of gas jets on the upper tier, but on the second tier with numbers of large painted Chinese lanterns, hanging in the verandahs and corridors. We climbed up right on to the summit of the house, and looked down on all the long rows of festooned lanterns radiating from it in all directions through the grounds, and afterwards went down among the trees and admired the many effects produced by the countless paper lanterns, of every shape and size, hung about in the larger

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trees up among the branches; the whole was as pretty as anything we have ever seen. The dresses were all very good. We danced every dance except four, and went to bed at 2 A.M

Jan. 13th.—We are going to Johore to-day and were to have started early, but did not get under way till 11 A.M., when the sun was blazing hot.

The Governor drove us in his four-in-hand across the island to Bukit Timah, where we changed into the Maharajah's four-in-hand. There is a firm, solid, metal road the whole fifteen miles across the island of Singapore from south to north, as good as any in England. The length of the island from east to west is twenty-seven miles, and thus it is somewhat larger than the Isle of Wight. We passed fields full of the tall lanky tapioca plant, whose tuberous roots impoverish the land so much. On either side are bamboo hedges about four feet high, which, although they look so strong, give directly you lean against them. The upright shoots are kept in position by being laced together by two transverse lines of split bamboo: in rear of these hedges grow the traveller's palm, and cocoa-nuts in the small clearings round the huts built on poles above the soil with a free space for air underneath. For the most part of the way the road itself is shaded with an avenue of larger trees. Here and there are the indigo fields with their low feathery-green shrubs, also clumps of the sago-palm and gambier, and other crops. One hill on the left is grass-covered, just like an English park. Of the whole acreage of the island of Singapore, barely a third is under cultivation; on the mainland of the Malay peninsula, not one acre in two hundred. Field labourers get about one pound a month. Rice they can get at about a penny a pound, and wheaten flour is about twice the price, as, of course, it is all imported, while if they wish to eat meat—for mutton they will have to pay about fifteenpence a pound, and for beef or pork about five-pence a pound. A good horse can be got for about 40*l.*, ponies for 20*l.*, a sheep for 1*l.*, a pig for 3*l.*, and horned cattle about 7*l.* each. Land sells from twelve shillings to one pound an acre. At Bukit Timah saw a shooting party of our officers, who were out over the same beat as we had gone the day before yesterday. They had heard the wild boar grunting in the jungle, but found none. It was not till 2 P.M. that we reached Kranjee, on the north-west of the island, on the Straits (which are in no place more than a mile broad) opposite Johore; thus we gave the Maharajah and his people time to attend the Friday

mosque. Here there was a beautiful breeze blowing, and the bright blue waters of the Strait were crisped into little waves. Across on the other side, and in front of the long low palace (or Istana), were lying at anchor the *Mosquito*, which had brought round those officers who had accepted the Maharajah's general invitation to come, together with the Siamese yacht *Vesatri*, and the Maharajah's private yacht, which has brought round Lady Weld.

Leaving the island of Singapore we left British territory, and were rowed across to the Principality of Johore, in the Maharajah's state barge, with awnings spread from end to end, and manned by sixteen picked Malays, who looked handsome in their scarlet and yellow uniforms. He met and welcomed us most heartily on landing on his territories—which are said to contain 10,000 square miles—by the water's edge with the Bandahara of Pahang, and we walked up with them to his Dewan, a large square building immediately opposite the landing-place, approached by a lofty flight of steps. The interior is lined with white marble, and arranged in a sort of Moorish fashion with a gallery all round, supported on arches. In the centre is the Dewan where he sits and holds council and delivers judgment. The place is being prepared for numbers of the officers to sleep in to-night, and their beds and washing gear are all about; the Maharajah himself intends to occupy a little side chamber for the night. After a refreshing drink, which is being plentifully supplied to all comers, we walk across the garden into the palace. Here everything combines to give an air of magnificence and comfort; the staircase is all of white marble, and half-way up hangs an excellent likeness of Mr. Gladstone, taken when he was staying with Lord Rosebery during the Midlothian campaign. The bachelors' quarters are a series of rooms at one end of the palace. There is a huge drawing-room just like one of the state rooms at Windsor and furnished from London. Behind this, and opening out of it, is a large hall with a sort of throne at one end; the other opens out on to the flight of steps that leads down into the garden; round the walls are arranged oil paintings of the Queen (after Winterhalter), of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with smaller ones of Kings George the First, the Second, the Third, the Fourth, and William the Fourth. Here came in first a deputation from the Arab population of Johore, to whose address Sir Frederick Weld replied on behalf of us both. Next came one from the Chinese, then a third from the

Malay residents, recounting how large tracts of land, which a few years ago were covered with jungle, have been brought under cultivation and are now flourishing plantations of pepper, gambier, rice, sago, tapioca, tea (which is very well reported of), Liberian coffee and cocoa, and that the trade and agriculture of the interior of the country is about to be still further opened up by a railway. To these also the Governor replied for us. This done, we walked about the grounds and then after lunch went down to the Straits, where there was a regatta. A cool wind is nearly always blowing through these narrow straits. To see the light schooners with their quaintly-shaped prows careering along with their white sails full of wind was a very pretty sight. We followed several of the races in the Maharajah's steam-launch *Gazelle*, passing down opposite Johore town to the east of the palace. One between the native boats was the best. For another, a scratch crew of midshipmen (Orphen, stroke, Yelverton, De Chair, Wemyss, with Gibbons, cox., who rowed for the first time together and on sliding seats), entered against two crews, one from the English Singapore club, and the other, four Malays from the Johore club; this was the first occasion on which Malays had competed with an English crew in outriggers. The three crews paddled down till nearly opposite the saw mills in the old town, the course being from this point back westward to the Istana steps, where the finish was made off the gardens of the palace. After a plucky contest the Singapore crew won, the Malays came in second, the midshipmen a good third. The Singapore club had a few months before been beaten by the *Daring's*, when that sloop was last here. At 8.30 P.M., there was a huge dinner of over ninety guests; it was served in European style, and considering the numbers, the waiting was very good. Although the Maharajah is himself a strict Mohammedan and never touches wine and certain kinds of food, yet he never seems so happy as when hospitably entertaining others with the very best. The table was decorated with a profusion of flowers, and the punkahs going all the time kept the room beautifully cool. During dinner the royal band from the Siamese yacht, and the Maharajah's private band played alternately. We did not leave the room till about 11 P.M., and then after seeing a conjuror's performance in the ball-room we went out on the terrace in front of the palace overlooking the Straits. It was a beautiful evening with bright stars and no wind. The Siamese yacht *Vesatri* was illuminated from stem to stern, first,

with red lights, then with green, and then with red and green combined. The grounds also of the palace were prettily illuminated with Chinese lanterns.

Jan. 14th.—Down to the bath-room, which is approached by a winding iron staircase immediately underneath our luxuriously-fitted bedroom with the large mosquito-curtained bedstead in the centre. Here, standing on the white marble floor, it was deliciously cool splashing the water, taken in a tin stoup from earthen jars in Chinese fashion, over the head and shoulders; the feeling was like that produced by a succession of small shower-baths. Captain East of the *Comus*, and Captain Maclear of the *Alert*, returned early to Singapore. The latter has just been surveying the Prince of Wales's Channel, "the Key of the East," up which goes the whole trade between Australia and China, which is so rapidly growing.[1]

The *Alert* was anchored for nearly four months at, or in the neighbourhood of, Thursday Island, which lies at the eastern end of Torres Straits, and off New Guinea. A police magistrate, whose jurisdiction extends over all the islands in Torres Straits, and an officer of Customs, through whose hands passes all the trade of the Straits, reside there. There is also a store for the supply of tinned provisions &c. for those engaged in the pearl shell trade. Thursday Island in fact owes its importance to being the shipping port for the produce of all the pearl shell fisheries in Torres Straits. This is a most lucrative business; it is stated on good authority that the shareholders on one station received a dividend of 70 per cent. on the capital invested. There is one white manager at each pearl fishery, under whom Malays, New Hebrides men, and Polynesians from various Pacific islands work. For diving these are far superior to any professional white divers. Since the introduction of boats fitted with diving apparatus, the pearl shell trade of Torres Straits has become highly remunerative, and the export of shells has increased enormously; they fetch 200*l.* a ton in the English market. [A few years ago, according to the sailing directions, there were only two or three ships that made the passage through the Prince of Wales's Channel, in the course of the year, and now there are vessels belonging to five steamship companies traversing that route, and soon there will be more. In 1871 the tonnage entered at Hong-Kong from Australia was 41,349, and

[1] The *Cruise of the "Alert," Four Years in Patagonian, Polynesian and Mascarene Waters, 1878 to 1882*, by R. W. Coppinger, M.D., staff-surgeon R.N., was published in 1883.

the tonnage cleared from Hong-Kong for Australia was 19,786. In 1875 these had almost doubled themselves in the four years, and were respectively 76,007, and 29,069. Now the Eastern and Australian Steamship Company run fortnightly steamers each way between Sydney and Hong-Kong. The British India Company run monthly steamers, and there are besides many other sailing vessels and steamers engaged in this fast-increasing traffic, which is not confined to China, for the recent International Exhibitions held in Melbourne and Sydney have led to the development of a considerable trade between India and Australia. Not many years ago Australia sent very little to our and their great Asiatic dependency except horses for military purposes; while their imports from that country were comparatively trifling. But now, not only does Australia receive large quantities of tea, but also considerable imports of Indian wool, hides, and wheat. At first sight it seems like sending coals to Newcastle to export the three last-mentioned articles to Australia, but commercial experience shows there is a limited market for all of them. Indian wool and hides are lighter and cheaper than the Australian products, and better suited for certain useful purposes; while the wheat is required for seed and not for food. Australia anticipates that India will become a lucrative market for her exports of corn, wine, and frozen meats. The first cotton-mill that is erected in Australia will go far to revolutionise commerce in the East, and this must come sooner or later. Now all the cotton grown out here and in Queensland has to be sent home to England to be made into cotton goods and then sent out again to be worn on the very estates where the cotton was grown. But when the machinery and the hands for working it have once been imported, probably no cotton will then any longer be sent to England except for home consumption. Mill-labour, either in the shape of Hindoo or Chinese coolies, will be found far cheaper, when once trained, than that of the British workmen at home, and thus cotton goods manufactured for use in the East from cotton grown in the East will command the market against cotton goods manufactured in the West at a more expensive rate, and for which the consumer also has to pay the carriage of the cotton home and out again. But this is only one of the many interesting developments of trade which await the future. We found a general impression prevailing amongst all classes throughout the whole five provinces of Australia that the annexation both of New Guinea and of the whole of "the Islands"

(meaning thereby the two groups of the Solomon Islands and the New Hebrides lying between Fiji and New Guinea) was merely a question of time. It is no mere land-hunger that urges the Australians to desire the addition of these islands to their already very wide and undeveloped empire, but merely self-defence. To point to their yet unoccupied downs and yet unworked mines and to ask if there is not sufficient there to occupy their energies and ambitions without their taking these islands, is the same as to speak to an Englishman of the grass farms of Buckinghamshire and their capabilities, or of the yet unexhausted coal-mines of South Wales or Derbyshire, and to ask him why, having these, he should not be content to let the Hebrides or the Shetland Islands be quietly occupied by some foreign power, not for *bona fide* purposes of colonisation, but as refuges for their criminal classes. Three reasons are alleged amongst others for desiring such annexation: (1) the fear of an extended New Caledonia; (2) the defence and carrying on under proper supervision of the immense pearl fisheries in which every year more and more British capital is being invested; (3) to protect the natives. The last are not wholly savage by any means; they have a system of agriculture, and some kind of manufactures, and a division of labour. They are in fact prepared for a further advance in civilisation, provided they are properly dealt with. To protect them against the action of irresponsible adventurers is the duty of the chief representatives of European power in these seas; to shirk such responsibility and duty is simply to sanction the perpetration of manifold evils that might so easily be averted. The German Government has made repeated offers to come to "an understanding for the common or identic control of the labour traffic"—for the trade and capital of German merchants is also largely concerned in the matter—but up to the present without avail. When the colonists ask the mother country to sanction that which appears to them so righteous and so natural, they are fully prepared to pay any expenses that may necessarily be incurred; they do not ask the English taxpayer to pay anything whatever, but rather, on the contrary, the absorption of these at present lawless no-man's-lands, and their bringing them under the orderly rule of the British, would tend to lessen the outlay on the Australian squadron, whose chief employment at present is the endeavour to put down various abominations and nuisances that inevitably arise when the offscouring of pretty nearly every European and South American race take to irre-

sponsible slave-trading up and down amidst these wide-spreading archipelagoes. Every now and then people at home are startled for a moment by some such tragedy as the murder of Bishop Patteson, and then relapse into contented nonchalance. There are no less than three distinct and separate so-called "slave trades" which are carried on now amongst these islands. The first and least objectionable, and scarcely deserving of the name at all, although it is given to it by some in England, is that carried on in "imported labour." Of the natives who are imported under legal guarantees, great numbers voluntarily return to work in Australia (just like the coolies in the West Indies) after the completion of their term of labour, and bring their friends back with them. But there are abuses connected with this necessary immigration. Every schooner employed in collecting hands from the islands (most of them are of about ninety tons, and carry eighty-five natives besides a crew of some half-a-dozen hands) is bound to carry an interpreter, who is to explain to the native what is meant when they touch ink to paper under the form of signing indentures as prentices for so many years. But so various are the languages of the islanders that it is almost impossible that one interpreter can understand those of half the islands touched at; and the consequence is that in many cases the hands are carried off in complete ignorance of the why and wherefore or the whither. They are, however, for the most part on arrival well treated, but dare not return when rich at the expiration of their term of labour to their homes and native islands for fear of being plundered by their own chiefs. They originate a second slave trade of their own. Having found the secret of getting money and becoming their own masters, many of them in their turn take part-shares in other schooners cruising for labour—"slavers" as the Australians call them—who make no pretence of observing the provisions of the "Kidnapping Act," but go sailing under the English flag up and down from New Guinea eastwards, forcibly abducting the natives from May to October; and hence new complications, murders, and reprisals, which will continue until the islands are brought under British sway and regular stations established, when the result will probably be as satisfactory and striking as that we have seen in Fiji. The third and most infamous species of slave trade is that which consists in kidnapping the women from one island and taking them away and disposing of them as barter amongst other islands and chiefs.]

At 8 A.M. went out into the flower-garden and saw some rams butt

at one another till one was stunned: they rush with an immense shock forehead to forehead.

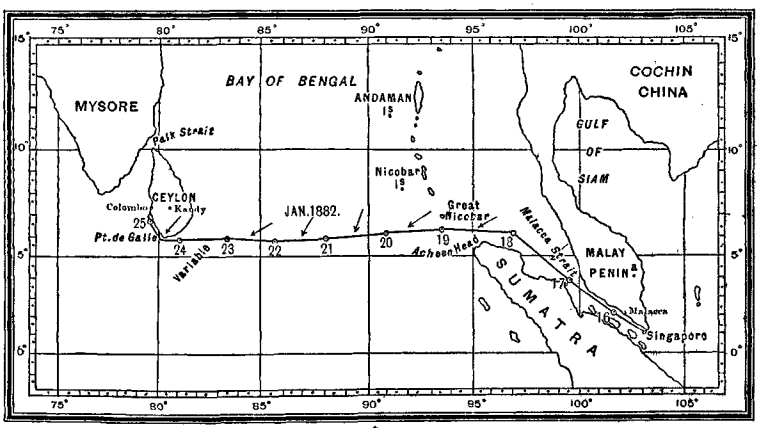
The *Mosquito* then got under way for Singapore; the rest of our officers that did not take passage in her returned afterwards in the Maharajah's yacht, *Pantie*, with Lady Weld, round the western end of the island. The *Vesatri* at the same time left for Penang *en route* for Kedah and the Siamese possessions on the west side of the Malay peninsula, which there come down and just cut off British Burmah from the protected native Malay states. The question of the succession to the Sultanate of Kedah is still undecided by the King of Siam, with whom the recognition of the appointment rests, as Kedah is tributary to him, and so also are its neighbouring states of Patani, Kelantan, and Tringano on the eastern coast of the peninsula. The sailing part of the regatta took place this morning, and as there was a nice little breeze the schooners looked very pretty as we watched them reaching up and down the Straits. Breakfast-lunch was at 11 A.M., to which more than fifty of us sat down. At 1 P.M. we left Johore and were rowed across the Straits to Kranjee by the scarlet-coated crew, and drove back across the island to Singapore. The Maharajah drove his own four-in-hand, with George on the box and Lord Charles Scott, the others of the party were driven by the Governor in his drag. We stopped half an hour at Bukit Timah and had a good drink at the cocoa-nuts, and arrived at Government House about 3 P.M. Afterwards we went down to the racecourse, where the new grand stand was used for the first time to-day. While we were there the Maharajah won four out of the five races, his best horse being an Australian called "Lord Harry."

There were many Chinamen on the racecourse in loose white garments. This is a dress in which, as regards the wealthier classes, their sense of self-respect would not permit them to appear in public if in China. They are never allowed for their own sake to appear on any official occasions at Government House except in proper Chinese robes or else in European attire. As long as a firm hand is kept over them they give no trouble, but at once presume upon the absence of dignified manners, which are everything to Confucians.

At 6 P.M. we said good-bye to the Governor at Johnstone's pier, and went off in the harbour-master's steam-launch to the *Bacchante*, where we find Mr. Smythe has just received his promotion by mail from England. We get our own letters, and answer as many as we can before turning in. The illuminations on shore, where

two or three of the large buildings facing the sea were lit up with gas jets from end to end, looked very well. But the wind and rain made havoc with the festoons of Chinese lanterns that were hung about on the quays and bridges, and spoilt the display of fireworks. Our blue jackets have played a return match at cricket against the ship's company of the *Comus* and beat them a second time this afternoon.

SINGAPORE TO CEYLON.



Date.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M
Jan.					N.	E.				
15S.	...	...	...	N.N.E. 1·3	...	...	82°	83°	83°	79°
16	...	..	145	N.N.E. 3·5	...	...	84	80	85	82
				W. by S. 2						
17	N. 47 W.	...	152	Variable 1·2	...	...	83	80	80	77
18	N. 56 W.	...	219	N.W. & N.E. 3	6·4	96·59	82	80	82	81
19	N. 86 W.	56	148	N.E. 2·5	6·18	93·32	81	81	82	81
20	N. 87 W.	160	...	N.E. 3·4	6·7	90·53	82	81	82	81
21	S. 86 W.	172	...	N.N.E. 4	5·53	88·0	80	80	78	81
22S.	S. 87 W.	143	...	N.E. 4·2	5·46	85·37	81	80	81	82
23	S. 86 W.	137	...	N.E. 3	5·55	83·21	81	81	82	80
24	S. 86 W.	140	...	N.E. 3·4	5·44	81·1	81	80	79	80
25	...	...	69	N.E. & N.W. 1	6·42	79·52	80	80	80	75
			17							
		808	750							
Total distance...		1558 miles.								

Sunday, Jan. 15th.—At 8.10 A.M. the Russian ironclad *Kniaz Pojarski*—four and a half inch armour, ten guns, eight of them eight-inch and two six-inch, 2,835 horse-power, 4,505 tons—arrived from Manilla, and anchored on her way home to Cronstadt from China and Japan. She is to be succeeded by the *Vladimir Monomakh*—seven-inch armour at water-line, sixteen guns, four eight-inch and twelve-inch, 7,000 horse-power and 5,796 tons. At 9.30, mustered by divisions and had service below on the main deck, where it was intensely hot; there was not a breath of air stirring when we weighed under steam at 11.30 A.M. in company with the *Cleopatra*. As we passed under the stern of the *Comus* their band played "Good-bye" and gunroom semaphored to gunroom "Chin-chin." At 5.20 P.M. set fore and aft sails and pointed yards to the wind.

Jan. 16th.—There was a nice little breeze from the N.E., so at 9.30 A.M. made plain sail; then shortened and furled sails; then made plain sail less mainsail: the wind dying away at 11.30 A.M. shortened and furled sails: it was very warm in the sun. It is the dry season on this, the eastern, side of the Malay peninsula. We altered course and went in close off Malacca to observe the quaint old town of red-roofed houses and the fort and flagstaff on the rising green hill in the centre, on which stand the remains of the old ruined monastery of Santa Maria della Monte, built by Albuquerque, and the scene of the labours of S. Francis Xavier. Here he came from India, and after much successful missionary work went on for further labour in China and Japan: he died on a small island off the Chinese coast near Hong-Kong, and his body was brought to Malacca, and here buried in 1552; but it now rests in its gold and silver coffin at Goa, the Portuguese settlement on the west coast of Hindostan. Mount Ophir, 3,840 feet high, and twenty miles inland, was cloud-covered. Apparently there are large woods of palm and cocoa-nut trees, as well as stretches of level rice land vividly green on the low ground by the water's edge, and pretty wooded islands lying off the shores. The front of the town facing the sea appears one long quay. Its harbour, which once sheltered the commerce of the East, is now much silted up. All the way up the coast there are high mountains in the interior. The "settlement" of Malacca is forty-two miles long, and from eight to twenty-five broad: it is one of the oldest European settlements in the East, having been taken possession of by the Portuguese in 1511, held by them for 130 years, when

the Dutch drove them out and held it for 154 years. Then in 1795 it was captured by the English, held by them until 1818, and after being restored to the Dutch, was finally ceded to us by the treaty of 1824. The Malay coast is low and wooded; a mountain chain of granite traverses the peninsula, and here and there near the coast limestone hills with precipitous sides full of caves, standing often in the midst of forest plains, 500 feet high, like islands in a sea of verdure. Many of the peaks north of Kedah (which is less than 400 miles to the north of Singapore) rise to an elevation of 8,000 feet (one newly discovered in Kalantan approaches 10,000 feet); and several of the mountains in the central chain between Selangor, Perak and Pahang rise to 7,000. Between this mountain backbone and the coast the surface is undulating and covered with dense primæval forests or interspersed with grassy plains. All the rivers have bars, which nothing drawing over eight feet can well pass; they are beset with mangrove swamps, the abode of numberless crocodiles, and though sluggish and turbid often swarm with fish. The Perak river is, however, navigable for fifty-seven miles from its mouth for steam launches, and for 200 miles for boats; it rises in Siamese territory. The native state of Perak (*i.e.* "silver," which together with gold is found there) has a coast line of eighty miles in length and is fifty miles broad: the whole state is a vast jungle with scattered villages, the soil extremely fertile and in parts chinchona, sugar, indigo, and coffee are grown; the tin mines are entirely in the hands of Chinese. The Dindings, twenty-two miles long and eight miles broad, were acquired by England in 1874, and possess a magnificent harbour. Province Wellesley is a strip of coast somewhat to the north of this, thirty-five miles long and eight broad, and was ceded by the Rajah of Kedah in 1798. In extent it is about the same size as the island of Singapore, and is in a high state of cultivation as compared with the neighbouring territory. • Off its coast, one and a half miles distant, lies the island of Penang (or Prince of Wales's Island) about half the size of the island of Singapore, and ceded by the Rajah of Kedah in 1785. It is fourteen miles long and eight broad; two-thirds of it are still covered with woods. Its climate much resembles that of Madeira, with an average temperature of between 86° and 64°. There are two hills, each over 2,500 feet high, on the island. The Malay peninsula averages in width from 100 to 200 miles; in the narrowest part, at Pra, it is only forty miles across.

Its length from British Burmah to Singapore is about 600 miles. Its whole area is rather smaller than that of Great Britain; in it are about a million and a half of human souls, one-third of whom inhabit the British settlements. The Malays are akin to the Polynesian race; the darker races of New Guinea, Australia, Fiji, represent an earlier wave of Asiatic immigration, and some tribes in the Malay peninsula belong to them. The Straits of Malacca are 120 miles broad from Penang to the opposite coast of Sumatra: the eastern coast of Sumatra on the western side of the straits is an alluvial plain generally only a few feet above the level of the sea, and varying in width from 60 to 100 miles, and is bounded by the mountain ranges in the interior of the island. This low coast line is intersected by numerous rivers, some of good size, whose neighbourhood affords open space for cultivation. The whole length of Sumatra is about 1,000 miles; its area is about half as large again as that of Great Britain. The population of Sumatra consists chiefly of Malays, who are divided into several states, some more advanced in civilisation than others; those in the mountains are in a primitive and wild condition. The northern part of the island is occupied by the kingdom of Achcen, with the Sultan of which we had a treaty of alliance, but whom we have lately abandoned to the Dutch, who have been at war with him more or less since they came into the East, 200 years ago: south of him comes the Batak nation, and south of them in the same latitude as Singapore is the Siak state, traversed by the finest river in Sumatra. There are five active volcanoes, all in the central region of the island within a degree on either side of the equator, the loftiest over 10,000 feet high. There are also several large mountain lakes, one over twenty miles long and fifteen broad; and a couple more, fifteen miles long, and about seven wide; and on the south side of the equator is another sixteen miles long and eight wide. Coal and iron are known to exist there, though they have not been worked. Part of the island was occupied by the British for 140 years, till abandoned in 1825, under the treaty of 1824 which gave up Malacca to Great Britain.

Our bottom must be very foul; we are going thirty revolutions, but only making 4·8 knots.

Jan. 17*th.*—Rainy, damp, and muggy; at 9 A.M. steam was increased to give us eight knots, and we were firing at a target all the morning. Many trunks and branches of trees covered with birds have been floating past all day.

[We have been looking through the Blue Books, a batch of which were given us by Mr. Clementi Smith, before leaving Singapore. At the last census in 1881, the population of the Straits Settlements proper (comprising Singapore, Penang or Betel Nut Island, Province Wellesley, and Malacca) was 423,384, exceeding that of Calcutta or Birmingham (in 1884 they number 647,000); of these only three and a half thousand were Europeans, twice that number were Eurasians, and curiously enough the total of the Chinese and of the Malays was exactly equal, being registered as 174,327 for the first, and 174,326 for the latter. The rest was made up by the Arab and Indian immigrants. At present the population of the colony is doubling itself every thirteen years; or about the same rate as that of Australia. The Chinese are now about one-third of the gross population of the whole Malay peninsula, in an area of 15,000 square miles; though the tribal differences between them are very great, yet they pour in annually by their tens of thousands, enterprising, industrious, and pertinacious.

During the last ten years the trade too has very largely increased. In the port of Singapore alone, the imports in 1880 were in excess over those of the preceding year, by £880,000, so fast is the trade developing with England and with Australia. (Between 1881-2 the exports and imports have increased by over four and a half millions.) The gross value of imports in 1880 was over twelve millions: of this the United Kingdom sent over a quarter, and the British colonies about as much again; next to them come naturally their neighbours, the Malays in Dutch Indies and then Siam. All the ports in the colony are free; there is absolute free trade. Of the exports in the same year, nearly two millions' worth went to the United Kingdom (in 1881 over three millions) and over one and a half millions to the British colonies: next after the Malays in the Dutch Indies, the Americans were the chief traders, the number of their merchantmen having much increased of late years. The total value of the exports from Singapore in 1880 was over eleven millions: from all the ports of the Straits Settlements the exports in 1880 were over fifteen and a half millions, and the imports nearly seventeen millions. (In 1883, the export and import value together reached nearly thirty-nine millions of pounds sterling.) The exports consist chiefly of cotton goods (which, however, have first been imported from England), *bêche-de-mer*, sandal and other woods, cocoa-nut kernel, coffee

and tobacco, gambier, rice, sago and tapioca, gutta percha, hides, opium, pepper and other spices. In Singapore there are already more than thirty-nine steam mills at work, and of these as many as fifteen are used for the manufacture of bread and biscuits. There are no mines worked in the island of Singapore, but in the other three settlements there are twenty in all, most of them tin. The mineral wealth of the peninsula, which is known to be very great, has scarcely been touched; but Australian companies are in several places beginning to work it.

In Singapore about twenty thousand tons of fish of all descriptions are taken yearly, in the small native boats. There are no ships or large-sized craft employed in fishing here: the Malay fishermen, who never venture far out to sea, use only small sailing vessels, canoes and punts, while the Chinese employ larger sized junks. There are over two thousand at least of these different kinds of craft belonging to the island. The principal methods of fishing are by drag-nets and stationary fishing stakes in deep water. All the fish caught are for local consumption only.

The revenue of the Straits Settlements proper is raised chiefly from excise dues (on opium and spirits) and from land leases, from stamp dues, from a few sales of land, and licences. The Straits lighthouse dues are levied on all shipping passing, at three-halfpence a ton, and in 1880 yielded nearly £10,000: the seven lighthouses kept in the Straits Settlements cost annually £3,000. A new one was erected last year, another will be completed this year, and a new light-vessel will be placed on the Formosa bank off Malacca. The balance to the colony in 1880, of revenue over expenditure, was £74,470 (so that the remains of the public debt of £100,000, could, if it were practicable, be soon repaid); and this was after paying the governor's salary and that of all other public officials, and spending £12,000 on the judges, and £12,000 on the police (the Sikh police are a fine body of men, and have just been introduced here with a promise of as much success as has attended them at Hong-Kong), £80,000 on public works, £7,000 on schools and £4,000 on the doctors. (The total revenue of the colony in 1884 was £700,000, and of this over £400,000 was from excise; the land sales in the colony alone yielded £50,000; on public works was spent over £230,000.) The large balances of revenue over expenditure that accumulate each year are invested in Indian securities and other ways. At the present moment the money assets exceed the liabilities of the colony by more than

£200,000, so that there is practically no debt, but on the contrary the colony is receiving interest on its investments, and the revenue is doubling itself every five years. £47,195 are paid annually to the home Government for the cost of one regiment of the line and one battery of royal artillery, and £5,883 were spent by the colony in keeping up the barracks, &c., for their use. The total gross amount, however, incurred by Great Britain for the military protection of the Straits Settlements was over £68,000, or about £20,000 more than they receive. This is absolutely all that the colony costs the home Government, as an insurance premium on its direct trade with England, which is over at least six millions a year. And in return for that outlay they have the patronage of all public officers, who are appointed from Downing Street, whose salaries, paid by the colony, amount in the aggregate to this sum. And yet this part of the British dominions attracts but little attention at home, and is little known, though it enjoys a most important position, an almost unexampled prosperity, and the prospect of a great future. It has an ample revenue and large surplus assets, successfully and noiselessly it rules four or five different races, carries out great public works as fast as labour and means of supervision will permit, and moreover has surplus revenue to lend and invest. The "Straits Settlements" till 1867 belonged to India, and was a presidency like Madras or Bombay. Now they are a separate colony. The group consists of Penang, Perak, Malacca, Wellesley and Singapore; these form a Crown colony. The governor is personally responsible for everything. He has an executive council of eight members to assist him; on this the colonel in command of the troops, the lieut.-governor of Penang, and the resident at Malacca, the colonial secretary, the attorney-general, the treasurer, the auditor-general, and the colonial engineer have seats. For legislative purposes this council is supplemented by the chief justice and by six other members taken from the general community, and nominated by the Crown. Practically the system works well and smoothly; the best and most representative men attainable are nominated to seats, and upon all questions with which they are conversant great deference is paid to their opinions. They narrowly watch and ably criticise the measures of government, considering the useful functions of an opposition to be their duty. After the annual estimates are laid on the table of the council they are referred to a special committee of all the non-official members, only two official members (the colonial secretary

and the treasurer) sitting on it to afford explanations. Item by item is discussed, and recommendations, if any, are embodied in a report which is carefully considered by the governor before the estimates are proceeded with in council. There are few countries where the government would refer their estimates to the mercies of the Opposition; and it certainly speaks well for the good sense and public spirit of the non-official members, and of the care bestowed in the preparation of the estimates by the government of the Straits, that such a course can be followed not only without inconvenience but with actual advantage. The non-official members are shrewd business men, many of them from the north of the Tweed; and whilst a government fears not to place its estimates in their power, it certainly cannot be said that even in a Crown colony the non-official element does not exercise a real and substantial control over the purse-strings. The governor's power is almost greater in the native states than in the Settlements themselves. The Malay rajahs welcome the English resident, and readily follow his advice, for they know that the counsel given means an increase of their revenue and the better government of the state. The two largest independent Malay states are those ruled by the Maharajah of Johore and his relative the Bandahara of Pahang, respectively. These two states are, however, stated to be exceedingly jealous one of the other, and in fact there has been constant danger within the last twenty years of a war breaking out between them, ostensibly over the question of their boundaries. This catastrophe, however, has hitherto been averted by the constant mediation of the British Government of Singapore between them, and the two rulers are now on excellent terms.

There are three protected Malay states—Salangor, Perak and Sungei Ujong. These states are under the supervision of the governor of the Straits Settlements, who is represented by a British resident in each of them; they have state councils of their own and are not subject to the control of the legislative council of the colony. "Their tie of union to the colony is a certain community of interest, and the fact that they are both under one governor. Theoretically the resident only advises the rajah. This is one of those fictions in which we delight; for not a penny of money can be spent out of the State revenues without the assent of the governor, and the military or police force is entirely in the hands of the resident. Yet on the other hand this is very different from

annexation. The State councils debate freely, and the native head men take a large and real share in the administration, and pass laws and estimates, subject to the governor's assent. They pay great deference to the suggestions of the resident, for they are convinced that we understand government better than they do, and fully appreciate the benefits they have received and are receiving from our rule. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that this deference is a slavish or unreasonable deference on their part, or that on ours their feelings and reasonable wishes are not carefully studied, and every effort made to enlist their sympathies and secure their active co-operation in administration and in all that concerns the welfare of the people and the progress of the State. The Home Government leaves the general responsibility on the governor; and in turn residents of large states like Perak and Salangor have great responsibility, and need statesmanlike qualities, great tact, and abilities of no common order."

The largest of the protected states is that of Salangor, under which name are included five large districts, each on a considerable river of its own. This state, like the neighbouring one of Perak, up to five years ago, was torn by intestine divisions by various rajahs quarrelling for succession to the Sultanate. This had been its normal condition, and its name even among the Malay states themselves has ever been a bye-word for piracy and intestine strife. Its population, however, now is rapidly increasing not only by Chinese and Indian, but also by Malay immigration from other states, most largely from Sumatra. To the south again of Salangor lie several smaller states—Sungei Ujong, Rambaw, Johol, &c.—which up to 1773 were under the Sultan of Johore, who then cast them adrift under a rajah of their own. During the whole, however, of the present century they each have had their own chieftain and have been constantly quarrelling amongst themselves, and then preying on British subjects with piracy and robbery. The title of "chief" here descends from uncle to nephew, that nephew being the eldest son of the chief's eldest sister, and in default the next son, or son of another sister. Of the population the greater part are Chinese miners. To the north of Salangor lies the native state of Perak, which, besides the usual intestine struggles, up to 1864 was also harassed by the party fights of rival factions of Chinese who had completely desolated the largest and richest of its provinces, Larut. This from a populous and thriving country with some 30,000 inhabitants and

a revenue of over £40,000 per annum had been reduced literally to a wilderness. In 1874 the British governor from Singapore intervened. He first effected a reconciliation between the rival parties, then stopped all piracy at sea and all fighting on shore with such effect that the very next year, 1875, this same district of Larut was producing a revenue of £6,000 a month with a population of some 35,000 Chinese and Malays.

Since then resident British officers to advise and assist the native rulers have, at the desire of the Malay sultans themselves, (who curiously believe that they are descended in a lineal line from Alexander the Great and a daughter of King Porus, the tradition being that the ancestors of the ruling race in Malaya came from India,) been appointed to all three—to Perak, to Salangor, and to the smaller states on its southern frontier; and the consequence has been that towns have been built, mines opened, and roads made, with the necessary accompaniments of an increased population and an increased revenue, till the Chinese, who are the real sinews and wealth-producing power of the country, are as pleased as they are amazed at finding disputes between them and Malays settled with impartiality whilst their lives and property are comparatively safe, and they are not even subjected to the extortion they are accustomed to in their own country called "squeezing." Thanks to their virtues of industry and frugality, wherever the tide of Chinese emigration has set in, there they have proved themselves veritable working bees. In the Malay peninsula they not only till the ground and reclaim the wilderness under the direction of Europeans, but they have settled in great numbers in the towns. They turn their hands to anything; and many of them who have amassed a little capital direct their attention to larger commercial pursuits. Once started there is no stopping them. They lose nothing by neglecting business, very seldom venture rashly, never throw away a chance. Parsimonious as they are during their early struggles, they have both the will and the heart to spend when they begin to prosper.

The revenues of each of these states are increasing; that of Perak is doubled every two years. Sir Hugh Low (who has had great experience with similar races in Sarawak, under Rajah Brooke, and in Labuan) is the resident, and its wonderful progress is largely attributable to him. Old State debts have all been paid off, and after payment of pensions and salaries to the ruling classes, from the regent to the village head men, and after providing for

the magnificent Sikh police[1] and a few infantry, artillery with mounted guns, and a few cavalry for patrolling or orderly purposes against piratical attacks or outbreaks of Chinese miners, &c., under a small European staff, the surplus is entirely spent in further developing the resources of the country, in road-making, in canal-making, in telegraph-laying, and in the introduction of a few sample machines from England; for both Chinese and Malays will do nothing on being merely advised, but they readily adopt anything which they *see* to be advantageous. It is even contemplated soon to begin the construction of a railway for the transport of tin and other produce, which would knit together ultimately all the states in the peninsula. The consent of the home Government to the introduction of Indian immigrants will also give a fresh impetus to the prosperity of the native states; for the new comers, while benefiting themselves and relieving the Indian soil, will open new fields to British commerce. Every protection is given to them under stringent regulations as to food, wages, and medical assistance, when they are employed as estate coolies in the colony or in the protected states. That part of the Malay peninsula more or less under our influence has now a population of nearly 1,000,000, with an unlimited extent of land available for the cultivation of tea, sugar, coffee, sago, rice, tapioca, cinchona, and other products, and might support a population of 20,000,000. The Malays readily receive Indians—a race eminently suited to the country—not only as coolie labourers, but also as small landowners, which they speedily become. Another immigration, that of Tamils, who find their own passage and come unfettered by any contract, is also on the increase.

Thus, order and method introduced into the accounts and arrangements of the native states, by pointing out to them what imposts are vexatious and unwise, and what means will best develop the resources of their country, how lawsuits may be decided with authority and with fairness so as to give security to personal property—(really the chief, if not the only, things that any people in the world care to find their Government doing for them)—are the results of British rule in the Malay peninsula, under which anarchy and bloodshed have been replaced by happiness and peace. This

[1] At present the Perak Sikh force is about 850 strong. It is very popular in India; and many of the men, who are all picked, have war and good service medals. Far more recruits offer than can be accepted, and they constantly pay their own passage from India to seek service either in this force or in the Straits Settlements or Hong-Kong police.

colonial policy does not cost the British taxpayer a farthing; neither is it apparent how it adds to the "responsibility" of the home Government; it is merely a natural outcome of the plodding matter-of-fact British energy, which like the Roman name and prestige tries to keep an "universal peace" which is no "desolation" but rather a fruitful progress; and without such outlet it is difficult to see how the pent-up energy and enterprise, which is the life of the British race, could be employed. Both individually and collectively this energy persists in making itself felt in the East. The career of Rajah Brooke, at Sarawak in Borneo, is as striking a manifestation of the first, as the government of the Straits Settlements is of the second. There, as here, English rule, for the well-being and through the good will of the people governed, is firmly established; for the art of governing half civilised races is not so complex and difficult as has been supposed; it is chiefly patience and good feeling, unimpeachable integrity, and the absence of prejudice, that are required. We work hand-in-hand together with the chiefs, winning our way through their interests to their hearts. Soon the people become broken in to habits of order, and know our ways, and see the "protection" we give them against the arbitrary exactions and injustice of chiefs. It is everything in dealing with natives to make them understand our intentions and objects, and to see that, above all, we are firm and inflexibly just.

It is impossible to leave these seas, after having contemplated the success of the British Crown-Colonial system at Singapore, and the results of our protectorate of the native Malay States throughout the peninsula, without some thoughts of the other two European colonial empires with which we are brought here into such close contact—the French and the Dutch.

I. THE FRENCH.

A. WHAT THEY HAVE DONE. *B.* WHAT THEY WANT TO DO.

A. What they have done.

Saigon with its adjoining country of Cochin-China was taken by the French in 1859. It lies fifty miles up a river from the sea. Admiral de la Grandière, who laid it out, dreamed that it was to be a town of 5,000,000 souls, and marked out its limits with the grand idea that it should be the capital of La Nouvelle France—the great Indo-Chinese Empire. After twenty-three years' occupation there are not 30,000 inhabitants. The French do not deny that it is *une*

ville morte, une ville de fonctionnaires—(these are their own terms). The fact is patent, and they do not attempt to deny it, that Cochin-China is of little or no value to them. It is true that the country is fertile, and that it might well afford opportunities for a profitable trade. But such advantages are thrown away upon Frenchmen. They have been masters of Saigon for three-and-twenty years, and there is only one French mercantile firm in the town. Of the foreign shipping at Haiphong, during the year 1880, 5 per cent. only was French. But though unable to engage in commerce themselves, they show a rooted objection to allow any other people to develop a trade. Englishmen are not allowed to settle in the country, and foreign merchandise is heavily handicapped by an exemption granted to French goods of 75 per cent. of the Customs duties. The total trade of Cochin-China is about six-and-a-quarter millions sterling a year: but of this less than a fifteenth is with France. The great want of the French in Saigon is capital, enterprise and common sense. While the unfortunate French merchant struggles for a living, and can barely keep his head above water, the German and English houses—thanks to their energy and the resources at their back—have no difficulty in drawing to themselves all the exterior commerce that is worth having. As to the interior that is, as everywhere else where there are Chinamen, entirely in their hands. Why this failure? The whole country is alluvial: its large rivers and creeks, aided by the heat, make it an ideal agricultural country, like Egypt, Mesopotamia, Bengal and Burmah. Nothing but industry and population are wanted to make it unequalled as a rice granary for the East. The soil is admirably suited for every kind of tropical cultivation. In the north, cotton, tobacco, tea, sugar-cane, betel and indigo, vanilla, cocoa, pepper, and even coffee are found to flourish. The area is much the same as that of our three provinces of British Burmah. The two countries lie side by side and are much of the same sort, and yet what a contrast in the result! British Burmah has now for many years paid an annual surplus into the Indian Exchequer of a million sterling: and this even during the last few years when trade with the interior has been, to a great extent, thrown out of gear, owing to the vagaries of our neighbour King Theebaw. Cochin-China, on the contrary, costs France £200,000 per annum, not including the expenses of the military and civil administration.

And it is the same with Annam. The treaty with Annam in

1874, which provided for the free navigation of the Red River, gave, at the same time, complete jurisdiction to French Consuls over all foreigners residing in Annam, and power to expel any European from the country or forbid their entrance. For the first eighteen months after the treaty was signed no French merchant-steamer entered the Red River. Eleven ships under English colours, with a gross tonnage of 3,525 tons; six Germans, 1,852 tons; and 116 Chinese, with a tonnage of 2,483, were all that availed themselves of the opening of the new route to Western China: and in 1881, six years later, out of the 253 European vessels which found their way to the port of Haiphong on the Red River only eleven carried the tricolour.

And it is the same with Cambodia, after its fifteen years of French management; and will be the same with Tonquin, if it is annexed and covered with *fonctionnaires*.

The result is similar to that which we saw in the South Seas, in the islands annexed there by the French; where the contrast between the state of Fiji and that of Tahiti is just as striking as that between Cochin-China and Burmah; or between Annam, or Cambodia and our own Malay settlements. If we turn to Algeria, on which so much effort and treasure has been expended during the last half-century, we see the same results. In the largest and most important of the colonial possessions of France, so near at home as to be almost at its doors, with a comparatively healthy and equable climate, the expenditure of the colony has always been far in excess of its revenue; last year there was a deficit of two million pounds sterling; and that is about what it costs the French tax-payer yearly: and however liberal an allowance be made for indirect commercial advantages the balance must be very much on the wrong side. The French themselves calculate that, allowing for interest at four per cent., Algeria has altogether cost ten milliards since 1830, or just twice the German indemnity. In 1882, of 3,750 vessels that entered Algerian ports only 812 were French. If we take the official returns of population we find that the number of French settlers in 1881 was returned at 230,000 odd, while of foreigners (Spaniards, Italians, Maltese, Germans and others) nearly an equal number (220,000) appear. Such are the results after more than fifty years' possession and the best efforts of successive governments—Monarchical, Imperial and Republican. Why this failure? There are two reasons that explain it. (*a*) There are no Frenchmen to emigrate; the French race produces no overflow of population like the Teutonic:

relatively to other populations in Europe hers is declining: both in Paris, and in the south of France, her own artisans are even now being elbowed on one side by a large immigration of Italians, Swiss and Germans. France is becoming a field for immigration, and cannot be a source of emigration. (*b*) Frenchmen who have money at all prefer to stay at home: nothing will induce Frenchmen to expatriate themselves from *la belle France*. A feeling of this kind, so strongly characteristic of Frenchmen of all classes, may be very estimable, but it has at least one drawback: such a nation cannot advantageously attempt to found new colonies—more especially in distant regions. So strong is the evidence of failure from the commercial point of view that in order to understand the motives of these distant and hazardous ventures we must look elsewhere for an explanation.

B. What they want to do.

(*a*) To find places abroad for officials. Each of their colonies are crowded with *fonctionnaires*, and thus political services rendered to the party in power at home are rewarded by appointments abroad. The French officials are, however, ludicrously incapable by nature, training and education for dealing successfully with native populations. They are simply a consuming army of caterpillars, until the time comes for them to develop into butterflies and flit away home.

(*b*) French writers and commanders proclaim what the political aims are which their government has in striving after "colonial extension." With a cynical indifference to treaty obligations and international rights, the outspoken exponents of French policy assert that "the honour of France" demands that she should establish an empire in Indo-China to serve as a counterpoise to India, and "to avenge Dupleix." This is calmly set forth by members of the Academy, and men of position; it is advocated by members of the assembly at Paris:—"In a future, little distant, we may anticipate, under the civilising direction of our immortal Republic, the union of all the races and all the peoples that occupy the immense territory of the Trans-gangetic peninsula." Now half of that is already British, and only one corner at present is French. The project is to conquer not only French Cochin-China, but to bully Annam, convey Cambodia, intrigue against Siam and Burmah, and then if possible annex British Malaya. With the subjugation of Tonquin they will gain possession of the whole coast from China to

the Siamese frontier as a step towards this distinctly avowed end: and will provide posts for thousands of French *fonctionnaires*.

The French cannot trade, cannot make their colonies profitable, they do not better the nations they protect; such desire for empire, then, proceeds only from restless ambition, and is altogether opposed to the healthful expansion of the Teutonic nations that bring progress and civilisation in the train of their commerce.

The French now demand a vigorous policy at Bangkôk. France has no sort of quarrel with Siam, which is tranquil and peaceful. But France desires to annex Siam, or at least to disintegrate it with a view to future annexation, and therefore seeks a plausible cause of quarrel. Every Frenchman who has written on French Indo-China has candidly anticipated this dismemberment of Siam.

The fact that Siam must be annexed, or protected, is not supposed to be open to question at all. In 1863 Cambodia was a Siamese dependency. In 1868 the French quietly took the kingdom. Siam had no arms or army at the time, but the French hoped she would resist that they might have attacked her too. A rectification of the Siam-Cambodia frontier is now put forward by the French. Such a policy seems incredible in these days. But it is being deliberately carried out. Siam watches every movement of France in the East with feverish anxiety, and is afraid to make any change, even for the good of the country, in case it might offend the Governor at Saigon. The terror of irritating the French is well shown in the case of a proposed line of steamers between Saigon and Bangkôk. There is no trade whatever between Saigon and Bangkôk, and there are not the slightest signs that any such trade is likely to spring up. Saigon knows this perfectly well, and the Siamese know it too. Yet the French not only propose that this line should be established, but suggest that the Siamese Government should subsidise it. When there is hesitation and demurring over this the French Consul-General storms at the Siamese Ministry for their "suspicions." What right, what cause had they to be suspicious of the susceptible Republic? These suspicions were insulting; if they were continued the matter would have to be seen to. This is all the more ridiculous as the importance of Saigon is so small that no regular steamers call there at all. The French line alone visits it under a subvention from the Home Government. It would be a scandal were the French to be allowed to absorb the little kingdom that is working out its own improvement, and is absolutely inoffensive to its neighbours.

Siam is a kingdom to whose fate England cannot be as indifferent as she could be to that of Annam and Tonquin. The western frontier of Siam touches British territory from Burmah in the north, all down the eastern side of the Malay peninsula. We have no sort of desire for Siam ourselves, which is an excellent neighbour, tranquil, unaggressive and inoffensive; and we have not the least jealousy of legitimate colonial enterprise on the part of France. But it is the mere instinct of self-preservation, the natural desire to live tranquilly and at peace with all our neighbours, which compel us to look with anxiety at certain tendencies of French policy which, unless wisely controlled, might easily set the whole Indo-Chinese peninsula, eastward and northward of the British frontier, in a blaze not easy to extinguish.

II. THE DUTCH.

The French colonies here are of modern origin, the Dutch are some of the oldest European settlements in the East. The British and Dutch stand side by side, not so much now, as in the olden days, as rivals, but as supporters of two totally different policies (Free Trade and Protection respectively) and with wholly different results. Ever since 1824 the Indian disputes of the English and Dutch have been definitely settled on the principle that the English should keep the mainland and the Dutch the islands; the latter at that date gave up all their numerous settlements on the coast and the former ceded all their settlements in the islands, it is said through the Tory Ministry who were in power at the time not knowing where or what Java was. This island with its capital, Batavia, is the centre of the Dutch East Indies, and from this one island alone nineteen-twentieths of the annual revenue of the Dutch East Indies is drawn, although five-sixths of the great eastern archipelago, extending from Sumatra, through Borneo and the Celebes to New Guinea, a distance of 2,500 miles, are directly or indirectly, really or nominally, under their sway, and amount altogether in area to more than three times the size of Germany, and contain a population as is supposed of various races of over 22,000,000. Though the floating capital invested in the trade between the Dutch colonies and the Netherlands is estimated at not less than 25,000,000*l.* sterling, yet it is less than the aggregate for one year only of the value of the exports and imports at the British port of Singapore alone.

It was immediately after the Netherlands had thrown off the

detested yoke of Philip of Spain that they first laid the foundations of this their great eastern colonial empire and trade on the ruins of that of Portugal and Spain. In 1602 their famous East India Company was formed, being the consolidation of several others which had been previously started. It was the first joint-stock company with marketable shares, and soon paid a dividend of 60 per cent. as they had the monopoly of the eastern trade. Like all monopolies, however, this led to great waste, for in order that no one else might bring them to Europe they burnt and destroyed all the spices they could not carry themselves, as well as the spice groves, in order to keep up the price at home. The merchants of London, however, did not see why those of Amsterdam should have all the profits, and on the last day of the sixteenth century the first English East India Company received its charter, and afterwards actually paid a dividend varying from 1 to 200 per cent.

In 1619 a temporary arrangement which had been made between the Dutch and English companies to share the eastern trade, in the proportion of one-third for the English and two-thirds for the Dutch, came, as might have been expected, to an untimely end. Rivalries and open and secret depredations continued more or less to characterise the conduct of the two nations towards one another. About the close of the eighteenth century, when the English cruisers were constantly capturing the Dutch Indiamen, and Holland was at constant war with England, not only was no dividend paid to Amsterdam, but things went from bad to worse with the Dutch, until in 1811 the English took possession of Java and the Dutch Indies altogether, and held possession of them for five years, much to the satisfaction of their inhabitants, who hoped the change of masters would be permanent. After they were restored to Holland in 1816, revolts and massacres in various parts were constantly occurring for the next fourteen years. When these were put down the administration of the Dutch colonies was remodelled, with the result that up to quite recently they furnished Holland with an average net revenue of £3,000,000 sterling a year surplus, which the Dutch Government invested in its own public works at home.

But as the Dutch policy requires the maintenance of an army of at least 30,000 troops (two-fifths of which are stationed in Java) and as the Dutch Government hold and farm the colonies on the strictest principles of protection, it is perhaps not surprising to learn that although the native population increases, and although

in Java there are plenty of good roads, and life and property is secure, yet, owing to the exclusion of foreign capital and all competition the Dutch East Indies are a failure, so much so that they no longer pay anything to the mother country, but now annually cost Holland several hundred thousand pounds. Instead of being now, as they were of old, a source of wealth to Holland, they are a dead loss. This is scarcely sufficiently recognised in England, where the old notions of the wealth of the Dutch colonial possessions still linger. The deficit in 1881 was, however, actually over 1,000,000*l.* sterling; in 1882 it was over 1,120,000*l.*; in 1883 it was over 2,000,000*l.*; in 1884 over 2,463,000*l.*; in 1885 the Dutch ministry estimate again a similar deficit. The whole Dutch revenue amounts only to ten millions, and hence this ever-recurring and increasing deficit is equivalent to a deficit of seventeen millions annually in the British budget. It is still more indicative of the serious nature of the case when we find that out of the whole Dutch expenditure two millions only are spent on the home government, while "administrative and other expenses in the colonies" are set down at nine millions a year. The total trade of the Dutch East Indies (exports and imports with Holland and all countries whatsoever) amounts only to seventeen millions.

The Dutch on the old colonial principle force the native agriculturists to grow spices for the royal market of Amsterdam. Of the purchase of these spices the Dutch Government has the monopoly; it buys them at what price it will, and, selling them again in Europe to the world, used to clear annually 4,000,000*l.* sterling by the job. Plunder, slavery, famine, often followed the extension of this system, but strict press laws prevented the Dutch at home from hearing anything of the discontent in Java. The celebrated clove gardens of the Dutch Government in the Island of Amboyna (the monopoly of which for many years yielded a large revenue) have ceased to be profitable, and have even resulted in an annual loss to the Government. The nutmeg cultivation in the Banda Islands, which were long the exclusive nutmeg garden of the world, and which still produce annually about 600,000 lbs. of nutmegs and 140,000 lbs. of mace, will soon be entirely given up, for the possession of this monopoly is also no longer profitable.

Here, as in Australia, where New South Wales and Victoria side by side are a living example of the benefits of Free Trade and the disadvantages of Protection in developing the resources of a community in a temperate region, so in British Malaya and the Dutch

East Indies, similar examples are presented side by side of the effects of the two policies in tropic lands.

Contrasting, therefore, the Dutch failure in the islands with the British success in the neighbouring peninsula, it may not seem unnatural to desire, alike for the interest of the natives themselves, and for the better development of the resources of the country, that the Dutch East Indies should repass into the hands of the English, of course not by capture nor intrigue, but by cession and mutual consent, by exchange or purchase. It has also been seen how the sway of the British was in Java as beneficial and acceptable to the Malays while it lasted, as it has been and is still elsewhere on the peninsula.

If the Dutch claims of suzerainty over the whole of this eastern archipelago were transferred bodily to the British Government, the Queen's empire in India would then be linked naturally and geographically with that in Australasia. It may be thought too late in the history of the world for such sweeping exchanges of territory between ruling nations, or else in exchange for the Dutch East Indies England might well recede to Holland all her former empire in South Africa. If the will of the subjects is the primary consideration of Government, the majority at the Cape would probably prefer a Dutch to an English rule, while on the other hand the Malays of this archipelago would prefer that of their native chiefs under the English to that of the Dutch.

If the Dutch have failed in the problem of managing with success these their Eastern colonies, the English have also for their part most egregiously failed in solving the problems connected with South African rule. Where they have failed we should probably succeed; where we have failed, they would have a better chance of being successful.

Instead of an alien population averse to her rule, Holland will find at the Cape a kindred population, the majority of whom would welcome it, while the agricultural and mineral capabilities of South Africa would certainly promise as large a source of wealth as any they would abandon in these islands, and are already in a fair way to be realised, as the diamond mines in Griqualand have been worked for ten years, and yielded large returns. The Dutch, moreover, are a republican people, and under their auspices the future of the South Africander Republic would be at liberty to develop itself in accordance with Dutch ideas; and from the Transvaal and the Orange Free State on the north down through Natal, and all the medley

of heterogeneous races to Cape Town in the south, these would then reign supreme.

All parties in England, including those most devoted to the admiration of the native races, begin to understand the necessity for some change in the government of all South Africa, which will establish a uniform policy towards the natives, and a strong power for maintaining order over that vast district.

There are but two such policies, and one of these must be chosen, and it will probably be the Dutch. The English policy towards the natives is impossible, is doomed; for the simple reason that no statesman in England would ever spend either sufficient troops or money to make those principles, which the majority of the English people entertain, triumphant in the face of Dutch resistance at the Cape.

The army of 30,000 men now employed by Holland in the East Indies might, however, on the other hand, be transferred to South Africa, and being in point of numbers larger than the regular forces now maintained there by ourselves, would soon reduce with the help of the Dutch colonists the chaos of native races to order.

The historical sentiment of both nations should be gratified by the exchange suggested. It is only since 1815, scarcely seventy years ago, that South Africa has been English; there are men still living there who can remember the time before the Dutch domination, which had previously existed for nearly 200 years, passed away. If, therefore, there were any sentiment that rendered the Dutch loath to give up their Eastern possessions, even although they are a source of loss and no longer a gain to them, yet as the claims of suzerainty over the larger part are more or less shadowy, such regret should be more than counterbalanced by the feeling of pride that would be evoked on taking possession once more of their former empire in Africa, and of being united to their brethren now severed from them in those latitudes. And on the other hand, if any Englishman felt sorrow at abandoning Cape Colony and Natal, he should remember that his so doing as proposed would conduce to the peaceful consolidation of the British empire in the East and the happiness and prosperity of its teeming millions, and make its limits conterminous from the Himalayas to New Zealand. Whenever the time comes for the British to withdraw from South Africa, (and the sooner they do withdraw the sooner will an end be put to the disgrace, ill fortune, and tergiversation that seems ever fated to

dog their footsteps there) there will be sure to be objections raised to such a step by British subjects, who have capital invested in private trade in either of those two colonies. These, however, should remember that the sacrifice they will be called upon to make might not after all be very large; for the legitimate wants of the colony will be the same, whatever flag floats over its public buildings; and that even if a little pecuniary loss does ensue to them, because of the shifting of the lines of commerce through the shifting of the flag, it is no more, probably far less, than others who take the chance of trade always risk to suffer. If some lost, many would gain. The change suggested would also be found for the English far the cheapest in the long run, for instead of a series of squabbles and wars at the Cape, which under the present *régime* cost much with little result, the administration of the Dutch Indies on the same English lines as Malaya would more than pay itself. The Malays would welcome us, and Residents with a small European staff would be all that would be necessary at first, for they are nearly all that is wanted in the Malay peninsula now.

Such questions as the apportionment of the share which each country should take in the guarantee of the public debt of the colony at present incurred or in the estimation of the value of the public works either executed in Java and the islands or in Cape Colony and Natal, would of course be settled by a commission or arbitration. The whole thing may be a dream, but at any rate it is a dream founded on fact, and more unlikely dreams have before this come true. As a beginning—or even as an alternative, if the English Government elect to retain the Cape, and adopt a definite policy there—the Dutch might be moved to sell us Sumatra, and we could buy it out of the surplus accumulations from our present Malayan colonies. We should make a magnificent colony out of it, since it is far more fertile than even the Malay peninsula, and the amount expended would repay itself many times over. The Achinese would gladly come to us. The deficit in the Dutch finances is largely caused by the Achinese war, which has lasted 100 years: for Acheen hates and despises the Dutch, and will never submit to them.

It is perfectly clear, that things cannot continue long as they are, either in the Netherlands, the Indies, or at the Cape; a great change must take place at each, and a great change will take place shortly in this Eastern archipelago. Here are three forces working side by side: (1) the orderly, rich and peaceable growth and

development of a British Malaya; (2) a nation overridden at home by a bureaucratic government, every official of which seeks to extend and multiply the number of posts at the disposal of the Government by means of colonial extension, and for this purpose trades upon the ambition and restlessness of the populace by raising the cry at home for a vigorous colonial policy for the honour of France; with this aim they stick at nothing, either here or in the south seas, or in northern, eastern, or western Africa; (3) an old colonial empire, with vast shadowy claims over fertile and populous countries, but no power to develop the same, and with a small impoverished home exchequer and with an increasing annual deficit. Nothing in this world stands still; growth and progress of some sort, either to the bettering or the worsening of these three, most certainly will ensue. Let us look forward to inevitable developments, and prepare ourselves to meet them. The statesman worthy of the name will not shut his eyes to such, for he knows well that in political matters it is just as impossible for a State to detach itself from the affairs of its neighbours, as for the individual in every-day life. A timidity that dreads all action and responsibility is the very surest method to bring about the very dangers and collisions which it is sought to avoid. From legitimate fear of one extreme—that of overmeddling aggression and annexation—men shrink back into the other of vacillation and uncertainty of purpose quite as mischievous. That policy has already led us into trouble in South Africa and in Afghanistan; it will lead us into trouble also in this very archipelago, and everywhere else on the globe. It is the sense of duty and of honesty of purpose in Englishmen that is the main secret of our success in managing the three great Crown colonies of Singapore, Hong-kong, and Ceylon, and other similar ones in the Tropics, not only to the advantage of the commercial world, and thereby to the millions of our artisans and workpeople in the hive of England, but to that of all concerned. These great colonies show what English officials can do and are determined to do in the performance of England's duties, and in aiding the moral development of the world, while they fulfil and do not shirk the responsibility laid upon their race of being the instruments under God of giving happiness and civilisation to large populations.]

Jan. 18th.—At 9.30 A.M. made sail to starboard stunsails, and so managed to keep up eight knots; fine clear day. In the evening passed the northern end of Sumatra on the port bow, which was just visible in the distance at 6 P.M.

Jan. 19th.—At 6.30 A.M. up screw. With the north-east monsoon, are able to make seven knots running across the Bay of Bengal. You only feel that you are really at sea when going along thus under sail. At 4.30 P.M. observed very heavy banks of clouds to windward, of all colours; they were the drift over the Nicobar Islands. We saw an attempt at a waterspout, the downward shoot from the black cloud was very manifest, but it never reached the sea as the wind deflected it and bore it off. Showers at night.

Jan. 20th.—A beautiful day; there are many white fleecy clouds about, just as in the trade winds, but the air is moister. At noon to-day, we had made a very good run for us (160 miles), and are now half-way across the Bay of Bengal. Did gymnastics in the afternoon, and went on the forecastle in the evening. The ship was sailing along under a clear, starlit night, her canvas all bellying out aloft, and the men of the starboard watch were singing, and old White was playing to them. Some of these sailors' songs reflect the finer aspects of English nature—patriotism, good humour, self-reliance, constancy in love and friendship, good fellowship and brotherly kindness. One song told how all the ills of life, one after the other, were charmed out of existence where there was "Love at Home, at Home"—where there was "Love at Home." The men's voices singing in harmony and rising and falling in one great billow of sound—and there are many good voices among them as there are many good men and true also—accompanied by the rustle of the waves beneath the bows, and with the weird light over the surface of the deep, were most impressive.

Jan. 21st.—Cloudy morning, promising rain, the air feels moister and very oppressive, but the sun keeps his power, and so does the north-east monsoon, and we go along a steady six knots all day. After breakfast saw lots of flying fish; a shoal of young porpoises passed across our bows from the port side, all out fishing we suppose. What fun they seemed to have, jumping up after each other, "I'll bite your tail." "No you won't; try again!" and they do try again, and one after the other bound leaping along. The damp air that makes men feel depressed makes them feel frisky. After sunset, great electric disturbance visible, lightning all round the horizon, chiefly in the south-east, and heavy, black, arched clouds pouring up with the monsoon from the north-east, but only showers of rain fall in our course. The wind usually dies away for an hour or so every evening at sunset, and freshens again afterwards. To-night the sea is very phosphorescent; the flying fish as

they leap from it, seem like little flakes of golden fire, and all the waves as they break like liquid glory. "Benedicite fulgura et nubes Domino . . . . laudate et superexaltate eum in saecula.' It is St. Agnes' day; but we are far from snow here.

Jan. 23*rd.*—At sunrise this morning saw the angels of dawn, with their huge wings of grey glory, around the orb of day; banked up above their heads were the rain-clouds that came down on us with the wind two hours later, and nicely cooled the air. At 9.15 A.M. a French transport overtook us under sail and steam. In the afternoon the wind fell very light, and we never went over three knots, often under one, the rest of the day.

Jan. 24*th.*—Heavy rain during the night. There was a little breeze in the morning, which took us along for a while over six knots. Piled up over where Ceylon lies in the distance, heavy dark tiers of rain-clouds were visible, one or two of which came off to visit us ever and anon. At noon we are off Dondra Head, and the low land is very clear all the afternoon, some even said that they could smell it. There is a swell coming up from the south-west, as if they had a blow or a cyclone down south; but here, we are crawling along between two and three knots per hour, the temperature over 80°. At 5.30 P.M. down screw, at 6 P.M. furled sails, at 9 P.M. observed Point de Galle light, and reduced speed.

Jan. 25*th.*—At 9.15 A.M. exercised running Whitehead torpedoes from the ship, while we steamed past a target which was towed by a cutter. We can see the cocoa-nut groves fringing the shore. Captain Durrant and three lieutenants of the *Cleopatra* came off to the *Bacchante* to see the torpedo practice. At 2 P.M. saluted the flag of Rear-Admiral Gore Jones, C.B., commander-in-chief of Her Majesty's naval forces in the East Indies. His flag was flying on board the *Ruby* (Captain C. E. Foot), which was lying inside the breakwater at Colombo, having arrived this morning from Trincomalee.

At 2.30 P.M. took a pilot on board, and at 3 P.M. stopped and made fast to a buoy inside the breakwater, and then hauled our stern in by a seven and a-half inch hawser, and so secured just ahead of the *Ruby*. The *Cleopatra* was also moored on our starboard quarter. In the evening there was a deluge of rain. The "Colonel" came on board; we are very glad to see him again. One of the Chinese chou-dogs that we are trying to take to England and who used to go tumbling, in play, all over the deck, died to-day, and so did a little parrot. We have had the full benefit of the north-east

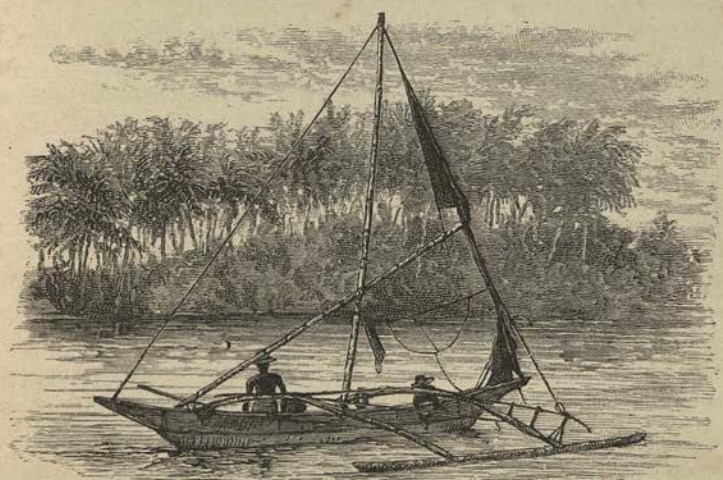
monsoon all across the Bay of Bengal and so have got in two days earlier than we expected.

AT COLOMBO.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M
Jan.					
26	Variable 1·2	80°	81°	84°	82°
27	N.N.W. 2·4·3	80	80	84	81
28	N.E. and N.W. 3·4·1	80	80	86	82
29S.	N. and N.W. 2·3	80	80	84	80
30	N.E. 2·3	80	80	85	78
31	Variable 1·2	79	80	78	80
Feb.					
1	N.W. and N.E. 1·2	79	79	86	78
2	Variable 1·3	79	79	84	83
3	Variable 1·2	79	79	80	80
4	Variable 1·2	79	78	80	82
5S.	N.W. 2·3·1	78	80	84	80

Jan. 26th.—On the left, the harbour is fringed by cocoa-nut trees which grow down to the water's edge; on our right hand is the breakwater, with huge blocks of concrete toppled over at the end, round which the swell is still sweeping into the anchorage. The foundation of this breakwater was laid by the Prince of Wales and the works on it are progressing most favourably. What has already been completed has stood through three heavy south-west monsoons, and is expected, from the solidity and carefulness with which it is constructed, to stand firm against anything short of an earthquake. It will be a fine work when finished. The harbour is well filled with steamers and small sailing craft of every kind; amongst these are the native boats; their hulls are hollowed logs, the largest 60 feet long, the hollowed part is only just wide enough to hold one man. Being so narrow they would not sit on the water alone, but would capsize at once were it not that another log is fixed parallel to the boat and at least ten feet from it by means of two bamboo poles. The sail is spread between two bamboo poles, bent together at a point, and is hoisted at the narrowing end of the triangle thus formed, on a short mast raking forward, the effect being then much like an imitation of a flying-fish's wing. When there is a stiff breeze the crew sit out, legs in the water, either on the bamboo outriggers or even on the parallel log; they

are said to have the same phrase here, which we found the negroes using at Kingston in Jamaica, of "a two- or three-man breeze." At the southern end of the anchorage rises the town of Colombo. The landing place is a wooden jetty, which when we went on shore at 3.30 this afternoon quite privately in the whaler, we found decorated with bunting and green, and with flowers and cocoa-nuts and other native fruit tied up in great bunches. Sir James Longden, K.C.M.G., met us on the steps and there was a great crowd of people. The Honourable F. R. Saunders, in the name of the Colombo Municipal Council, read an address of welcome to the colony. Eddy replied to this, and we left the wharf and drove up to Queen's House; the Singhalese were swarming all along the side of the road, and cheered like English people.



NATIVE OUTRIGGED BOAT.

In the cool, shady drawing room were Lady Longden, General Wilby, C.B., in command of the troops, and Admiral Gore Jones, and some of the native notabilities; one was the Maha Mudaliyar with large gold plaques suspended from chains round his neck, and his long hair drawn off his forehead with the large semicircular tortoise-shell comb, which all natives wear at the back of their heads. At 6 P.M. we went out for a drive in the cool of the evening. We went along Galle Face, which is a large grass common stretching by the side of the sea southwards, and fully open to the north-east monsoon. The breeze was most delicious. The road with the

walk along the edge of the white sanded beach by the bright blue sea, on which the Europeans are taking their evening exercise, looked just like the seaside at Hastings or elsewhere in England. At the further end of the common stands the club-house. We drove on through the "Circular," which is a broad road round a pretty lagoon with trees, and met on the road several Englishmen on bicycles out for evening exercise, and so on to the Cinnamon Gardens, where the shrubs just now are beautifully green. The Dutch monopoly in cinnamon was worked at a loss to their government, even though they had forced labour at their command; and the amount raised was insignificant as compared with what it has risen to by the free system adopted under British rule. Ceylon cinnamon is the finest in the world; the Romans paid 8*l.* per pound for it. The largest amount ever raised by the Dutch was 600,000 pounds at ten shillings per pound. Last year 2,000,000 pounds were distributed through London to the world from Ceylon at three shillings per pound. Afterwards went into the native town, past some Hindoo temples with heavy, carved façades; they were all perfectly dark inside except one little oil lamp, burning far in the interior before an elephant-headed statue. The streets were swarming with more or less gaily dressed Singhalese on foot; we met a Buddhist priest in saffron-coloured robes, with his umbrella of yellow silk borne over him by a boy clad in white; other natives with flat-topped umbrellas gilt, or coloured red and black. Such was the brightness of the air that the people all seemed clad in holiday attire; but they were only at their ordinary business; there were light-brown Singhalese and Kandians, darker and more manly Tamils from South India, and Moormen with crimson caftans and shaven crowns, Portuguese, Jews, Kafirs, Parsees, Dutch, Malays, Englishmen, and half-castes—and now and then a Veddah (one of the aboriginal inhabitants of the island). Ceylon has never been independent, and the singular mixture of races in her ports bears testimony to the number of foreign conquests. The three chief races are the Malays, the Moormen (or Arabs) and the Singhalese.

It was dusk when we got home, and after a quiet dinner we went to the ball given by the members of the Colombo Club to Admiral Gore Jones and the officers of Her Majesty's ships in the harbour, *Ruby*, *Bacchante*, and *Cleopatra*. The captains and officers of the three ships had been entertained at dinner by the officers of the 102nd Regiment at their barracks before the ball. Round the

large room up stairs, in which the dancing was, there was a splendid broad verandah open to the monsoon in which the people could walk and sit about in the cool. We were introduced here to Bishop Coplestone and the Rev. Mr. Miller, the Warden of St. Thomas's College. The band of the 102nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers played, and the floor was in perfect order; there were about three hundred people, and plenty of room. Towards the end of the evening there were a couple of Scotch dances, in which one of our naval officers, sprightly though past middle age, gained much applause for the energy and fire with which he executed its several figures and whoops.

We got home by 2 A.M.; the temperature is only 75° in our bedrooms, and the wind which generally falls at night continued, however, to blow upon us through the mosquito-curtains till the morning.

Jan. 27th.—Were up early, though we did not breakfast till 10 A.M. Having heard wonderful tales about snakes and other visitors, we were very careful when we went into the bath-room to look behind every pot and can, but found nothing. We had a fine splashing bath standing out in the centre of the floor bailing the water all over ourselves in Chinese and Malay fashion. It is a glorious morning, and the rain we were threatened with yesterday has completely cleared off; we hear this is the finest season of the year, and so hope it will be all right for the elephant kraal which they are preparing.

At 11 A.M. we went with the Governor, to see the new Museum where there is a fine collection of beetles and crustacea, and many bottled snakes. There is also a curious collection of devil-dancers' masques, which represent persons suffering from various diseases; these are shown only by the expression of the face; lameness, for instance, by the features being all drawn on one side; deafness by a general look of absence; fever by the high colour; flatulency with eyes standing out of the head; idiotcy in various ways—mouth contorted, one eye prominent, etc. In one room down below there were many stone fragments, which had been brought from the old capital of Anuradhapura, including the lion throne of the old kings, and a window carved from one block of granite and perforated with a most elaborate pattern, bearing the date of 1219 A.D.; it is scarcely weatherworn at all, being about eight inches thick; these interstices, which resemble those of wooden lattice work, would temper the sunlight, and yet admit air into the thus shaded room of the palace.

Home to Queen's House, where we looked through a fine series of photographs of Anuradhapura. Amongst these were several of dagobas (or sacred domes,) built of brick incrusted with lime and polished white like marble. They always terminate with a tall spiral top, and were erected by Buddhists over some relic or other; they stand often on platforms, and are some of them loftier than St. Paul's. We wished very much to go and see this old capital, but the roads thither are bad, and it would take too long for the time we have to spare, though it is only sixty miles north of Kandy. It was chosen for the capital B.C. 437; but the present walls were only completed A.D. 62. These are 64 miles round, and inclosed tanks, fields, temples, palaces. At that time and down to 1153 A.D., the population of Ceylon was congregated in the north to the number of 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 where now large districts lie waste. Two-thirds of the present population of Ceylon is found in the south, west, and central portions of Ceylon, in less than half the area of the island. The ruins of Anuradhapura occupy a space of ground eighteen miles through from side to side; the temples and palaces are very much overgrown with jungle, but pilgrimages are still made to two or three shrines of the old city, which remain more or less intact, amongst others to the sacred Bo-tree. This is said to have been planted B.C. 307, from a cutting brought (at the same time as Buddha's collarbone and begging-dish) from the real Bo-tree in India, under which Gautama was sitting when his vision of self-renunciation came to him. All the leaves that fall from the tree (it is a sort of fig tree) are carefully gathered and burnt, and not allowed to decay, as also any bark or wood that may be got rid of in the process of renewal. The chief reason why the whole place became deserted and desolate was, that the walls of the large tanks for the storage of water in the hills upon which the city depended, were suffered to fall into decay, but the British Government is gradually restoring them now, and opening up better roads, so that there seem to be some signs of life and reviving care. Where the jungle has again been turned into the rice-field, villages and towns have reappeared, and practically a new province has been recovered round the ancient capital. There are eight of these huge tanks or artificial lakes. One is fifteen square miles in area, with a dam eleven miles long faced throughout with steps of large square stones; another is forty miles in circuit, with a dam five and a-half miles long (breached only in one place), this is being restored now; and another with a dam

twenty-four miles long and over eighty feet high. Many of these were made before the fourth century of our era, but were added to and kept in repair down to the twelfth. Sir William Gregory, the late Governor, had several of the marble temples and palaces cleared out, and put in repair. In the photographs we were shown some of these. One palace had 1,600 stone pillars placed in forty parallel lines, forty pillars in each row. This was built 142 B.C.: the whole was nine storeys high and covered with glittering metal; it was repaired and in order as late as A.D. 302. The granite platforms of nearly all the temples with their countless flights of steps remain beneath the jungle. There is a great granite bull revolving on a pivot; and a stone canoe sixty-three feet long made in the second century B C. We heard in connection with them astounding stories of Herakles, King of Oude, and of Ravanna and Seta, the counterparts of Paris and Helen, and of Ranaah, who was Menelaus. The site of Troy was the present Basses, now submerged as groups of rock off the south-east coast of the island; this was besieged for ten years. Ulysses of many counsels becomes in this story a monkey king, and helps Herakles to lay Adam's bridge for his troops to advance across from the mainland of India to the island. Taprobane, the classic name for Ceylon, is merely Tappu Ravaṇna, or Island of Ravanna. It seemed very odd finding all these Greek stories localised down here.

Then to lunch, after which three snake charmers and conjurors came and showed the mango trick; they first put the seed in the ground, and then you see a little shoot coming up, which at last becomes a small tree. They had two cobras, which they took from their flat round baskets, where they were lying coiled under pieces of cloth. One man kneeled and played a sort of flute pipe, while the creature danced on its tail and put up its hooded head, then the assisstant coiled it round his neck and played all sorts of pranks with it. He produced a knife, and making the animal close its jaws upon it gave us to understand that this was the way he squeezed out poison from the fangs. The white, greasy-looking saliva from the snake's mouth he took with his thumb and rubbed on his legs to show he had no fear of it. The poison venom is contained in a small bag under the tooth, through which last it finds its way when the snake bites. After the contents of this bag have been completely squeezed out the animal is for a time innocuous, but the secretion of fresh poison at once begins again, and at the end of a fortnight attains its full power;

consequently, if you want to play with cobras, you can only safely do so by cleaning their teeth every morning.

This man also showed us another curious trick; he wrapt his companion up in a sort of loose cloak, so that all but the top of his head was quite hidden from view, and on this he calmly proceeded to light a fire; we saw the fire burning on the head apparently without the man in the cloak feeling it at all; a similar trick to this was covering up a girl in a basket and stabbing it through and through with a sword; both the man in the cloak and the girl in the basket, managed by some trickery to get away without being perceived, but it was difficult to see how this could be as there was no stage whatever for the performers, and as they were merely standing out on the middle of the grass lawn in the garden.

In the afternoon, we went to General Wilby's, and had some good games of lawn tennis. H.M.S. *Tyne* arrived (Captain J. E. Stokes), going to Singapore.

In the evening there was a large dinner at Queen's House, to which the Admiral and the three Captains of the ships, Sir Henry and Lady Lefroy (who happen to be here on their way home from Tasmania), and several members of the Council came.

Jan. 28th.—All the morning we were writing for the mail, as the Governor's bag goes at 1 P.M. At 1.30 we left with him for Kandy, going by train from the Maradana station. For the first forty miles out of Colombo the line runs over comparative flats and through more or less jungle, which, however, has been cleared in parts for rice cultivation. Here and there the native labourers from the fields come running towards the line to see the train, the engine of which attracts them by the way it is decorated. At Kelani we saw the new iron bridge being put together over the broad river, and at Mahara the quarries were pointed out to us from which the stone for the Colombo breakwater is being taken. At Rambukana where the ascent of the incline begins, we stopped for a few minutes to water the engine, and here George got on the engine with Sir Henry Lefroy for the rest of the way. Up the side of Allagalla the level rises one foot in every forty-five, and the curves round the precipices are in some places very sharp. At one place called "Sensation Rock," and at another called the "Lion's Den," from the over-arching of the cutting through the rock, the views were magnificent. The square summit of the strangely-shaped hummock, called "Bible Rock," was pointed out to us in the distance standing up in the midst of its tropic vegetation,

and behind that the hills of Gampola, and away in the south, Adam's Peak. It gets sensibly cooler as we go up, and the contrasts of colour in the wide landscape spread at our feet are quite different to anything we have yet seen in the tropics. On all sides we seem to be looking down upon chains of hills; some of these stand out as bare rocks, and the rest, whatever be their shape, round, pointed, or flat-topped, are covered with vegetation.

We pass several abandoned coffee plantations, the picture of desolation; every atom of soil has apparently been washed clean away from the hill-sides by the heavy rain. At one place they said troops of monkeys had been seen this morning. One cliff at the side was completely covered by the small orange bloom of the lentana, which is a plant which the wife of a former Governor introduced into the island, and which grows so rapidly that it is now one of the most pushing wild flowers, and smothers up any vegetation near which it takes root.

A little higher after coming out of a tunnel we look down upon the old military road winding up the pass of Kadugannawa with Dawson's monument, a granite obelisk, at the top. This road was made after the rebellion of 1817 had been put down and was completed in 1831. Up to that time the Kandian capital was more or less inaccessible to English troops. On this road (seventy-two miles long) on the 1st February, 1832, the first mail-coach in Asia was started, to run between Colombo and Kandy, and ran till the railway was opened in 1867. It is only one of the network of macadamised roads which the British have driven all over the island, opening up secluded districts and affording markets for produce which previously was left to waste. Besides these there are about 200 miles of railway in Ceylon; this main line to Kandy has more than repaid its cost (two and a-half millions sterling) already, and is now the free property of the Government.

Though Ceylon is so close to India it forms no part of the Indian empire. For five years (1797 to 1802) it was under the East India Company but now is an entirely separate colony. It is proposed, however, in time to connect it by a railway with Madras, which would run across Adam's bridge to the mainland. The Singhalese came into the island (which is slightly smaller than Ireland) 543 B.C., under a King Wijaya from northern India, which may perhaps account for the traditions about the Trojan war we heard on Friday. From him to the last king of Kandy (1815) there were 170 kings and queens. In the twelfth century

one of them sent an army over the Indian Ocean, and down the Straits of Malacca to Cambodia and conquered it. In the fifteenth century the Chinese came over the same seas to Ceylon, penetrated to the interior of the island, took away the king to China and enforced an annual tribute. The northern part of the island was at last permanently occupied by the Tamils ; and the glory of the native Singhalese dynasty passed away. So that when the Portuguese, in 1505 A.D , settled in the island they found seven separate kings of as many different provinces. Thirteen years later they were strong enough to obtain the monopoly of its cinnamon and pearls. After the Reformation in Europe and the growth of the power of Holland the Dutch pushed their way also in the East, and allying themselves with the native princes of Ceylon drove the Portuguese from Colombo in 1658, during the time of the English commonwealth. When the French in 1795 overran Holland her colonies fell into the hands of the English : it was then that Ceylon, Java, Malacca, Cape Colony, and Guiana all became ours. The Portuguese and the Dutch after them had, however, never got beyond the low country near the coast, and although Ceylon was erected into a separate colony it was not till 1815 that the English finally became masters of the whole of the island after destroying the kingdom of Kandy. At the present time the European population scarcely numbers 5,000 ; the natives are at least two and a-half millions. The colony is more than self-supporting ; after paying to the mother country 124,000*l.* per annum, the whole cost of the European garrison (fixed at one regiment and one brigade of artillery) there is still a large excess of revenue over expenditure. Since 1865 it has cost the Home Government nothing ; the surplus of revenue over expenditure during the last twenty-five years has been devoted to productive works, such as new roads and bridges, irrigation works and the repair of the ancient tanks. This expenditure is altogether distinct from that on the railway extensions, on Colombo Harbour, and the waterworks, the cost of which is otherwise defrayed.

Ceylon is naturally a Crown colony. It is ruled by the Governor and an executive council. This consists of the colonial secretary (appointed by Downing Street), the commander of the forces, the Queen's advocate, the treasurer, and the auditor-general. The legislative council consists of the executive council, with the addition of the government agents of the two principal provinces, the surveyor-general, the collector of customs, and six

other members, representatives of different races and classes, nominated by the Governor. All ordinances passed by the legislative council have the force of statute law in Ceylon. No resolution affecting the revenue can come before the council unless proposed by the Governor. The island is divided into seven provinces, in each of which a government agent resides. Representative government has been given to the natives, and the village councils, which have been instituted since 1871 have worked admirably. In these a considerable amount of petty offences are dealt with and local improvements are carried out. In several cases they have of their own instance made elementary education compulsory, paying for it, of course, out of their own local resources. Educated Singhalese prefer the legal profession; this is occupied almost entirely by them as notaries, solicitors, barristers, and judges. There is no distinction between native and European judges and magistrates in Ceylon; the acting chief justice lately was an Eurasian, while at present a Singhalese barrister is judge of the supreme court. Every able-bodied male between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five is bound to perform six days' labour in the year on the road, or to contribute 3*s.* by way of commutation, as the roads are the great educators and civilisers of the country. Every owner of paddy land is required to give what labour is required for the repair of his village tank, on which the cultivation of his land depends, provided that it does not exceed fifteen days labour for each acre of paddy land. This is the only means of stopping the decay into which the village works had been allowed to fall. Paddy-fields are generally the private property of the peasants, but there are also fields which belong in common to certain villages, where the villagers share in the yield according to their labour, from the man who owns the buffaloes who plough it, down to the boy who washes the clothes of the village labourers. The ordinary tax on paddy-fields is one tenth of their yield.

We reached Kandy, seventy-four miles from Colombo, at 4.30 P.M. On the platform were two rows of Ratamahatemeyas, or native Kandian chiefs in their full dress, which consists of heavy broad-brimmed hats, stiff projecting petticoats, each of which is said to contain 40*l.* worth of gold thread. All the lower part of their body appears to be padded out, for their hips are at least a yard broad. On their hands are a collection of enormous rings; their jackets and whole dress glitter with tinsel; their feet are bare. The Governor was received with a guard of honour of the 102nd

Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and we drove with him round the lake and through the town, which seems to be very full of natives who have come in from the villages all round for the "perahara" to-night. All along the roadside areca-palm posts have been set up with flags, and cocoa-nuts filled with oil for the night's illumination. By the fountain, which the Prince of Wales opened, in the centre of the green common that is opposite to the great Buddhist temple, a number of hearty strong young planters, who had come down from their stations, took the horses out of our carriage. There were about forty of them; some got hold of the pole, others pushed

KANDIAN CHIEF.

behind, and so ran the carriage right up through the grounds to the front of the Pavilion, cheering. It was very jolly.

The Pavilion, the central part of which alone is of two storeys' height, seems a succession of broad, cool, airy verandahs which open out on all sides into the garden. This stretches up the hill side behind, and there, on fine gravel walks among shrubberies and woods, and tropical plants and trees, we wandered about. From one, called "Lady Horton's walk," there was a broad view looking out over the foliage of the garden and the red, yellow, and white flowering trees down the valley, and out into the distance beyond.

Then we made our way down to the aide-de-camp's cottage in the grounds, had a game of lawn tennis, and enjoyed ourselves in the tanks and bath-rooms, for there seemed abundance of water everywhere. The temperature was much lower than down at Colombo.

After dinner (to which came the Bishop) the Perahara or procession of elephants began through the garden and up the broad open drive in front of the house. There were about fifty of these, and they advanced in the moonlight up from the Dalada Maligawa, or great temple of the tooth, with many torches and tom-toms, acrobats, Kandian chiefs, devil-dancers, umbrella and fan-bearers. Each village chief in the procession had a little group of these dancers and tom-toms, and there were giant dolls from twelve to fifteen feet high, and strange forms of geese and other creatures carried in the procession. They took a long time in passing, as we fed the elephants with sugar-cane and several groups of the devil-dancers stopped to perform. One very old chief was specially introduced to us by the Governor; he had taken part in the same sort of procession when the Prince of Wales was here.

At about 11 P.M. we walked through the grounds to Mr. Templer's, the Government agent's house, where we saw the remains of the old palace of the Kandian kings and the audience-hall with its carved wooden pillars and dark brown roof, and so on to the great octagon temple of the Dalada Maligawa, one of the most sacred Buddhist temples in the world, for the kings of Burmah, Siam, and Cambodia all send periodical embassies hither, and it is held in reverence in India, Thibet, China, and Japan. Here we were met by the high-priest of Adam's Peak, Sumangala, and the librarian of the monastery. All the passages and halls were filled with yellow-robed, clean-shaven Buddhist monks, with every expression of character on their faces and of every age, from old men down to quite young boys of sixteen. We first went into the library and saw the Pitakas, and the books of the ordination service, most of them written on flat strips of thin wood about two and a half inches broad and from one to two feet long: each separate book being a pile of these bound together by silken strings which pass round the thicker boards which form the top and lowest layers. There are 900 volumes here and some of them have never been published.

We went out into the verandah of the octagon tower of the library to look down upon the illuminated and crowded square

below. Here the elephants were all drawn up in rows again, and saluted by kneeling and trumpeting loudly. The whole of the octagon with its peaked roof is lit up to-night with lines of small white lamps up the sides and round each storey. The road on the other three sides of the square is also outlined with lights. Rows of cocoa-nuts, in each of which a wick floats in oil, are set out on posts four feet high and six feet apart, and groups of torch-bearers here and there light up the swaying masses of the swarthy crowd that fill it.

LIBRARY OF THE TEMPLE.

We then go in to see the "Dalada" or tooth. It is shown in a small chamber, the entrance to which is so narrow that only a very few can pass at a time. The relic itself is kept under seven bell-shaped cases which fit one inside the other and are all quite covered with jewels and gold. The outside one is five feet in height of silver gilt. Some of the others are of very beautiful workmanship, and the central part of one of them is a huge emerald. They were all lying on the table beside the tooth this evening. This is a piece of ivory brown with age; the

fang is about one inch long and looks far too large for a human tooth. The original tooth is said to have been taken away to Goa by St. Francis Xavier and to have been there destroyed. Some portion, however, of its sanctity was miraculously preserved and passed into the present relic. In the same way as we saw in Japan that the ashes from Buddha's funeral pyre were supposed to grow and multiply themselves, so the smallest portion of the original tooth would transmit its sacred property by contact. For instance, the King of Burmah lately sent an embassy soliciting a piece of the tooth: this, of course, the priests declined to grant, but as a great privilege and for a commensurate fee allowed the tooth to be dipped in oil, to which it thus communicated its sacred properties. The air was loaded with the scent of cocoa-nut oil and with that of a number of flowers of all sorts that were ranged about the shrine. It was very refreshing to get out into the garden, through which we walked home to the Pavilion.

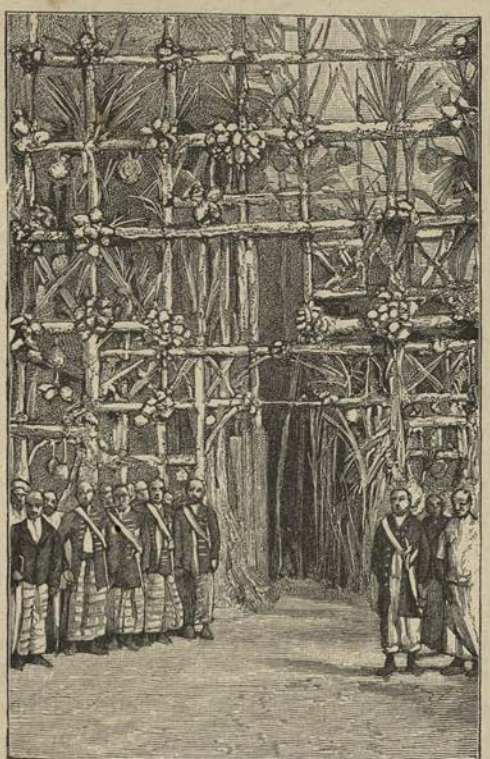
Jan. 29.—Barometer 28·25; much rain has fallen during the night, and the thermometer is only showing 70° when we start at 7 A.M. in what seems a deliciously cool morning, to drive three miles out to the Botanical Gardens at Peradeniya.

Numbers of natives, some of them in white, others with scarlet turbans on their heads, were about on the roads, as were also the yellow-robed Buddhist priests, draped like Roman senators, and out with their begging bowls to collect their morning's alms. The natives uncover their shoulders as we pass (which is the old Singhalese salute to superiors), just as the ladies do at the drawing-room at Buckingham Palace; and they slope the umbrella at a side angle to expose the head to the sun, which is another part of the old salute, just like our taking off the hat. We drove up to Dr. Trimen's pretty cottage in the centre of the garden, where first of all he showed us in the herbarium some cleverly-drawn and coloured pictures of flowers, and then we went round the Gardens with him (a cobra was lying in the verandah just caught). He showed us the bo-tree planted by the Prince of Wales, some fine mahogany, talipot, and Durian trees. The fruit of this last has such a strong odour that it is never allowed to be brought into a house, and though the taste is described to be a mixture of rancid butter, honey, and rotten pears, yet if any one has once tasted it they are said always to long for it again. It was about the only tropic fruit we never did taste. We saw also the iron tree, and the amherstia with its red blossoms, and lots of palms of all sorts and

kinds; one grove of palms was wreathed and loaded with a mass of creepers covered with lilac blossom, which hung down from near the top of their lofty stems. The wealth of vegetation through which here and there you see the loop of the river Ambang, the bamboos, some of which are actually three feet round the stem, the ferns, fruit, and flowers, were something once seen to be ever remembered. The huge fig trees with their snake roots, are larger than the cotton trees in the West Indies. Home to breakfast and to St. Paul's Church at 11 A.M. It is a fine large lofty building, and through the open doors a cool air came in the whole time. There was a full choral service, and the Bishop preached a short sermon from Isaiah xlix. 6 (the lesson for St. Paul's Day, which was last Wednesday), on the gradual widening out of the influence of all real work as shown in the case of the apostle and other instances. There had been two services this morning in the church before the English one, one in Singhalese and one in Tamil. Afterwards, before lunch, we planted two walnut trees in the Pavilion grounds and saw a young cheetah in a cage, as savage as it well could be, growling, and spitting, and flashing fire from its eyes. The head was small and the skin of the body, which was long and lithe, was beautifully marked; but they are cowardly animals and will rarely face you in the open, preferring to drop from a tree or spring from behind on their prey.

At 2.40 P.M. we left in the train for Colombo, where we arrived at 6.15. It was very warm going down, but we had the same lovely views that we had coming up; we saw the talipots in full bloom, each spike of which fifteen feet high is like a yellow feathery fountain on the top of the palm tree. These trees bloom very irregularly; each glory blossom is the death of the tree, which never renews itself again after this supreme effort of its life. Some years pass without any talipots coming out into bloom at all; many years only one or two are to be seen, but on an average there is a full show every seven or ten years. It is stated that a tree rarely comes into bloom before it is a hundred years old. This year and, as it chanced, the year when the Duke of Edinburgh came, scores of them happened to be in blossom all over the country. At Rambukana, while we stopped they showed us two large dead ticpolonga which they had just killed; they are the most deadly snakes in Ceylon. We drove to Queen's House through the dusk and lighted streets, and could just see the *Bacchante* and *Cleopatra* lying off in the anchorage.

Jan. 30*th.*—Started at 10 A.M. for the Labugama kraal, thirty-five miles distant in the heart of the jungle. Captain Durrant from the *Cleopatra*, Commander Hill and Lieutenant Adair from the *Bacchante*, joined our party. There were crowds in the street as we drove away, and the Moormen sprinkled scented water from narrow-necked bottles from which they flirt it out at you in the carriage as you go by.



PANDAL.

The great extent of the town is surprising, for (just as in Barbados) the native houses in their garden plots extend on either side of the road for some distance. We passed under several pandals or arches of welcome, made from various parts of the palm trees; each arch is different from another in the way that its panels are decorated. Sometimes cocoa-nuts, sometimes other parts

of the tree are suspended in the centre of these, which are formed by the crossbars of green bamboo poles. The road is fringed at the side at the entrance of the villages we pass through with smaller arches made from shreds of cocoa-nut. The road itself is in excellent order and runs for the most part over a plain; the paddy fields of brown mud are cut up by narrow water courses, and alternate with others of green grass in which the native bullocks are feeding. At one place we have pointed out to us, standing solitary in the midst of a field, a large octagon house in which the Buddhist scriptures are read to the multitudes assembled for that purpose during Lent.

We arrived at Hangwella Rest-house at the end of the first eighteen miles from Colombo about one o'clock: this had been very extensively decorated by the Mudaliyar Banderanaike and his son Solomon. Over each of the four doors was one of the following dates, 1803, 1870, 1875, 1882. The first was that in which his father defended the old fort that stood here against the Kandian rebels after they had massacred the British troops. For his faithfulness on that occasion and for the services he afterwards rendered in the improvement of the district committed to his charge he was presented by the Governor with a gold chain and medal and other marks of honour. Again in 1818, during the Kandian rebellion he rendered further help to the English and won further honours. In 1843 Sir Colin Campbell conferred upon him the last decorations he lived to receive. These medals the old man's son, the present Mudaliyar, showed us with pride to-day. The second date was the year of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit, and the third that of the Prince of Wales. At his wish we planted two trees, one an iron-wood tree and the other a sapu, on either side of the road which here comes over the ford. The tamarind tree planted by the Prince of Wales on the other side of the rest-house is flourishing, but the banyan put down by the Duke of Edinburgh is dead (and so we plant to-day another in its stead) although the bo-tree he set at the same time is growing well.

The Mudaliyar's son, who has been educated at St. Thomas's College, has composed and put up three Latin mottoes over three entrance arches to the grounds of the fort. The first one runs, "Procuratorem nostrum et Principes antiquum Hangwellæ castellum intrantes salvere jubemus," and the second at the end of the avenue, "Procurator noster et Angliæ Principes diu vivant optamus": and the third arch carries the motto "Reginæ nostræ benignissimæ

et familiæ Regiæ benedicet Deus." The son has also decorated the whole of the inside of the bungalow, sitting-rooms, bedrooms, and verandah, up to the very ceilings themselves with green and flowers: the most part of this work he has done with his own hands, and the care and trouble must have been very great considering the way the separate flowers and even leaves of the palm and other trees are arranged and stitched together in different geometrical and other patterns. We had lunch here with Mr. Saunders for our host; and after the Governor had made the Mudaliyar's son "Mohandiram of the gate" Eddy invested him with the chain and medal of office and girt about him the short silver-hilted sword.

After leaving Hangwella we drove for another twelve miles along the Labugama road which was in first-rate condition, although the last eight miles must evidently have cost more labour in making than the rest, for in many places it has been cut on the steep hill side, and in others runs along on the top of a high bank. The many streams that it crosses have all iron bridges, and by the side of the road we see many pieces of large iron piping lying, which are destined to carry the water from the Labugama reservoir, when completed, down to Colombo. This reservoir has been constructed by damming up a narrow gorge in the hills and so inclosing the waters of the Wakoya in a broad natural amphitheatre, and will contain sufficient water to meet the improbable case of a 220 days' drought in Colombo. We overtake many coolies carrying stores and luggage, and several bullock carts laden with the same for those who have gone forward to the kraal.

We leave the carriages at the iron bridge about 4 P.M., for here the road ends. Some of us mount horses, and others walk up along a bridlepath for two and a-half miles through the jungle to Kraal-town. Admiral Gore Jones, however, on leaving the road got into his cane sedan chair, the same in which he had lately been carried up in Madagascar from Tamatave to Antananarivo from which he has only recently returned. He is full of yarns about the wonderful progress the Malagasies have made and of the fine buildings he saw in the capital. Here, to our surprise, we find streets of sheds and hastily constructed bungalows for the use of natives and Europeans. We are told that there are at least 300 Europeans and 5,000 natives thus provided for in this extemporised village. They have all been knocked together and put up during the last two months. Unfortunately it is pouring with rain as we make our way up the

slippery mud paths through the green and steaming jungle to the clean, new, wooden shanties which extend along the ridge higher up. These have all been elaborately decorated with bamboo palms: the Governor's bungalow has a large square in its centre roofed in, but open on all sides to the air, this serves as a dining hall: broad verandahs lead away from three sides of this to three wings, and each wing contains four little cabins ten feet square, with matting and a bed and washstand, and at the end a small wooden bath-room. We are going to live in one of these cabins. Mr. Saunders has arranged everything here and gives us the latest news of the elephants from Mr. Dawson, under whose direction the kraal has been planned. There are two herds, each is being driven through the jungle by a separate chief and is approaching from a different direction. The first under Iddamalgodda is a herd of ten, three of which, however, escaped last night. The larger herd contains fifteen, and has been driven up from the foot of Adam's Peak by Ekneligodda, who at the head of 500 men, has been out for nearly a month, half of which time he has been living and lodging as best he can in the jungle.

It is hoped that the driving in of the smaller of these two herds will take place to-night, and that to-morrow morning before noon both herds will be driven into the kraal, so that the noosing and tying up may take place on Wednesday morning. On the evening of that day we are to return to Colombo. We walked down to see the kraal, which is a thick wooden fence very substantially built with heavy bars of timber about ten feet high. It incloses roughly a square, on one side of which an opening has been left for the elephants to be driven in through. It is at the bottom of the valley at the back of the bungalow, and from a small crow's nest made in a high tree near one corner we can see that the whole of the valley, including the part inclosed by this fence, is one pathless jungle of bamboo and other trees growing as thick as they can together. We then walked back, and went down to see the quarters which had been put up for the naval officers in another valley which lay on the front of the bungalow. We found several of these settling themselves in and slinging their hammocks (each brought his own) in a long, open, wooden hall: some of them had suffered from leech bites, for there are large quantities of these animals about, from one to two inches long.

We have dinner at 7.30 P.M., and afterwards Professor Haeckel,

the great naturalist, who happens to be staying in Ceylon,[1] showed us some of his beautifully minute drawings of the various crustacea—corals and jellyfish which he has been collecting on the southern coast of the island. Admiral Gore Jones and Sir Henry and Lady Lefroy and daughters, and Captain Durrant are all here.

Jan. 31*st.*—We were all up at 5.30 A.M., and went down to the kraal to see the first herd driven in, but the floods of rain which fell last night, it seems, put out the fires of the watchers, and the elephants broke away back through the line. This was the smaller herd of seven who had been driven over fifty miles to the kraal; as it turned out, they had only broken back from the inner to the outer beat. The other larger herd of fifteen elephants was on the other side of the hill. Capt. Foot, of the *Ruby*, went all round the line of beaters, and brings us this news after we had waited till about nine, when we returned to the bungalow for breakfast, after which we went back again to our stand in the crow's nest, and waited patiently expecting the elephants. "They might come in an hour: they might come in a rush any moment; they might not come till next day." It was very warm sitting in the sun watching the jungle: we are warned to keep as quiet as possible, but there is a regular buzz from the crowds who are sitting and standing amongst the trees on one side of the kraal, or perched on the wooden fence. It is hoped that one herd will be driven in this afternoon, but there seems a little jealousy among the beaters as to which should be driven in first; and in order to make a greater show and please both it is proposed to delay driving the smaller herd in till the rival and larger herd can go in at the same time. Neither of them, however, came at all this day. We heard the voices of the native beaters as we sat in the crow's nest, but the elephants would not advance. Two of them were cow-elephants each with her calf. In the evening there was the same large dinner at the bungalow. There were some giant pine-apples over a a foot and a half in diameter, and more than a yard long in the fruit. Though they were cut and handed round, they were too fibrous for good eating. Two of the tame elephants came up in front to be fed, and we noticed the odd way they have of putting out their hind leg in order to help the rider to mount as by a step from behind on to their backs. We fed them with sugar-cane, and also saw them pick up fourpenny pieces thrown down into the mud.

[1] He has since published *A Visit to Ceylon*, Kegan Paul, 1883. Accurate and vivid word-photographs of this beautiful island.

There is a beautiful view from the front of the Governor's bungalow, right across from where the trees have been cut away on the summit here, over the low country, to the distant blue outlines far away of the Adam's Peak range. The pillars of the central hall are twined in white and scarlet; the balustrades of the three verandahs are decorated each in a different manner but in the same Singhalese fashion as that we admired at the Hangwella Rest-house, the fibre of the palm being pulled out, and twisted and sewn with leaves and flowers into all sorts of patterns.

We saw a cobra killed, and a ticpolonga, and we got a leaf-insect or mantis three inches long; all his limbs are like twigs, and his wings exactly like leaves, even to the veining on those which fold over his body, and when he is on a twig you cannot see the difference between insect and plant. Being so like the tree on which he passes his days he escapes being eaten by birds, who don't perceive him: neither do the flies which alight upon him and which he proceeds to eat. We go to bed hoping that one herd at least may be got in to-night, and that we may find them all ready for noosing to-morrow morning.

Feb. 1*st.*—Up again early and down to the crow's nest, but nothing came of it, so home to breakfast, after which down to the same post of observation, and found that between two and three thousand natives, who were to have waited in Kraal town, behind the hill, until a bugle sound has signalled that the elephants were in the kraal, had through mistake rushed into the road. These, with many Europeans, made a perpetual hum, louder even than yesterday, which could be heard right away on the opposite hill-side. Many are up in the trees, and some actually get down in the gate-way of the kraal through which the elephants are to be driven. At last we heard that the small herd were within a hundred yards of the gate, and we could see the tree-tops waving through the movements of the elephants, and we could hear the shouting of the beaters who were close upon them. We see the smoke of a fire, coming up from the centre of the valley, which has been lighted behind a cow elephant who has her calf with her, about a fortnight old, and who is very wild. She kept charging the beaters again and again, desperate about her calf, and after having wounded three beaters, ultimately had to be shot. We went down near to where the beaters were, and saw the herd of seven elephants pass about sixty yards from us in the open. After the cow was wounded, the other five bolted into the kraal about half-past one. So

they are in at last, and preparations are being made for tying them up.

Four tame elephants then enter the kraal, and proceed to crash down the trees and undergrowth by leaning their foreheads against the larger trees and twisting their trunks round the foliage. Up several of these even people had climbed to the jeopardy of their lives and in their eagerness to see the end. The immense force exerted by the animal's snout and the top part of the forehead (the skull being four inches thick) is alone worth seeing. The trumpeting of the tame and wild elephants, as the jungle was thus cleared away for the wild ones to be tied up, was very striking; but we had to go before we saw any of this last. Twenty-four hours must elapse after they have been driven in before they can be tied. Eddy left with the Governor and Lady Longden at 3 P.M., they are all three rather unwell: but George stayed till 5 P.M. and then reluctantly left the kraal in the pouring rain and walked down through the jungle to the iron bridge, where we got into a coach and started for Colombo. There was a horn which went tootle-tootle, a gibing horse, traces that broke and had to be mended with whipcord, but at last the rain ceased, and it was a bright moonlight night. We stopped at Hangwella Rest-house to change horses, and did the whole distance to Colombo by 10 P.M., and went to bed very tired. Thus ended the kraal for us; but those who were able to stay and see the end brought us the following account. On the night after we left, the herd of five got out again from the kraal and joined the larger herd outside. One story was that part of the larger herd had broken in during the night, and, the palisade having been knocked down, all escaped scot free. Another story was that the gate was opened preparatory to driving in the larger herd, and so, through trying to get more, those that were already in were lost. A third story was that an old tusker visited the kraal and released his sisters and brethren, old and young, in distress. The beaters were perfectly tired out; they had driven the herd more than eighty miles, for many weeks, through the jungle. The small cane-like bamboo of this grows so closely together that it is almost impenetrable; the only paths through it are those made by the elephants, or those which are cut down by the beaters. The stems of the bamboo, when levelled by the first, are as slippery as ice to walk on, and the rain had rendered them even more so. The leeches, the snakes, the heat, and the holdfasts, with their

thorny brambles, add to the difficulty of the elephant-drive. It is impossible to arrange a kraal to come off punctually at a given moment: a margin of four or even five days is required. Elephants, puzzled and terrified by their month's experience of men following them up in the jungle, should not at the end of their march be urged too rapidly. The native way is to wait on the elephants, never allowing them to go back, but waiting until they go forward, and so following them up; and if the natives had been left entirely to themselves, to their own time and ways, there can be little doubt that the whole twenty-two elephants of the two herds would have kraaled. The amount of labour was enormous both for the old chiefs and for the two or three thousand of their retainers who as beaters and watchers, save for the love of the excitement and the hunting spirit, receive no adequate return. These often had to go without food for long spells because no rice could be had in the places they passed through. All their reward from Government is the food given to them while in the field, and all they ask is exemption from the poll-tax of one rupee and a half, or three shillings per man, for this year.

On Thursday afternoon Mr. Templer and Mr. Dawson, by the help of several planters and visitors, succeeded in getting up as many as twelve elephants to the kraal, the most perfect stillness being maintained in and around the stockade, due very much to the number of departures. Directly they scented the palisade, and no doubt the blood of the dead elephant just inside, they stopped dead short, seven full-sized elephants standing in a semicircle together, heads to the centre, immediately in front of the entrance to the kraal; the rest of the herd kept the beaters back in the rear by charging at them now and then. But it was evident that they were thoroughly demoralised, and had got quite out of hand of the natives, so about twenty or thirty planters made a final effort, and, seconded by the shouts of the natives, and after they had been charged and recharged by the animals, with several narrow escapes, they succeeded in frightening one or two of the foremost with fire-sticks into the inclosure, who were in turn followed by some of the others, although a few turned and broke through and away altogether and got back into the jungle. Twelve were thus kraaled on Thursday night, made up of nine from Ekneligodda's big herd, and three of Iddamalgodda's; and in order to prevent their escape fires were lit all round the kraal and beaters were stationed; but even as it was, an attempt was made to rescue them during the night by two or

three of the animals still outside, seconded by the tremendous charges which one or two of those inside made against the stockade. It was on Friday morning that the tying up began. The four tame elephants (one of whom is eighty years old), were mounted each by two or three noosers, while several assistants, with spears, followed behind and at the sides of the elephants, under which they occasionally ran when there appeared to be any danger of a charge. These entered the inclosure. The wild elephants were in a great state of perturbation, rushing from one side of the kraal to the other, going down into the hollows to throw water and mud over their backs: spurting each other with water seemed to be a favourite occupation; and it was most amusing, as well as touching, to see the little calves do this to the tame elephants when near them, once or twice, as if to appease them and make friends. A clear view could now be had of all the herd. The tusker was a huge fellow in bulk more than in height. He had lost half his tail as if it had been shot off, and his tusks were most unusually far apart and appeared to have had their points broken off. He never seemed to lead the herd, but always to follow. After the tusker there came one large cow and five more medium-sized elephants—three well-grown calves and two smaller ones. The tame elephants and noosers tried to break the herd up into detachments, so as to get a chance of surrounding and noosing one or two at a time by themselves. The wild, full-grown elephants steadily avoided a meeting as long as they could with the tame ones. At last two tame elephants succeeded in separating and getting close alongside one of the wild ones, whom with united efforts they held jammed between their bodies until one of the noosers persuaded him, by progging behind with a spear, to lift one of his hind feet, around which a running noose was slipped, and the two tame elephants hustled their captive along, perfectly understanding what was wanted, towards the tree prepared, to which, by several turns of strong rope, his hind legs were then lashed. Here he writhes and twists, using all his prodigious strength to break away the rope or pull the tree down, running round and round, stretching himself with eel-like contortions, snorting with rage, pawing the earth with his fore-feet, and at last, in hopeless grief, throwing up clouds of dust over his head and back with his trunk. Here he is left until he will take food from man's hand. Often three days go by before he comes to this mind; before that, when the food is first offered him, he slings it away in contempt, or lets it fly at the

person approaching him. When once, however, he has taken the food from man and eaten it, his spirit is tamed within him, and when the ropes are loosened he never attempts to escape, but goes quietly off with his captors to be trained and still further civilised. Those captured at this kraal were afterwards put up to auction, and fetched from 60 rupees, or 6*l.*, for the smallest, to 340 rupees, or 34*l.*, for one of the largest. One of the tame elephants employed in their capture cost, however, as much as 100*l.* They are used in carting, ploughing, but chiefly in road-making and felling jungle. An elephant's feed costs generally at least five shillings a day. The usual cost of clearing an acre of rough ground for cultivation is 20 rupees.

Feb. 2nd.—Up at 5.30 A.M. and off to the train (with Mr. Hope, the private secretary), and left Colombo at 6.30 for Gampola. Mr. Ravenscroft and Mr. G. W. Campbell met us at the station, and are going with us to Nuwara Eliya. From Colombo to Peradeniya, a distance of over sixty miles, the line is the same as that we travelled on up to Kandy, and the wide outlook from the ascent is varied to-day by streaks of snow-white clouds which are lying in fleecy masses thus early in the morning over the valleys, and from amidst which the hill peaks protrude here and there. At Peradeniya we are shunted on to the new line, which it is proposed ultimately to continue to Nuwara Eliya, but which now only runs as far as Gampola, where we arrived at 10.15. Here we got into the "coach," which was really a small break, and went on to the Pussellawa Rest-house, kept by an old ayah, who gave us a capital breakfast in her clean parlour, and chatted quaintly of the ten times she had been to England, and seen William IV., and Queen Adelaide, and Queen Victoria, and last time had brought back likenesses of the Prince and Princess of Wales, which we saw hanging in front of us. The road from Gampola up here ascends the whole distance, and we find a third horse always waiting at the bottom of the steepest zigzags to be hitched on in front.

The air is getting cooler and cooler as we ascend. Soon after midday we arrived at Helboddy and went to Mr. de Caen's bungalow. There we saw the coffee berries like small black cherries pulped on the wheel (which washes off the gummy exterior), and then raked out. Afterwards we saw the berries, still of a greyish tint, being dried on a shovel, in another outhouse. We were also shown the long narrow wooden troughs which lead from along the hill-sides down into the yard filled

with running water. Into this the coffee berries, when picked by the coolies on the higher slopes, are cast, and so carried down by the flowing water to the lower mills, and by this means labour is economised. The coolie's wage here is eightpence a day.[1] Many of the best coffee estates in Ceylon lay in this neighbourhood, but they are now for the most part looking bare and deserted; and on the red sandy gravel of the steep hill-side nothing but a few dried-up and scrubby bushes remain. The planters, however, are trying to introduce tea and cinchona. Here, for instance, we saw some tea being rolled by hand when it was green and juicy, and made thus into small balls. Afterwards we saw it being "fired" on wire sieves over charcoal retorts. This tea-growing is at present in its infancy. (In 1876 twenty-three pounds were exported; in 1882 600,000 pounds; in 1883 one million and a half.) The tea is of as good a quality as that from Assam; but although Ceylon tea fetches as good a price in Ceylon as Chinese, yet it does not in the English market at home. There is a wide extent of forest land well suited for tea culture in the south, west, and centre of Ceylon, and it can be had for 1*l.* an acre, crown title, freehold; and the climate of Ceylon with the alternate tropical sunshine and rain forms the perfection of climate for the tea-shrub. The total import of tea from China into England is 115,000,000 pounds a year, from India about 60,000,000. The present English duty of 6*d.* a pound is about 100 per cent. for the lower classes of tea (p. 183). The quantity of tea now consumed per head in the British Isles is about three and a half pounds per annum; if the duty were lowered one half it would conduce to the importation of a better class of tea and more of it. Mr. Pepys took his first cup of a "new Chinese drink—tea" in 1660.

We also saw the cinchona trees. The best quinine is got from the scrapings of the bark of the younger trees, which renew themselves every nine months after they have been scraped with a

[1] In Southern India there are 16,000,000 of people whose earnings are equal to a halfpenny a day per head. No wonder that many of these Tamil coolies look on Ceylon as an el-Dorado and flock over here: as they do also to our other tropical colonies in the West as well as East Indies. Besides benefiting themselves thereby they benefit the English labourer at Manchester and Birmingham: for the consumption of cotton cloth and of implements of labour and other British manufactures consumed by them when they thus better themselves is enormously increased. Without our Crown colonies (which are all in the tropics) the weekly wage in Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool, and England generally, would be considerably lower. Except such colonies were under British rule these things would not be. And yet we are at home so careless of our Crown colonies, and sometimes are harassed with doubts as to the expediency of "giving them up"

sort of plane-chisel. The larger sort of tree, the inner bark of which only used to be employed for quinine, never grows over nine years, and it used to be cut down at the end of that time and completely barked. The method of scraping the younger trees has only very lately been introduced, and it is not known at present how long they will stand it. Here cinchona is supplanting coffee. The gains from a good plantation of young trees are enormous, but the cultivation is extremely risky as the plant sports terribly: out of a large number of good seeds produced from faultless trees many always turn out very inferior and worthless, and it is impossible at present to tell which is which. (In 1882, 3,000,000 pounds of chinchona were exported from Ceylon: in 1883, 6,000,000.) In the West Indies we found the old sugar-planting going out, to be taken up, however, in the islands of the South Seas, while the cultivation of coffee and of cacao in Trinidad and Grenada had taken its place; just in the same way here the coffee has moved on, and cinchona growth seems for a time about to succeed it.

After lunch with Mr. de Caen we walked down through his park and got into the "coach" and drove on to Ramboddy, where we halted a while. We are now twenty-two miles from Gampola, and seventeen from Nuwara Eliya: horses have been sent down from this last for us to ride up the remainder of the pass. George mounted "Bomerang," and the rest of the party other ponies. We stopped for a time to look at the waterfalls, of which there are two, each over a hundred feet, and a series of smaller ones. By five o'clock we have ridden 3,000 feet higher than Ramboddy, the road winding zigzag fashion up the hill. Every now and then the horsemen took a shorter cut, but ultimately the coach arrived at the top at the same time as we did. It would have been impossible to have had a clearer day for the view, which extends not only all down the valley but also right away across Ceylon to the sea in the extreme distance.

We seem to have got completely out of the tropics. On either side of the road are blackberry bushes and wild roses in the hedges: beneath these run the brooks with ferns and long grass. The temperature at this height is about 60° (it was 85° at Colombo), and the air feels very light, and we are reminded in every way of the Highlands of Scotland. There were a few slight rain showers as we came up. Mr. Le Mesurier, the Government agent here, met us at the "Cottage," which is a pleasant old rambling English farmhouse. He and Mr. Burnside, the Queen's Advocate, joined

us at dinner at 7 P.M. We went to bed early, and there were large log wood fires in all the rooms, looking and feeling very cheery. At night there was a white frost, and to-morrow we shall get into our winter clothing and wear it for the first time in the tropics. It was worth while coming up here if it were only for this bracing sensation; we have felt nothing like it for two years.

Feb. 3rd.—Up before it was light, and off at 4 A.M. after elk. The barometer shows 23·98. We are now 6,200 feet above the level of the sea, and 115 miles from Colombo. Mr. Lutyens has brought his pack of elk hounds (a cross between a fox- and blood-hound), and with them we turn the elk out of the jungle into the plain. We find two. The hounds bring the sambur deer to bay, and the hunter then rushes in with a knife and strikes behind the shoulder. For this, quickness and gallantry are both required, for a kick with the animal's hind leg is most dangerous. The sambur is the largest of all Asiatic deer: a buck will stand fourteen hands high. "The habits of the animal are purely nocturnal. He commences his wanderings at sunset, and retires to the forest at break of day. He is seldom found in greater numbers than two or three together, and is generally alone. When brought to bay he fights to the last, and charges man or hound indiscriminately." But this we did not see, as of the two found one got away up into the forests on the hillside, and the other ran too far off for us to overtake him on foot.

One of our party started with Mr. Campbell and went up Pedrotallagalla. There was a good path the whole way, but a steepish climb the last hour. It is only 2,000 feet above Nuwara Eliya. Every now and then the path crossed a stratum of warm air, for under some trees it gets cool at night more quickly than under others. The tamarind, the natives say, is the coolest to sleep under. They arrived at the top soon after sunrise. Adam's Peak (7,420 feet), with a temple on its top, over the sacred footprint, as the Mohammedans say, of Adam when he left Paradise, stood up looking very peaky away south, and in that direction all was clear, while to the north there was a white mist spread over the valleys like a rolling sea and moving under the wind. From this, the mountain tops as islands stood out; many of them are between seven and eight thousand feet high. The mist gradually cleared off, and when it had completely gone they saw whole lines of lower mountain summits, some long with steep cliffs at their end, others hummocky. These

last were the Patnas, where the trees suddenly end as if shaved off, and a grass down begins: others were covered with cinchona. There was one white tooth-like hill very prominent. Standing on the cairn it was deliciously cool for a time: the rhododendrons and the forget-me-nots were in bloom at the summit of Pedrotallagalla, (8,296 feet,) the highest point in Ceylon above the sea. It is wooded with kemah up to the very top, and these trees are covered by long hanging mosses and lichens, and here and there by the large white bell-flowers of the datura, which are used for poison by the natives. They got down to the cottage by 9 A.M.

In the garden here there are growing heliotrope, gladioli, roses, and geraniums in profusion, fuchsia, ragged-robins, sweet-peas, Christmas roses, foxgloves, pinks, and the gorse, with its strong sweet scent, and all the home flowers. After breakfast, which was at twelve, we went down to the Government Agent's house, and had a game of lawn-tennis on his gravel court. We looked all over his house, which is filled with the trophies of the chase, for he and Mr. Gordon Cumming are said to have shot more elephants than any one else in Ceylon. He has got their heads, tusks, tails, and bones all over his rooms. There are many wild elephants in the forest here: their chief food is an artichoked-leaved sort of bamboo. We saw also his tremendous heavy rifles; one had a bore an inch and a half in diameter, and eight grooves; and another was double barrelled, and nearly as large. George went out with him to some swampy ground for snipe shooting, and then rode on to a place where they had tracked a wild buffalo down from the jungle. He had a fine head, and after the dogs brought him to bay he was killed. Eddy rode with Mr. Burnside round the lake, which is just like a Scotch or Welsh tarn, but is only made by damming up the water at one end by a bund. It is from this highland district, in the centre of the island, that nearly all the rivers of Ceylon derive their source. The temperature is about 55°. We dined in the evening at the club. After the Queen's health had been drunk, Eddy stood up and thanked the planters, in a few hearty words, for their warm hospitality to us both during our stay in the island. As we went home in the clear moonlight night there was quite a frosty feel in the air; we were glad to sit a bit over the wood fire before turning in.

Feb. 4th.—Up at 5.30 A.M. to the sound of birds, cocks crowing, and waterfall splashing: thermometer 48°; barometer 23·98; a lovely

morning, brisk and fresh, with a clear cloudless sky. Started at 6 A.M. for Ramboddy, all driving except George and Mr. Hope, who rode. At the Gap, or head of the Pass, where the Yackgalla, or haunted "Demon Rock," stands out at the end of the valley with the Botanical Gardens at its foot, we were 6,000 feet above the sea. At Ramboddy, at the foot of the pass, we are only 3,000 feet. The road between the two zigzags from side to side, and at one spot we make a short cut on foot down through the coffee plantations and examine the blight which has attacked with its little brown, orange specks the underside of the leaves of the coffee shrubs, that look something like laurel bushes, each three or four feet high. The average shrub when healthy bears a pound of coffee; they are clipped down every year after bearing, but last several years; each shrub is allowed six feet square of soil. The spores of blight on the underside of the leaf strike inwards, impede the flow of sap, and thus kill the leaf. The tree is thus caused to put forth new leaves, and in this manner exhausts itself and bears no berries. On several of the leaves which we gathered the spores were ready to fall off and disseminate themselves on fresh leaves. The loss occasioned by this disease to Ceylon is between two and three millions a year. Coffee was introduced into Ceylon by the Arabs; but the Singhalese never made a beverage of it, they used the white flowers for decorating their shrines of Buddha, and the leaves for their curries; the maximum exported by the Dutch was one thousand cwts. in one year. In each of the three years, 1868-70, a million cwt. of coffee, valued at four millions sterling, was exported; it was then the backbone of the agricultural interest and the mainstay of the revenue. The next year the disease appeared; and now not one-fourth of that quantity is exported. The chief cause of the appearance of the disease seems to have been the exclusive cultivation of one plant only over hundreds of square miles of country, which had previously been covered with the most varied vegetation. Nature revenged herself just as she had done in Ireland when potatoes were the universal crop, or in France on the vineyards. Already the coffee leaf fungus has proved a blessing in disguise to the island the planters and the natives, in that it has forced them to turn their attention to other species of agriculture. Many of the latter, led by their intelligent headmen and villagers, following the example of the British planters, are raising new products—cinchona, cacao, and rubber.

A coffee estate now will barely fetch a pound an acre, and an

average estate is of three to four hundred acres in extent. In some cases we heard that people had actually paid to have the estate taken off their hands, although the gain from five hundred acres used to be from three to five thousand pounds a year, and most planters went home at the end of ten or fifteen years well content with a return of from 20 to 25 per cent. on the capital invested. But now it would be hard to get as many hundreds for the estate. Cinchona makes at present, with good luck, 150*l.* per acre, and one man actually cleared last year 8,000*l.* from four acres of cinchona. But there is scarcely anything more uncertain than the future of this industry. In the midst of these plantations we came across the ruins of more than one Roman Catholic chapel on the hill side, vestiges of the Portuguese: the stone squares in the centre of each altar had been carefully removed.

Arrived at Ramboddy, its Welsh-looking chapel with conspicuous gable standing out in the green at the foot of the waterfalls, which fill the air with their noise: fourteen miles from Nuwara Eliya and twenty-two miles to Gampola. While they are changing horses we go down under the bridge to look at the pot-holes in the rocks. These were at one time thought to have been formed by the action of pebbles whirled round and round in the stream, but it seems more probable that one part of the rock softer than another simply gives way to the action of the water, and thus the hole is begun; and when once begun the wearing of it continues. There are many of these pot-holes in various stages of growth, new and old, small and large, some of them considerable pools. We pass the Rothschild's bungalow, with its pretty gardens, which once belonged to Baron de Worms, and we noticed one hill in the distance exactly like Wellington's nose and profile. Breakfasted at the Passilawa Rest House in the large room with its broad cane-bottomed sofas, which are good for passing a night on. Food, shelter, rest are here provided for any planters who may happen to be travelling and require them, and, though different in appearance from an English inn, yet this one large room, owing to the difference of climate, gives just as much comfort as more complicated hotel apparatus. The natives believe that the Queen of England lives on nothing but tinned meats and raspberry and gooseberry jam, for they see the Europeans chiefly patronising these, instead of the native curry and rice, or mangoes and other fruit. After breakfast we saw two cobras that a native had in a flat

basket, and let out to glide about the court. One of them bit right through Campbell's boot, and we heard its teeth meet through the leather, and saw the white liquid on the surface that was thus squeezed from its gums.

Started again, and after passing a curious shaped hill, called the Peacock Hill, from its supposed resemblance to that bird, arrived at Gampola about noon. We passed lots of white hump-backed bullocks, tattooed with all sorts of strange devices over their bodies, drawing carts; and Tamils, in scanty garments, stalking and squatting, with silver rings on their arms and legs and in their ears and noses; the women were breaking stones by the wayside or carrying earth in baskets on their backs to mend the roads. At Gampola Mr. and Mrs. de Caen had prepared lunch for us in the Rest House by the station, which had been very prettily decorated in Singhalese fashion with green.

We started in a special train at 1.23 P.M. There was a great difference already in the temperature, and we found it very hot, and slept most part of the way going down to Colombo, where, we arrived at 5 P.M. Sir James Longden met us at the station, and we drove straight down to the pier, and from thence went off to the *Bacchante*, in the usual officers' boat, at 6 P.M. We are glad to find that our blue-jackets have been having a series of cricket matches since we have been away from the ship. On the 30th they played the ship's company of the *Cleopatra*, and got beaten; the next day they played the "Telegraph Club," with a similar result; but in the return match on the 2nd they won. On the 1st they played against the band of the 2nd Battalion of the 102nd Regiment. The cricket here is very good. On the 3rd the Colombo Club played a match against the Navy, and scored in their first innings 148; the Navy only got 38, and when put in again the next day only 52. On the 28th of January the Navy had played the 102nd and beat them; getting then, in their first innings 94, against the soldiers' 41. The governor gave a ball at 9 P.M., to which, however, only one of us was able to go as we were very tired. There were five hundred people there, and as it was Saturday night all left just before midnight.

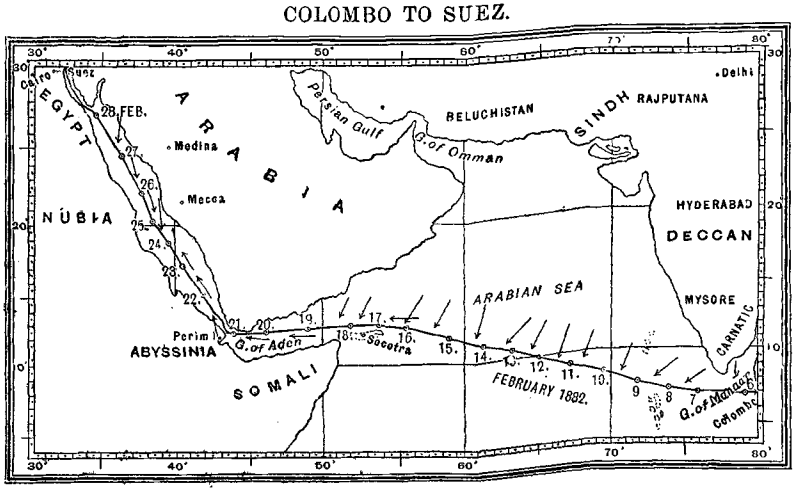
Feb. 5th, Septuagesima Sunday.—Dr. Coplestone, Bishop of Colombo, came off and preached us a very good sermon at our 10.45 service. He and his brother stayed to lunch afterwards, to which also Captain Durrant came from the *Cleopatra*.

In the afternoon the mudaliyar of the goldsmiths came on board

with the "colonel." He brought a lot of catseyes and other stones for sale; some of them looked very good. A few years ago none but natives wore them or cared for them, but lately they have gone up very much in price owing to the change in English fashion. One of the very large ones they asked 50*l.* for; a fair sized one was 16*l.* Between three and four o'clock we went ashore to Government House to say good-bye to Sir James and Lady Longden. Mr. Ravenscroft and Mr. Saunders were both there, and so we were able to thank them for all they had done for us. The governor came down to the wharf to see us off.

After evening quarters had service, and at 6 P.M. sent a telegram to the Prince of Wales, to which we got an answer eight hours afterwards.

COLOMBO TO SUEZ.



Feb. 6*th.*—A fine clear morning. Mr. Hope came on board to breakfast and brought off some skates' tails mounted as riding whips, and some curious old knives and very finely woven mats. At 9.10 A.M. we slipped from our moorings inside the breakwater, and proceeded in charge of a pilot out of Colombo Harbour with the *Cleopatra* in company. There was a very fair breeze. The *Ruby* left just after us, and went to the southward, returning with the Admiral to Trincomalee and Madras. After dinner-hour, up screw, and made plain sail, going along eight, nine, and ten knots, and soon lost sight of the island. The wind is off our starboard beam now, and is coming down in full force out of the Gulf of Manaar, between Ceylon and the mainland.

COLOMBO TO SUEZ.

Date.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
Feb.					N.	E.	°	°	°	°
6	...	...	15	N.W. and N. 3·5	6·58	...	80	79	83	80
7	N. 89 W.	224	8	N.E. 5·6	7·0	75·41	81	81	83	82
8	N. 81 W.	34	87	N.E. 1·2 N. 3·4	7·18	73·41	82	80	83	77
9	N. 70 W.	111	31	N.E. 3 4	8·6	71·26	81	82	81	81
10	N. 76 W.	148	...	N.N.E. to N. by E. 3·4	8·40	69·1	82	80	81	81
11	N. 69 W.	134	...	N.N.E. to N. by E. 3·4	9·28	66·55	80	81	85	81
12S.	N. 70 W.	131	...	N. by E. to N N.E. 3·4	10·14	64·51	79	81	84	80
13	N. 74 W.	119	...	N.E. 2·3	10·46	62·55	79	78	84	78
14	N.74·30 W.	98	..	N.E. 2	11·12	61·19	80	79	80	78
15	N. 76 W.	164	...	N.E. 3·5	11·51	58·36	77	76	79	75
16	N. 75 W.	183	...	N.E. 5·6	12·39	55·36	77	72	75	72
17	N. 78 W.	126	...	N.E. 5·6 E. 3·2	13·4	53·29	76	76	75	74
18	S. 85 W.	98	...	N.E. 2·3	12·55	51·49	76	76	75	76
19S.	S. 89 W.	188	...	N.E. to E. 5	12·52	48 36	76	74	77	75
20	S. 82 W.	158	...	E. 5·6	12·31	45·56	76	78	77	76
21	Various	135	...	E. to S.E. by 3·4	12·27	...	77	77	78	76
22	Various	208	...	S. and S. by W. 5·6	15·25	41·47	77	76	78	77
23	N. 33 W.	139	...	S.S.E. 2·5	17·22	40·29	76	76	78	77
24	N. 31 W.	119	...	S.E. 5·1 N.W. 1	19·4	39·25	78	78	83	76
25	N. 37 W.	...	72	N.W. 6·7 to N.	20·7	38 35	74	75	73	75
26S.	N. 25 W.	...	135	N. 6·5	22·9	37·33	72	73	74	74
27	N. 23 W.	...	162	N. by W. 5	24·38	36·22	71	70	73	74
28	N. 36 W.	...	146	N. by W. 5	26·35	34·45	70	69	69	68
March 1	...	...	190	N. 14·1	...	...	61	60	61	65
		2517	846							
Total distance ... 3363 miles.										

Feb. 7th.—Last night we passed thirty miles to the south of Cape Comorin. The monsoon is still blowing strong, and we are going over ten knots. There is not so much sea, and the wind is further aft. This morning we caught a flying fish which flew up into the main chains. We passed two strange-looking fishing boats, each with one sail only. At noon to-day we have made

232 miles since yesterday—the longest run we have made under sail during this cruise, but as eight miles just after noon yesterday were made under steam as well, we must not count it to have beaten the run of 228 miles we made on the 1st of February last year under sail alone, between the Falklands and the Cape of Good Hope. Afterwards, towards the evening, the wind fell light, and it was a dead calm after 4 P.M. Down screw at 10 P.M. and began steaming; shortened and furled sails.

Feb. 8th.—At 9.30 A.M. exercised at extra general quarters, firing at a target. Expended portion of ammunition allowed for one month. Very hot sun: no awning. In the evening at 5 P.M. stopped steaming and got up the screw, as a little breeze sprang up which carried us along after we had made plain sail between two and three knots all the night, and we thus passed through the eighth degree channel between the Maldives and the Lakadives. The *Brindisi* overtook and passed us carrying our homeward mails and at sundown the *Merkara* is also in sight, coming up astern.

Feb. 9th.—A warm morning. Employed in "airing bedding," when the decks are covered with the hammocks and their contents spread out. A nice little breeze sprang up in the morning and carried us along five knots, so that with the help of the current which has been thirty miles in our favour since noon yesterday, we have made 160 miles, and are 1,042 miles from Socotra.

Feb. 10th.—The breeze is dryer this morning, and we sometimes make four and at other times seven knots, a pretty good average; and at noon are just 1,000 miles off Socotra. We have got the spare spanker set as a mizen topmast staysail, which does fairly. At general quarters to-day we had a new station for manning and arming ship. We had the "monkey bar" up as usual for the midshipmen's gymnastics in the afternoon.

Feb. 11th.—*Cleopatra* three miles astern: shortened sail to wait for her. This morning passed three steamers outward bound, the first signs we are getting on their track. At present, during the north-east monsoon (which seems always to lull just after sunrise for two or three hours and then freshen up towards midday), the portion of the sea we are now sailing over is lying with scarce a ripple on its blue surface in perfect calm, beneath a bright sky which is flecked only with a few Trade clouds; but the same waters, during the other six months of the year when the south-west monsoon is blowing, become so rough and tempestuous by reason of the cross currents that here meet together that no ships

then attempt it. The mail ships then run south in order to avoid it. Two that attempted during the south-west monsoon to run straight across as we are now doing from Colombo to Socotra had to give it up and put back.

Feb. 12*th.*—A lovely morning, sailing gently along between four and five knots. We have not had a drop of rain since leaving Colombo. Church on the main-deck as usual. Finished in the afternoon Doctor Fayrer's account of the visit to India of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Feb. 13*th.*—This morning, though the thermometer shows 78° in the sun, yet there is a delightfully cool, dry feel in the air as it comes rushing to us from Beluchistan and the high tablelands to the north of India.

Feb. 14*th.*—St. Valentine's Day. Still glorious weather, and delightful sailing, and out of work-hours were able to get on well with our various reading. Did a good stroke of work on Palestine to-day.

Feb. 15*th.*—Wind steady on the starboard beam, and so although there is more sea on and the ship is pitching a bit in the heavy swell, yet we are still going over eight knots all day. At noon we are 245 miles from Socotra, and the wind coming right off the Arabian coast makes it a bit hazy. To-night at 7.30 P.M. the surface of the sea was one mass of snow-white, the margins of which were clearly defined with a black line round the edge. We passed into it and out of it suddenly, and the same again the next night. This phenomenon is very rare, and at present unexplained. It is noticed in *A Naturalist's Rambles in the China Seas*, by Dr. Collingwood. A bucket of water when taken up was filled with the same half-luminous whiteness, which stuck to its sides when the water was drained off.

Feb. 16*th.*—We are still knocking about a bit, the wind having drawn further aft. All the forenoon we keep up our nine knots. After evening quarters passed Socotra. It is seventy miles long and thirty broad, about as large as our county of Cornwall, and is subject to the Sultan of Keshin, a small place on the opposite Arabian coast. In 1876, for a small subsidy he engaged never to cede Socotra to any foreign power, nor to allow any settlement to be made on it without the consent of the British Government. The mountains in the interior rise to a height of 3,000 feet and would make an excellent sanatorium for troops at Aden. Its climate is far more temperate than on the African continent, from which it is 120 miles

distant. There is nothing in this monsoon and on this sea as it now is that would have hindered the old Egyptians or the Phœnicians from sailing out to Malaya from the Red Sea in their small craft, as pictured on the monuments of the former people, after their ivory, apes, and peacocks. They would, however, have had to take more than twelve months on the passage, or else less than six, for it would be only during the six winter months of the year, from October to April, that they could cross the Indian Ocean either way. It would seem from 1 Kings ix. 26 to 28, and x. 11 and 22, that it was once in three years about that Solomon's treasure caravan arrived, and this would be about the time required; for getting down and up the Red Sea would take a longer time than any other part of their cruise, because the wind blows pretty steadily all the year round, down from the north in the upper part of the Red Sea, and up from the south in the lower part of it; and hence they would always have a dead head wind to contend with, both going out and coming home, for half the length of the Red Sea or more than 500 miles. When they once picked up the north-east monsoon in the Indian Ocean, it would have taken their ships along four or five knots.

Feb. 17*th.*—Soon after midnight this morning altered course for Aden, from which at noon we were 505 miles distant; this brought the wind right aft, and so we were able to set stunsails both sides. Though it is pretty cool in the shade, 76°, it is very hot in the sun and there is no awning. This evening had a good look at Saturn and his rings, and Jupiter, who is nearest the earth now. The Southern Cross, as well as Orion, and the Great Bear, are all visible at the same time.

Feb. 19*th.*—Usual service on the main deck. We put the clock back a quarter of an hour to-day, so at home they are just two hours now behind our time. Hundred and fifty miles run since yesterday at noon, still very pleasant sailing.

Feb. 20*th.*—We are going much slower to-day, wind right aft. At 5.30 P.M. we sighted Aden lying twenty-five miles away to the north; just before the sun set we saw the lighthouse and town quite plainly, and after dark we saw the lights distinctly.

Feb. 21*st.*—Poor Chung died this morning at 8 A.M. He was the best and handsomest of the Canton puppies, and has been unwell for some time, and was very patient and gentle; only one now remains. The Arabian and African coasts are both now very distinct. At noon we are twenty miles off Perim Island, which we

passed at 3.10 P.M. The *Clyde*, P. and O. steamer, passed out of the Red Sea at the same time as we passed in; she was steaming over eleven knots against the wind which was dead ahead for her, and which is taking us along nine knots. On the top of Perim Island, which we leave on the port hand, is a round lighthouse with a dome and square brick building, and a road leading up to it. On the coast of Arabia immediately opposite, are the square white barracks built at one time for French troops, who all died like flies and were absolutely no use whatever, as they jealously watched the lighthouse which the practical English had erected on the island. The barracks are now abandoned, but there are a few dhows moored there. These dhows are the exact counterpart of the ships used by the

ARAB DHOW.

ancient Egyptians in these seas, as will be apparent if the accompanying sketch of one made on the spot be compared with bas-reliefs of the latter in Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, vol. i. p. 277. These dhows slip across the Red Sea, laden to the gunwale with the wretched victims of slave traders in the Soudan. If a slaver can run his dhow ashore, he can land his cargo beneath the guns of our cruisers, who can only make seizures on the high seas. Then, again, the slaver has only to secure a French flag and he is free from all danger; and both here and in the Mozambique Channel a great deal is done under the French flag.

The Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb are divided by the island of Perim into two channels, a smaller and a larger one. The larger channel

is that between Perim and the African coast, nine miles wide, and has a depth varying between 131 feet, and 1,181 feet, and is consequently perfectly safe for the passage of ships. But this channel is but little used, as it is a circuitous route for vessels making for or coming from Aden. On the African coast, outside the Red Sea, and seventy miles from Perim, there is the French station of Obok, at the entrance to the Bay of Tajurrah. The smaller channel is that between Perim and the Arabian shore, one and three-quarter miles wide, with a depth varying between forty and seventy feet. Its passage is consequently also perfectly safe, and is used much more than that of the western and wider channel.

There is a strong current continually setting into the Red Sea up from the south through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb; but as the evaporation from the surface is enormous, amounting, it has been calculated annually, to a layer of not less than eight feet in thickness, and as scarcely any of the water thus withdrawn is returned by rain or rivers, if there were no outflow for the Red Sea it would in time become intensely salt. But it does not; hence Captain Maury argues for an under current outwards of the heavier water beneath the upper inflowing current, as in the case of the Mediterranean in the Straits of Gibraltar. Just the reverse happens in the case of the other two inland seas, the Baltic and the Black Sea; each of these seas receives from rivers much more fresh water than is consumed from off their surface by evaporation; so that there is a constant surface outflow from each through the Sound and the Dardanelles. In time (it is reckoned 300 years) if this went on unchecked the whole water of each sea would be fresh; but it is not so at all; for there is an under current inwards in each case of salt water from the North Sea and from the Mediterranean. The action of this was demonstrated by a basket weighted with shot that was let down into it from a boat; in the Baltic this current runs very near the surface.

Feb. 22*nd*.—The fair breeze still holds, taking us along between nine and ten knots, not a cloud to be seen. Last night we passed fifteen steamers sweeping down from the canal, and making the Red Sea quite like the English Channel. The islands we are passing all day are red, bare, sandy-looking precipices scarred with lines, without a tree or scrap of verdure; we pass the last of them about 3 P.M. We are rolling somewhat, but going along more comfortably than the many steamers we pass making in the opposite direction, which seem to be pitching and driving their bows under the foam.

In the afternoon passed Jebel Teir and Annesley Bay, where the Abyssinian expedition landed for Magdala. The air is clear and dry, and the colour of the evening sky after the sun has set produces a transparent effect we have never seen anywhere else. In the evening we watched the young moon set on its back over Egypt; Jupiter was bright above her at the time, and higher up glittered the Bull's strange weird horns, where the inverted triangle of stars which look like a real bull's head was peering down; higher up above the Bull was Sirius, to-night the brightest star of any; down on the southern horizon our old friend the Southern Cross had just risen; but we shall not see him much longer, for the Little Bear and the Great Bear (the "Churl's Waggon and Horses") are beginning to crawl up the northern sky.

Feb. 23*rd.*—The wind is dying away, but we have done to-day one-quarter the distance up the Red Sea under sail. At 10.30 A.M. a French man-of-war, supposed to be the corvette *Villars*, passed us, steaming south. She came up on our port side, then inquisitively went across our bows, had a good look at us, and ultimately passed on the starboard hand. It is much warmer to-day; thermometer over 80°.

Feb. 24*th.*—Nearly a dead calm, consequently much warmer. We lay with our head off our course all the morning; went to general quarters. Saw a large barque-rigged steamer pass in the distance going north, probably the P. & O. After the dinner-hour caught a young shark off the glacis with five rows of teeth. In the afternoon got the screw down, shortened and furled sails, and began steaming at 3 P.M., thirty revolutions; immediately afterwards the dead headwind sprang up from the north, which we had not expected to meet so soon. We had almost hoped to have been able to sail up as far as Jedda, for at this time of the year the upward current of wind from the south, which is the curl-in of the north-east monsoon round and up the funnel of Bab-el-Mandeb, blows far stronger than the northern one, which again is strongest during the south-west monsoon. The norther which we have picked up to-day is probably blowing down over every inch of the sea between us and Suez. It is apparently quite a surface wind and only blows low along the sea, for the few clouds that are overhead are moving very slowly and are not affected by it. As the sun went down behind Nubia there was a greasy look all over the sky to the north. Down topgallant masts, pointed yards to the wind. Now it is our turn to begin to pitch.

Feb. 25th.—Thermometer only 70°, but it is sunny and bright, and the sea has got up a bit. Many steamers passed us going southward, and with their foremasts covered with sail, ploughing heavily along before the wind. At sunset saw Chimney Mountain on the Nubian coast sixty miles away—a strange little peak which came out clear against the setting sun, but was not visible before nor after.

Feb. 26th.—Usual service on the main deck. In the afternoon shoals of dolphins all round the ship; from these came the "badgers' skins" dyed sky blue, red (like morocco), and yellow (the three sacred Egyptian colours) for the service of the Jewish sanctuary (Ex. xxvi. 14). There are two or three kinds caught in this sea, chiefly by harpoon. They are cetaceous animals, their teeth are prized as ivory, and their thick hides are still used as leather for sandals. The travelling bags for the sacred tent of the Jews and its vessels are said to have been made from the hide of this animal (Numbers iv. 6-15). They are still often taken by a large strong net on the cliffs of the coral reefs, where they browse like cattle on the marine herbage, but they are exceedingly shy and wary. At sunset saw the Uba mountains in Nubia, and during the night we passed out of the tropics.

Feb. 27th.—The thermometer below 70° for the first time for ever so long. We are 380 miles off Suez to-day. Did some bar in the afternoon, but all the deck and everything you touch is black and grimy with "stokers," or flying coal-dust, and the only refuge from them is forward on the forecastle, where one can get a mouthful of fresh air, though every now and then a heavy spray may splash up over you. The *Cleopatra* is dipping her nose right under, much more than we are. At 4 P.M. passed Dædalus lighthouse, a desolate-looking place all by itself on a shoal in the middle of the Red Sea and out of sight of land. Though as the sun went down and just as his disk touched the horizon we were able to discern in the extreme western distance steep cliffs and hills, and this was our first view of the land of Egypt. To-day we are twenty-one days out from Ceylon.

Feb. 28th.—The wind has shifted a bit to the east, coming down out of the gulf of Akabah, that deep, strange brother of the Dead Sea, with no bottom at 150 fathoms. No sail is ever seen upon it, for the Arabs believe it to be haunted, and call it the Gate of Hell. A constant succession of squalls from off the high cliffs which

shut it in on every side render it an unpleasant place for small craft, as the landsmen found who manned Jehoshaphat's ships "to go to Ophir for gold" without the aid of the experienced Phœnician sailors whom his wiser great-grandfather, Solomon, employed for the same purpose; so the ships "went not, for they were wrecked at Ezion-geber" (1 Kings, xxii. 48) at the head of the gulf. At 9 A.M. passed the Brothers' Reef, two flat yellow rocks, said to be generally awash, and 250 miles from Suez. The *France*, an English transport, the same as we saw at the Cape of Good Hope last year, passed us going south, empty this time, and under sail as well as steam. Between this and noon eight steamers passed us steering south. This head-wind never seems to intermit, neither do the "stokers" nor the pitching seas, one of which, during the smoking hour, broke over the forecastle and put everybody's pipe out. At 7 P.M. passed the island of Shadwân, or "seals," which visit this northern part of the Red Sea, where their teeth and tusks are found. These seals and not the porpoises have been thought by some to be the "badgers" of the authorised version. But "badger skins" were probably porpoise hides; the Arabs use the Hebrew word takhash ("the badger" in the authorised version) for cetacea in general, whereas they call seals shadwân. Seal-skin also would not make soles for shoes (Ezek. xvi. 10). The mountains of the Sinaitic range on the eastern side and those of Egypt on the western were very clear at sunset as we entered the Gulf of Suez. Those of Egypt look very rocky, rough, and jagged.

St. David's Day, March 1st.—At dawn, thermometer 60°. At 5.30 A.M., just before sunrise, looked out through the starboard ports over the surface of the wan water, just crisped by the north wind, at the long ridge of hills of the Sinaitic peninsula, which then stood out, clear cut, in dark præ-Raphaelite blue against the saffron sky behind. On the extreme right-hand of the line stands up the conical peak of Umm-Shomer (forty-five miles off). This, from the present position of the ship, appears the highest of the group. Away to the left rises the more rounded top of Mount Serbal. Between these two extreme points, only in the further distance, appear the jagged peaks of Mount St. Katherine. Sinai, or Jebel Mûsa, was behind these and so shut out from view. In the foreground by the seashore stretched the lower range of Gabeliyeh hills, grey, and eighteen miles away. As we watched, up, over Mount Serbal, rose the sun: "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before

Him: as wax melteth at the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God . . . even as yon Sinai was moved at the presence of the God of Israel . . . but let the righteous be glad and rejoice before God, yea let them exceedingly rejoice." These are the words of Psalm lxviii., one of those read at this morning's matins in the breviary. After the sun was up the Sinaitic hills became, by reason of their being flooded in his glory and light, much more indistinct, and then looked like the Delectable Mountains, pencilled outlines only in a sea of luminous glory. "The chariots of God are many times ten thousand, even thousands of the blessed, and the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, so in the Holy Place." The whole peninsula looks a likely place for the clans when they escaped from Egypt to betake themselves to and hold their enemies at bay. As we steam along, the valleys and the hill groups disclose themselves, and it would be hopeless to follow a determined lot there, especially with chariots and horsemen. On the Egyptian coast, in the early dawn before the sun was up, twinkled the light-house on the Ras-Gharib, a sign of the now restless running to and fro of steamships up and down the Red Sea or British Channel of the East, where of old sailed and rowed the Egyptian galleys few and far between.

The rest of the way up to Suez, the dark blue "tongue of sea," was rimmed with some rosy, but many grey hills which, however, sink gradually the higher we go up it; here and there are yellow sand patches and lengths of desert between them. The yellow is in every gradation of tint—orange, maize, apricot, gold, and buff. If, at some future day, a discovery should be made by means of which the salts of the sea could be eliminated by electricity instead of by the present more expensive condensing, so that these hills might be furnished with fresh water, what a change would result in their appearance when aridity would turn to fertility and green would take the place of rose! One may smile at this, but it would be no greater change than has already been produced by the Suez Canal on the aspect of the Red Sea, where before it was made scarce a ship sailed, but all is now astir with British life and commerce. As we approach Suez, Jebel Atakah grew and grew on the north-west until at last we passed it, and then it seemed to rear itself like a red wall to the south from where we were anchored. This red bar might be the one which would appear to "shut in" any band of men that were escaping from the north, and hoped to get down in this direction to the Sinaitic peninsula. On

the east side of the sea we passed Moses' Wells, a shrubby patch off which a Turkish gunboat was stationed, as the pilgrims from Mecca have lately been doing quarantine there. At the time of the Exodus there must have been more water all along the eastern side of the Red Sea; but now nothing lives, nothing moves, save the sun, the sea, and the wind. We hear that there has been a more furious gale from the north here than has been known for some time. The *Bacchante* touched the sand at the Newport Rock, where there is a sandbank, over which the depth of water has apparently been altered by this wind (like that over the Shambles and the banks off the Needles often is). It with other sandbanks forms a line projecting from Jebel Atakah, the strata of which probably run right across beneath the gulf. We came to at 5 P.M., and saluted the Egyptian flag. The Governor of Suez visited the *Bacchante*, and we saluted him with thirteen guns. Suez looks yellow and dry over the unruffled blue, and the entrance of the Canal is plainly visible—a broad expanse between two arms of walls jutting out to sea. Received our mail, a heavier one than we have ever received before at one time, and spent the evening in digesting its contents. We have not had a single drop of rain since we left Ceylon.

SUEZ TO ALEXANDRIA.

Date.	From Previous Noon.				Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
March					°	°	°	°
2	Through Suez Canal	...	39	N. 1·2	64	58	66	64
3	...	...	87	N.E. 1·3	60	62	67	63
4	...	...	...	N.E. 2·3	60	61	72	69
5S.	...	...	137	N.E. & N.W. 4·2	62	60	67	61
			13					
Distance			276 miles.					

March 2nd.—In the morning watch prepared for entering the Canal. Got the pinnace out, in jibboom, braced yards sharp up and erected a temporary bridge for the pilot with spars fixed across from the top of the davits of the quarter boats, for it is impossible to see to navigate the ship through the Canal from the poop. At 10.30 A.M. parted company with the *Cleopatra*, her men cheering us

as we left them. Ever since the squadron came together at Vigo, October 25th, 1880, her ship's company and ours have been very "chummy." It was a curious coincidence that she should have been the one ship of the squadron told off to come to our help at Albany, May 30, 1881 (vol. i. p. 452), and afterwards to accompany us thus far on our homeward voyage: curious also that she should have happened to have borne the name of the last Queen of the country where we landed. She left Suez a few days later and returned to the China station. M. de Lesseps, who was waiting at Ismailia, had kept the Canal clear for the *Bacchante*, just as he had done for the *Osborne* when the Prince of Wales was on board her, so that we might have gone through in one day if it had been convenient for the captain to enter at daylight; and he kindly gave us the choice of either to-day or to-morrow. But it was not deemed convenient; and so we entered between the two moles each half a mile long, at 10.45 A.M.—a curious object to the admiring gaze of British subjects ashore who had heard so much of the *Bacchante*, and had now an opportunity of seeing her for themselves. Originally the ship was by way of being painted black, but owing to having been at sea for so long a time, her bows presented a fine weather-beaten appearance, and here and there all along her side were patches where the red oxide of iron had been laid on preparatory to their being repainted; astern, the glacis on one side had been completely scraped and laid bare for the same object at a more convenient period; the hammock nettings were well begrimed with the inevitable results of steaming head to wind for the last week, as was also the rigging, in fact the "ocean cruiser" looked true to her name, and must have quite surpassed the expectations of those who smiled upon us from the shore. We towed the pinnace astern with a hawser in case it should be necessary to lay one out. Long, narrow, flat-bottomed steamers steer badly in the Canal for the simple reason that the width of the channel is wholly insufficient. Ships, even at the low speed permitted (five knots) drive a large body of water before them, a corresponding current follows them, and the effect of the rudder is neutralized. A long ship with forty-five feet beam in a channel of seventy-two feet (nominal) breadth has little room for eccentricities. It seemed at first very odd to be steaming along with nothing but a desert of sand on either side; you could easily throw a piece of biscuit on shore from the ship. Every now and then we can see the telegraph wires by the side of the railway, which runs through the

desert from Suez to Ismailia on the eastern side of the Canal, with the sweet-water canal again parallel to it between us and the railway. As far as Shaloof the Canal for the first fourteen miles passes through a level plain of sand, which was evidently once the bottom of the Red Sea, which extended at the time of the Exodus right up to Ismailia. The plain is surrounded on all sides at some distance by hills, which were at one time its cliffs. The cutting at Shaloof is through the rock, which here rises twenty or thirty feet on either side the canal and quite shuts in the view. All the isthmus of Suez has been steadily upheaved since Roman times: this rocky plateau probably by an earthquake since then. At one place where there was a pontoon bridge across the Canal, a group of pilgrims were resting with their camels on the sand. Just before we entered the small Bitter Lakes, we "gared up" for an hour, as we met six steamers coming through in the opposite direction, two of which were emigrant-ships going out to Australia. It was rather interesting than otherwise to watch our bluejackets running about on the banks, where they enjoyed being landed for the operation of garing up, or making the stern and bow of the ship fast to bollards on one side of the Canal. These mooring posts run all the way along the banks of the Canal, so that ships can make fast anywhere when night falls. We did this and waited thus until the string of six steamers had passed, and then cast off and passed others that were gared up ahead of us.

[The Suez Canal is 100 miles long and is stated to have cost from first to last 20,000,000*l.* sterling. It was begun on the 25th April 1859, and opened for navigation November 17th, 1869, on the sixty-fourth anniversary of the birthday of M. de Lesseps, to whose indomitable perseverance the undertaking is due, and who boasts that the Scotch are his fellow-countrymen, and that the architect of St. Giles' Cathedral in Edinburgh was one of his ancestors. The property is now held in about 400,000 ordinary shares of 20*l.* each: of these nearly half belong to the English Government, which bought them in November 1875 from the late Khedive for a little under 4,000,000*l.* (a 20*l.* share now fetches in the market 82*l.*). The present Khedive pays the English Government five per cent. interest on the 4,000,000*l.* till 1894: England will then receive the same percentage of profit as is paid to the other shareholders. In 1882 the gross profits earned were over 20 per cent and the dividend paid to the shareholders was 16¼ per cent. Besides these 8,000,000*l.* sterling of ordinary shares, there is another

6,000,000*l.* of preference shares; so that the whole present capital of the company is said to be 14,000,000*l.*

The gross tonnage of the vessels that passed through the Canal in 1883 was over 8,000,000 tons; of these more than 6,000,000 tons were British; that is to say, more than three-quarters of the whole traffic passing through the Canal is in English ships and belongs to English merchants. England's proportion of the entire tonnage is now ten per cent. more than it was in 1871; and if the growth of England's proportion of the entire tonnage is continued for another eight years on the same scale, we should possess in 1890 as much as 90 per cent. of the entire traffic. Other nations have vastly increased their canal fleet, but this has had no effect in diminishing the relative proportions of the English tonnage. When the Canal was opened it was regarded as certain to prove a deathblow to our commercial and maritime supremacy, and this was one, if not the chief, reason that caused its popularity in France. It was constructed also on an anticipation that accommodation for a gross annual traffic of 3,000,000 tons a year would be amply sufficient, this being at that period about half of the tonnage that went round the Cape to the East.

Both prognostications have been signally falsified by results. It is however true that if the British trade had been annihilated, and if the British ships now using the Canal are subtracted from those that annually pass through it, there would then be only 2,000,000 tons passing through annually: and the Canal would be amply sufficient to accommodate them; but those 2,000,000 tons would not suffice to pay the cost of its maintenance. In 1870, 486 steamers went through the Canal; in 1883, 3,307. For the last three years the increase in tonnage passing through the Canal has been slightly in excess of 1,000,000 tons each year; and if latterly this rate of annual increase has not been kept up, it is only owing to the intolerable choke which has been produced by trying to drive 8,000,000 tons of shipping through what was only designed for 3,000,000. The distance between Port Said and Suez being all smooth water, might be traversed easily by many steam-ships in eight hours: instead of this it often takes half as many days, owing to the narrowness of the channel, the impossibility of ships passing each other in mid stream, and the low rate of speed rendered necessary by the importance of avoiding any wash of water against the crumbling sandbanks. A ship may be considered fortunate if under existing circumstances she emerges from the Canal within fifty or

sixty hours after entering it. (The average taken on twenty-three steamers haphazard gives seventy-one hours each.) Blocks are of constant occurrence, blocks which impose long delay and heavy loss upon all vessels in the Canal at the time.

The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce computes that out of 75,000,000*l.* worth of goods imported into England from Asia and Australia in 1881, 41,000,000*l.* came through the Suez Canal; and out of the 66,000,000*l.* of our exports to the same regions in the same year 48,000,000*l.* went through the Canal; that is 54 per cent. of the imports and 70 per cent. of the exports. In 1883 the whole trade from the East to Europe, and from Europe to the East, was nearly 190,000,000*l.* a year; England's share of this grand total was 160,000,000*l.*; the rest of the continent of Europe took only 30,000,000*l.*; and of this even some was carried for England in foreign bottoms, but not much in English bottoms for European countries. At the present time much more than one-half the total carrying trade between the East and West passes through the Canal. Thus it is the most considerable factor in the world's commerce of the present day. Not only has it proved the greatest economiser of time (fourteen days are saved by this route between England and India, and nearly 5,000 miles) within an age fertile in such expedients, but it has done more to quicken the movement of trade than any invention since the application of steam power to traction. To England, the largest merchant carrier of the world's goods, the question of the future development and management of this route must be a matter of overwhelming importance. But besides these general considerations there are others that touch our national life more nearly still. Australia, India, and England are all parts of one commercial system of which the Suez Canal is the connecting artery. It is just as much the natural road from one portion of the British dominions to another as the Great Northern Railway is from London to Scotland. To seriously contemplate "international control" of such an artery seems ludicrous alike to the proprietors and chief customers of the Canal. All the nations of Europe together only furnish one quarter of the traffic, and no European Government has any shares whatever in the company of which the English Government and shareholders hold in the aggregate far more than half the stock. The interests of the rest of the shareholders are also identical with our own, and these are to keep the Canal open for the largest amount of traffic at all times both in peace and war. The supposed

interests of the Governments of one, or two at the most, of the other nations, and the result of internationalising the Canal, would be to close it in time of war to English ships, and thus depreciate the possible return on the stock perhaps 80 per cent., certainly 50 or 60 per cent.

It is manifest that in all probability another canal will ultimately be constructed with English money, and controlled solely by the English Government; for our stake, both commercially and politically, is too large to allow the possibility of such a vital artery in our system being cut even temporarily. Other nations may then keep the old Canal, and internationalise it (if they fear the passage of their warships through it would be hindered otherwise by England in time of war), but we must have one with which they can play no tricks. Such a canal could be made either with or without an arrangement with the present company, who claim a monopoly which Egypt denies, which the grantor asserts he never gave, and the grantee never advanced till quite lately, and which, in the opinion of an overwhelming number of jurists of all countries, does not exist. Even if it ever did exist, the present company by convention dated 23rd April, 1869, "expressly renounced every exception and every special faculty and privilege;". and if that were not enough, the original concession would be forfeit by the fact that the present Canal is not half the size of that which was contracted for. In 1856 the contract was that the Canal should have an entire depth of $26\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and a breadth at the surface water-line of 328 feet, and at bottom a breadth of 150 feet; the general width of the floor of the present Canal is only 72 feet, and that at the surface water-line in many places is not 190 feet. The depth also nowhere exceeds 26 feet, and hence is insufficient to admit the passage of vessels of war of the largest class, which draw 30 feet or so; and in some instances has necessitated discharging a portion of the cargo of the larger merchant steamers.

When in nine years time England is receiving 16 per cent. on her shares, it is easy to foresee that a cry will arise that such national income should be utilised in lowering the rates of transit by the only effectual means possible, that is by making another canal, for to lower them on the present canal would only aggravate the choke. The transit dues are now so heavy as to eat up an enormous proportion of the profits on freight between India and England. Of late years India has made great progress as a wheat growing country, and there is almost no limit to the wheat that

might be poured into English mouths from India, at just one-half the cost per loaf we at present pay: for half the entire freight charge on wheat from India is Canal dues; and such Canal dues equal the whole cost of transit between North America and Liverpool. The Canal dues are, since the 1st January 1884, 8*s.* per ton gross, or 12*s.* per ton net, and 8*s.* on every passenger (although out of the dues only 9*d.* per ton goes towards the maintenance and service of the Canal). A ton of goods may be brought from America for 7*s.* 6*d.*; from Bombay including Canal dues the same bulk costs 19*s.* and one ship often pays as much as 1,200*l.* in dues each time she passes through the Canal. The price of tea from China and Ceylon, of the cargoes of frozen meat from Australia, of the clips of wool, and of the cotton for our manufactures, are all greatly enhanced by these high Canal dues; which are not only a heavy obstruction to the direct traffic between the East and West, but are also a food tax on the poorer classes in England, since but for them rice, potatoes, oats, maize, barley, wheat and meal, might come to us in greater quantities and at lower rates. The value of England's Eastern trade is 160,000,000*l.* sterling a year. These pounds do not stand as the figures in a miser's reckoning book to be gloated over and hugged; each pound represents countless persons benefited in various ways—producers, workmen, merchants, shippers, sailors, inventors and purchasers, down to the village shopman and labourer. All these our fellow subjects are benefited by the increase of this trade; all would be benefited by the lowering of the Canal dues: thereby would result to England an improved ability to clothe her people, and to feed them more than she now does from her own possessions beyond the seas. Such profit to England would not only be a national profit; it would conduce further to the prosperity that would be brought to her Indian empire, and would be felt in the new impetus given to her industries by the cheapening of the commodities she produces. These advantages would result from the doubling or multiplication of the Suez Canal. Two canals running parallel the one to the other would not compete; the stream of traffic would run north through the one, and south through the other; the receipts of both through the natural increase of traffic would soon be as large as those at present gained by one.

At the beginning of the next century it is likely enough that there will not only be two, but half a dozen, means of ship transit between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. An American com-

pany are proposing a ship railway across the level sands from Gaza to the head of the Gulf of Akabah; another scheme prepared by English engineers is for a canal to cross Egypt from Alexandria to Cairo, and from Cairo to Suez. Whether either of such proposals will come to anything may, perhaps, be doubtful; but one thing is clear, that the widening of the existing Canal will only be a slight temporary relief, for according to the most sanguine expectations the old Canal would then only accommodate 10,000,000 tons of shipping a year, even if lighted by night with electricity or with gas buoys showing red lights visible for ten miles, in order that the traffic might continue to flow through during the hours of darkness as well as in the daytime, instead of being suspended, as at present, for nine hours out of the twenty-four. Unless the present Canal were nearly doubled, and a second canal made equal to such doubled canal, no real relief from the present evils would be attained. Each canal should be not less than eighty yards wide and ten deep. Such second canal would probably take five years to make and cost 8,000,000*l.*, if the goodwill of the present company were secured; and M. de Lesseps is well known to incline himself to the idea of a double canal. Without the goodwill of the old Canal, the new one, although there are no engineering difficulties, and although engines of enormous power and magnitude would now be employed which were not known at the time the first was constructed, might cost at a maximum 20,000,000*l.*, as the original did. But, anyhow, a traffic of over twenty million tons will, in all probability, have to be provided for in a few years. Unless anything should occur to stop the progress of the world's trade, the traffic between East and West must grow day by day with the development of Australia and the growth of our home population, and of our ever-abiding necessity of cheaper food, bread and meat, of cheaper clothing and of more of each; and an ever larger proportion of the shipping engaged in this traffic must every year pass across the Suez isthmus. The traffic has quite outgrown the present ditch just as the sewage of London had outgrown the capacity of its drains before the establishment of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The present condition of things cannot continue; the accommodation is insufficient, and the charges are enormous.]

Fifteen miles from Suez we entered the Bitter Lakes, the smallest of which is seven miles long and two wide, and the second fifteen and a-half miles long and six wide; a keen breeze

was blowing over them. They are thirty-seven feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and the Red Sea tides cause the stream between here and Suez to flow at the rate of from two to three miles an hour. Lake Timsah, further on, is only three feet below the Mediterranean. The sandy gravelly soil of the Bitter Lakes is strewn with shells that exactly correspond with those found in the Red Sea. These lakes with their water have already considerably altered the temperature of the Delta, as the evaporation from their surface in the hot dry desert is enormous; slight clouds form over them now, and more rain has fallen at Cairo since the Canal was opened than before. If this be the effect from bringing comparatively such a small amount of water as this ditch of a canal contains across the desert, how much greater will be the result of works of irrigation, when carried out over a wider extent, in helping Egypt to revert in some degree to its olden fertility, when a larger space was under cultivation than at present. Another effect of this rapidity of evaporation is that it increases the proportion of salt in the water to such an amount that in summer one gallon of water here yields thirteen ounces of salt; a gallon of Dead Sea water yields but eighteen. Having passed through the Bitter Lakes we cross some more level ground; here there are many tamarisk shrubs planted all along by the edge of the Canal, whose roots assist in holding the soil together against the wash of the wave which each ship in its passage draws after it. We see many dredges at work, large floating structures moved and worked by steam. Each of them costs between five and six thousand pounds; the mud they dredge from the bottom of the Canal is from a lofty stage which each carries, run down on an incline to the level of the bank where it is to be deposited. We then passed through the cutting of the Serapeum, near which are the ruins of the Temple of Osiris, which stood on the western side of the Canal, and was the ancient Migdol, or Fort to guard the ford that was made by the strong north wind from time to time across the narrow and shallow head of the gulf where it was about one mile and a-half broad; immediately opposite to them on the right or eastern side of the Canal stood Baal Zephon now Sheyk Hanaydik. It was here that the Israelites probably crossed on leaving Egypt. Immediately after that we entered Lake Timsah, although it was now dusk and all the traffic by rights ought to cease at sundown. At 7.30 P.M. we came-to off Ismailia (fifty-five miles from Suez), a little over a mile from the shore, in four and a-half

fathoms. Here Sir Edward Malet (the Consul-General), and Ismail Pasha Yousri, whom the Khedive has sent to be in attendance on us during our stay on Egyptian soil, together with M. de Lesseps, came on board; the latter pressed us to land that night, saying that a house on shore was ready for us and dinner was waiting. As we were rather tired, however, we thanked them very much, and said we should prefer to sleep on board and land the first thing to-morrow morning.

March 3rd.—Up at 5 A.M. Very cold on deck during the morning watch which I had; thermometer 52°. At 9 A.M. we left the ship with three ward-room and three gun-room officers, and landed at Ismailia, and were met at the jetty by the same trio that came off last night. From the time of our landing till we again went on board the *Bacchante* at Alexandria we were the guests of the Khedive.[1] M. de Lesseps drove us straight to his villa and then to the waterworks, for pumping up the fresh water, by means of which he has created La Forêt (a small collection of trees and shrubs), where there used to be only sand dunes. He then took us into his garden, where, by the same means, and by bringing them fresh water from the Nile, he has prevailed upon European plants and vegetables to grow; but the vines don't look happy, and those most at home are some young trees from his native Mauritius. We then drove to La Place, which was to have been the centre of the boulevards and chief centre of the large town which it was imagined would have sprung up here, but which has preferred to establish itself at Port Said instead. In this principal square are four granite monuments lately brought from Pithom. After seeing all M. de Lesseps's handiworks we went to the station, and left at 10 A.M. in a special train for Cairo. At first the line which runs from here straight up the Wady Tumeilât due west passes through nothing but a desert of sand, that extends as far as we can see on either side. The first station we come to is Nefiche, the site of the city Arsinoe, which Ptolemy Philadelphus built in honour of his sister and wife, Arsinoe, on the

[1] On the 3rd at 9.45 A.M. the *Bacchante* got under way from Ismailia, and continued steaming north through the canal till 6.15 P.M. when she gared up for the night. On the 4th at 6 A.M. she left the gare, and at 8.30 A.M. arrived at Port Said, and discharged the Pilot. (She thus spent nearly forty-six hours in the canal, she was actually under way fifteen and a-half hours, and was thus gared up the greater part of the time, or over thirty hours.) At Port Said Mr. W. J. Canter (promoted chief engineer) and Mr. J. K. Mosse, A.P. of H.M.S. *Inconstant*, left the ship for England. At 2.40 P.M. the *Bacchante* left Port Said, and at 2 P.M. the next day (the 5th) she anchored at Alexandria.

shores of what was even in his time the head of the old arm of the Red Sea. Twelve miles from Ismailia we pass the station Ramses; the sweet-water canal made by the ancient Pharaohs for their ships to sail through from Bubastis on the Nile to Patoumos or Pi-tum on the Heroopolitan Gulf (and which has been re-opened by M. de Lesseps), is here parallel with the railway on its southern side. It was cleared out by the Ptolemies and again by Trajan. On the opposite bank is Tel-el-Maskhutah (or Mound of the Statue) where the Swiss savant M. Naville, working under the auspices of the Egypt Exploration Society, has lately discovered Pi-thom, three miles from the old shore of the Red Sea. Pi-Tum, the abode of Tum, or the evening sun, was the sacred name of the city founded here by Rameses II. about 1400 B.C., and which remained standing till Roman times A.D. 306. It was also called in Egyptian Aru, "the stores," and hence its Greek name Heroopolis (Septuagint Gen. xlvi. 28), which Strabo states was "at the end of the Arabian Gulf." Its civil name in Rameses's time was Pi-Thukut, or the chief city of Thukut, the name of a district or borderland inhabited by nomad foreigners, the entrance to which was guarded on the east by the stronghold of King Menephtah. Thukut by a philological accident, which constantly occurs in mythology and geography, became in the Hebrew "Succoth" meaning "tents." A name passes thus from one language to another, keeping nearly the same sound and the same appearance, but undergoing a change just sufficient to give it a sense in the language of the people who adopt the word, though the new sense may be totally different from the original; *e.g.* Moses in Egyptian was Mosu, "the child or boy," which the Hebrews converted into Mosheh, "drawn out of the water," a turn of meaning which, of course, has nothing to do with the Egyptian word. By Pi-tum was the camping-ground of the sons of Israel at the end of their first day's march from the district of Rameses by Zoan, which lay to the west or north of Pi-tum (Exod. xii. 37). Their next camping-place was Etam, in Egyptian Atuma, the region of the desert, which began by the Timsah lake and extended west and south of it, and was occupied by nomads of Shemitic race with a sanctuary of their God Baal Zephon, "the lord of the north." Pi-ke-heret, which contained a temple to Osiris, somewhat to the east of Pi-tum on what used to be the lip of the Red Sea, is probably the same as Pi-hiharoth. At Pi-tum have been uncovered the square solid stone magazines built by the hands of the slaves of Rameses II. (Exod. i. 11), to contain the provisions necessary

for his armies when about to cross the desert into Asia, or for caravans and travellers into Syria, and which seem afterwards to have been utilized by Ptolemy as warehouses for his African trade. They are divided by massive walls, ten feet thick, and were each filled and emptied from the top like most granaries in the East. The bricks of which they are made are of Nile mud united by mortar; these bricks are of three qualities: the best are mixed properly with straw; the next, when straw was no longer forthcoming, being made with reeds ("stubble," Exod. v. 10), and the worst consisting of mere mud, when the last of the reeds was used up. More curious confirmation of a minor historical detail it would be difficult to cite.[1]

From Ramses another ten miles brings us to Kassassin, and eight more to Tel-el-Kebir; we then come upon fields green with vetches, wheat, and clover; amongst these and the little canals and watercourses, with the shadoofs for ladling up the water to irrigate the meadows, camels, oxen, sheep, and Arabs are moving here and there. This is the old land of Goshen; the pleasant pastures of Gesem of Arabia (Septuagint Gen. xiv. 10), *i.e.* of the Arabian nome, the Egyptian name for which was Ro-ab, "the eastern door" into the Delta; Pa-Kesem, the Greek Phaccusa, was its capital. (It was an odd coincidence that the English army should have advanced into Egypt through this Wady Tumeilât by Tel-el-Kebir, over the very route by which Jacob went down into Egypt, and along which the invading Asiatics so often forced entrance for themselves into the land.) Our train did not stop, however, till we arrived at Zagazig, which is a little over half-way to Cairo (forty-seven miles from Ismailia and fifty-two from Cairo). Close by are the extensive remains of Tell-Basta, the ancient Bubastis, Pi-Bast, the temple of Bast or Pasht. Bast is Egyptian for "the glow" or "heat." The cat was the symbol under which was locally revered the beneficent heat of the sun (she was said to be mother of Tum whose temple, Pi-Tum, is thirty-five miles off), and was the tamed

[1] "*The Store City of Pithom and the Route of the Exodus*," by E. Naville: published for Egypt Exploration Fund by Trübner and Co., 1885. This same Society has since discovered the Greek city of Naukratis and conducted further excavations at Sân: and so in two short years has done much to awaken in England a more general interest in Egyptology, which as a field of study embraces a period of more than forty centuries, and as a field of exploration is of vast extent, of unexampled wealth and in many parts is comparatively unknown. The only means of bringing some light to bear on these obscure questions is to make excavations: fresh and decisive information may be expected from the use of the pick and the spade, if only funds are forthcoming to uncover buried history. Subscriptions for this object may be sent to Mr. R. S. Poole, Hon. Sec. to the Society, at the British Museum.

and more gentle form of Pasht, the lioness-headed goddess, the Devourer, who represented the destructive heat of the sun. Sometimes she is depicted as carrying a bucket of water, typifying that she aids cultivation, and hence her worship was fitly located on the borders of Goshen. Pasht was held to manifest herself either in the heat of War or in the glow of Love. Herodotus (ii. 59, 138) admired the place more than any other spot in Egypt, and describes its granite temple and annual festival. Its most flourishing period was under Shishak, the contemporary of Solomon and Jeroboam. It was partially excavated by Mariette in Said Pasha's reign, but the natives are still continually getting curios from the mounds. From here the line turns and runs south to Cairo. While at Zagazig we received a telegram from England telling us of the Queen's escape from an attempt made to murder her. Halfway between Zagazig and Cairo we pass Tel-el-Yahoodeh. Mr. Le Mesurier, the president of the administration of railways (and whose nephew we met in Ceylon), is in charge of the train, which arrived at Cairo at 2 P.M. At the station several English officials were introduced to us by Sir Edward Malet.

We then went with the Khedive's people straight to the Kasr-en-Nouzha, out on the Shoobra Road. The house stands in its own garden, the rooms are furnished in European fashion, and are all airy and deliciously cool. It was the favourite residence of Said Pasha, and here the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught have stayed. As soon as the luggage arrived we got into full uniform and drove through Cairo to call on the Khedive. He met us at the door of his palace, and led us into a large room with a divan round the four sides. Here we sat with Sir Edward and talked to him. A string of attendants in black frock coats each with a fez on his head, and bearing a pipe of ceremony in his hand, entered. Each of these pipes is five feet long, with a tiny red clay bowl at one end, which is filled to the brim with finely-cut Turkish tobacco: at the other end is a large amber mouthpiece between three and four inches long, smooth as glass and large enough to fill the mouth, and fitted to the pipe-stem with diamond rings. To each of us one of these was given, which we smoked as we sat, the bowl of the pipe resting in a small brass ash-tray on the carpet in front of us. Coffee was then brought in by three other attendants; the first carried a tray and a large embroidered and fringed cloth over his left arm. In the centre of the tray was the coffee-pot, surrounded with small porcelain cups without

handles, which were placed in as many small stands of filigree work shaped like egg-cups and set with diamonds. No. 2 attendant poured the coffee into the cups, and No. 3 took hold of the metal support which receives the cup, and thus handed it to each of us. The Khedive himself does not smoke. After chatting some little time we drove home, and the Khedive immediately afterwards came to return our call.

In the afternoon we drove up to the citadel, built by Saladin, a strong fortification, but commanded by the red Mokattam Hills behind. We first visited the tomb and mosque of Mohammed Ali. This is the first mosque we have been into. It is a large carpeted square, with globular glass lamps hanging down all round; the dome is supported on pillars of variegated Oriental alabaster. One story is that Mohammed Ali, moved with remorse for the massacre of the Memlooks, erected it to expiate the crime, the memory of which haunted him ever afterwards. We went into his tomb, which was uncovered for us.

On leaving the mosque we went through the palace, and stayed a long time in Mohammed Ali's favourite divan, where the old man used to sit in one corner, full of melancholy and ambition, and, although an Albanian by birth,[1] with a true love of the country

[1] On the 12th July, 1798, Napoleon with 30,000 veterans landed at Alexandria, and marched to Cairo on his road to the conquest of India. Ten days after he had fought the Battle of the Pyramids, his fleet was destroyed by Nelson at the Battle of the Nile, and his force was cut off from Europe. On the 2nd March, 1801, Abercrombie landed in Aboukir Bay, the scene of Nelson's victory three years before, and after fighting the Battle of Alexandria took Cairo from the French. His forces were afterwards joined by a detachment brought from India by General Baird; who after landing in the Red Sea at Kossayr and marching across country to Keneh had come down the Nile. In September, 1801, they turned the French out of Egypt. Mohammed Ali was the colonel of the stout Albanian contingent that then co-operated from Europe with the Sultan's English allies against the French; thenceforward his rise was rapid. The first massacre of the Memlook Beys his local rivals was in August 1805, when he was besieged by them in Cairo. After some unsuccessful attempts to win over the survivors with grants of land he had recourse, in March 1811, to a further deliberate massacre of their leaders. From that time till 1880 there was unquestioning obedience to the Albanian dynasty, and profound internal peace in Egypt. From 1811 to 1820 Mohammed Ali was occupied with war against the Wahabee fanatics in Arabia, and in various internal reforms and improvements, such as the Mahmodiyeh Canal at Alexandria. In 1831 he invaded Syria and after a rapid succession of victories near Damascus was within reach of the Bosporos and Constantinople. In 1833 he was made Governor of Syria. In 1841 he acquiesced in the demands of England, gave up his claims to Syria, and accepted in lieu confirmation by the Sultan as hereditary-ruler of Egypt. Thenceforward to his death on the 3rd August, 1849, he devoted himself to the promotion of the material prosperity of Egypt. His warrior son Ibrahim (who was to have succeeded him) died two months before his father, and the Pashalik went to Abbas, son of Toosoon, an imbecile and vicious voluptuary who was assassinated by his servants. In 1854, Mohammed Ali's fourth son Said became ruler of Egypt. He sanctioned the commencement of the Suez Canal, the foundation of the Boolak Museum, and main-

he had made his own, gazing out over Cairo, with its mosques and minarets. Beyond these are the sand-hills, and the green line of the Nile with its palm-trees, in the distance; and beyond that again the pyramids of Geezeh, and further to the left those of Sakkarah and Dashoor. We then went out on to the platform on the south side for the well-known view which has been so often described.[1] The sun was setting behind the pyramids, so that we could distinguish the three little ones at the foot of each of the two largest; dusky yellow and grey prevail over all, with a line of bluish purple and scarlet beyond. The stillness is only broken by the railway, for the station is immediately under the citadel. After we had been shown the Memlooks' leap we drove away; and perhaps after all the most striking view of Cairo is that which breaks upon you just before you come outside the steep sloping stone walls of the citadel, where the mosque of Sultan Hassan rears itself in the foreground. It was quite chilly going home through the broad bastard-French streets, which thank goodness are already beginning to tumble to pieces, but that won't restore the old ones full of quaint carving and picturesqueness whose place they usurped.

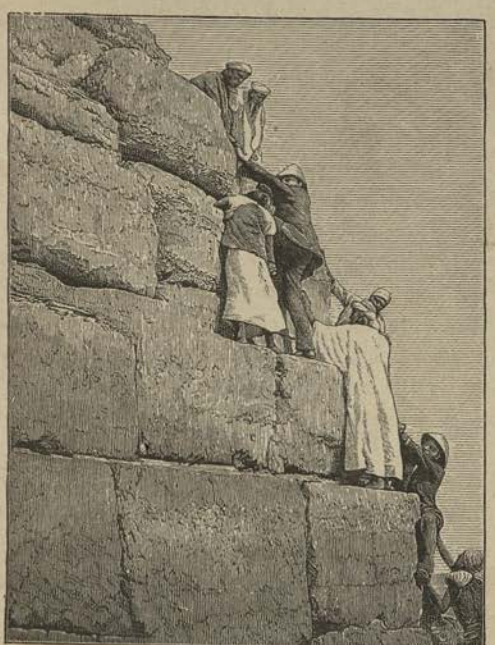
March 4th.—After breakfast started for the Pyramids in a beautiful *char à bancs*, (just like the one at Sandringham,) with four horses but only one postillion, who rides the near wheeler, and from thence drives the leaders. After picking up Sir Edward Malet we crossed the Nile by the Kasr-el-Nil iron bridge with its bronze lions at either end. We passed many Bedawin market-folk coming in from the country with their donkeys or camels laden with green stuff. Some were returning in single file. On the back of one or two of the camels a Bedawee peasant was perched, but far different in appearance to the turbanned and dignified sheikhs of the picture books: there was an appearance of dust and dirt both about man and beast that was far more natural; the colour of their skin is a slatey-grey with just a tinge of copper, and on the head they wear a close-fitting skull-cap of felt, over their shoulders a whitey-brown abba drawn loosely round them, from beneath this their legs, bare from the knees, hang down. The camels themselves are mouse-coloured, and last in work eighteen or twenty years; their load is six hundredweight; they afford one of the cheapest means of carriage. We met sometimes as many as twenty or thirty all roped

tained and extended his father's plans of improvement. At Said's death in 1860 Ismail, son of Ibrahim and grandson of Mohammed Ali, succeeded; he was dethroned by the Porte in 1879 and his eldest son Mohammed Tewfik became Khedive.

[1] See Dean Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, Introduction, p. xxxiii.

together tail and head, stalking along in Indian file. We passed the great palace of Geezeh, standing in the midst of an extensive garden and park. It was built by the late Khedive at a cost of ten millions sterling, or half that of the Suez Canal, but never finished; many of the cases of French furniture and gewgaws were sent back to Paris unopened. The vendors were paid in full, but the Khedive received back only one-tenth of the cost price for the returned goods. Away further to the south are two other large new palaces of his sons, Prince Hassan and Prince Hussein, now like their father's, empty and deserted, and they with him in exile. (They have returned now, 1885.) Then along the causeway which was constructed by Ismail so that carriages might drive right up to the pyramids; the Prince and Princess of Wales were among the first to use it in 1868; up to that time the journey was always made on donkey-back across the fields. It is a broad level road shaded by an avenue of lebbek trees, or broad-podded acacia. The distinguishing feature of these trees is the largeness and abundance of their singularly dark green leaves; the foliage is so thick that no ray of sunlight penetrates, so that the coolness and gloom of this avenue contrast strongly with the blazing sun outside. The lebbek-tree was only introduced into Egypt fifty years ago from the East Indies, and attains a height of eighty feet in forty years. Cuttings of its branches more than a foot thick, and even portions of its trunk, will strike root and thrive; all that is required is to cut off a limb, no matter from how old a tree, and set it in the ground. If it be supplied with sufficient water it grows without fail. In a single summer this shady avenue was formed, running along the whole five miles between the Nile and the pyramids, at such a height above the green fields which stretch on either hand, that it is not affected by the inundation of the Nile. From a distance the pyramids look like brown hills, but they grow in size upon you as you approach, until the road goes right up to their base which stands on a rock platform, 150 feet above the level of the plain. We arrived at 11.30 A.M., and at once started to climb up to the top of the great pyramid. This is now 456 (but was originally 482) feet high; at that height it would have been, until the spires of Cologne were completed (533 feet), the highest piece of continuous stonework in the world. We went up, each with a couple of Bedawins, from the north-east corner, where the stones are somewhat smaller (a little over four feet high) and more worn than

elsewhere. The ascent makes the knees ache, that is all, and you can get to the top easily in a quarter of an hour; though going down might be awkward for some people, if nervous. The air at the top is magnificent; for the desert's boundless sea of yellow sand stretches away pure and clear to the westward. The platform is carved all over with people's names, which are being continually rubbed away by the Bedawin to make clear places for the next comers; we saw, however, A. E. that had been cut on the south-west corner in 1868, and each of us put our initials next to it.



GOING UP THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Standing on the summit we could trace very distinctly down below the plan of the pyramid platform. On this rose the nine Geezeh Pyramids, three large and six small—three of the latter to the east of Khufu's or the Great Pyramid on which we are, and three to the east of Menkaura's or the Third Pyramid. Beneath the sand on the east side of each of the three Great Pyramids is the basalt pavement of the Temple that was erected for the worship of the king interred within it. These chantry temples were

built of limestone and lined with red granite. The remains of that in front of the Third Pyramid are the most perfect. The temple to the east of Khufu's Pyramid must have been very large, the basalt pavement is 180 feet long and 80 broad. The basalt pavement of the temple to the east of Khafra's, or the Second, Pyramid is a magnificent work and covered more than a third of an acre. The blocks of basalt are all sawn and fitted together and laid upon a bed of limestone blocks of the finest quality; about a quarter of it only remains *in situ*. The Kings (the great gods as they are called in all the tombs of the Pyramid age) had more priests than any of the original deities. Their worship was carried on looking towards the west "the blessed land of souls," just as private citizens worshipped their ancestors in the family tombs. On the western side of the Second Pyramid are the remains of the barracks of the workmen; they are built of rough pieces of limestone bedded in mud and faced with mud; the floors are of hard mud. They were apparently intended to last about two generations. There are in all ninety-one of these long parallel chambers, each nine and a-half feet wide and seven feet high.[1] They would hold about 4,000 men. The whole of this pyramid platform appears pitted with open graves and cumbered with mounds of shapeless masonry which cover what were the tombyards of the court and family of each of the three kings here buried. There are on the west bank of the Nile from first to last, and of all periods, nearly seventy pyramids in all, from those on the top of the striking hill of white limestone at Abu Roash five miles north of Geezeh to that of Meidoun forty-two miles to the south.[2] They are broken up into several groups (of which Geezeh is the second from the north), each of which is the centre of a large burial-ground. A pyramid is in fact the magnified stone tumulus of the king amid the humbler graves of his subjects. The step pyramid of Sakkarah behind Memphis, six miles south, is the furthest we can see and it is the oldest, older than these we are among to-day. The whole of the stone for

[1] Any one wishing fully to comprehend all that is known of the Pyramids should consult *The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh* by Flinders Petrie, 1882; *Operations at the Pyramids*, 3 vols. 1840, by Colonel Howard Vyse; *The Pyramids of Gizeh*, J. L. Perring, 1839-42, and Piazzi Smith's *Life and Work at the Great Pyramid*, 3 vols. 1867. This last is (as is well known) full of mystic fancies. The first-named of the three works far surpasses all others in the accuracy and detail of the measurements given; and from it most of the statements in the text as to the structure of the Pyramids are taken.

[2] The small pyramids at Merawi (Meröe) and other places in the Soudan are the tombs of the native kings of that country, b ilt in imitation of those in Egypt about one thousand years before the Christian era.

these pyramids was brought from the Mokattam quarries on the other side of the Nile; the remains of the causeway along which it was dragged are still traceable in parts. This was once sixty feet broad and forty-eight feet high above the plain, and was made of dressed and polished blocks of black basalt, which is one of the hardest and most difficult stones to work. Back again along this same causeway, after it had been repaired, the Khaliph Sultan Hassan in 1356 drew from the pyramids much of the stone out of which his mosque in Cairo is built, and his successors used them as quarries for the buildings, whose domes and minarets we see to the east through the sunlit haze eight miles away. As we stand and look south across at the peak of the Second Pyramid that still retains the upper slopes of its casing, (it is 472 feet high, ten feet lower than Khufu's was, but it looks to be higher because its rock foundation is higher than that of the Great Pyramid) we are able to understand how the four sides of each pyramid were once smoothly-coated slopes from top to bottom, polished and perhaps adorned with zones and patterns in red, black, rose, and green stone, that formed giant pictures with hieroglyphics, for they are described to have still existed in the fourth century, "as a huge bright mosaic." Each terminated in a sharp golden point. "The Lights" or the shining home of Khufu's double, was the old Egyptian name for the Great Pyramid, and when its peak was tipped with its golden covering and shone out against the blue sky beyond, and when all its sides were one smooth surface of polished limestone, it must have merited its name. Remains of this casing still exist in the middle of each of the four sides beneath the sand, resting on the limestone pavement from which the Pyramid rose. The three little pyramids to the east of Khufu's were also cased in white polished limestone, banded with lines of basalt down each angle, which again were edged with green diorite, a valuable and difficult stone to work.

Herodotus says that one hundred thousand men were employed for twenty years, "each party during three months of each year," in building the Great Pyramid; and that ten years were occupied in constructing a causeway by which to convey the stones to the place, and in conveying them there. The three months were those of the Nile inundation (which begins about the end of July), when all agricultural operations throughout Egypt were at a standstill Such labour, therefore, would not be oppressive to the people. For during these three months the land is covered with water and the

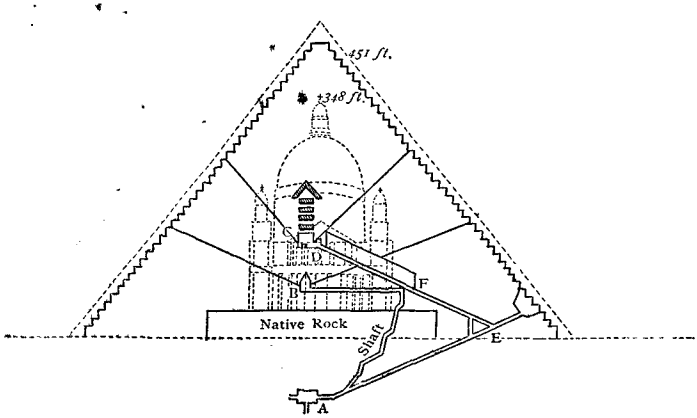
greater part of the population turn willingly to any employment they can get, or dream away their time in some cool shade. Khufu, instead of leading his people away on warlike expeditions, employed their idle hands, for all the mere routine work of unskilled labour, on this monument of twenty years' industry, science and peace. While the Nile was at its full height, rafts were busily employed in floating over the masses of hewn stones from the causeways at the quarries across the five-mile width of waters to the Pyramid causeways, about seven miles further down the stream. At the end of July the levy would begin work; each working party would consist of eight men, for not more than that number could well work on an average block of forty cubic feet or two and a-half tons. If each such party brought over ten such blocks in their three months' labour—taking a fortnight to bring them down the causeways half a mile long at the quarries, a day or two of good wind to take them across the stream, six weeks to move them on rollers up the Pyramid causeway, and four weeks to raise ten such to their required places on the Pyramid—they would easily be at liberty to return to their own occupations in the beginning of November, when the land was again uncovered by subsidence of the Nile flood. The Great Pyramid contained about 2,300,000 such stones, averaging two and a-half tons each. 100,000 men would bring 125,000 stones each season, or the total number in less than twenty years. But the three months is only mentioned in connection with the movement of the stones. A large staff of skilled masons (under Semnefer the architect) were always employed, and a year's supply of stone would be kept on hand at the pyramids for their work. The three months' levy of unskilled labourers would put up the stones that had been trimmed and arranged during the preceding nine months. All the stones were marked as to the exact position they were to occupy before they were lifted into it; this was all planned by skilled hands that directed the unskilled. The barracks behind the Second Pyramid would easily hold 4,000 such skilled masons who would be permanently employed. As about 120,000 blocks were required each year, this would give one block to be prepared in a month by a party of four men. The tools they employed were bronze saws over eight feet long set with jewelled teeth of corundum, tubular drills similarly set with jewels, and circular saws. The masons' waste chips were thrown away over the cliffs on the north and south sides of the Pyramid platform; they there form banks 100 yards outwards from the

edge; in bulk they equal more than half the Great Pyramid. Thus the platform round the pyramids was largely increased in appearance. .But how were the stones raised to their places? Mr. Flinders Petrie thinks "the blocks were rested each on two piles of wooden slabs, and rocked up alternately to one side and the other by a spar under the block, thus heightening the piles alternately and so raising the stone." This is Herodotus's "machine made of short pieces of wood." The largest masses would thus be raised entirely with the help of crow-bars. Even the roofing beams of the King's chamber, each fifty-four tons of red granite, could be put on two supports say thirty inches apart, then five tons only would have to be lifted at once. This could easily be done by ten men with crow-bars; six such parties would raise the whole of those fifty-six blocks in one year. Thus the pyramids were built like the coral rocks are built by swarms of insects.

Khufu (Cheops) reigned fifty years, and was succeeded by his brother Khafra (Chephren), who built a pyramid smaller than his elder brother's, but with the two lower courses faced with red granite blocks, and reigned fifty-six years. After him Menkaura (Mycerinus) son of Khufu, came to the throne; he too left a pyramid much inferior in size to his father's, though built for half of its height of the red granite from Assouan. These are the three larger pyramids of Geezeh, each erected for the tomb of a Pharaoh of the Fourth Dynasty. Not only in Egypt but also in Asia, in Europe, and in America have similar shaped pyramidal tombs been built; the old Danish King Gorm and his queen Danebroda, are covered at Jellinge in Jutland with mounds three hundred yards broad and more than thirty high. The Egyptian pyramids are in their conception then merely similar tumuli, only as it is impossible in Egypt to find earth sufficiently tenacious for a mound, they were done more permanently in stone. Besides, however, being tombs they were evidently designed and most carefully constructed for some other purpose as well. They are each most carefully orientated; between the autumn and spring equinoxes the rays of the rising and setting sun illuminate the southern face of the pyramid, whereas for the other six months of the year between the spring and autumn equinoxes the rays of the rising and setting sun fall on the northern face. All the year round the sun's rays pass from the eastern to the western face at solar noon; and lastly, during seven and a-half months of each year (that is for three and three-quarter months before and after

midsummer) the noon rays of the sun fall on all four faces of the pyramid.

The latest and most plausible theory as to this second purpose of the pyramids is that they were built, not only for tombs, but also to serve for astronomical observatories with an astrological object.[1] In the Great Pyramid, for instance, the slant passage A to E (which rises at a slope of about 26° 7′) pointed to *a*-Draconis, which though now only of the fourth magnitude, was formerly the brightest star in that constellation. It was the pole-star of Khufu's time,



SECTION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID, FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.

A, original rock-hewn chamber. B, second chamber (so-called Queen's). C, King's chamber. D, landing place with grooves. E, forced passage. This passage was filled with blocks of stone slid down into it from F. The workmen would then have come out down the shaft to A, and so up A E, to exit; this passage would then also have been filled with blocks slid down from entrance.

The length of each side of the Pyramid is 756 feet; it was originally 768 feet (the average breadth of the Thames between Chelsea and London Bridge). The height is now 451, but was originally 482 feet. The height of each slope is 568 feet, but was 610 feet. The angle of the sides is 51°. 50′. The weight of the stone employed is 6,000,000 tons, and the space covered by the base is thirteen acres. (The comparative height and breadth of St. Paul's Cathedral is traced in dotted lines.)

and when due north, and at 3° 42′ below the true pole of the heavens, it would have been in view for more than an hour at a time to an observer stationed in this tunnel in 3350 B.C. This stone-lined long tube has a height of three and a-half feet, and its breadth is not quite four feet; it is dug through the solid rock for a length of more than 350 feet, so that viewed from the bottom the sky range would be rather less than one-third of a degree. This rock-cut tube

[1] This theory as to the use and intention of the three pyramids has been carefully worked out by Mr. Richard A. Proctor in his book entitled *The Great Pyramid; Observatory, Tomb, and Temple*, and is strikingly in agreement with Mr. Petrie's conclusions, though arrived at by entirely independent means. All the astronomical statements in the text are borrowed from Mr. Proctor, and so also is the representation of a section of the Great Gallery, p. 379.

then, was probably carefully constructed before any part of the pyramid was built, and by its means the base of the pyramid was carefully orientated; the slant tunnel would give the direction of due north.

The height of the pyramid is so proportioned as to be the radius of a circle whose circumference would equal the circuit of the pyramid's base. The length of the base on the north and south sides was 768 feet (or 500 Egyptian cubits); the base on the east and west sides was about two inches shorter; the height to the apex was 481⅛ feet. It thus covers an area of thirteen acres. The real limit of the size of the base, however, was probably determined by the nature of the ground, which is such that, when the centre of the base had been determined by the latitude observations, it could not have been extended more to the north than it is; for the pyramid stands there as near to the edge of the rock platform as is consistent with stability. The limestone pavement extended about thirty-six feet on its north side; further to the east or west of its present position the natural rock platform does not extend so far north. Neither would it have been possible to have extended it in a southern direction; and thus we may say that the site selected was the largest that was available. The area of each of the four faces is equal to a square, having its sides equal to the height of the pyramid; and this, Herodotus tells us, was the design of the builders. The centre of the Great Pyramid's base lies about one mile and a-third south of the thirtieth parallel of latitude; and allowing for refraction, which would affect the old Egyptian observations, and also having regard to the fact that the platform of rock, 153 feet above the level of the desert, on the northern edge of which the pyramid stands, is the nearest large available platform to the point required, it seems probable that the Egyptians regarded it as on the thirtieth parallel. It was also the finest site for miles anywhere on the edge of the Libyan desert.

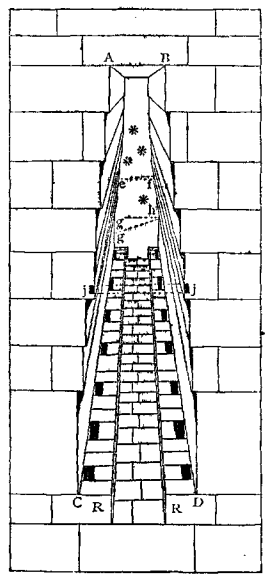
But besides the first astronomical use of the tube (A E) it would also as the pyramid was reared serve for obtaining the true level of each of the layers of stone in succession. For this purpose water would be introduced at the further end of the tube, which would be temporarily plugged, to bring the water sufficiently high to take the required level; and afterwards the water would be run off into the pit A, excavated beneath; and this may perhaps be what Herodotus means, when he says that there was a lake formed by the Nile beneath the pyramid; or he may refer to the

infiltration of the river at inundation time through the rock into this cavity.

As soon as the builders had reared the pyramid to a level, where the rock-cut passage A E would come out on its northern face, it would of course be impossible for them any longer to take direct observations of the pole-star for orienting further successive layers; and only as long as they could observe the pole-star when due north through a passage opening out within the square layer that they were adding to the pyramid, would they have a constant means of determining the plane of the meridian. They could, however, still determine this if they carried up another passage (E F) through the masonry, as they went on building, in such a direction as to contain the rays of the pole-star after reflection from a horizontal surface such as that of still water. The very same process which had been applied in levelling would be all that would be needed here. If the first passage were for a time (a day or even an hour would be enough) plugged at E and water poured in, the surface of that water would reflect the rays of α-Draconis up the ascending passage E F. Whenever a layer of stones had been added it would be enough to repeat this operation. The passage E F is inclined at the same angle to the horizon as A E (the angle of incidence equalling the angle of reflection); the angle of slope is 1 rise on 2 base. Besides this the casing stones of the passage A E are of finer material and more closely set and carefully cemented just at this point E than at any other in the stone tube, in order that the water used from time to time in obtaining the reflected rays might not while standing there percolate through and do mischief. But this was only half the purpose of the ascending passage E F. In the year 3300 B.C. the brilliant α-Centauri, the nearest to the earth of all the stars, as it crossed the meridian at its southing, would shine right down the second tube F E; so brightly indeed that, viewed through that tube, it must have been visible to the naked eye, when southing, even in full daylight.

The threefold coincidence then, that Egyptologists from other data had worked out Khufu's approximate date as 3700 to 3300 B.C., that the altitude of α-Draconis at that period, and the altitude of α-Centauri, were such that their rays shone down E A and F E respectively when they were on the meridian, would seem to show, almost conclusively, that this was the date of the erection of the pyramid, and that these stone passages were used in that way and were intended originally to subserve that purpose.

Furthermore, the astronomical nature of the builder's purpose becomes still more clear and certain when the passage E F reaches the point F. From there the floor indeed of the stone tube is carried on unchanged in direction right up to D, which is the point through which the central vertical line of the pyramid passes. But from the point F the passage becomes one of great height so as to command a long vertical space of the heavens, and in fact seems to have been used as a huge transit instrument. For this purpose the Great Gallery (as it has been called) was carried up for about fifty-two yards until it opened out on to the level



SECTION OF THE GREAT GALLERY, LOOKING UPWARDS AND SOUTHWARDS FROM THE POINT F IN PRECEDING PLATE.

of the fiftieth layer of stones from the base of the pyramid, which is the level of the present "king's chamber," or about 142 feet above the ground. This, then, was the height to which the pyramid was carried during the lifetime of king Khufu; it would thus terminate in a square platform at about the same height from the base as the roof of St. Paul's Cathedral is above Cheapside. Proclus tells us "that the pyramids of Egypt terminated above in a platform from which the priests made their celestial observations." On this square platform and by help of the tubular and telescope-like passage F D

various astronomical observations would be carried out. The height of the Great Gallery is twenty-eight feet and the breadth from A to B and from R to R is about 3½ feet. There are seven courses of stones at the side: these are so set that they flag over one another about three inches in each course; their faces are exactly vertical, and as the width of the gallery diminished upwards by about six inches for each successive course, it follows that the width of the top A B is about 3½ feet less than the extreme width (6 feet 10⅓ inches at the bottom C D), and agrees with the width of the space between the benches R R. Thus the shadow of the vertical edges of the top tier of stones in the gallery at solar noon would just reach to the edges of the stone seats R R at the sides; the shadow of the vertical edges of the next lower tier would fall three inches from the edges higher up; those of the next three inches further out, and so on. The true hour of the sun's southing could thus be most accurately determined by seven sets of observers placed in different parts of the gallery.—(Similar remarks will apply to the moon. And the gallery could be used for the observation of any celestial body southing higher than 26° 18′ above the horizon; but not very effectively for objects passing near the zenith. The Pleiades could be well observed, for in 3300 B.C. they were about 58° only above the horizon when southing; at the same date the equinoctial point—that is the point where the sun passes north of the equator and the year begins, according to the old manner of reckoning—was midway between the horns of the Bull.) The projecting benches or ramps on either side of the tube are each about 1¾ feet in breadth and as much in depth. But as the observer had to be set in the middle of the gallery (at whatever point of its length he might be) there were other movable seats set across from side to side; the holes for catching the ends of these are still there at equal distance of about 5½ feet, twenty-eight on each side of the gallery, fifty-six in all; each hole on the east side is exactly opposite the corresponding hole on the west side; and the holes are alternately long and short, twenty-three and twenty inches deep respectively. Thus a seat could be set wherever it was wanted, or several at a time, so that different observers might watch the same transit across different parts of the field of view as along *e f*, *g h*. To make some observations more exact, screens could be set up by which to diminish the field of view; or on to such screens images of the sun (showing the sun's spots) could be thrown through a small opening on another screen, covering for the time

the mouth of this tubular gallery. About one-fourth of the whole length of this Great Gallery is shown in the engraving. By combining the observations made by several watchmen of the night stationed in different parts of the Great Gallery, a very close approximation to true sidereal time could be obtained. And the more so as in order to ensure greater accuracy there is the long groove *j j*, which extends from end to end of the Great Gallery in the fifth, out of the seven, tiers of stones from the top. In this groove a horizontal sliding crossbar or a series of them were fixed and could be slid to any required height; by means of these the altitude of a heavenly body at the moment of transit could be more readily determined. These horizontal bars running from *j* to *j* would carry vertical rods, across which at suitable distances horizontal lines were drawn; and the horizontal bar could then be slid to any convenient position, and the vertical rods adjusted so as just to touch a star when seen by an observer in the gallery at the moment of mid transit. The clepsydra, by which the seconds of time were announced to the observers seated in the gallery, was either placed out on the platform, where now the king's chamber is, and not too near to obstruct the view from the mouth of the gallery, or else in the horizontal passage leading away from the foot of the great gallery to the so-called queen's chamber, in which no doubt the records of the observations taken were kept. This chamber would also be convenient for the use of the observers, for storage of instruments and other purposes. It is placed at half the height of the platform on which the king's chamber now stands above the base, and exactly in the middle of the pyramid from north to south. Afterwards the body of Khufu's co-regent, Khumu Khufu—(for these early pharaohs seem to have been duplicate kings like those of Sparta, Japan, and Siam)—or of his mother in right of descent from whom all the four kings of this dynasty reigned, may have been there interred. The coffin seems to have still stood there in 1236 A.D. The chamber was apparently never finished, and the floor was never laid. At one end is a deep niche in which probably the diorite statue stood whose remains were lately found, in the sand outside the entrance on the north face of the pyramid, completely smashed up. The downway shaft through the rock to A would be used for conveyance of superfluous water or other drainage so as not to injure the passage F E. If we had ascended on to the square level platform, on to which the Great Gallery opened, in Khufu's time, we should have seen that the pyramid

at this stage of its growth exactly resembled one of the flat-topped mastaba tombs of which so many exist around. On this platform further astronomical and astrological observations were carried on; and, in fact, the spot where the king's granite coffin afterwards was placed would be the point from which all the observations of the heavenly host "in culmination" had been made. Stationed at various points on this platform there would have been various observers with astrolabes and similar instruments to determine the positions of stars, planets and comets, when off the meridian, with reference to stars whose places were already determined by the use of the great meridional instrument. This was the only way in which exact observations of the heavenly bodies all over the star-sphere could have been made. The platform is at a level where the area of the vertical section of the pyramid is halved, where also the area of the horizontal section is half that of the base, and where the width of the face is equal to half the diagonal of the base of the pyramid. Diodorus, who wrote 8 B.C., tells us, "The Egyptians most accurately observe the order and movement of the stars, preserving their remarks on each for an incredible number of years; that study having been followed by them from the earliest times. They most carefully note the movements, revolutions, and positions of the planets, as well as the influences possessed by each upon the birth of animals, whether productive of good or evil. And they frequently foretell what is about to happen to mankind with the greatest accuracy, showing the failure and abundance of crops, or the epidemic diseases about to befall men or cattle: and earthquakes, deluges, the rising of comets and all those phenomena, the knowledge of which appears impossible to vulgar comprehensions, they foresee by means of their long continued observations. It is indeed supposed that the Chaldeans of Babylon arrived at their celebrity in astrology in consequence of what they derived from the priests of Egypt." The Birs Nimroud, built on the ruins of the Tower of Babel, was in fact erected by Nebuchadnezzar for similar astrological and astronomical purposes, and instruments by means of which Saturn's rings and Jupiter's moons were discovered by the Chaldeans have been there found. Plutarch also informs us that it was from Egypt that Pythagoras or his followers got the suggestion of the theory (we now call Copernican) of the sun being the centre of our system, of the obliquity of the ecliptic, of the moon's borrowed light, and the proof of the milky way being a collec-

tion of stars, of the earth being round and of it revolving on its own axis. This heliocentric system was only revived in Europe by Copernicus after having been for ages lost to the world. When Peru was conquered by the Spaniards, it was found that the sun had there also long been considered the centre of our system. We need not, then, be surprised when we find that every feature in all the passages of the pyramid and in the Great Gallery corresponds with the requirements of the theory that it was used for astronomical purposes; many features are in fact explicable in no other way. In the days when it was erected the whole study of astronomy in Egypt, as afterwards for long ages elsewhere, was associated with the one idea that the stars in their courses ruled the fate of men and nations. If as Webster in his "Duchess of Malfi" (Act v. sc. 4) says—

> "We are merely the stars' tennis balls—struck and banded
> Which way please them,"

the Egyptian kings at any rate would try to find out the rules of the game by careful watching, and govern themselves accordingly. Egypt being a country where the nights are, owing to the dryness and rarity of the atmosphere and to the absolute freedom of the sky from clouds, particularly clear and lovely, it was there natural that to each planet should be attributed a mystic influence, and to every heavenly body a supernatural agency, and that all the stars that gem the sky should be supposed to exert an influence over the birth and life and destiny of man. Hence arose the casting of nativities, incantations and sacrifices. Every hour and every day was ruled by its proper planet: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, the Moon, took the twenty-four hours in succession; with whatever planet the day began, the cycle of seven was repeated thrice (= 21 hours), so that the next day would begin with the fourth planet of the cycle; the seven days in order being assigned to the planet ruling their first hour. They saw that two of the heavenly bodies at any rate rule the fates of men and nations in a most unmistakable manner; that without the controlling and beneficent influence of the sun every living creature on the earth would perish, and that the moon has so potent an influence on the waters of the ocean that they rise and fall in unison with her motion. If these two, they argued, why not all? and if their influences were not so obvious and direct, probably they were more subtle and none the less potent. Khufu thus erected this great astrological

Observatory in order that he might not only learn what was to happen, the times and seasons and days and hours which were likely to be fortunate or unfortunate to him or his race; but that he might study also how the best advantage could be taken of the good dispositions of the stars, and how their malefic influences might be best avoided. For this purpose the platform was used apparently for not less than thirty years; he reigned fifty and it took twenty to build. After his death, when his body, the centre of all these calculations, had been deposited in the coffin, then having no further use for astrology, the rest of the pyramid was built up over him as he lay there, and completed as a tumulus. The vast expenditure of care, labour and treasure, which went to the erection of the pyramid, both as an astrological edifice, a gigantic horoscope for him and for him only and also for his tomb, is however, less marvellous than the belief hitherto received that it was intended for his tomb alone.

What was true of Khufu's pyramid seems also to hold good at least of the other three of this group. His brother Khafra's pyramid, though somewhat smaller than the first and altogether inferior in design, was certainly begun during the reign of his elder brother and with his sanction. For Khufu regarded his brother as the future ruler of Egypt, and recognised in him the same almost sacred qualities which the people of Egypt taught their rulers to recognise in themselves, and Khafra's horoscope would be taken from the platform of his pyramid and could not be taken off that of his brother: since the religious solemnities which accompanied the astrological observations (for all the observers were of course priests), would have been rendered nugatory if performed under different conditions on the same spot that had been used for another. The pyramid again of Menkaura (Khufu's son) is much smaller, while those of his younger sons and daughters are smaller still (fifty to seventy feet high). Menkaura's pyramid is 215 feet high; all its chambers are hewn in the rock. It was originally designed with a base line of 100 cubits, the same as the six smaller pyramids; this was enlarged to 200 cubits after the pyramid had been begun. Whether Khufu loved or was jealous of his brother and his son, it was equally necessary, according to his astrological belief, that he should learn the future fortunes of these his relatives, and even be able to rule the planets in his own defence, when their configurations seemed favourable to them and threatening to himself.

We came down from the top of the pyramid at the same corner

where we went up; and then after taking off our outer coats, &c. (for the temperature is always 80° inside), went down into the gloom below through the entrance on the north face of the pyramid, in the 19th course of stones from the bottom, and at about a height of fifty-six feet above the pavement. By the light of the candle we each carry, we see that the passage E A is polished on all four sides. You go along at a stoop, as it is only three feet five inches in height, and is only three feet eleven inches wide. You go down at first for sixty-three feet, at which point E are a series of granite plugs, round which you have to go by an artificial passage broken through the surrounding limestone in 813 A.D. and so return into the original one E F, and mount now upwards 128 feet on the slope, but vertically only fifty-six, which thus brings us to a level of seventy-one feet above the pavement. Here branches off the horizontal passage to the queen's chamber; we did not go in there, but we passed on up through "the Great Gallery" or telescope, which is twenty-eight feet high, and about 155 feet long on the slope, and nearly seven feet broad. Here the polish of the limestone and the joining of the stones is so perfect that they can scarcely be distinguished; the grooved floor is just the width of the floor of the preceding half of the ascending passage. At the end of this sloping hall or gallery we entered the horizontal passage or antechamber, twenty-two feet long and only three feet eight inches high, which leads into the king's chamber. In the roof of this passage, however, the middle rises into a deep niche another ten feet higher; this was for the working of the four trap-doors or portcullises of granite. The remains are *in situ* above, and part of one about twenty inches thick was found in the rubbish that had accumulated in A E. A similar portcullis remains *in situ* in the second, or Khafra's pyramid. Thus was the king's chamber originally closed. The Ka statues which were always buried near the body may also have been stored there; doubtless others are built in elsewhere in the mass of the pyramid, and with them the air-holes may communicate. The length of the entrance passage, the ascending passage, the antechamber, the queen's chamber passage, are all in round numbers of cubits. The total length of the entrance passage floor is 200 cubits (of 20·71 inches each); the length of the ascending passage is seventy-five cubits (of 20·62 inches each) and the horizontal length of the gallery at top is eighty cubits (of 20·60 inches each).

We enter the king's chamber, which like the antechamber (except that there the stones have never been dressed down smooth) is

lined entirely with polished granite from Assouan. Each block was carefully prepared before the chamber was built and is four feet high. The chamber is seventeen feet long from north to south, nineteen feet high and thirty-four feet broad from east to west (the width is just double the length), roofed entirely with nine enormous slabs of red granite each eighteen and a half feet long, and over them are the fifty-six roofing beams, the largest masses in the pyramid, averaging 700 cubic feet each, and weighing therefore fifty-four tons. On the under side of some of these were found the architect's marks in red paint and the name of Khufu topsy-turvy, just as it had been marked on the stone in the quarry. On the floor of the chamber stands the coffin of red granite now without a lid. It weighs about three tons, and was evidently made in a hurry. It is tilted up on the south side by a pebble under it. It has the usual under-cut grooves to hold the edge of a lid. It is seven and a half feet long, three feet three inches wide, and three feet four inches in height. The dimensions of the coffin are all one-fifth of those of the chamber, its length is just 1-100th of the length of the pyramid base, and the length of Khafra's sarcophagus in the second pyramid has the same relation to that pyramid. The squares of the dimensions of the king's chamber, the queen's chamber, the antechamber, the subterranean chamber, are all even numbers of square cubits, and nearly all multiples of ten. Therefore the squares of all the diagonals of the sides of these chambers and their cubic diagonals are likewise multiples of ten square cubits. The king's and queen's chambers are so arranged that the cubic diagonals are in even hundreds of square cubits, or multiples of ten cubits squared. All the stone work above the level of this chamber was erected after the king's death, when from having been an observatory, the place became a tomb; it is all rougher and coarser in workmanship, and evidently was done in more hurry and with less care than the exquisitely fitted masonry of the casing and entrance. Similarly his son Menkaura's pyramid was cased with sixteen courses of red granite up to the level of his observatory, just one-quarter of its whole height, but finished with limestone only after his death; and the granite was left hewn but never polished down by his successor, who apparently built himself a pyramid at Abu Roash entirely faced with granite. All this we hear as we look around by the help of magnesium wire which we have brought in with us. We see too how Khufu's coffin with the lid would be higher than the ascending passage and could never have been brought in that way, let

alone the difficulty of turning it round the angle at E; just as Khafra's coffin in the second pyramid is too large to have passed up its passages. They must both have been put into the chambers they occupy before the pyramids were built up over them. (Khafra's was buried in the floor of his central chamber.) Menkaura's coffin, however, was lowered to its rock-hewn and granite-lined chamber which is below the base of the third pyramid. That coffin was lost off Spain on its way to England in 1837; the wooden lid of the inner coffin of Menkaura floated, and is now in the British Museum; and the unembalmed body likewise, probably the oldest human body still intact in the world. At the funeral obsequies then of Khufu and of Khafra their stone coffins were raised aloft towards heaven by the same wedge wood mechanism that served to build the pyramid, until they reached the level of their observatory platforms, amid the lamentations of the multitudes on the pavement round the base, and of the priests and astrologers who received it on the level platform, then the summit of the pyramid, whereon they would no more take their observations. Then the plug blocks now at F, ten cubits long (or 206 inches) were slid down the telescope gallery, for which there was no more use, and thus blocked all access upwards. These blocks are too large to have come through the antechamber, as it now is, at the top of the Great Gallery, nor could they have been brought out of the queen's chamber, nor have been brought in by the entrance passage; hence they must have been slid down before the king's chamber was built up, and the eye of the telescope was for ever made blind. Then the portcullises were built into their place in the antechamber, and the king's chamber was built up and roofed in. If any workmen remained after setting the portcullises, those on the north side of these could retire down the well shaft to the entrance passage, and close the lower mouth of the well, and come up out of A E. Any after visitors would merely go down E A to the empty and unfinished subterranean chamber in the rock. We were shown, too, the "air-holes" about eight inches wide and high, that lead up through the thickness of the pyramid to the open air outside. They are now stopped by sand blown in during gales which sweep up sand like mist and carry the grit into everything. The Bedawin wanted to shout and howl, but were prevented. We returned to the entrance, where we were very glad to find cooling drinks. We then went to lunch in the house close by, that had been built for the accommodation of the Empress of the French.

Afterwards, some on donkey-back and some on foot walked over the sand in front of the Great Pyramid, 600 yards to the south-east, to see the Sphinx. The first view of the head is disappointing, neither were we prepared for the traces of bright blue enamel still remaining in the eyes, but on retiring twenty or thirty yards to the eastward the expression of the mouth and eyes grows upon you, although the nose is gone. It would appear that this image of the lion with a man's head (which reminds us of the Assyrian bulls with men's heads) was the symbol of the union of physical and moral power, of strength combined with intelligence, and was also the emblem of that light which, as reasoning power, daily triumphs over physical and moral darkness. It was originally cut from a detached hill of limestone that stood up in front of the edge of the pyramid rock plateau and "took the dawn," touched first by the rays of the rising sun to whom it was sacred. The natural rock was fashioned into its present form at a date perhaps older than that of the Great Pyramid, and certainly not much later than the time of the Fourth Dynasty (3700 B.C.), but probably before that time. It would appear from the tablet which Thothmes IV. (1530 B.C.) fixed on the breast of the animal that in fact the head of the Sphinx was held by him to be the work if not the likeness of Khafra, the king that was buried in the second pyramid.[1] For he thereon tells how that when he was a youth he had gone out "to hunt the lions of the gazelle-land with two only of his followers, and at the time of noon when resting beneath the shade of the sphinx, sleep fell on him, and dreaming in slumber he thought he heard this noble god speaking with his own mouth, as a father speaks to his son, and saying, 'Look up at me, my son Thothmes, I am thy father Hormakhu, and in time the kingdom will be given to thee, and thou wilt wear the crown upon my throne. Every land in its length and breadth on which the beaming eye of the Lord lightens will be thine with all its tilth, and wealth and large tribute and long years as thy term of life will be given thee, my son. My heart clings to thee in love, my face looks down on thee with kindly pleasure; as I feel towards thee, so feel thou towards me. Remember, then, how that I am here ever more and more oppressed by the sand which gathers round me and goeth nigh to kill me. If therefore thou art true son of mine, come nearer and be my helper, as I will ever be near to thee and be thine helper.' When the god had finished these words, the prince awoke; he recognised the words

[1] *Records of the Past*, vol. xii. p. 45-49.

of the god and was awe-struck with silence in his own heart." On coming to the throne he did not forget to carry out the instructions of the god given him thus in his boyhood, and had the place cleared from sand. The whole space before the pyramids had then become an abandoned burial-ground Ro-set, "the door to the under-world," and an enchanted region.

Facing due east and lying at the northern end of the great burial-ground of Memphis, the Sphinx, gazing into that direction from whence the hoped-for resurrection was to come, has watched over these countless graves for five thousand years.[1] The Egyptian name for the emblem we now call the Sphinx was "Watchman" or "Guardian" and watchful he still is for Egypt's future and for the ever-dawning hope of a brighter day, Hor-m-akhu (Hormachis), the young Sun or Horus in the act of rising, or appearing to view on the horizon, who was the Victor over every form of evil. The head, which was the only part of the mountain carefully carved (the body of the couchant lion, 190 feet long, being left in the natural rough), measures two inches over fourteen feet across the cheeks from ear to ear, each of these is six feet four inches long, the nose six feet, and the mouth seven feet nine inches wide. The features of the face are therefore about the same size as those of Daibutz in Japan (p. 63). The head was originally crowned with the tall royal helmet. The chapel beneath the paws, fifty feet below, was all cleared out when the Empress of the French was here, but the sand has now accumulated again. It was in this chapel that every morning incense was burnt and service was sung to the "invisible god whose victorious power is seen in the sun."

One of the hymns[2] here chanted every morning in the time of the Ramessides (B.C. 1200) has come down to us; part of it is this:—

[1] "In one regard the stone idol—(it is the only one of a deity in the whole of Egypt, the kings carved huge statues of themselves and only small bas-reliefs of the gods under symbolic forms)—bears an awful semblance of Deity—unchangeableness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent for ever, and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Egyptian and Ethiopian kings—upon Greek, and Roman, upon Arab, and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day—upon all these and more, this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless Rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx." *Eothen.* Published 1845.

[2] *Records of the Past,* vol. viii. p. 131-4. Its tone is strikingly like that of the first half of the morning hymn of the whole Western Church, "Venite, exultemus Domino." Ps. xcv.

"Thou art awaking in fresh beauty, O Amen-Ra Hor-m-akhu, in triumph thou watchest on high; Heaven is glad and earth is in delight, gods and men exult as they see thee rise. Arise and shine O Ra, strong art thou and weak are thy foes, good art thou and evil are thy foes, and the old serpent the Prince of Darkness hast thou despoiled. Glory be to thee, O Lord of many faces, at this moment now scattering darkness in many lands; all roads are being filled with thy splendours, as men are going forth to their work and their labour; they praise thee, they cry aloud to thee, they tell thy glories, as in heaven so on earth. Thou causest breezes in the valley, thou illuminest the earth in darkness; all beings taste thy breath, they acclaim thee for thy changes, they adore thee for thy might and thy beauty in the morn. O mighty sailor god, traversing in thy divine ship the ocean of the sky, make thy great bark sweep on and fell all thy foes as thou advancest. We know not thy form although thou lookest on our faces; thy shape and figure pass our knowledge. O beauteous orb in the turquoise blue, king of heaven, sovran of earth, thou givest life to mankind, grant to Pharaoh and to us to beat down all foes of light before thee, and make all thine enemies to turn their backs for ever and for evermore."

Then to the Granite Temple, fifty yards to the south-east of the right foot of the Sphinx, now beneath the level of the sand, and close to the eastern foot of the hill of Geezeh. It is directly connected with the second pyramid by means of a causeway paved with limestone, which leads from its western entrance and runs up the hill straight to the eastern entrance of the temple, now all in ruins, that stood in front of Khafra's pyramid. This causeway was a grand work, about fifteen feet wide and over a quarter of a mile long. The Granite Temple faces due east, and so does that in front of the pyramid; but as the Granite Temple is to the south-east of the pyramid this causeway runs askew from one to the other along a natural ridge of rock which happens to go across in the same direction. It was probably a *via sacra*, and on both sides of it were rock tombs, over which were mortuary chapels, bordering the causeway; their foundations are there still. The Granite Temple itself is built with megalithic blocks of limestone over 100 tons each, and is lined inside and out with blocks of red granite. The front hall, that runs lengthwise from north to south, is about sixty feet long, twelve wide, and thirty feet high; it has a recess at each end, that once contained a statue, above doors that led into lesser chambers, which also contained statues. On the western

side of this front hall opens a doorway, eight feet wide and fourteen feet high, leading into the great hall which is in the shape of the letter T. The head would represent that portion of the great hall which runs from north to south and parallel to the front hall. Down the centre of this cross hall runs a single row of six square monolithic pillars which supported its roof; each sixteen and a half feet high; this portion of the great hall is eighty-three feet long by twenty-three wide. The rest of this great hall ran from east to west, and was fifty-five feet long, thirty-three wide, and eighteen and a half high. Its roof was supported by ten square monolithic pillars, in two rows of five each. The entrance from the causeway is of the same date as the temple itself, which is now all open to the light of day, although originally it was roofed in with slabs of granite. The roof-court was approached by an inclined passage that went up on the left of the causeway entrance. The interior is lined with immense blocks of red granite, highly polished, brought from the first cataract, exactly like the interior of the king's chamber in the pyramid; though in some places it is lined with slabs of alabaster. The pillars in the hall are forty-one inches (two cubits) square and over fourteen feet high; they all support cross beams of red granite, also two cubits square and about ten feet long. The granite blocks in the walls are some of them eighteen feet long and seven feet high, fitted to a hair's breadth block to block, and are cut in such a way that they dovetail into and overlap each other; and the corner stones of each course are so cut and arranged that those in one wall come round and form a part of the other wall that meets it at right angles. This may probably be explained by what we see in the granite casing of the third pyramid, where the face was left rough to be dressed down after building. If then the faces of these blocks when first laid were left with a small excess on them and dressed down afterwards, that would make each block turn the corner in this way. Out of the hall in the north-west corner a doorway leads to six loculi in three deep recesses nineteen feet long; each recess is separated into two spaces by a shelf of granite over two feet thick. These chambers still retain their granite roofs, and are dark. They can never have held large coffins, for the angles will not allow of their admittance. They may have been only intended to hold Ka statues or sacred vessels. All the doorways of this temple were fitted with double valve-doors; the sockets are still in place. No hieroglyphics and no date have

been found in it, but nine diorite statues of King Khafra, the builder of the second pyramid, were found in the well, hidden away probably for safety by his friends when his pyramid tomb was broken open. Here also were found several monkey-headed figures of the literary god in grey granite and green basalt, which are still lying on the polished granite pavement of the temple where they presided in time past. The same god is found in the memorial halls at Thebes; they, as well as some of Khafra's statues, probably stood in the niches.

This building, then, most likely was a temple, either the prehistoric one dedicated to Isis, or else it may have been used (in a similar way to the memorial halls attached to the oratories of the Theban kings, where the prowess and deeds of the dead were sung and told), for the funeral ceremonies of the kings of the Fourth Dynasty, and their statues may have been inclosed in the granite-lined side chambers as "ingle nooks." A similar megalithic granite building however seems, from Strabo's description of those ruins, to have once stood at Heliopolis, and another at Memphis also. Although there may easily be other temples in the neighbourhood whose foundations, still hidden in the sand, are as unknown now as the whole of the Granite Temple was a generation ago, it is probably one of the oldest erections in the world connected with man's religion; and even if it were only of to-day, could not be supplemented better than by the symbol that towers aloft by its side "looking for the blessed hope of everlasting life," and bidding us be not ignorant that "unus dies apud Dominum sicut mille anni et mille anni sicut unus dies." (2 St. Pet. iii. 8.)

Out from his sandhole, while we were standing close to where the mouth of the well is (in the front or easternmost of the two cross halls), came an old beetle or living scarabæus, emblem of the creative and preserving power, and of the immortality of the soul. Its untiring energy, its extraordinary muscular strength, its businesslike devotion to the matter in hand, as it rolls the ball of mud larger than itself, in which it has placed its eggs, and buries it in the sand, made it a symbol of that power which has inclosed within the terrestrial globe of the world the germs of organic life. When the time comes for it to lay its eggs, it alights on the banks of the river, where the soil is still moist like dough, adds clay to the top of the laid eggs, then cuts away the earth around and beneath it, and thus makes its ball. Into this it then thrusts on opposite sides its inward-curved hind-legs, and by pushing

backwards with its fore-legs gives the ball a revolving motion, until it arrives at a nice, dry, warm place on the edge of the desert, where it then excavates a gallery a foot or two deep, a catacomb or grave into which it descends. Watching it the Egyptians first learnt how and where to bury; in the dry desert in excavated galleries. In time, from its world-symbol full of the germs of life, were hatched chrysalises like swathed-up mummies, and at last from the chrysalis a marvellously constructed being burst forth, that flew to and fro at its will in the air—a symbol of the Resurrection. Though formerly very common, they are said to be now rare in Northern Egypt.

On our way back we stopped at Consul-General Campbell's tomb. It is a deep pit about thirty feet square, cut in the rock to a depth of fifty-three feet, and apparently honeycombed all round with passages, in the side recesses of which we saw two stone coffins piled away as if trying to hide themselves in queer corners. There is a trench running all round it, five feet wide and seventy-three feet deep. There is a similar rock pit at the older pyramids of Abu Roash. Over ten thousand tons of limestone must have been excavated from this one. It is now merely the rough shell of a fine stone-lined chamber, over which once stood a mastaba chapel. Probably it is of the same period as the pyramids, the Fourth Dynasty. A more modern tomb of the time of Psammetichus, seventh century B.C., was found built down at the bottom; this is so far interesting as it shows that this part of the great cemetery of Memphis was even at that comparatively late date still used for interments. The parts of the cemetery older than the Great Pyramid even are still further to the north, round the mud pyramids of Abu Roash.

We walk back to the Great Pyramid, and get some idea of the vastness of this, of all human monuments the oldest, the simplest, and the greatest in the world—by going and standing close under its tawny yellow sides, and then looking straight up, slowly letting the eyes take in gradually tier above tier. A thicker course is started at each fifth of the whole height of the pyramid. We are told that Napoleon occupied his leisure at St. Helena in calculating that the stones in this one pyramid would build a wall all round Spain, coast and frontier, six feet high and one foot broad, and yet leave quite a large number over. The weight of the whole mass is nearly six million tons. It is verily built for eternity, and will probably last as long as the world itself.

Of the three small pyramids on the east side of the Great

Pyramid two at least were for Khufu's daughters. It may seem at first odd that these tombs and temples were built here at the very edge of the desert, as if for the very purpose of being buried in the drifting sand; but the fact is that every foot of the land which the inundation of the Nile reached and fertilised was too precious to be intruded upon by any such erections; and besides on these dry rocky plateaux only could the bodies of the dead be preserved from the reach of the inundations. Troops of men were told off expressly for sweeping the accumulating sand away and to keep things clean and neat; and Thothmes IV. has left it on record, as a work to be proud of, that he caused the sand to be cleared from the temple and buildings around the Sphinx.

We returned along the avenue by which we came (passing M. Blignières driving out as we drove in), and reached Cairo at 5 P.M. Went to Sir Edward's and had a game of lawn-tennis in the garden: met Mr. Cookson, the British consul at Alexandria. Dined at 7 P.M., and at 8.15 P.M. went to the Opera House, where *Si j'étais Roi* was played. The boxes for the Egyptian ladies are all covered in with lace curtains stretched tight across the front to hide any one behind, which has a strange effect: those inside can of course see out well enough.

March 5th.—All up early, writing letters home. At 10 A.M. went to the English church, which was quite full. Dean Butcher, (of Shanghai) read the whole service and preached. His sermon was concerned with the sojourn of Israel in Egypt; Moses he told us was the adopted son of Thermuthis, the daughter of Rameses II., whose mummy had recently been discovered at Thebes. He described how a nation of slaves was trained by the discipline of the wilderness to conquer Canaan and be worthy of producing, in the future, David and the Prophets, and the after development of their teachings. Lunch at 12.30 P.M., then at 2 P.M. to Boolak Museum. In front of this is M. Mariette's grave, who died in January 1881. The museum is crammed full of most interesting curios, but all are now disarranged, and there is no catalogue. Several new rooms are being built as the present ones are inconveniently full.[1] The floor of the central hall was completely covered with the

[1] M. Maspero has managed, with very inadequate means at his disposal, and by the exercise of much labour and economy, to almost double the extent of the old sheds in which this priceless collection of antiquities is housed. The new catalogue, which epitomises the net results of many of Professor Maspero's recent investigations into subjects connected with the psychical beliefs of the Egyptians, was published in 1884.

mummies and coffins lately found at Thebes, and there was scarcely room to walk amongst them. Here were Seti the father, and his son Rameses II., of whom we had heard in church this morning, with his strong hands folded across his breast, grasping the whip and crook (symbols of his compelling and restraining power). The coffin lid was removed, and we saw and touched the fine linen that swathes his very body. He must have been a tall man quite six feet. He is one of those that has not been unswathed, as it would disturb the long inscription which has been written on the surface of the linen after it was folded round his body. Alongside him was lying King Amen-Hotep I.; the wooden mask over his face, coloured exactly as his features were in life, peeped out from among the flowers that had been strewn over his body; these flowers filled his coffin and were of the same colour when opened as they had been when they were hermetically sealed 4000 years before; they turned brown soon after exposure to the air. The very wasp which had come to the larkspur and lotus-buds as they lay on the body had been shut up and given a posthumous glory he little dreamt of as the oldest known wasp in the world. There, too, we saw the very bodies of Aah-mos, "the child of the moon," also garlanded with flowers (he it was who turned out the shepherd kings from Egypt); with him was his Queen Nofertari, the mother of Amen-Hotep I. Alongside them was lying the body of Thothmes III. the great conqueror; who seems to have been very short of stature. His series of campaigns in Syria and Western Asia were merely the carrying out of still further vengeance on those Shemite tribes who had invaded Egypt and reigned at Zoan as foreigners. Close by was Pinotem, the founder of the Twentieth Dynasty, and his daughter-in-law, Queen Makeri, who died in childbed, with her baby-daughter in the same coffin. The leathern canopy of the funeral barge of Isi-em-Kheb, great-granddaughter of Pinotem I., was spread out on the floor for us; its folding flaps that were to hang down at the sides and each end of her bier make with the central compartment the shape of a Greek cross, over twenty feet long each way. It is made of many thousands of pieces of gazelle skin, which still retain the softness and lustre of kid, most of them dyed with elaborately coloured patterns.[1] Here was the queen's favourite gazelle and a hamper of mummified provisions, legs of gazelle, trussed geese, calf's head, grapes, dates, and fruit, that had been placed in the

[1] Reproduced in *The Funerary Canopy of an Egyptian Queen*, by Mr. Villiers Stuart. Murray, 1882.

tomb with her. She was the mother-in-law of Shishak of Assyria, who, in right of his wife, became king of Egypt and took Jerusalem in the time of Rehoboam; she was therefore reigning in Egypt when Solomon was king; the Pharaoh's daughter whom he married must have been some near relative of hers. Then we had pointed out to us the head of Meneptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, in black granite with such very gentle and almost feminine features that we could scarcely believe it was the Pharaoh whose heart was so woefully hardened; and then the portrait head of King Tirhakah in grey granite—he has a negro cast of feature. We then were taken to see the statue of Ti, which looks just as if he were alive; his skin is brown, and his hair is black, and he has on a white apron and is just life-size. Close to him are two other statues quite as life-like, both representing a certain Ra-nefer. Going through into the hall on the left—past the curious libation troughs of alabaster, consisting of flat tablets on which the libation was poured, and which slope off into a bowl at one end—we come to that which interested us as much as anything, the lions and sphinxes in black granite from San (the ancient Zoan in the Delta), the yet almost unexplored capital of the shepherd kings, the Alexandria of primitive Egypt, where, if anywhere, accounts of Joseph and Israel remain buried in the sand.[1] These sculptures are of a totally different style from the pure Egyptian. The features of the sphinxes bear the likeness of these foreign shepherd kings; they had broader shoulders and were larger in bone and stronger in muscle than the Egyptians, and are represented with a long aquiline nose and the mouth drawn down at the corners. Meneptah, who must often have resided at San, Rameses II. and Psversennes have caused their names to be cut on some of these old monuments of the shepherd kings. In here too was a very curious double statue in grey granite, of two figures standing before what looks like a table or panniers, covered with fishes and water-plants. They have matted beards and plaited hair, and the same foreign-looking features as the sphinxes; and strangely enough they strongly

[1] Mariette's explorations at San were undertaken in 1861; from that time till 1883 the site remained untouched till the Egyptian Exploration Fund took it in hand. Mr. Petrie finds that at San alone there is work in exploration sufficient for ten years. In some places the depth of made earth is four times as great as that which lies over Roman remains in London. Already he has uncovered monuments dating from the reign of Pepi of the Sixth Dynasty, seven colossal statues of the Twelfth Dynasty; innumerable statues of Rameses II., the new founder of the city; as well as much of the work of the Hyksos. He has also identified the necropolis of San, in which, however, most of the tombs are not earlier than the Ptolemaic period.

resemble the figure in alabaster with full-bottomed wig recently brought to the British Museum from Ancient Babylonia by Mr. Hormuzd Rassam. Close by we saw the statue of Khafra, the builder of the second pyramid, in green breccia streaked with long yellowish veins, that must have been brought from Nubia; with eight other statues it was found in the well of the Granite Temple. The king is represented rather over life-size, five feet seven inches high, sitting on a throne the arms of which terminate in lions' heads. He is of muscular build, and the features, though full of the consciousness of illimitable power, wear a calm benevolent expression, as do those of all the ancient Egyptians. Here too were cases full of delightful little blue and bronze figures; amulets buried in the tombs with the mummies; small head-rests symbolical of eternal rest; little stone triangles, symbols of eternity; eyes of Osiris, amulets in glass, porcelain, or precious stones, hands, fingers, eyes; tiny images of the gods, each and all having its own special meaning and virtue when stored inside the hollow breast of the mummy or sewed upon its outer bandages. Consecrated and prayed over by the priests, these amulets were the magic armour of the dead in the lower world. The wooden shrine of a sacred ape for the king to venerate, and much curious wood panelling from Sakkarah of the same period as the Great Pyramid, and on the surface of which are wonderfully executed carvings in relief—portraits of various people and flowers. And then to the wooden statue of Ra-em-ke from Sakkarah that has been so much spoken of and called the "village chief." It dates from the early part of the old empire, and is the size of life. The round head with the short hair and the good-natured face are most life-like; as in one of Reynolds's portraits of a refined English gentleman of the last century, so his character is reflected in his face as from a mirror. "He was accustomed to command, he was a man of great culture, and was conscious of and valued his refinement; he was benevolent on conviction and principle; very accurate in his knowledge, his ideas and statements; very precise in all that he did, somewhat scornful for those who were not; very obstinate, but shrunk from doing wrong just as he would from being soiled by dirt." Such was the soul which yet speaks from this piece of wood as the "double" of the old Egyptian who lived nearly 6000 years ago. The eyes are pieces of opaque white quartz with the pupils of rock crystal; they are framed with thin plates of bronze, the edges of which form the eyelids. The upper part of the body and legs

are bare, while from the hips hangs a kind of apron folded in front, and in his hand as he walks forward is a long staff. Few things more than looking at these world-old statues, still instinct with a vivacious individuality, make you feel so completely "how Egypt obliterates time and brings the present and past together as by magic art." In another case close by are two sitting statues, life-size portraits full of strong character of the young Prince Ra-hotep (*i.e.* servant of Ra) and his wife Nefert (the fair), probably the most ancient statues yet discovered, dating at least from before the time of the Fourth Dynasty. They were found in a tomb near the pyramid at Meidoom. Their features are noble and pleasing, in spite of the clumsy wig of the woman. This young married couple are represented sitting side by side, looking out wistfully straight before them with upturned faces, and eager expectant glance. There are many other funerary portrait statues, in all sorts of easy and natural attitudes, clothed, coloured, life-like, speaking, some small and others large, which have been gathered together here from various tombs. Amongst others a series of figures kneading dough and rolling paste, and a quantity of ducks and sheep and other animals and birds which are startling in their fresh colours and life-like reality. Before leaving this hall one of the last things we are taken to see is an ancient Egyptian lady's dressing-case, with the trinkets, paint-pots, and scent-bottles left half filled, as the last day she used them thousands of years ago; and the old draught-board and draughts which were buried with another man in his tomb in order that he might play his favourite game in the spirit world, and as being one of those things which his relatives could not find it in their hearts to keep from him after he was gone. Then, as we come out through the central hall, the last object we are shown, and one of the most magnificent, is the mummy of Queen Aah-hotep (*i.e.* "the delight of the moon"), mother of Aah-mos, the deliverer of Egypt from the shepherd kings, and the great ancestress of the Eighteenth Dynasty, of which her son, Aah-mos, is reckoned the founder. All this Eighteenth Dynasty seem to have been specially devoted to the Moon service. That orb was regarded as the celestial abode of Thoth, who was invoked as the thought and will of the sun-god his father; and they all bore names like their ancestress Aah-hotep, *e.g.* Aah-mos, "the child of the moon," and Thoth-mos, "the child of Thoth." The lid of this queen's coffin is in the form of a mummy, gilded with gold leaf, and the eyes and ears inlaid. It was found lying a few feet beneath the

surface of the loose sand near Deir-el-Bahari; as if she had been hastily deposited there after having been removed from the cleft in the rock where her outer coffin was found with those of the other hidden kings; and in it, round the body of the queen, a whole goldsmith's shop of valuable jewels. These are all now laid out in a large glass case, and consist of bracelets beautifully worked in gold and set with lapis-lazuli, gold chains, bees, daggers, diadems, necklaces, mirrors, and many other ornaments on which figures of men, animals, and birds are worked in gold, silver, and bronze, combined with pearls and other precious stones, just as delicately wrought as if they were fifteenth-century enamel and niello-work.

Leaving Boolak we drove back all across the town, and out past Abbasiyeh to Heliopolis, stopping at the still leafy trunk of an old sycamore called the "Virgin's Tree," which stands in a little garden outside the village of Matareeyeh, the ancient Merti, five miles from Cairo. It is said to be the tree under which the Virgin rested with the Holy Child when they fled into Egypt; there was a Jewish colony not far from here, and perhaps even on this very spot. Though the trunk is that of an old tree, the legend had not been attached to this particular trunk, we were told, for any great length of time. But in 1737 the Copts pointed out to Pococke a similar one, if indeed it was not the very one we are looking at. It appears to be 250 years old. It is likely enough that the Holy Family did pass this way if they came into Egypt. The garden to-day was full of peach and apple trees in full bloom. Standing under one of these, and looking up at the pink apple-blossom clear cut against the blue sky beyond, their virginal colours and fresh beauty seemed far more in consonance with pleasing thoughts of the maiden mother and her babe than this withered battered old tree with its doubtful legend. Just inside the garden wall, and close by in the shade, was the well of fresh sweet-water, the famous fountain of the sun; the wooden wheels with jars on them were going creaking round, worked by the oxen with their blindfolded eyes, grinding on just as they did in the olden days of St. Joseph and St. Mary and the Child Jesus, and thus ladled out the water from the well which ran off through the watercourses into the fields, outside the garden fence, that were now green with beans and wheat and clover.

Then on half a mile further to Heliopolis, the city of Ra or the Sun. Its civil Egyptian name was An, the Hebrew On. Annu was Egyptian for obelisks or stone pillars, the successors of the sacred fetish or meteoric stone here revered in primitive times. The obelisks

were the multiplication of this; they were held also to symbolise the rays of the sun, and as the pillars of heaven were the types of firmness and stability. The sacred name of the place was Pe-ra, the abode of the Sun, revered here as Tum, under the symbol of Mnevis the light-coloured bull. Ptah's black bull stayed here forty days before he assumed divinity at Memphis. The solitary obelisk, sixty-seven feet and a half high, of red granite from Assouan, is browned with the nests which the bees have built with mud in the hieroglyphics; these record simply the name and titles of the king who set it up, but the eye and the key of life are so deeply carven that they remain yet uncovered by the mess. This obelisk is the oldest standing in Egypt; it was raised by Osirtasen I. of the Twelfth Dynasty, and thus dates from days previous to the invasion of the shepherd kings, and is the sole remnant of the great temple of the sun at On, before the great gateway of which it was one of a pair. It had already stood for some centuries when Abraham came down into Egypt. Joseph (who married the daughter, Asenath or Isis-Neith, of the high priest of this very temple, Puti-pera, *i.e.* "the gift of the sun") and Moses, who, like him, had been admitted to the priestly ranks, stood before it and read the inscription word for word as we do this day. Thales, Solon, Pythagoras, Plato, and Herodotus all studied here in this oldest school of light and learning. It is the one work of man that yet remains here which undoubtedly the eyes of all these rested on as ours do now. Its cap of bronze, which was gilt, is now gone. The so-called Cleopatra's Needle on the London Embankment (which is about a foot higher than this one, sixty-eight feet two inches) is one of a pair that came also originally from this same temple, and were erected by Thothmes III., the greatest king of Egyptian history, when he beautified the old temple three hundred years at least before Moses' day. It was taken by the Romans under Tiberius from this place to Alexandria; was given by Mohammed Ali in 1820 to England, and taken from that place in 1878 to London; though it has travelled more, it is about a thousand years younger than the one that still remains standing here, immovable and unchanged, in its original position. The sister obelisk to ours was given by the Khedive to the United States in 1879, and has now gone from Alexandria to America, still further towards the region of the setting sun.[1] Another one of Thothmes III.'s obelisks from this same temple is now at Constantinople.

We walked for some distance over what was once the inclosure

[1] The inscription on that obelisk is given in *The Records of the Past*, vol. x. p. 21-28.

of the principal temple, a space 4,000 feet by 3,000, which contained at one time 12,000 inhabitants. Rameses III. of the Twentieth Dynasty has left a matter-of-fact register of all that he endowed this temple with during his thirty-one years' reign; how he restored those of its buildings that had gone to decay and rebeautified it.[1] He enumerates and describes each of the shrines and statues, and libraries, the daily offerings, and the lamps, the corn land, and the gardens and the vineyards, the aviaries, the hunting guards, the boatmen and all the ships of burden that ran up and down the Nile, and even to foreign countries, to fetch the precious things for the service of this temple of On. The herds of black cattle, and all the officers of every grade, and every item used by them all, down even to the number of nosegays and bundles of green herbs, pieces of linen, the cakes and loaves, and the rations for the sacred bulls. The site is now all fertile land, and produces four crops every year. Parts of it are rented for 7*l.* an acre, and other parts at 2*l.* an acre, per annum. The land in this enclosure is Wakf still, and has perhaps always been dedicated to sacred purposes, whatever the religion professed by the lords of the land. In the reign of the very king Osirtasen who erected the obelisk now standing, the whole acreage of Egypt was divided into rectangular estates of about ten acres each; this would be ample for those who cultivated their land themselves. Two acres is stated to be the very least that will support a man, his wife and family. Those who let their land (and some men accumulated as many as forty-two of these estates) received in rent one-fifth of the gross produce, which is estimated to be the same proportionate rent as the English farmer pays in England; taking the average gross produce of an average farm to be about 8*l.* an acre, and the average rent of such a farm about 1*l.* 12*s.* an acre, or just one-fifth. One-third of all the land of Egypt was assigned to the king, one-third to the priests, and one-third to the warriors; the labourers, the fellaheen, went with the land, as we learn from an inscription dating from the Twelfth Dynasty which describes the hereditary succession of the great nobles and the rights of women to succeed, and of the power of the monarch over the different fiefs.

There were many fragments of red granite and other stone lying about all over the place. The present soil is at least six feet deep over the foundations of the old temple, which lie nearly twelve feet below the present level of the high Nile. We mounted the grassy

[1] *Records of the Past*, vol. vi. p. 52-70.

mounds, which were the old walls erected by Thothmes III. round the enclosure, and saw that view of the pyramids which Dean Stanley speaks of[1] where, seen at this distance, the two pyramids at Geezeh appear to form but one, and thus look from here like one large mountain, as lofty as the Mokattan hills over Cairo. As you walk along the walls it is strange to see the apices parting and the one pyramid growing into two again, and to think that this was one of the little things that Moses must have looked at from this very spot; although from amidst the pylons and sanctuaries of the ancient sun-worship that have passed away. He saw also the clear liquid lights of this sunset and those brown hills behind Cairo, but not that graceful dome and the mast-like minarets in the citadel, six miles away to the south from where we stand. At about double that distance in the opposite direction northward is Tel-el-Yahoodeh, the site of Onias's temple and colony of the Jews; and formerly Leontopolis, where Jeremiah is supposed to have written his Lamentations in the reign of Hophra. There are a few huts of fellaheen close by, out of which came the children running to ask for backsheesh; one laughing boy, when told he would not get his share unless he sang a song, immediately drew himself up laughing still, and sang out with dignity, "La Allah il Allah" (there is no God but one God), and repeating this several times seemed to imply that, though he fell in with the humour of the Christians yet he would firmly assert the formula of his own faith. It was dusk by the time we reached Kasr-el-Nouzha. At 8 P.M. the Khedive gave a dinner at the Abdîn palace (which cost the late Khedive over two millions, but is uninhabited and only occasionally used), to which we all went; there were thirty in all at table, Sir E. Malet, Sir Auckland Colvin, and a few other English and Egyptian functionaries. There was a very good band, and all went bright and happily. Much conversation as to the present state of Egypt and the foreign element. We are told all parties have agreed to suspend their differences during our stay, though things have got into such a boggle that there is safe to be a row before long.

Before going any further we write down here a short account of what we learnt to-day about Egyptian Tombs.

The chief care of the Egyptian in all ages was his place of rest after death. Rich or poor as soon as he arrived at full age

[1] *Sinai and Palestine*, Introduction, p. xxxv.

he directed all his spare resources towards the construction and decoration of his "eternal dwelling." However the belief regarding the after-world was altered and developed at various periods, yet the Egyptian tomb always and invariably consisted of three parts, though sometimes they were modified in certain particulars by the nature of the soil. These were—(1) a large hall or chamber; (2) the "ingle," or nook (serdab); and (3) the pit opening into the vault in which the mummy was placed.

Of the earliest tomb chambers which are grouped round the Great Pyramid the appearance is hut-like; they are called by the natives "footstools," mastaba. They are long and flat-roofed, with their sides sloping inward, and resemble a slice cut horizontally from an obelisk. The rule seems to have been to set back the face one cubit in every four cubits of height. They are constructed of brick or stone, and they stand always lengthwise north and south; the best are most carefully orientated. The door was nearly always on the east side, sometimes on the north, very rarely on the south, never on the west. These hut-like buildings were commonly about twenty-eight feet high, the smallest half that height. The largest are 172 feet long by 84 feet broad; the smallest 25½ feet long by 19½ feet deep. The entrance to them was doorless, and led at once into—

1. The hall, or sometimes a series of halls. Here the friends of the deceased came on anniversaries of his death and other occasions by themselves, or with the priests. This was the reception-room, the home of the dead man's Ka, ghost, double, or shade. Here the living met the dead with offerings, and the dead met the living and received them.

On the east side of this chamber, on the right hand of one entering, was a niche or pillar, on which was engraved the magic formula, or prayer to Osiris, which, being repeated by all who brought gifts, was efficacious to remit them transubstantiated and multiplied into the other world for the use of the double. The consecration of this tablet provided the double with a house to live in; just as the Chinese believe that the spirit of the dead resides in the funeral tablet before which they make their oblations. At the foot of this niche stood the libation tablet, or table for offerings; on which the share of the family feast intended for the double was set if solid, and poured out if liquid.

The walls of these halls were often beautifully decorated and covered with paintings descriptive of the occupations of the

deceased on earth. Here at stated seasons the family would come, bringing in the first-fruits of their garden, cattle, the best of their poultry, beer, cakes of home-made bread, and herbs, and bouquets of lotus blossoms; with their own hands they piled the altar, burned the incense, and poured the drinks and essences, "at the festivals of the beginning of the year, the opening of the year, the increase of the year, the diminution of the year, and the close of the year; at the great festival, at the festival of the great burning, at the festival of the lesser burning, the five intercalary days, at the festival of bread-making, at harvest time, at the twelve monthly and twelve half-monthly festivals"—that is to say roughly, about once a week, for the Egyptian month of thirty days was divided in three weeks, each of ten days length. The dead thus remained in closest connection with the living, eating and drinking at the funeral repast and affording them protection in return.

And this is a specimen of the funeral song sung during the Eighteenth Dynasty on one of these anniversaries, to keep alive the remembrance of the deceased patriarch, who sits with his sister and wife, while their son and daughter are standing by their side; the words were written before the Hebrews left Egypt, and have been stored away in dry darkness till now:[1]—"Our great one is truly at rest, his good charge is accomplished. Men pass away ever since the days of old, and youths come in their stead, like as the dawn reappears every morning and the sunset fades every evening: thus men are ever begetting and women ever conceiving. Every nostril inhaleth once the breezes of dawn, but all born of women go down to their places. Make a good day, O holy father! let the odours and the oils stand before thy nostril. We have set wreaths of lotus on the arms and the bosom of thy sister and wife, she who dwelleth in thy heart, sitting beside thee; so to-day let song and music be before thy face. Let us mind us of joy till cometh the day of our pilgrimage, when we draw near the land that loveth silence. Make a good day, thou patriarch perfect and pure of hands. Make a good day, O holy father, pure of hands. No works or buildings in Egypt can avail to stay man's passing away; his place knoweth him no more, but his name will be glorious to all posterity, for he has gone to the realm of eternity. Those who have magazines full of bread to spend, even they encounter the hour of a last end, and at that moment valour and riches melt away. So mind thee (the harper turns to the friends), mind thee of the

[1] *Records of the Past*, vol. vi. p. 127—130.

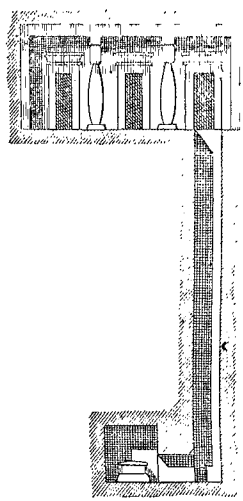
day when thou shalt start for the land to which one goeth to return not thence. Good for thee then will it be to have lived an honest life; therefore be just and hate transgressions, for he who loveth justice will be blessed. The coward and the bold neither can fly the grave, the friendless and the proud are both alike. Then of thy bounty give abundantly to him whose field is barren; love truth, and thy name shall be glorious among thy posterity for evermore, and thou too shalt attain a happy old age."

The pictures on the walls of the tomb, in which the deceased is with his servants at work, guaranteed the performance of what they represented, and by the operation of religious magic became spiritual realities to the double in the Elysian fields; their doubles took his double to hunt, and fed, pleased, and clothed him as of yore. This double was a thing of semi-human needs, appetites and humours. As in life the man required meat and drink, clothing and attendance, so the Ka, being but an appearance, must have appearances of food and wine, of garments and servants, for his well-being in the tomb. And in order that there never might be wanting a constant succession of these feasts even after the family of the occupant of the tomb died out, the tombs were endowed with foundations of land and revenue for priests to perform these rites "for ever." To each necropolis guilds of mass-priests were attached who officiated at each endowed tomb in turn.

2. The second part of an Egyptian tomb was the "ingle," or nook (serdab). This was generally on the south, sometimes on the north, seldom on the west side of the hall. In here were placed the life-like representations of the deceased in wood or stone. These were so many artificial supports as it were to perpetuate the life of the double, which was in continual danger of evaporation: upon them the impalpable Ka or wraith might extend itself. They were "counterfeit presentments," for which, when living, the dead had given sittings to skilled artists. The rich man multiplied his chances of immortality by multiplying his Ka statues. His tomb might be violated, his statues overthrown; but if only one of these representative bodies escaped, his Ka or "double" would be safe. As many as twenty have been found in one sepulchre. In a later age the Ka statue which had been as large as life under the old Empire, dwindled to a little porcelain statuette coated with blue or green glaze.

In one of the tombs at Thebes of the Twentieth Dynasty, a letter from a man to his dead wife has been found tied on to her statue, by

which means he had transmitted it to her in the spirit world. The Chinese transmit letters to the dead by burning them, and the Catholics in France at the present day send letters to the Virgin and Saints, through the medium of their priests, and the Moslems to Abraham and the patriarchs by dropping them into their tombs. The Egyptians did it by magic formulæ. Most of these nooks were entirely closed, but some were walled in with only a narrow slit left from this "ingle," or nook, into the hall, in order that the Ka might inhale the smell of the refreshing offerings, the meats of the feast, the libations and the flowers, and hear all that went on in the front hall, the music, songs, and conversation. The walls of these ingle-nooks were always plain.

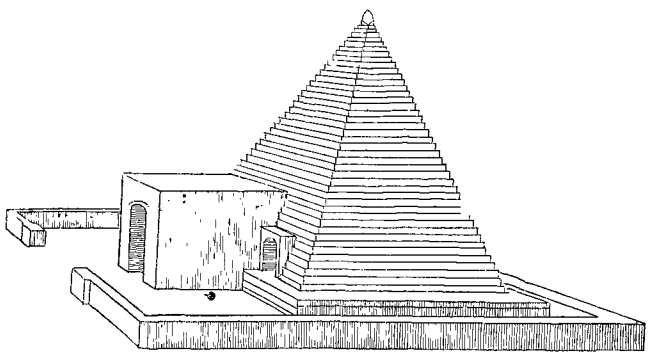


SECTION SHOWING RECEPTION HALL, MUMMY PIT, AND CHAMBER.

3. The pit leading down to the vault in which the mummy lay. In order to be more inaccessible these were often approached through the roof of the hut, and usually were cut sheer down perpendicular into the rock beneath for thirty-nine feet or so; sometimes, however, they went off at a slope to the west, as it was in the direction of the setting sun that the soul would cross the threshold of the other world. At the end of this pit was the little vault, which could only be approached down the shaft of the pit by the use of ropes, and in here the coffin of the mummy was deposited, usually in a line with the chamber above. The mummy was usually placed

in a wooden coffin with a human face, and this was inclosed in an oblong stone coffin. In it there was nothing else but the wooden or alabaster pillow, or head-rest, the same as the dead man had used for sleeping on in life, (and which was like the wooden head-rests in Japan and Fiji,) and half a dozen little drinking-cups. On the floor of the vault, round the coffin, are sometimes found scattered a few beef-bones, the remains of the funeral sacrifices, and a few vases which had contained water. The coffin once in, the vault was built up and the pit filled in with stones, earth, and sand, and made as inaccessible as possible.

These three parts of an Egyptian tomb, then, from the nature of the belief concerning the dead, were always necessary, and are always and invariably found. In the case of the kings of the Ancient Empire, whose bodies unembalmed were buried in the vault at the

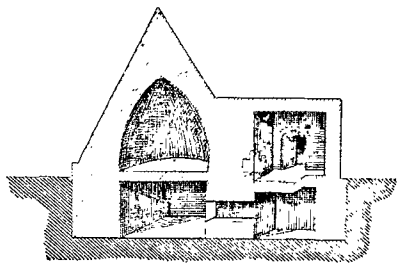


TOMB AT ABYDOS (EXTERIOR).

end of the long pit or shaft that led away under the pyramid, the hall for offerings and prayers was outside, slightly detached, but always at the east side of each pyramid, and there their foundations are to this day: and the so-called "air-holes" in the heavy stone-work of the pyramid would allow their doubles in the interior central chamber, to hear and take part in all that went on outside.

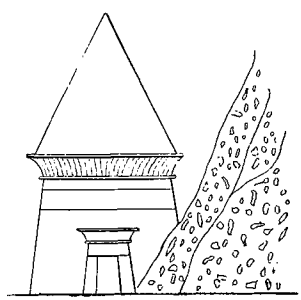
At Abydos, as the natural rock is not deep enough for the pit and vault to be cut downwards, as in the tombs at Geezeh or on the plateau behind Memphis, the mummy had to be deposited nearer the surface of the soil, and so instead of remaining flat-roofed, the hut-like tomb became a small pyramid sixteen or nineteen feet high, built of brick and stuccoed. This contained under its roof in one, the vault for the coffin and the ingle-nook for the statues, which

however still communicated by slits as before with the outer hall, which was then built as an exterior chamber in front of the pyramid. The door of these halls at Memphis always opened towards the east or rising sun; for it was the opening through which one day their inmates would regain the light. At Abydôs the door opened towards the south, that is towards the noonday sun.



SECTION SHOWING INTERIOR OF THE SAME, AND REARRANGEMENT OF PIT AND MUMMY CHAMBER NECESSITATED BY THE SOIL.

Again, in the same way as the great pyramids had been a grandiose development above ground connected with the vault, so the cave-cut pits at Thebes were an underground development connected with this same part, for the great kings of the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Dynasties. The nature of the burial-



TOMB ON LIBYAN HILL-SIDE, THEBES.

ground there on the side of the Libyan hills furrowed by ravines lent itself to this development; and the oratory chapel and reception-hall owing to the same configuration of the hills had to be separated from them, and became the elaborate Temple on the plain in front. In the tombs of the ordinary citizens at Thebes the coffin was either deposited in a brick cavity below or else in a cave in the rock,

and the reception-hall chamber, often crowned with a pyramid form, was erected over it.

The belief of the Egyptians concerning the dead was naturally modified and developed during the long period covered by their history. But this primitive belief in the Ka, or double, always underlay whatever additions might be made from time to time. In fact it would seem to have been one that lay at the root of many of their modes of thought. Every man had his double, his prototype, born with him at his birth and endowed with life, intelligence, and will. And so too had all things and places their doubles, or genii. Even the gods themselves had these reflections of their essences in the sun, or moon, or stars, or kings. The theory was capable of endless applications: till realities only existed in an ideal world, as in Plato's teaching. Of lowly birth and begotten of animism, the theory was capable of celestial and spiritual development in the hands of the philosophic seer and prophet. However, it is sufficient here to note that it was one of the oldest portions of the Egyptian creed concerning the dead. Ka priests are found endowed to say prayers for the dead as early as the Fourth Dynasty. The prayer to the dead king on the wooden wreck of Menkaura's coffin in the British Museum is perhaps the earliest contemporary witness to the belief in the soul's immortality. "Osiris, who didst become King of Egypt, Menkaura, living for ever, may thy divine mother Heaven stretch herself over and cover thee! may she grant that thou shouldst become like God, free from all evils, living for ever."

Very soon, however, the moral instinct of the Egyptians was not content with the belief in this suspended sort of life of the double, and with a general belief in immortality. The doctrine of retribution, or judgment beyond the grave, was added. No reference, however, to such is found in the tombs of the old Empire. Between that period and the Eighteenth Dynasty the most elaborate theories regarding the state beyond the grave had been woven, but they did not contradict the simpler beliefs as we find them set forth under the ancient Empire. They added to them and developed them: just as the scheme of Catholic dogma has been developed out of the New Testament, so they too, no doubt, seemed to the Egyptian of that period to have been "contained implicitly" in the teachings of his forefathers. The most complex scheme of immortality embraced a belief not only in the immortality of the Soul, but in that of the Spirit, that of the Intelligence, and

that of the Double: all of which were distinct from the Soul. Death caused a temporary dissolution of this fourfold partnership, but they were destined to be hereafter reunited eternally in the reanimated body. The rites of mummification were practised for no other reason than to insure the preservation of the body for this purpose.

When an Egyptian died it was believed that what had been one became five: the body was buried in the vault; the ghost, double, or shade dwelt in and haunted the tomb; and the soul, spirit, and intelligence, went below to be purified and judged, in the Hall of Double Justice, that is where punishments or rewards are alike dealt out.[1]

The heart, as seat of Intelligence, was placed in one scale and the goddess of Truth in the other. Horus conducted the process of weighing, Thoth recorded the result, and Osiris, with forty-two assessors, who each institute an enquiry as to one particular transgression and were the representatives of the earthly governors of the forty-two nomes of Egypt, pronounced sentence. "If the heart was found too light, the soul was condemned to suffer the torments of hell or to continue its existence in the bodies of animals, for a certain period, after which it returned to its original body to begin life anew, and had afterwards to undergo another trial. If the heart was found sufficiently heavy, the soul might then return to the mummy, and, in all parts complete united with the spirit, rise again and walk anew among the living in any form he pleased." If the body could not be found, the soul was lost; the second death, more terrible than the first, ensued. To guard against this risk every precaution was taken, and several life-like representations of the deceased in stone or wood were made and stored away in the tomb. Into one of these it was hoped the soul and spirit might pass if anything meanwhile had befallen the body, and so enter on a second life.

Here too we add—for the sake of helping the memory—a rough outline sketch with the dates of some of the kings we shall hear most about on our journey. They are taken from H. Brugsch Bey's

[1] "The Chinese imagine that each person possesses seven animal senses, which die with him, and three souls, one of which enters the spirit-world and receives judgment and afterwards goes through a series of transmigrations, or passes through the many mansions of hell, and another abides with the tablet (like the Ka, or double), and the third haunts the tomb and the remains of the body of the dead." Williams's *Middle Kingdom*, vol. ii. p. 262. This resemblance, whether fortuitous or not, is very curious.

History of Egypt under the Pharaohs derived entirely from the Monuments, 1881: a copy of which we have just received by the last mail from England.

ANCIENT EMPIRE.

B.C. 4400 to 3300.

First five dynasties. They begin with Mena and end with Unas.

The capital of Egypt was first at Abydos (Thinis perhaps now Geergeh) and then at Memphis.

Under first dynasty the *Step Pyramid at Sakkarah* was begun.

Under fourth dynasty *the Pyramids at Geezeh* were built by Khufu, Khafra, and Menkaura.

First Interval of Darkness B.C. 3300 to 2500.

Most monuments of this period are still beneath the soil.

Second five dynasties contained twenty-five kings of the old race, though the state was split up into petty kingdoms and distracted by civil wars.

MIDDLE EMPIRE.

Three dynasties (the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth). The kingdom once more united, from Kush (the Soudan or Negro-land) and Nubia ("the gold-land") in the south, northwards to the Delta and the Sinaitic peninsula: the capital being at *Thebes*.

Amen-em-hat, the founder of *Amen's Temple at Thebes*, and his son Osirtasen, belong to the Twelfth Dynasty: and were the Consolidators of Egypt.

Construction of *Mi-uer* ("the great basin") lake Moeris, and *the Lape-ro-hunt* ("the temple at the sluice of the canal"), the Labyrinth, and other *giant irrigation works in the Phayum* ("the lake country"), took place under the Twelfth Dynasty (B.C. 2466 to 2266).

Second Interval of Darkness B.C. 2250 to 1700.

Most monuments of this period are still beneath the soil.

Two dynasties (fifteenth and sixteenth) of the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings reigned at Sân in the Delta for 500 years, or from B.C. 2233 to 1733.

In B.C. 1750 Nubti was the Hyksos Pharaoh: about B.C. 1730 the immigration of the Beni-Israel took place. Under Nubti's successor Apopi (twelve years before the expulsion of the Shepherd dynasty) Joseph was made Zap-unt pa' anekh ("governor of the Sethroite nome") to the east of Sân, where there was always a large Shemitic population. In Apopi's reign it is known from the monuments that there was a seven-years' famine: no other such famine lasting seven years is known to have occurred before his reign, nor after it till A.D. 1064 to 1071: seven successive low inundations of the Nile being extremely rare.

Two dynasties (thirteenth and seventeenth) of legitimate kings of Theban race were contemporaneous with the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth foreign dynasties, but they had sunk to the level of provincial rulers of the various nomes of Egypt under the foreign overlords.

RENASCENT EMPIRE.

Eighteenth Dynasty, B.C. 1700 to 1400.

B.C. 1700. Expulsion of the Hyksos by Aah-mos ("the child of Aah,") the Liberator of Egypt: he was at first only the local Theban king, but reunited all the other local kings under his overlordship, and was succeeded by his boy son,

1666. Amen-Hotep I. ("the delight of Amen") "reigning by the grace of Ra," with his mother, Queen Nofer-tari "the beautiful consort," for co-regent.

1663. His son, Thoth-mes I. ("child of Thoth"), "the great glorious bull of Ra," married his own sister Aahmes. He subdued the Bedawin on the north-west coast of Africa, and in the south he reduced the Soudan. In Western Asia he began the 500 years' war against the Shemitic hereditary enemies of his race, and penetrated with his conquests as far as Mesopotamia. *Period of the Expansion of Egypt.*

1660. His two sons, Thothmes II. and Thothmes III. and his daughter Hatasu. She built *Deir-el-Bahari the stage temple*, and *the Obelisks at Karnak*, and sent exploring expeditions to the Indian Ocean.

Thothmes III. reconquered Western Asia, which had fallen away from Hatasu, and overthrew the new dynasty of Arab kings that had established themselves in Babylon, and in the course of fourteen campaigns in seventeen years reduced the whole of the then known world, as far as India, to Egypt.

Highest Period of Art : Greatest King in Egyptian History.

1566. His son, Amen-Hotep II., visits Western Asia.

1533. His son, Thothmes IV., visits Mesopotamia and the Soudan.

1500. His son, Amen-Hotep III. His chief conquests were in the Soudan and Central Africa, whence he married a foreign queen Taiti. He built *Luxor, Temple of Maut* at Karnak, and the *colossal Memnon statues.*

1466. His son, Amen-Hotep IV. (Khunaten, "splendour of the sun's disk,") forsakes Amen and Thebes: reveres "the god of light" and builds a a new capital *Tel-el-Amarna* with foreign temples, to which he retires with his wife and mother and seven royal princesses; apparently a eunuch.

Nineteenth Dynasty, B.C. 1400 to 1200.

1366. Sethi I. "follower of Set," or Sutekh, of the Kheta, the then supreme power in Western Asia. Repelled attack of Eastern nations on Egypt: his wife was the heiress of the old line of kings. Built *Hall of Columns* at Karnak, *Abydos*, and *Tomb* in Valley of Kings.

1333. His son, Rameses II., ("the child of Ra,") *the Pharaoh of the Oppression*: greater builder than conqueror. War and alliance with Hittite Empire. Egypt and Nubia covered with his buildings. *Abydos*, *Ramesseum, Luxor Gate, Ipsamboul, San* or *Pi-Ramessu* "the city of Rameses." This last described by a contemporary in *Records of the Past*, vol. vi. p. 11. San was chosen by him in preference to Thebes, as a more central capital for the Empire on the borders of the Mediterranean. One-third of the population of Egypt at this time were foreign subjects, working in his quarries, mines, and temples. The Libyans, Phœnicians, Hittites and Soudanese, furnished him with foreign soldiers and sailors. Reigned sixty-seven years.

B.C. 1300. His son, Mer-en-ptah ("the friend of Ptah") repulsed the Libyans and maintained friendship with the Hittites, and held Canaan.

1266. His son, Sethi II.: two years' reign; time of internal and external disturbance and trouble. *Probable period of Israel's exodus.*

Twentieth Dynasty. Ramessides.

1200. Rameses III. "Prince of On:" raised up prosperity of Egypt for a while; traded to East down the Red Sea: defeated confederacy abroad and conspiracy at home. Built *Khonsu Temple at Karnak, Medeenet Haboo,* and *Tomb.* Period of his successors, the Ramessides, one of general decadence.

1133. Rameses XII. married a daughter of the King of Bakht.

Twenty-first Dynasty. Priest Kings.

1100. High Priests of Amen banish Ramessides: some of whom marry into Assyrian royal family, and solicit aid from Nineveh. *Rise of Assyrian Empire in Mesopotamia:* they invade Egypt. Pinotem I. Priest King. Nimrod, son of Shishak of Nineveh, dies in Egypt and is buried at Abydos: he had married an Egyptian princess.

Twenty-second Dynasty. Assyrian.

980. Shishak, son of Nimrod, king: resides at Bubastis; *ally of Jeroboam.* Sargon, Tiglath, and four Shishaks, kings of Egypt in name but really only satraps under Assyrian Shalmanezer.

Twenty-fifth Dynasty. Soudanese.

The Priest Kings of twenty-first dynasty had retired to Ethiopia: their descendants now advance from the south and retake Thebes. Northern Egypt still Assyrian, under kings at Sais. Egypt divided.

700. Tirhakah (Soudanese) endeavours to conquer Northern Egypt. Sennacherib reduces him. Esarhaddon and Assurbanipal again conquer Thebes and drive Tirhakah back into Soudan. Necho one of the Delta kings taken captive to Nineveh, but released.

Twenty-sixth Dynasty.

666. Psammetichus, son of Necho: by aid of Greeek mercenaries recovers independence: marries Soudanese princess.

612. His son, "Pharaoh Necho," *slays Josiah at Megiddo:* and conquers Western Asia as far as Euphrates, and garrisons Carchemish, but is defeated by Nebuchadnezzar.

591. Hophra rebels against Nebuchadnezzar unsuccessfully.

572. Amasis submits to Babylon, and marries a princess of the old dynasty. Encourages Greek commerce, settlers, and art: conquers Cyprus. *Naukratis.* Greek travellers in Egypt.

Twenty-seventh Dynasty. Persians.

527. Cambyses. 521. Darius. 486. Xerxes. 465. Artaxerxes

Thirtieth Dynasty.

378-360. Nectanebo I. and II., last revival of Egyptian art. Plato visits Egypt.

Thirty-first Dynasty. Persians again, till

332. Egypt submits to Alexander the Great, who establishes

Thirty-second Dynasty. Macedonians.

323. Philip Aridaeus, and Alexander II.

Thirty-third Dynasty. The Ptolemies.

B.C. 323-30. Death of Cleopatra the last of the line of the Ptolemies. *Denderah, Edfoo, Philæ*, all built during this period.

Thirty-fourth Dynasty. Roman Emperors.

B.C. 30 to 640 A.D.

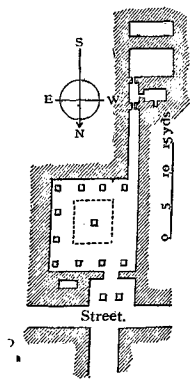
March 6th.—Up early, and after breakfast started at 9.30 A.M., and drove to the station three miles the other side of the Nile, and left by train at 10 A.M. for Bedreshayn, fifteen miles from Cairo, where arrived at 11 A.M. There mounted on donkeys and rode westward over the fields and embankments to the palm-covered mounds of Memphis; catching a glimpse on the right (to the north) of the pyramids of Geezeh, where we were yesterday, those of Sak-kârah are straight ahead, and those of Dashoor are to our left (to the south). These severally mark probably the extreme limits of this city's extent; it was the largest in Egypt, and the most ancient with the exception of Abydôs or Thinis. It was thus of extremely elongated form, and lay between the Nile on its eastern and the canal Bahr Yusuf on its western side. Behind the city of the living, on the rocky plateau was the still larger city of the dead. The Necropolis or burial-ground stretched thus between the city and the desert for a distance of fifteen miles in length, and in some places was nearly two miles broad. "No capital in the world dates so far back as this, or kept its place in history so long, and none has so completely perished or utterly disappeared as Memphis Men-nofer (the beautiful place or station.) Founded by the first king of Egypt 4,000 years at least before our era, it beheld the rise and fall of thirty-one dynasties of Egyptian kings: it survived the rule of the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman; it was, even in its decadence, second only to Alexandria in population and extent, it was over seventeen miles in circumference, and (like Tokio and other eastern cities) included gardens and compounds round the various palaces and houses of the citizens. It continued to be inhabited up to the time of the Arab invasion, A.D. 640." Some of the older portions of the city doubtless lie many feet below the present level of the soil, which has accumulated over them through the yearly deposit made by the inundations at the rate of four and a-half inches in a hundred years. But even at the end of the twelfth century of our era its ruins were still enormous; they are nearly all gone now, having been in great part taken to build Cairo.

We trotted past the colossal statue of Rameses II. lying on his face, and so on to the village of Mitraheeneh on its mound (in olden days Menat-ro-hinnu, "the port at the mouth of the canal.") Then past the village of Sakkârah, which we leave on the left, and canter on over the sandy slope up to the Step Pyramid, and to M. Mariette's house, which we reach soon after twelve o'clock. Here we dismount, and at once walk down to the Serapeum, or underground vaults, where all the sacred bulls, who, when living were revered as symbols of the successive incarnations of the power of Osiris, when deceased were buried. The great temple which once stood above is all gone; to this was attached a large colony of Apis hermits, each bricked up in his cell, and who took the same vows of poverty, brotherhood, and chastity as the Buddhist and Christian monks did afterwards; so persistently does the religious instinct develop itself in precisely the same way in every age. The vaults are approached down an incline about 600 feet long, and through an avenue of 141 sphinxes, which Mariette uncovered in 1851, but which the sand has now hidden again, all except a head here and there. These vaults contain only the series of later bulls, beginning from the seventh century before Christ, and ending with the later Ptolemies. Nine of the caves are unoccupied, and there is plenty of room for more to have been excavated. The stone coffin of one who was never buried blocks the passage in one place: and probably was never filled with the last Apis worshipped. The funeral of a bull, with full rites, cost over 20,000*l*. We walk along the subterranean passage, 400 yards in length, lofty, and hewn out of the solid rock, the sides of which were once covered by votive tablets of former visitors to the tombs, which are now in the Louvre. On both sides of this passage, but never opposite to one another, are deep, square-cut caves, about twenty-six feet high; their bottoms are sunk some six or eight feet below the passage. In the centre of most of these is a huge black or red granite coffin, hewn from a single block, over thirteen feet long, eleven high, and seven wide; the lid of each has been pushed a little on one side, and every one of the coffins has been emptied of its bull. The only one which escaped being rifled thus was that which contained the mummy of the very bull which had been stabbed by Cambyses, and survived the wound until the fourth year of the reign of Darius; he is now at Miramar, near Trieste. There are twenty-four of these huge stone coffins altogether, and into one of them, by the help of a ladder,

we both climbed. We were told that the weight of each of these huge stone coffins is over sixty-five tons on an average; and at first we wondered by what means they were placed here: more especially as M. Mariette endeavoured to remove one of them (the second that blocks the passage), but could not succeed in getting it as far as the entrance of the vault. Brugsch Bey told us afterwards that they will roll easily if set on cannon-balls, and that then six men can push one along. All heavy weights of stone, both here and elsewhere, were raised and put into their position by means of sand, or of crude brick banks which were heaped on an incline up to the height to which the stone had to be raised, and up this incline the huge stones were moved on rollers, and by levers, with comparative ease. While a temple was therefore in building it would be thus covered, tier by tier, with the increasing mound of sand raised instead of scaffolding against its side, until when, after the loftiest corner-stone had been placed in position, the sand was again gradually removed, and the walls of the edifice received their decoration of painting or sculpture downward from the top, until the work of the architect stood complete, fully disrobed to the light of day. Sand or bricks and hands to raise them were close at hand, and both available in any quantity. The internal face of the great pylon at Karnak still bears traces of the inclined plane of crude brick which was reared against it for this purpose, and afterwards cleared away. Coming out of this mysterious gloom, and the hot, close dryness of the vault, into the blaze of noon and glare outside, we returned up the incline, and noticed at the top the remains of the windlass and the pulleys fixed in a black rock cave, which happens to stand at the head of this incline, by means of which M. Mariette had endeavoured to haul the stone up the incline. This cave stands over the entrance to some other vaults, in which the sacred bulls of an earlier period were interred. In blowing up the *débris* with gunpowder, not an Apis, but a human mummy was discovered; a gold mask covered his face, and he was swathed and bedecked with jewels. It seems probable that it was the body of Khamus, the fourth or favourite son of Rameses the Great, who was governor and high priest of Memphis, which had been intruded into one of the vaults prepared for an Apis, like James the First into that of Henry the Seventh at Westminster. There are doubtless many more of these bull catacombs yet undiscovered in the rock beneath the sand. We lunched in the house, a slight one-storeyed building,

erected in 1850, and in which Mariette had lived in the desert for the four years during which he was making his explorations here.

Afterwards we walked over the sand to the tomb of Ti (who married Nefer-Hotep, *i.e.* "Beautiful helpmeet," a daughter of a pharaoh of the Fifth Dynasty and priestess of Athor and Neith). It lay in an old street of tombs, but the surface of the soil is so raised that it is now almost completely below the level. Down into it we went, and into the reception-hall, in this case a quadrangle once covered with a roof borne by twelve square pillars, where the family met for the various ceremonies in honour of his double. Ranged in horizontal parallel lines, row above row, each about a foot and a-half in depth, over every inch of wall space from floor to ceiling, are the beautifully-engraved and



GROUND PLAN OF RECEPTION HALL, AND PASSAGE TO INGLE NOOK, TI'S TOMB.

coloured pictures. Ti, with his wife, their sons and servants, each figure measuring on an average twelve inches, moves amid the various scenes of his daily life, on his farm amid his birds and beasts; sowing and reaping and gathering into barns; sailing on the Nile, or shooting in the marshes at the wildfowl, using decoy ducks and a sort of boomerang; hooking hippopotami and crocodiles; or again out fishing in his boat. All are full of humour and reality, and are as good as photographs of the happy life he led, five thousand years ago, under the old Empire. In the dark "ingle" or nook were found no less than twenty lifelike but broken statues of Ti, one statue intact in limestone, is now in the museum at Boolak: the flesh is of yellowish brick colour, the expression good-natured, a white starched kilt round

his loins. He was a privy councillor and architect, and priest too, of the rites performed to the double of his deceased king Ra-n-user at the middle pyramid of Abousir (or Pi Usiri, "the temple of Osiris"), and though "chief of the prophets" seems to have been of humble birth originally, and to have won his honours by his own merits. "It is well for those who love work," he says, in one of the pictures here. Now all this was done that that which was written should be "fulfilled" in reality, and give joy to his double; all these pictures became instinct with life to the solitary ghost who haunted and lived within these walls. Gazing on all the works of his hands, his wife and children by his side, he occupies his long waiting hours while the soul is purified elsewhere before its return to his body, with the same interests as had held sway over him in life, and given him such joy: he lives and re-lives and feels "at home." And to his friends, too, revisiting him here with feast and song and dance, and duly executed sacrifices, he appears to be "at home"; for them as much as for him these things "are fulfilled" with memories of olden days, and help to draw them closer to that presence to whom they feel pleasure in making these offerings. But of the gloomy passage down below no word is here: it is all written in later tombs at Thebes, where we find the development of a fuller theology of the dead. We also went into the tomb of Saboo, which is somewhat similar. He appears to have been enormously wealthy in flocks and herds, in sheep and oxen, antelopes, gazelles, and goats. The whole of the desert hereabouts, now a spectacle of utter devastation, was once a lively and cheerful city of the dead; along the narrow clean-swept streets, amid the bright-coloured homes of the dead, were moving every day in the year for 4,000 years, or for a period more than twice as long as has elapsed since the Christian era, up and down, the processions of joyous relatives going with song and flowers and music and food and wine to keep festival and sacrifice at some ancestral shrine: animation, not silence—joy, not sorrow—held uninterrupted sway among the multitudes both of the living and the dead.

We again mounted at M. Mariette's house and rode first to look at the Mastabat-el-Faraoun, "Pharaoh's footstool" the gigantic oblong tomb of the last pharaoh of the Fifth Dynasty, Unas. It rises solitary out of the midst of the desert to the north of the pyramids of Dashoor, and resembles in appearance a large mastaba; it is 66 feet high, 340 long, and 240 deep. Mariette thinks it once carried an

upright monument on its flat top. Unas ended the long line of the old kings of Memphis of the house of Mena, and brought to a close the Ancient Empire. After him the throne passed through his daugher to another, the Sixth Dynasty, and the capital with her moved further south. We then went back over the sand, which is thickly strewn with scraps of broken pottery and shreds of mummy clothes, and dark-brown flakes of old Egyptian flesh, and bits of green and blue glaze, to the Step Pyramid, the centre of another burial-ground four miles and a-half long (itself only a part of the twenty-miles-long necropolis), and in some places nearly a mile broad, but the most modern of all the burial-grounds of Memphis. The pyramid is composed of comparatively small stones, and is nearly two hundred feet high; it consists of five steps or tiers which diminish in height towards the top, the lowest being thirty-eight feet and the highest about twenty-nine feet. The width of each step is about seven feet. The usual pyramid angle is 52° but the mastaba angle is 76°, or a rise of four on a base of one. There are only two such pyramids known that were not cased in a slope without re-entering angles: this is one, and the other is the pyramid at Meydoun. They both really consist of superposed mastabas. Both have been several times finished, each time with a polished casing of the finest white limestone; and then have been again enlarged by another coat of rough masonry and another fine casing. This pyramid is the poorer work of the two, and the additions have been very one-sided: on the south two finished fine casings may be seen far inside, at about a third of the distance from the present middle to the west side. On the south may also be seen at the east end two polished casings, one about eight feet inside the present rough stripped outside, and another ten and a-half feet inside of that casing. The pyramid is oblong in plan, unlike any other but similar to the mastabas. If it was begun by one of the kings of the First Dynasty, it is the most ancient above-ground building in the world. It had been standing 700 years when King Khufu began the Great Pyramid at Geezeh, and would be now nearly 7,000 years old. The same number of years elapsed between its erection and that of the Great Pyramid, as did between the Norman Conquest and George the Third. It is now the largest of the eleven pyramids on this Sakkârah platform, and is supposed to stand over the cave-tombs of the Apis bulls of the First Dynasty and to have been begun by King Uenephes. It has four entrances all in the rock over which

it stands, and a series of horizontal galleries, staircases, and cells, which make quite a subterranean labyrinth. The end of the long passage, which leads to the thirty chambers that have been counted beneath this pyramid has been found in the neighbouring sands. We pass the village of Sakkârah once more (the name being derived from Sokar, who prescribes to the sun that has set, as well as to the mummies of the dead, the conditions under which they may rise again and enter on a new life); and so we come down on to the site of Memphis. Here we dismount among the palm-groves at the brink of a muddy pool, at the bottom of which is lying a block of blackened limestone, which is Rameses II. The head is said to be an authentic likeness of the king, who in his sixty-seven years' reign "mightily oppressed the children of Israel;" building more than any other king in Egypt. He is now lying face downwards in the mud, the property of the English nation, to whom he was given by Mohammed Ali, and is covered nine months every year by water. "Pharaoh's daughter" stood by his left knee: one of his sons is still by his right. The statue is forty-eight feet high and weighs eighty-two tons; the arms are close to the sides, a scroll in his left hand; the back is rough, for the statue was one of a pair of standing figures that were set facing north against a wall or pylon at the entrance of the temple, which he added to Ptah's older temple, and at the head of a flight of stairs, with sphinxes on each step, that lead up from the sacred lake, by the side of which the sacred black Apis bull when alive took his daily recreation for the twenty-six years he was allowed to live; at the end of which time he was generally drowned in the Nile, and his body embalmed and buried, and a new bull with the requisite marks was sought for throughout the land. Rameses II.'s temple was constructed of blocks of alabaster and polished granite, and its chief axis was from east to west. One hundred pounds has already been subscribed by Lord Cunningham and spent by Mr. Garwood, the civil engineer, on getting the wooden scaffolding under this statue and making him ready for hauling up in July when the water in the hole is dry; and 300*l.* more will set him straight and upright again. (At Lord Cunningham's death the work has again been abandoned and the statue lies as before.) The space to the north is the site of the great temple of Ptah, literally "he who forms," the divine artificer, who as such was held to be the oldest of the Egyptian deities. Ptah was the patron of the first artificers in metal; but came afterwards to be regarded as plastic energy, which was

supposed to have been active before anything material was formed. His primal rank as architect of the universe was never interfered with even by Amen-Ra. That god was reckoned as Ptah's vicegerent after the creation had taken place. We go into the little shed close by and see some other curios and statues of various dates which have been discovered in the neighbourhood, in green, black, and red granite. As we ride back to Bedreshayn from this palm-covered mound we are able to trace the remains of the dyke away in the distance to the north, which is said to have once dammed out the waters of the Nile from the site of Memphis. The corresponding dam on the southern side of the city is now gone; but the canal that flowed through the centre, and brought water to the sacred lake in front of the temple of Ptah, is still in existence. The circuit of mounds inclosing ancient Memphis during the time of the inundation was seventeen English miles, and the Nile seems to have been diverted from its course eleven and a-half miles further up south of Memphis, so as to flow more to the eastward in order to fortify this city founded by Mena, the first recorded King of Egypt. In those days the Delta of the Nile was far more swampy than it is now, and extended inland nearly as far as this. It has been supposed by some that in early days there was another branch of the Nile which left its present course at Thebes and flowed down to the sea through the desert two hundred miles west of Alexandria, and that consequently the whole complexion of the country west of the line of pyramids must have been much altered by this band of moisture and cultivation between them and the real desert. But Schweinfurth has lately been examining the geological depression that gave rise to this theory, and states that no river deposit is found in that bed, and that he does not believe the Nile ever flowed that way. We got into the train at 4.30 P.M. and were back in Cairo by 6 P.M. It has been another most beautiful day, not a cloud in the sky. We have thoroughly enjoyed seeing all the things at Sakkârah; and we had much fun on the donkeys together. At 8 P.M. we dined at Sir E. Malet's. Mr. Arthur Sullivan was there and we had an amusing evening.

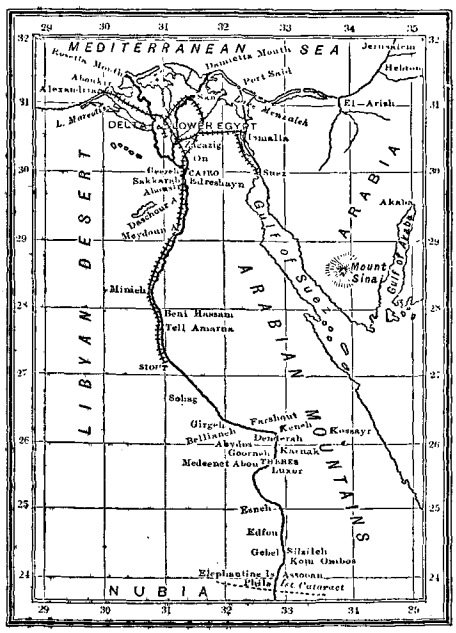
March 7th.—Up at 6.30 A.M., dull and foggy, heavy dew all night, breakfast at 7.30 A.M. and start an hour afterwards for the station three miles on the other side of the Nile, to which we drive in the *char-à-bancs* as before, passing Shephard's Hotel and the equestrian statue of Mohammed Ali, and going out over the iron bridge. Train left at 9 A.M. and ran us up to Siout, 230 miles south

of Cairo, by 7 P.M. Mr. Le Mesurier, who is in charge of the train, came into the carriage with us and brought quite a little heap of books for us to take up the Nile. It was very dusty indeed in the train, and hot; we read most of the way, and after lunch in the saloon carriage had a nap. It was very curious as we went along to see all the people at work in the fields with their donkeys, camels, and oxen. We run past Sakkârah and Memphis on the right, and look out a little further on at the pyramid of Meydoun, said to be "the best-built pyramid in Egypt," like a square tower in three stages, the bottom stage, however, somewhat of a dome shape and of a dark orange colour. It was built after the Step Pyramid at Sakkârah, and like it enlarged several times; it has just been opened by Brugsch Bey, but is found to be empty, and contains neither hieroglyphic nor stone coffin. Probably it was built by Snefrou, one of the greatest kings of the Third Dynasty, that is the dynasty before Khufu, who built the Great Pyramid at Geezeh; many of his relatives at any rate have been found buried round it. On the left across the Nile we see the quarries of Toora and the other series of quarries from which came the stone for the more than seventy pyramids and temples on the other side of the Nile. At 1 P.M. we stop at Benisooef, seventy-three miles from Cairo, for the engine to take water. It seems an extensive town, said to contain 6,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of the province. At Minieh, 150 miles from Cairo, we stop again soon after 4 P.M., where the tall chimneys of the sugar manufactory are smoking. We have passed through large fields of sugar-cane already, but the mills (now that forced labour has been abolished and that the native workmen receive wages) scarcely pay; there is too much machinery: it was furnished wholesale by foreign contractors, and in far larger quantities than required. Under the present Khedive the peasants have begun to feel that their possessions are safe; each has his own ox and field, and knows exactly how much tax he will pay every year, and that the rest is really his own, which, under the Turkish system of perpetual squeeze, he never felt before; though no doubt, now that the pashas cannot squeeze them, their own village sheikhs will try to do so; but if these were elected by each village instead of being nominated by the Mudirs the remedy would be in their own hands. After this we passed through many acres of cotton-fields. At Deyroot got out of the train and saw the great engineering work whereby the waters of the Nile are

here dammed, and conducted by five canals for the irrigation of the country inland, with a view of making it in a measure independent of the inundation. These engineering undertakings, which vie in importance with the greatest ancient works of the kind, tend more than anything else to develop the enormous agricultural resources of the country, and constitute the chief merits of the reign of the late Khedive; if he had been always honestly served by foreigners Egypt would have been far otherwise than it is now. The same thing has happened here as in Japan: the first Europeans made a rich harvest out of the ignorance of the natives, and their successors wonder that they are disliked. We heard of one contractor whose account was drawn out in Italian lire, and who complained that it was not sufficient, and was told to make it out in English livres instead; and did so. A lira is ninepence, a livre is two hundred and forty pence. The masses of brickwork appear enormous, and over them from the other side come trooping the women and children of the fellaheen, brown and dusty, with baskets on their heads, from the fields where they have been at work. It is getting dusk when we reach Manfaloot, but just before the sun went down the hills on the eastern side of the Nile stood out clear with the light shining on their limestone cliffs, which here approach close to the Nile, and are crowned with a large Coptic deir or monastery. It is dark when we arrive at Siout, where the Governor of Upper Egypt came to receive us, with coloured lights and fireworks, and conducted us down from the station to the river's bank by torchlight between small bonfires on either side the path. Here the Khedive's yacht *Ferouze* (the Turquoise) prettily lit up from stem to stern, was waiting for us. He has kindly sent her here from Cairo to take us up to the First Cataract. Directly we went on board we were introduced to Emil Brugsch Bey, who is going all the way up with us, to explain all about the antiquities and his recent discoveries. Everything is most comfortably arranged on board, and each of us has a nice little cabin for sleeping in with large ports three feet square. We dined at 8.30 P.M. in the deck house, which extends the whole length of the after-part of the upper deck, and as it was a nice cool evening, sat, and walked about, on the poop, which is on the top of this, after dinner. We sent a telegram to the Khedive before turning in, telling him how comfortable we were. The party consists of Sir Edward Malet and Mr. Graham, Ismail Pasha Yousri, Zechi Bey and Brugsch Bey, Doctor Turnbull, Captain

Smythe, Mr. Dalton, Le Marchant, Wemyss, Osborne, and ourselves.

March 8th.—Cast off at 5 A.M. and commenced steaming up the Nile, temperature 65°. Breakfast at 8 A.M. in the deck cabin; after which we go on to the poop above and sit under the awning that is spread like a roof and makes it a smoking and writing room in the open air; or else sit in the space abaft the deck cabin, where there is a piano, and a divan running round the stern in the shade. The *Ferouze* is 200 feet long, but only draws between three and four



THE NILE FROM THE FIRST CATARACT.

feet of water; we are steaming six and eight knots against the Nile current, which is running down to-day about three knots an hour. She is beautifully clean, and fitted in European style with bathrooms, &c. At first the range of hills on the eastern side, tawny yellow, flat-topped and even like lines of giant ramparts, shut us in. At places these hills are 1,000 feet high; the breadth of the valley between them varies from fourteen miles to thirty-two, but the land that is cultivated nowhere exceeds nine miles in breadth,

and often is far less. The soil that has been deposited by the Nile over this distance is between thirty and forty feet deep; beneath that is sea sand, showing, that in pre-historic times a narrow estuary of the sea ran up as far as Silsileh, or the First Cataract. The grey loamy-looking banks shelve down steeply to the river on either side; those on the right-hand side to-day are green with maize. Here and there are mud villages, and groves of palm or of sunt-trees (the acacia of the Nile), whose foliage gives them a rounded appearance like woods in England. Beyond them rise the other parallel, but more distant, chain of mountains on the western or Libyan horizon.

We passed many dahabeeyahs, which look very comfortable, just like a house-boat in China, only they sail much better; they won't tack however, and are always obliged to wear. The majority of them are chartered by Americans, who make up the greatest proportion of Nile tourists; next to them come the English, then the German, and last of all the French, in point of numbers. Passed also many native boats with two feet of gunwale extra, the wood being plastered with mud to keep out the wash from the steamers. At 10 A.M. the postal steamer going north down the Nile passed us.

Here and there the sheikhs of the villages come out on the bank and shout directions to our captain where the deep water is under their cliffs, for the sand-banks in the river alter every three or four days. The post of village sheikh usually passes from father to son, unless the people complain and get leave to choose another. At many villages the populace collect on the banks in their white turbans and long blue robes, each man carrying a straight stick five feet long in his hand. We sit all the morning pleasantly watching them and chatting or reading. We pass now and then a sand-bank that is gradually drying from the falling of the Nile and revealing itself to the air; the people will soon settle upon it and get a melon crop there before the Nile rises in July. At another place we see the greyish-black water-buffaloes bathing in the stream, "like Pharaoh's kine," and boys with them in the water as brown and muddy as themselves. Of course we looked with some interest on the numberless water-wheels slowly revolving with their necklace of pots, to raise the water from the falling Nile to the top of the bank, or the still more frequent shadoof with the red-brown men in classic nakedness, and with nothing but a slip of scanty tunic round their loins, as they stoop and rise with the regularity of clockwork. They and their machine

are just the same as we see in the pictures of their ancestors 4,000 years ago.

The shadoof consists of a long stout pole or cross-beam, poised on a prop ten feet high; the stronger ones are palm stems, and sometimes are double. This cross-beam is balanced by a cord and bar joint so that it may move freely up and down, and is set at right angles to the river; a large ball of clay from the spot is lashed on to the in-shore end, which is the shorter half of the pole; on the other, or river side end, is suspended by twigs a goatskin bucket. This is the whole apparatus, and we had seen the same identical outcome of human instinct at work for raising water, both in the pampas of South America and also very largely in China. Here the man who is working it stands down at the bottom of the bank by the water's edge; before him is a hole full of water fed from the passing Nile stream. When working the machine he takes hold of the twig, by which the empty bucket is suspended, and bending down dips it in the water. His effort to rise gives the bucket full of water an upward cant which, with the aid of the weight of the ball of clay at the other end of the beam-pole, lifts it to a trough or pool into which as it tilts on one side he empties its contents. The bottom of this pool is often strengthened by layers of reeds or palm stems. What he has done has raised the water six or seven feet above the river. It generally requires another shadoof, the same exactly as the one below, to be worked by another man from this pool (into which the water of the first has been brought), in order to raise the water by a repetition of the movement six or seven feet more to the top of the bank. And if the river has sunk still lower, a third shadoof, bar, pole, and man, will be required above that before the water can be lifted to the highest basin at the top of the bank so as to enable it to flow off to the little channels that border the fields that require irrigation. When the river rises, one terrace after another is swept away, and when it sinks again as many new ones are constructed every year. The fellaheen ("tillers," "peasants,") get about fourpence a day for this work, and they have to keep at it for nine hours out of every twenty-four; the constant stoop is monotonous and must be trying to the back, but the actual labour is not so very great. Thus, in most ancient times did men discover how to save labour by mechanical means; it is effective and cheap, and labour is economised. Steam-pumping gear they can not afford, and it would get out of order at the inundation. Sorghum, or else bean-flour bread, is their staple food, cut up in slices and dried

in the sun, as brown as gingerbread and as hard as ship's biscuit. Maize, or wheaten bread, is only obtainable by the wealthier. They eat this greenish brown-bread toast, soaked in hot water, flavoured with linseed oil, pepper and salt, and stirred in with boiled lentils and onions, till the whole becomes of the colour, flavour, and consistence of thick pea-soup. They take it with a little coffee twice a day and now and then a handful of dates. In summer time, herbs, cucumbers, melons, and pumpkins, with which the land teems, are largely consumed; sour milk of the goat or buffalo is taken in very small quantities. On the three days of the Beiram festival only do the majority get meat at all. At present the fellaheen owe from 10,000,000*l.* to 12,000,000*l.* sterling to usurers for which they pay interest at between thirty and fifty per cent.[1]

Coffee and tobacco are indeed the only luxuries of the Egyptian fellaheen. The native tobacco sells in the bazaars at sixpence a pound, but it is raised from an inferior seed and on a bad soil, and is spoiled in the growing; instead of being nipped off when green and dried in the shade the leaves are allowed to wither on the stalk before they are gathered. The result is a kind of rank hay without strength or flavour, which is smoked only by those who cannot afford to buy either Turkish or Syrian tobacco. The blood of these peasants is pure Egyptian and they are of finer physical development and darker complexions than those in the Delta further north, who are of a more mixed breed.

The sole wealth of Egypt is derived from the soil; and it is the fellaheen (the "tillers") who alone till the soil; and they are neither fitted nor inclined for other work. They are, in fact, the Egyptian "people," as distinguished from the Circassian white slave, or pasha at Cairo—the governing class under Turkish rule; and

[1] By the old native law and custom a fellah could not be dispossessed of his land for debt without his own consent; but the Mixed Tribunals which now decide any dispute that may arise between a native and a foreigner have full authority to let the creditor sell the fellah's land, even to secure payment of a debt of trifling value. They (the Mixed Tribunals) are regarded as a machine for transferring the land from the native peasant proprietors to foreign usurers—Greek, Syrian, Jewish, etc. As a matter of fact, a great deal of land has been so transferred through their means; and the process is now going on at an accelerated rate. "In many villages I saw handsome European houses, surrounded by gardens, vineyards, and well-stocked farms; and invariably the natives told me that these properties belonged to money-lenders, who had become possessed of them by degrees, adding field to field, through the instrumentality of the Mixed Tribunals. They had drawn the net of indebtedness round the fellah, and when it suited them to absorb his land they had foreclosed; and then, although the debt might fall far short of the value of the land, yet from the method of procedure far away in the courts in Cairo—a procedure utterly obscure to the poor ignorant peasant—the land has been knocked down to the foreign creditor, well versed and instructed in the ways of these courts."—Blue Book, Egypt, No. 7, (1883.)

they are the sinews of the national strength. They are above five feet six, most of them, with broad shoulders and chests, but narrow in the hip; their legs seem thin but muscular; their feet long and flat, for they always go barefoot. Their heads are large, their cheeks full and round. Though large of frame they seldom grow fat; both the women and girls are remarkable for their slender build. The men keep their heads shaved, and the boys do the same, with the exception that these latter allow one long lock to grow from the right hand side of the skull, which is plaited and twisted, exactly as their ancestors did 4,000 years and more ago. The effect of the boy's side-lock is very odd; when young they are docile, active and intelligent. The Egyptian people have been subdued again and again by invading hordes; and the Assyrian, the Persian, the Ethiopian, the Greek, the Roman and the Arab blood, which has been intermixed with that of the old Egyptian, but slightly, if at all, affects the mass of the people. The early præpotent type remains essentially and identically the same as it was thousands of years ago; it is stated that in the descendants of mixed marriages after the third generation the foreign blood seems to be eliminated and the traits of the race reassert themselves in their original purity. It is strange that the race should have so totally forgotten their own mother-tongue, the Coptic, and have adopted that of their conquerors (the Arabic), along with their religion too, Islam.

If the people only knew their own native Coptic tongue they would be a great help to deciphering and reading the hieroglyphics, which are, of course, nothing but old Coptic: as it is, much in the ancient funeral rites as described on the papyri is obscure to Europeans, partly from their unfamiliarity with later Coptic. The Copts pick up well the resemblance between the sounds of the old Coptic of the hieroglyphics to the modern. The population of Egypt, from Alexandria to Philæ, was seven and a half-millions in the time of Herodotus, and according to Josephus the same (exclusive of Alexandria) under Nero; that is, was equivalent to that of England at the beginning of George III.'s reign, or twice that of Scotland at the present time. The present population number 6,800,000. At the time of the nation's greatest prosperity and when all the irrigation works now out of use were in order, it is probable that the country supported a population half as numerous again. From Cairo to Philæ is about 600 miles: but the area of the cultivated land, the narrow strip on each side the Nile, has remained unaltered for

ages: it is rather less than that of Belgium at the present day.[1] Its mean width in Upper Egypt is from half to three-quarters of a mile. There is a want of more people (as we have found in so many other countries of the world), to develop its resources. The industry and power of endurance of the Egyptian fellah is enormous; no imported agricultural labourers can ever hope to compete with them; the labour is continuous, there is no repose in the winter or the summer. Under a proper and sensible government, they would multiply much faster than they do now. There is a terrible infant mortality, three children out of every five dying under two years of age. To wash young children is considered injurious to their health, and so the dirt they are left in engenders all sorts of diseases: the children are prevented by their mothers from even brushing away the flies that settle in their eyes and eat them away: they excuse their laziness also by telling you that they are afraid of the evil eye of envy that might harm their children if they were too pretty. This gives the children very "evil eyes" themselves at any rate; and what with carelessness, bad food, and the neglect of the most primary elements of health, it is a wonder that forty per cent. of the whole infant population should actually live to grow up, and not more than one in twenty should be wholly or partly blind from ophthalmia. We remarked that, curiously, most of the sailors in the yacht had light and blue eyes: brown or black is the usual colour of the race. At 2 P.M. passed Akhmeem (the ancient Panopolis[2]) on the eastern bank of the river: it is market-day there to-day, and many people are about. A great number of the inhabitants are Christians. The old town wall by the river side erected to keep off the force of the current still stands. It was here that Nestorius after sixteen years exile ended his days, and is buried. The fields to-day just outside the town are full of green onions in white blossom. At 3.40 P.M. we passed immediately under Djebel Took where the lofty limestone hills come sheer down to the west bank of the river and are honey-

[1] Of the 5,000,000 acres of cultivable land in Egypt, 1,000,000 belongs to the Khedive, his family, or great pashas; 1,000,000 to the public creditors, and 3,000,000 to the fellaheen. Mr. Rowsell, Commissioner of the Domains, reports that under 3,500,000 acres are taxed at 25*s.* per acre: and 1,330,000 acres at 11*s.* an acre. This latter class is mainly in the hands of the wealthy pashas, and the Daira Domains. The rating of all the land at the same figure would enable a general reduction of 14 per cent. to be made in the taxation of Upper Egypt, and of 18 per cent. in that of Lower Egypt, without any diminution of the revenue.

[2] It was here that M. Maspero in the spring of 1885 discovered one of the most extensive cemeteries in Egypt. Some of the tombs belong to the time of the Sixth Dynasty; others to that of the Eighteenth.

combed with stone quarries and tombs, some of them of the Sixth Dynasty. The view approaching Geergeh from the north, late in the afternoon, was very pretty. The city stands on the western bank; and with its minarets and palms and the line of blue hills in the distance behind it (amongst which hills was Abŷdôs) is seen on our right hand over the wide expanse of Nile which here broadens out to a considerable width: on the left or eastern side, the limestone hills have for a while receded from the river, and green fields prevail. It is eighty miles from Siout to Geergeh, and we have made the run in eleven hours, arriving at 4.30 P.M., and here we moor for the night. So ends our first, happy, sunny day on the Nile, where merely to breathe the air, dry, light, and warm, as we sit under the awning on deck, is a delicious pleasure. We landed and walked up into the town, which is just the same in outward appearance as so many others that we have passed to-day. The square pigeon-towers, embedded round the top with layers of wide-mouthed pots turned on their sides for the pigeons which swarm at every village to build their nests in, and stuck with two rows of leafless acacia boughs like ragged banner-poles for them to alight upon, stand up at intervals from the houses of mud bricks. The pigeons are supposed by their dung to benefit the crops, which however, they largely consume. As the country is thickly peopled, and supports numerous cattle, there ought to be no lack of natural manure, but, owing to wood being extremely scarce, the dung of the domestic animals is used for fuel. Geergeh received its name from St. George, who is the patron saint of the Egyptian Christians. He is really only their fathers' Horus, the Victorious over Evil, in a new dress. We saw his picture in the Coptic Church into which we went and about the interior of which there was a smell of incense still lingering. It was a square building divided into three equal parts, in the centre one of which was the chief altar inside its screen; on either side of this there was a chapel with many small paintings of saints hanging in small, plain, gilt frames around. The communion plate was on the altar and covered, as were also the robes for the priest. The priests brought us many richly-bound copies of manuscripts to look at; when asked, however, they could not read an old manuscript of the Gospels in Greek on vellum. Other old Coptic manuscripts were supplemented with Arabic notes and running commentary at the sides: there was one small manuscript nailed up in a case which they would not open and seemed to set great store by. They showed us also several small pieces of old plate

belonging to the church, and it seems likely that they have other curiosities which we did not see. The Copts who held fast to their Christianity are about one-tenth of the population of Egypt: they all wear dark turbans, blue or black: they are sharp at figures and are in request as bookkeepers and clerks in the towns. Being Christians they can indulge in drunkenness, but not polygamy. We also went into the old mosques: they are all ruinous. The largest is approached up a flight of steps from one of the streets, which are built narrow for the sake of coolness, and constructed of brown mud walls, at the top of which, in places, a ragged canopy is drawn, and on either side are the shops and bazaar of the place. We enter through the door and find that one-half of the mosque (that nearest the river) is gone, broken away by Nile inundation: the whole is roofless and open to the air. Over the Kibleh is still some good geometric work of inlaid marble; there are also encaustic tiles in some places of beautiful design, which (as the whole place is rapidly disappearing), it seems a pity are not rescued for some house decoration. A hundred years ago it lay a quarter of a mile from the river; ten years ago it was yet perfect; after a few more inundations it will be swept away. The stone capitals of the columns which once supported the roof are also well cut. In the centre the pavement has given way and we look down into the vaults beneath. Returning to the yacht through the town we noticed the wood-carved beams over the doors of many of the houses; and the inscriptions in Arabic painted in bright colours over the doors of those Moslems who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Some of us went away for a row in the boat belonging to the yacht before dinner, and made a few sketches in our book. Dined at 8 P.M. and afterwards Brugsch Bey gave us a little lecture, over coffee and cigarettes, on the temples we are going to see to-morrow.

March 9th.—Got underway at 6 A.M., and made fast to the bank again at Bellianeh before 8 A.M. Temperature in the cabin on awaking 60°, on returning in the afternoon 80°. At 8.30 A.M. landed and mounted donkeys and horses to ride to Abydôs. The donkeys are large, powerful, and well kept, their trot is not bad, and their gallop good; by far the most comfortable way of riding them is without stirrups, in native fashion. We rode through the mud village, the white-turbaned and long-robed native policemen with staves keeping off the people, who have evidently been bidden not to cry for "backsheesh," and so there are no utterances of these syllables, except a few illicit ones from children under their breath,

and from boys with slings, who, when we were once outside the village, are very anxious to exhibit their prowess. Abydôs is between eight and nine miles distant from the river, and though the path thither is rather dusty and hot, yet it leads across the fields in which the barley harvest has already begun; the beans in bloom and the clover are smelling sweet, and the wheat is yet green. By the side of the path here and there are the queer little square stands, five or six feet high, for boys to mount on for bird-scaring, and as outlooks of observation over the flat bean-fields. In one place we passed across the embankments, and down into the dry bed, of one of the canals which has just been made in preparation for the Nile inundation, though it will not begin till the end of June. The bed of this was between forty and fifty feet wide at the least, and from it on either side rose the light-brown fresh-turned embankment to the same height; for half this height, that is, twenty or twenty-five feet, the embankments are above the level of the surrounding country. These canals have to be constructed or repaired by the Government afresh every year; but it is a duty that cannot be performed without the willing or unwilling co-operation of several thousand workmen. From time immemorial the frequent construction of canals has been reckoned among the first duties of an Egyptian ruler. As Osiris was the source of all fertility to the land of Egypt (the "Principle of Abundance" "the Soul of the Sun," were two of his titles as early as the Eighteenth Dynasty), so the king for the time being was the embodiment of the same fertilising power while causing the execution of these fertilising works: without them the land could not be properly irrigated, the crops would fail and the nation starve. But the fellaheen would never voluntarily combine for labour of this description even though they were paid wages, unless compelled by a higher power so to do for their own ultimate benefit. Frugal, patient, easily contented, his own shadoof is enough for his own patch, and so long as he can raise his three or four little crops a year, neither he nor his family will starve: what to him are the needs of a district six or seven hundred miles away? We are riding across the plain of ancient Thinis, and can understand why the first forefathers of the Egyptian race settled upon this as their headquarters. They probably crossed from Arabia and landed at Kossayr, on the Red Sea, then marched eighty miles across to Coptos and descended the Nile to Keneh, whence another easy fifty miles down stream would bring them here upon the wider

part of the Nile valley, where the mountains retire to a greater distance on either side of the river than they do even in the somewhat similar plain of Thebes. To the north and the south the view over the green plain ends only with the horizon. Facing us as we ride towards the west rise in semicircle the flat-topped Libyan mountains. At their foot, and in their embrace, stood Thinis. Here Mena (literally "the founder"), the first king of Egypt, is said to have been born; and here stood the buildings of the First Dynasty, all of which have disappeared. Here it was that the first community of immigrants into pre-historic Egypt built their first temple, and first called the land Kham (the "black" land) on account of the colour of the soil, which contrasted so strongly in colour with that they had left. We arrived at Abŷdôs (the land or region of Osiris) about noon, and as it was getting warm were glad to go straight into the shade of the "Memnonium," as Strabo called the temple of Sethi, through a misunderstanding of what the priests told him. He thought they meant a king of this name, and it is possible that either Miamun, the second name of Rameses II., or else Men, or Menno, which is the Egyptian word for abode or resting-place, the term that was applied to Abŷdôs as "the resting or burial place" of Osiris the fertiliser, may have led to the confusion. The Well described by Strabo (xvii. p. 813) as being more wonderful in construction than the temple itself, and to which there was a descent by an arched passage of huge stones, has not yet been found. It was made by Osirtasen of the Twelfth Dynasty, who built a temple here to Osiris; this old temple was cleansed and embellished by Thothmes III.: fifteen centuries afterwards it had fallen to decay again; Sethi rebuilt it, but dying before the work was finished his son, persuaded that "to honour the memory of his father was the chief duty and the first work of a dutiful son," completed it. On the left wall of the entrance is a long inscription describing all this.[1]

The plan and construction of this temple of Sethi is totally different from that of the ordinary Egyptian temples. In it not one local manifestation of the divinity only was worshipped, but apparently the chief gods of Upper and Lower Egypt each in his separate shrine.

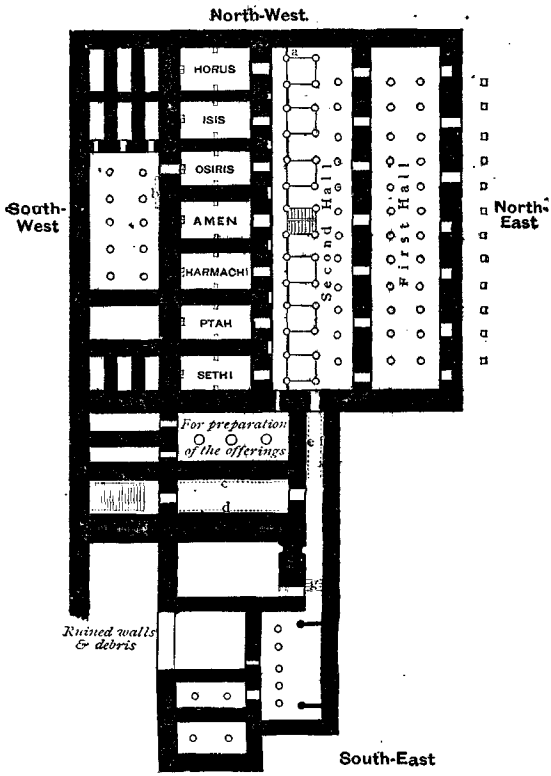
It would seem that Sethi (who lived just about midway between the time of Mena and that of Christ, and about as long before our Lord as the Protestant Reformation was after), erected here, in the cradle of his race, this temple, to initiate his son, the great Rameses the Second, not only into the mysteries of the principles of the

[1] Translated in Brugsch's *History of Egypt*, vol. ii. pp. 36-45.

religion of his people, but also to instruct him in the history of his ancestors. His own capital and his own chief buildings were at Thebes, and at San in the Delta: but this spot of Thinis, as the seat of the ancient monarchy, was still regarded with peculiar awe and reverence, and hence was most appropriate for a temple of this kind, which no doubt he reared in the place of the older temples of former dynasties, and sought to embrace under one roof the various divinities whose worship they had severally enshrined. From each of their local centres of worship, to Osiris of Abŷdôs, he brought Ptah from Memphis, Amen from Thebes, Horus from Edfoo, Isis from Denderah, Hor-m-akhu from On.

We went all round the interior with Brugsch Bey before lunch, where now "passer invenit sibi domum" and the swallow a nest for herself "ubi ponat pullos suos;" many of them were chirping and singing among the emblems and symbols of a dead religion and the effigies of far-off old kings. The first or front hall was added by Sethi's son, Rameses II., to complete his father's temple; the sculptures are poorer, and often of a most indifferent workmanship: quantity, not quality, is what he strove after in all his buildings. The sculptures run all round the hall, each picture always shows the king making an offering on one side, and receiving a gift on the other. The figures here, instead of being in bas-relief, are cut in and sunk half an inch below the surface, and represent Rameses as still a young man, receiving blessings of long life, purity, truth, and power from all the various divinities. The twenty-four round columns are also inscribed with the same pictures. Much of the roof of this hall, blocks of flat stone, is still remaining, ornamented with ovals and stars, but much blackened. The temple was once all thus roofed in, except where the light was admitted through small orifices into the vaulted chambers; this dim religious light was partly for coolness and escape from the flies, and partly for mystery. Seven entrances lead from the first hall of Rameses II. into the second of Sethi, where there are thirty-six columns in three rows. In each of these entrances there were folding-doors; the sockets for their hinges are still there. All round this second hall the sculptures are in low relief, and of very fine finish: the lowest tier represents the forty-two nomes or provinces of Egypt offering gifts, and above them, all round, is Sethi supplicating from the different divinities "power and life." In some of the sculptures he wears a diaphanous kilt, and his dark brown legs look rosy through it; in others he has the thick, white, starched

apron. In the north-west corner of this court is the celebrated picture of Sethi (a) offering to the Triad of Osiris, Isis and Horus, an image of the goddess of justice and truth as what he held most precious. Osiris is sitting, and Isis is standing behind with wings extended, "vitam fovens Osiridis," and the youthful Horus, again, behind her; symbols respectively of the masculine or active power,



GROUND PLAN OF PANTHEON AT ABYDOS.

a Trinity of Deities; *b* Horus Anubis; *c* slaying the bull; *d* fishing in the fens; *e* tablet of Abydos; *f* 130 divinities; *g* blocked.
The temple proper is exactly square: the first hall is the same depth as the seven tabernacles, forty-two feet.

and of the female or passive power, and of their product, in nature. This picture is said to be the *chef d'œuvre* of the art of the Nineteenth Dynasty, and very fine it looks, both in colour, outline and composition, when viewed from the end of the corridor with the noon-day sun shining full upon it.

This second hall opens into seven parallel vaulted chambers; along in front of which, between their doors and the third line of pillars, runs a platform, one foot and a-half above the level of the floor of the second hall. It is approached by seven slopes between the first and second rows of pillars; each of these seven slopes is opposite to one of the seven doors of the vaulted chambers; that in the middle has also seven steps on each side of its slope.

In the wall, between each of the entrances to the seven vaulted chambers, are shrines or square-cut niches, each four feet deep; and on the wall are portrayed each of the divinities protecting Sethi. These seven vaulted chambers are roofed with large blocks of stone extending from wall to wall, so that, considerable thickness having been given to the roof, a semi-circular vault was afterwards cut into it without endangering its solidity. The ceilings are covered with stars and ovals of the king, and bands of hieroglyphics, now much blackened from the fires of the Copts who lived in the temple when it was half filled with sand. Each of these seven sanctuaries is of the same construction, and is forty-two feet long and seventeen feet wide. Half-way up the side of each are square pillars projecting from the wall that do not support the roof, but were intended to carry the veil which hung in front of the inner tabernacle, on the walls of which is always depicted the sacred boat carrying the veiled shrine of the particular divinity to whom the chamber was dedicated. The prow of the boat is varied in each tabernacle with the symbol of the particular god whose shrine it carries. In each chamber Sethi is supplicating and asking, with offerings of the various produce of his land, for power and life (the crook is the symbol of Power and the cross with the circle on top the symbol of eternal Life); and each god says in turn, "I give thee power, eternal life, constancy, endurance, and numerous days." All the pictures in each chamber relate to ceremonies which the king ought successively to perform in that chamber. At the further end of each of these seven tabernacles is a kind of double recess that looks like a couple of false doors with a pillar in the centre. They are so arranged that a table stood in front of them, on which, no doubt, reposed the boat containing the veiled ark of each divinity. The king, as high priest having been previously purified with incense and living blood, on entering the chamber is represented as first turning to the right hand; going up that side of the tabernacle, he raised the veil that hung in the midst, went in and offered incense before the ark at the

end, then lifted the covering that was over the ark, opened the door of the shrine in which the statue was, incensed it, placed his hands upon it, perfumed it and re-covered it, and then came out from behind the veil, passing down the left side of the chamber. There are thirty-six such pictures in each tabernacle. The names and images of each of the seven presiding deities are repeated upon all the surfaces of the particular aisle which leads up through the two forecourts to the door of his special tabernacle chamber. The centre tabernacle was dedicated to Amen, "the hidden," the generator, symbolised here with his ram's head, and as in the great temple at Karnak, the presiding divinity. The next one, that to the north and on his right hand, was dedicated to Osiris under many forms, and this chamber is so far different from the rest that it opens into a hall behind, the roof of which was supported by ten columns, and out of this again open on the north side some smaller chambers in which were deposited the sacred arks and vessels. On the east wall of this, on the left-hand of the doorway, approaching it from the Osiris tabernacle, is a beautiful sculpture (b) of Horus Anubis in his shrine. The next of the seven tabernacle chambers is dedicated to Isis, and the next (the last on this side) to Horus; by the entrance to it, on the north wall, is the picture of the Triad (a) described above. Of the three remaining chambers, that next to the central one on the south side is dedicated to Hormakhu, the hawk-headed. The next chamber is dedicated to Ptah; and in the seventh and last chamber all the six divinities are represented as coming to Sethi himself and doing him reverence, and each, instead of praying, says, "I, as god, give unto thee, Sethi, eternal life." Thus as it were, saying "Thy prayers are heard thy sacrifices are accepted, and I have added unto thy days numerous years: flourish thou and thy land and thy family, and in thyself and thy descendants reflect the beneficent power and attributes of god." In the chamber next to this last, in which Sethi has been thus assured that the divinities have accepted his offerings, is the large chamber with three pillars which was used for the priests to prepare the various offerings in, and on the walls of which Sethi is represented as offering to all of them. This chamber communicates by a door, so that the priests could conveniently come out on to the platform, which runs along in front of all of the seven tabernacles, bearing what was required for the particular service in hand.

Midway down the south side of the second hall opens a door

leading up a slight incline into a long passage. On the left wall of this are represented four scenes, apparently descriptive of the dedication of the whole temple. In the third of these, Sethi and his son Rameses II. are represented standing in front of a tablet (f), on which are engraved the names of 130 divinities to whom he offers gifts, and who are called "the great and the small cycle of the divinities of the sacred places of the north and the south." (Rameses has represented himself on the front wall of the first hall, which he built in front of his father's temple, as following that father's example and revering the same 130.) On the opposite side of the passage is the far-famed "tablet of Abydôs," (e), in which Sethi is introducing his young son to seventy-six kings, his predecessors, from Mena, the first king, to Sethi himself. Rameses by right of his mother was born king, and was associated with his father as co-regent from his birth. Sethi is offering the sacrifice of fire that vivifies, and stands behind the boy, who holds a papyrus roll in each hand, and is reciting the sacred hymn. "Revere and emulate them, my son." "I will and do revere their righteous examples, and the records of their deeds I grasp firmly in hand." "Hear my prayer, my Father, my Lord, crown my son as king, make him a powerful hero, lord of the two lands, Rameses, son of the Sun, the true ruler, beloved of Amen. Thou art leading him to be king although he is still a lad; thou appointest him for living ruler over the land, let him reign in health, wealth, and strength for myriads of years; be his shield and buckler, his sword and his defence against all his enemies: defeat all the evil, and grant that he may be resolute in heart, and establish thou the love of him in the hearts of gods and men, and may he be their delight and reverence. Fulfil all the good things which thou didst promise me, O Lord, on earth, for my son who is upon my throne; may he hand on his kingdom to the sons of his sons for ever and ever. Conduct thou him and all his sons and kings that may come after him, and make them continually religious; prolong his duration of life beyond all kings, and if I have done aught pleasing to thee reward thou it to him: let all the nations and kingdoms bow down before him, and peace, plenty, and prosperity be in his days, Rameses, son of the Sun, the true ruler, beloved of Amen." His prayer was answered, and his son's reign endured for sixty-seven years, as usually reckoned from the date of his being associated at twelve years of age with his father on the throne.

These seventy-six kings represent as many generations of men,

who lived during a space of time which is greater than the sum total of the years that have elapsed from Rameses II. down to the present day; and they are only those who were of the legitimate line; the Hyksos, or shepherd kings, who reigned at Zoan are omitted as foreign usurpers. The names are arranged in three lines one above the other; the tablet was discovered in 1865. Rameses II. repeated this list of the seventy-six kings in his own temple hard by; that list is not so fine as this one. It was carried off by the French consul and sold in Paris, where it was bought for the British Museum. This corridor is blocked at the end at present by a wall (g), so too is what used to be the entrance to it from the south-west. We crawled, however, through a hole in it just beyond the tablet of Abydos, and came into a second passage leading south-west, on the north side of which is the large picture of Sethi (c) teaching his boy Rameses to catch and slay a wild bull for sacrifice; in the next group the knife is being put into its throat and the bull is sacrificed. On the opposite, or south side of this passage, he is represented (d) as netting wildfowl by the help of Anubis and Horus to offer to Amen-Ra of Thebes. From this passage we ascend by the flight of steps and go round the exterior of the temple in the glaring sun and sand to the front again, noticing that only two of the seven doors that led from the front portico into the first hall are now open, the others are all blocked from the outside and apparently have always been so, for the hieroglyphics and pictures are continued right across them. This temple was building while the Israelites were in Egypt, and it was the daughter of this Rameses who adopted Moses for her son. If he had willed it, he might, as less able men have done, have brought it about that as her son (for she was the favourite daughter of her father, and is interred in the tombs of the Queens at Thebes), he should have been King of Egypt, instead of the weak Meneptah who succeeded. Learned as he was in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and knowing well all these their emblems and symbols and principles of religious worship, he broke through and away from them all, and taught his Israel to reverence only the self-existent Being, that was hidden behind all the others, "Nuk-anuk." "I myself" the "I Am that Am" of the Hieratic papyrus of the Sixth Dynasty, and the one creator of all revered as Amen, the Invisible, during the preceding Twelfth and Eighteenth Dynasties. Though to the priests and kings and initiated the Egyptian gods were only symbols, and emblems, yet to the people generally they were real

fetishes, and each the centre of a divided worship. Moses would raise his people from this, and make them "a kingdom of priests," all initiated, all brought into personal contact with the one God, and worshiping only "He who Is," of the elder Egyptians.

We had lunch in the shade in the tabernacle chamber of Osiris, and afterwards sat about sketching or snoozing for a bit, until we mounted and rode on to the remains of the neighbouring temple of Rameses II. dedicated to Osiris, a little to the north of this his father's temple. Although at the beginning of this century the temple was nearly complete, now very little more remains than the foundation of the walls which rise in some places eight feet. Sethi's temple that we have just left was built of limestone; in this of the son alabaster and red polished granite were freely introduced. We went into the great court which is surrounded by eighteen Osiride figures, and where the pillars are all square, not round as in Sethi's temple. It opens into the inner chambers beyond by a magnificent doorway of polished red and black granite; the doorposts are sculptured with figures of Thoth, the god of literature, who records in writing the deeds of Rameses; close at hand to him is Ma, the goddess of truth and justice. In some places the hieroglyphics cut on the red granite have been filled in with blue. There are two courts with nine shrines in each, three on either side of the court with a square chapel to complete each corner; the one in the right-hand corner of the further court has two pillars and was lined throughout with alabaster slabs. It was on the exterior of this temple that his wars with the Kheta were described, those which remain *in situ* on the base of the northern wall still represent horses and chariots and a river in which many of his soldiers are being drowned. The incised sculptures and hieroglyphs are far rougher in execution than those in Sethi's temple. We then rode, still in a northerly direction, to the great tumulus of Teni, the site of Thinis, and to the mound called Kom-es-Sultan. This was "as much venerated by the ancient Egyptians as the Holy Sepulchre is by the Christians," for here it was supposed that the head of Osiris was buried, and this great mound on which we stand is wholly artificial and consists of a mass of graves heaped one above the other, "a kind of human coral-reef built up from age to age with the ashes of generations." Wealthy Egyptians are said to have been brought from all parts of Egypt to be buried here beside Osiris, to await their happy second birth in the brightness of his pure light. The other parts of his body, according to the legend, were buried in other parts of Egypt; the

two branches of the Nile, forming between them the Delta, were held to be his two legs; so that his whole length would extend throughout the land from his head here to his feet in the north. Afterwards the head was said to have been removed still further south to Philæ. We stand on the top and look down into the huge pit whose sides are roughly built of sun-baked mud bricks, many of them bearing the date of the Sixth Dynasty (*i.e.* 3000 B.C.); other tombs belong to the Twelfth Dynasty (2000 B.C.) and others to the Thirteenth. But now it is like a great empty reservoir, for all those mummies that were buried here (most of them before the two temples of Sethi and Rameses we have just seen were built) at a great cost and after high fees to the priests of Osiris, have been dug out and the funeral tablets taken right away, some to Paris, and others to the Boolak Museum, to the number of three thousand or more. Mariette Bey hoped that in the centre of this heap he might come upon "the tomb of Osiris," but at the bottom nothing was found but the live rock. This necropolis of Osiris was immediately behind the town of Thinis, which stood on its eastern side; the western gate of the town would lead straight out to the little white stone temple of Osiris, now in utter ruins, with its four pillars, which stands immediately at the foot of the southern slope of Kom-es-Sultan, and which is of an unknown antiquity. On either side of the road from the western gate of the old city out to this little temple is a lake, in which the water is still standing from the last inundation in October and may very probably last till the next in June; on the borders of these are the foundations of other old temples and buildings. Down to that very lake on the general feast of the dead (or All Souls) on the 18th and 19th of the month sacred to Thoth (July), as well as on the special feasts of Osiris, the holy bark of the god was borne through the fields and launched, with mystic ceremonies, while the festival of "the voyage" of the god was celebrated in the stillness of night. The square brick building or rectangular court enclosed by a double wall, from which the tombs were watched and guarded from depredations, was pointed out to us away to the north. It is one of the very few ancient Egyptian forts remaining. Still standing on the mound and looking away to the north, we see the Coptic monastery of Amba Musâss, a square high-walled building with a number of little domes. But it is the view looking due east that is by far the most full of interest. There lie the remains of the ancient city founded between four and five thousand years before

Christ, and for long ages, wherever the political capital might be under successive dynasties, the Holy City of Egypt. We rode back over the plain to Bellianeh, across fields to-day of an emerald green; as the sun went down, the hills on the opposite side of the Nile away to the east became almost invisible in the haze of the far distance. Got on board soon after five; then went away in the boat all together for a good bathe on the opposite side of the river and came back much refreshed; dined at 8 P.M.; had another short lecture from Brugsch Bey after dinner over coffee and cigarettes concerning what we are to see to-morrow.

March 10th.—Left Bellianeh at 5.30 A.M.; bright moon shining at the time, cool wind from the north and slight clouds, temperature in the cabin 64°. Did the first twenty miles and passed Farshoot, with its sugar-works and factory before breakfast, and at 8 A.M. saw the white dome of Sheikh Saleem's tomb in a field on the west bank. The Nile valley is very broad here, opening out on each side. Along the west bank run the telegraph wires; palm and acacia trees break the monotony of the green fields. Most of us take the opportunity this morning of writing letters—but the flies are very troublesome on the top of the poop under the awning—as we hope to catch the postal steamer to-night going down to Cairo.[1] At Dishneh all the inhabitants turn out with banners, making quite a show as they run along on the eastern bank. We accomplished our fifty-eight miles' run, and arrived at Boramsur at 2 P.M., where made fast to the western bank. Had lunch on board, and then at 3 P.M. started for Denderah on donkeys. A pleasant ride of half an hour across wheat fields just as in England, only the Libyan hills in the distance ahead, and the white-turbaned, blue-robed guard running along with staves in front dispel the illusion; to-day we have besides three soldiers galloping ahead. The "foot-guards" would persist in keeping in front, once or twice we tried to pass them; when they had been trotted clean out of breath we had to walk the donkeys, one of which was a splendid white ass from Mecca belonging to a neighbouring bey and tended by a slave from the Soudan, black and better dressed than any of the free men, as he has a master who takes a pride in keeping

[1] These postal steamers run twice a week from Cairo to the first cataract. Excursionists give a fortnight to the journey thither and back; they stay four days at Luxor, and are charged 20*l.* everything included. Cairo to Luxor and back takes eleven days. There is railway communication between Cairo and Siout, whence the steamers start twice a week, accomplishing the voyage to Assouan and the first cataract in four and a-half days.

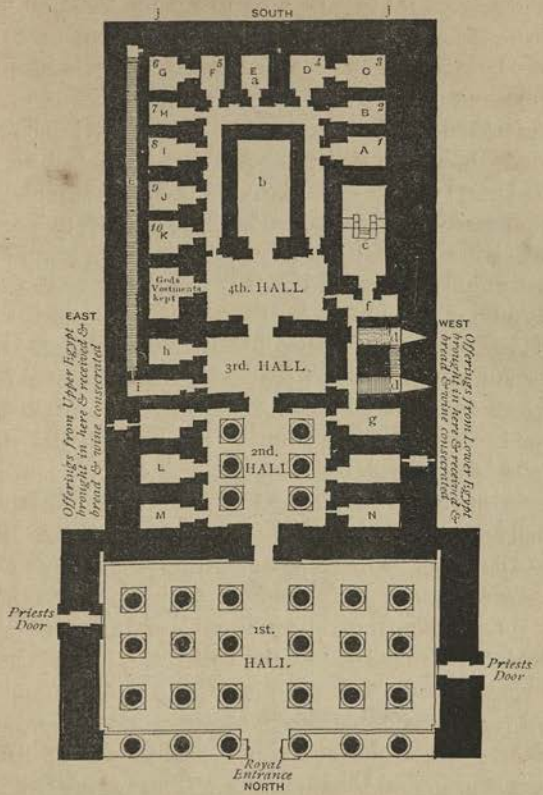
him nice, and an interest in keeping him well fed, whereas the others being their own masters, can do neither one nor the other.

Arrived in front of the temple we find that though it appears at a distance towering over the plain, yet it is only two-thirds of its height that we have seen; one-third (fully twenty feet) remains beneath the soil. The interior has, however, all been carefully excavated, and into this we now descend by a temporary staircase. Twenty-four huge columns support the roof of the first hall, the capital of each being the human-faced cow head of Athor. They are all knocked to pieces deliberately by the Christian Copts whose forefathers worshipped the goddess, and whose descendants in their turn have for the most part now adopted the religion of Islam. One head only, the second on the left-hand side on entering, when viewed from a stand-point immediately under the eastern wall, remains sufficiently intact to enable one to judge of the calm and beneficent aspect of her who represented the orderly, harmonious, life-giving queen of the bright heavens, either when bathed in the pure sunshine of day, or when glittering with the mild light of the stars at night. Athor was here revered in oldest times simply as the Fertile Mother, the cow and mate of the bull at Memphis; the milk-giver and nourisher of men. But into that pristine worship new meanings were continually being read. According to the latest developments of the Egyptian religion under the Greek Ptolemies, who particularly affected her worship, together with that of Horus, (as corresponding to that of Aphrodite and Apollo,) she was then regarded as the goddess of order and harmony, "the Divine Mother, who causes all vegetation to germinate, who gives life to mortals and satiates gods and goddesses with her gifts, who fills Egypt to overflowing with her benefits, and who carries fecundity and abundance into all the parts of the world; love being productive only in such measure as it is harmonious, and nature enduring only through the harmonious co-operation of all its parts." She is connected in this temple with every idea of youthfulness and expansion, and of the resurrection of nature, physical and moral, in spite of all hindrance and opposition. This present temple, compared to that we saw yesterday, is quite a modern one. Its foundations were laid about eighty years before Christ by the eleventh and last Ptolemy (father of Cleopatra); its construction was finished under Tiberius, and its decoration under the Emperor Nero. It was thus in course of completion all the time our Lord was living in Galilee. The whole of this front hall.

in fact, in which we are standing, was added by the Roman emperors, whose policy it was to erect temples to the old gods of every country they conquered, partly through vague reverence for them, and partly for their own glorification, and to win the good-will of the people of the conquered land; and certainly Athor, the goddess of law and order, would seem a specially fit one for the Romans to patronise.

There was an older temple here of the time of Khufu, the builder of the Great Pyramid, enlarged by Pepi of the Sixth Dynasty; which again in its turn was rebuilt by the great conqueror Thothmes III., and that lastly was succeeded by the present temple, the work of Cleopatra. Thus the site is as old as any in Egypt, although no part of the exterior at any rate of the existing building goes back beyond the time of Ptolemy. As it stands it is one of the most perfect temples in Egypt; the whole of the roof is entire, and every inch of the walls and columns and ceilings is covered by the most profuse picture decoration, which retains for the most part all the brightness of its original colouring, but is much less carefully cut than in the older temples, the spirit and real feeling being wanting. The sculptures for instance on the left hand or eastern wall of this entrance-hall represent the kings (*i.e.* in this instance the Roman emperors—Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, their names are all here in hieroglyphics) offering to Athor with the simple prayer continually repeated over and over again, until it almost loses its force—"May she give eternal life, health, and purity." All round on the lowest tier are figures of the forty-two nomes of Egypt personified, each bearing offerings, the produce of his province. On the right hand or west side of the hall are pictures representing the emperor-king preparing to enter the temple; robed and sandalled and with long staff in hand he is being purified by Thoth and Horus, who baptize him with the waters of life, after which he receives the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt from the lion-headed goddesses. On the left he is consecrated as king of Upper, and on the right as king of Lower, Egypt, and then, as rightful sovereign, conducted by Maut of Thebes (the southern capital) and Tum of Heliopolis (the northern capital) into the presence of Athor. The Nile depicted as a divinity is binding the lotus and papyrus together in token of his lordship over Upper and Lower Egypt. As in China so in Egypt, the Emperor alone as son of heaven offered sacrifices to the supreme deity. The State was a pure theocracy. The temples were properly nothing but the houses of prayer for the kings, into which it was lawful for none

but them and the consecrated priests to enter. God rules, the king was His incarnation; religion and state were one. On the ceiling



TEMPLE OF ATHOR AT DENDERAH.

The original temple of Ptolemy was a double square; the length of the interior from north to south being exactly double of that from east to west. To this temple the Roman Emperors added the first hall, of which the side walls, front screen and pillars are Roman work, but the south wall is the original front wall of Ptolemy's temple. This first hall is also a double square from wall to wall inside. It contains seven equal cubes from north to south, three of which are occupied by columns; and fourteen equal cubes from east to west, six of which are occupied by columns.

a.—Holy of Holies. The seven chambers A B C D E F G were all consecrate to Athor. In B the sculptures represent her with Horus, as Light conquering Darkness; in C and D, with Pasht, as Fire that vivifies; in F and G she is represented as daily renewing the life of the Sun. The three chambers H I J, are consecrate to Osiris, who in H as Hor-sam-to is rising again; and in I is conquering the Dragons; and in J is restored to life. K chamber was consecrate to Isis.

b.—Tabernacle for the Arks. c, Temple of the New Year; d. staircase for procession to go up on to roof; e, staircase for same to come down; f, g, chambers to form the procession in on New Year festival; h, i, chambers used on same festival; L, chamber where fruits of the soil were prepared; M, chamber where oils and perfumes were prepared; N, where metal works of art were prepared for offering; j j, Cleopatra's likeness on exterior wall.

above are the twelve signs of the zodiac, a beetle being substituted for the crab by the Roman artist out of flattery to the Egyptians; and here are the constellations amidst which are being navigated

the sacred boats on "the waters that be above the heavens." There were two other zodiacs in this temple sculptured on the ceilings of the smaller temples on the roof, to which we shall go up directly. On the bases of the pillars in the front hall are many indentations made by the rubbings of the native peasant women, who with some dim remembrance of the power of Athor-Aphrodite, and without any collusion with their sisters in China and Japan who practise the same edifying custom, take small stones which they rub up and down against the pillars and then throw over their shoulders, in hopes of becoming pregnant and increasing the human race, in the manner of Pyrrha and Deucalion. We go on from this first "hall of preparation" under a lofty doorway, through the wall which was the end of Ptolemy's temple. It was furnished with folding-doors of cedar wood and precious stones and metals, and leads into a second hall, the roof of which is supported by six columns, and called "the appearance of her sanctity," for here her emblem or picture was brought out from the further interior and shown to the initiated. On its walls is a calendar of the different *fête* days and what was done on each, that everything might be "done decently and in order." The ceremonies consisted chiefly of processions which went round the temple starting from this hall, ascended the terraces on to the roof, came down, and went round the wall that encircled the temple precincts. On either side of this hall are three chambers, each three with one entrance from the exterior; in them the fruits of the soil and offerings were collected and prepared. The third hall was also approached through folding-doors, but in it there are no columns, for it used to contain altars, before which prayers were recited as the procession passed. On the right and left are doorways leading to the staircases to the roof.

We pass then into the fourth or last hall, noticing the sockets for the hinges of the folding-doors, which, as well as those for the doors in the portals of the preceding halls, are all still in their places. Here in the centre of the hall, and immediately in front of us, (b), is the sacred "tabernacle" or boat-house, in front of which holy place hung a veil; and in the interior were laid up in darkness the two sacred boats, that of Athor on the left or eastern side, and that of Horus on the right or western. When not in use, these boats were placed here upon large rests; and when required for the service of the temple staves of wood were adjusted into them, by means of which they were carried about. In the centre of each of these boats was a small shrine

or "ark" adorned with the symbols of life, endurance, light and fertilising power. It contained the emblem of the god to which it was sacred, and was covered by a thick white veil. This tabernacle is nineteen feet in width, and no ray of the light of day was ever allowed to penetrate its veiled interior. The tabernacle itself is oblong, a square and half a square again, *i.e.* the length of the exterior wall contains the length of the width one and a-half times. The rest of the hall, represented by the passages round this tabernacle, was lighted from apertures in the roof. The whole, with the exception of the side chambers and the central tabernacle, was therefore light and cool enough. When we went on the roof we saw the arrangement of these windows; one square foot of stone removed in the roof admits plenty of the sunblaze, and even in those parts over which the roof-temples themselves stand, the apertures through which the light fell into the chambers below still exist. In the central chamber (E) at the extreme southern end, and immediately behind the "tabernacle," was the "holy of holies." High up, eight feet from the ground, is the niche in the wall, into which by help of a ladder we climbed: it is some three feet square, and in it was stowed away the golden sistrum of the goddess, which none but the king (or being emperor far away in Rome, his deputy, as pontifex maximus here for the time being at the annual festivals) might handle. It was an instrument of music, shaped like a lawn-tennis bat, only with the strings running horizontally instead of crossing each other, and on each string were set little rings or bells. These when shaken, produced the mysterious sound which was supposed to be emblematic of the truth that "no life exists without movement," and in this temple the bells told particularly of the joy and happy harmony that arises from evil overcome. "The sistrum," says Plutarch, "symbolises that men should always be active and busy; that they must be constantly stimulated and roused out of the state of languor and enervation into which they are too prone to fall. It is said that the sound of this instrument puts the spirit of evil to flight." Its noise when rattled would be like the jargon of innumerable insects and chattering birds just awakened out of torpor, and come abroad in the spring sun. "Death vanquished to the benefit of life; evil suppressed to the benefit of good; falsehood dissipated by truth; this, then, is the symbol of which the sistrum is the genuine type, and by this we see that to the idea of universal harmony was added the idea of good" (Mariette).

In the two corner chambers (C G) of the five at the southern end of the temple, as well as in the one to the north of that on the eastern side (H), we saw entrances into the exterior walls of the temple, and to the long, narrow, secret corridors (fourteen are known in all), with which the thick walls and foundations of the temple are honeycombed: they are, of course, in perfect darkness, as are indeed all the side chambers out of which they open. Originally, when they were clean, dry, and new, they served to preserve the precious objects and the sacred vestments from the ravages of insects, from flies, from the penetrating dust, and from the scorching sun. The air in them is now heavy from the smell of bats and with the nitrous exhalations of the soil. They have neither doors nor windows nor opening of any sort. Into one of these we creep (it was only by special mechanism that the stone which blocked up the entrance could be removed), and find it descends into a similar one below: here used to be stored the shrines and votive offerings and treasures of the temple, statues in gold and silver and lapis lazuli and in wood; jewelled collars, sistra, and emblems of all kinds. Except on the rare occasions when these sacred objects were fetched away and brought out for processional display, these crypts were so secured from the inner chapels that even many of the priests never knew of their existence. Some of these passages no doubt are even now unexplored, and others are kept closed to rescue their colours from wanton destruction by the tourist, the smoke from whose torches alone as they are carelessly flared about in all directions has caused such havoc already in other parts of the temple. The sides of these passages themselves are crowded with sculptured figures, upon which, since the day they were executed in such profusion, the eyes of but few have ever rested. Those we were shown enumerate the rites for the different hours of the day and night and other matters connected with the elaborate ritual of the Ptolemaic time, and tell of what is so abundantly illustrated throughout the temple "of burial and resurrection, of life latent and life active, of germination unseen and the efflorescence that ensues." We come out again into the passage that runs round the "tabernacle."

There are ten side chapels here used for the recital of prayers, besides "the holy of holies," in which the sistrum was kept. They all open out of this passage which runs round the "tabernacle," and which was shut off each side by small doors from the fourth hall.

From M. Mariette we learn the meaning of the lower line of

pictures on the walls of this passage, beginning to the left hand on entering through the door from the fourth hall, on the north-west corner of the boat-house. (The king is always on one side, the divinity on the other.)

First picture: King offers his heart to Athor, the symbol of the wife of kings, the heavenly type of the Egyptian nation. The goddess in return promises to him all happiness and joy of heart.

Second picture: King offers to Athor and Horus two sistra, emblems of evil overcome and consequent happiness. Horus says, "May Egypt conduct herself as thou wouldest have her; mayest thou tread under foot all foreign countries."

Third picture: King offers incense and libation to Osiris and to Isis, "to fill their divine nostrils with the perfumes of incense and to refresh their hearts with the waters of the renovated Nile." In return Osiris promises the king a favourable inundation; Isis promises a long dominion over Arabia and other incense-producing countries.

Fourth picture: King offers two vases full of wine to Athor and Horus. She promises him those regions which produce the best grapes, and he, "wine to the full."

Fifth picture: King offers flowers of all kinds "that thou mayest adorn thy head with their colours." She promises that under his reign the land shall be made merry with the most brilliant verdure.

Sixth picture: He offers fields to Athor and Horus the Risen from the Dead. They give him corn in immense quantities, and cereals of all kinds.

Seventh picture: The king and queen offer two sistra to Isis. She grants the king the love of his subjects.

Eighth picture: To Athor and Horus the Risen from the Dead the king offers food and flowers, fruit and bread. Isis says, "I give thee everything in the heavens, all that the earth produces and everything that the Nile can bring." Horus replies, "I give thee all that emanates from the rays of the sun to fill thy home with sustenance."

The six chambers round are dedicated especially to Athor under various attributes; the fifth and sixth, F and G (being those two on the east side of the holy of holies), represent her as true to her name Hat-Hor, the abode of Horus, the divine genitrix, out of whom the sun daily takes his renewed birth. Three others are dedicated especially to Osiris, these are also on the eastern side (on the plan 7, 8, and 9). No. 7 or H is dedicated to him as

Hor-Samtaui (*i.e.* uniter of the two worlds), when the work of resurrection is completed; and the next (No. 8 or I) represents him as restoring youth to his body and fresh vigour to his limbs, and forthwith with spear, driving backwards and conquering his enemies, under the form of crocodiles. (The men of Tentyris, or Denderah, through devotion to Osiris, were always enemies of this animal.) In this little chapel we thought both of Juvenal, and also of St. Michael, and of St. George and the dragon. Set, the principle of evil, wind, dust, &c., is here shown in the form of a crocodile being speared by Osiris, as Satan was by Abdiel. And in the next (No. 9 or J) Osiris is first recalled to life, which was symbolised in this chamber by changing the vestments that covered the statue of the god; and in No. 10 or K, Isis was once more invoked; "Athor who is Isis at Denderah" as the inscription tells.

Returning into the fourth hall we proceed on its western side into the chapel of the principal *fête* of the temple (c). This was celebrated on the first day of the year, and had for its object the first appearance of the goddess Sothis. Athor (as Sothis or Sirius) becomes the star which determines and governs the periodical return of the year, which began on that morn when Sothis and the sun appear simultaneously on the horizon, *i.e.* the 21st of July; and thus, she announced the rising of the river which again foretold the renewal of nature. The dimensions of this chapel are exactly a double cube, and the inner half is approached by a flight of three steps. On the ceiling of this part is the representation of the giant body of Nut (standing for space), and from her womb issue the sun's beams, the long rays of which shine down upon the Nile valley, in which Athor's head is represented as reposing, and on the banks of which the palm and other trees and verdure are shown as sprouting. From the breath of her mouth, too, the sun is represented as raying forth light, symbolical of the wisdom and reason inspired from the same life-giving source. This picture is beautifully drawn, and with its symbolism (which it is impossible to misunderstand) would alone of itself furnish a key to the meaning of that of the whole temple.

From this chapel the procession mounted to the roof by the adjacent staircase (d d), on either side of which at the bottom were two small chambers (f and g); the first opens into the fourth hall, from whence were brought the more sacred vestments and treasures needed on this special *fête;* and the second opens into the second hall, from which in turn were brought the fruits and flowers, or the

oils and perfumes needed for the ceremonies of the *fête* day. These were here consecrated by the king or his representative. This staircase is lighted from the exterior by two apertures like lancet windows (d d), the ends nearest the staircase broaden out from the narrow slit by which the light enters. On the sill or flat of each of these slopes is carved a sun's disc, from which the beams are sculptured falling down along the sill of the lancet-window; on its vault the stars are carved. On the side of the walls of the staircase is sculptured the procession itself, the king or his representative marching at its head followed by thirteen priests carrying standard-poles crowned with the emblems of different divinities, each taking his proper part in the ritual. Coming out upon the roof we notice, first, that the slabs of which it is composed are very large, some of them being twenty feet long by twelve feet broad; and next we examine the arrangements for lighting the third and fourth halls below, as well as the passage round the "tabernacle." The roof over the side chapels is flat, and from this rises a higher roof, flat also, over the halls and tabernacle. Under the stone eaves of this, as through clerestory windows, the light penetrates below. Up here to-day, numbers of wasps were flying about; their nests were built of mud plastered by them all over the various pieces of projecting stone-work, and wherever they first get a foothold in the incised figures there sculptured; down below also we found them on the exterior. They go buzzing all over the place.

The temple on the roof which is supposed to represent the tomb of Osiris is over the second hall and its side chambers; and is built therefore altogether on the south side of the great wall of the first hall below. The height of that first hall (or pronaos) supported by its Athor-headed columns, is far loftier than that of the temple built by Ptolemy, and so this temple of Osiris' tomb on the roof stands now against it. The little temple is divided into six chambers, three are on the east side and three on the west: the sculptures on the walls of all of them represent Osiris, the sun of the lower world, coming to life in the various forms and names he (Nature) assumed in the forty-two nomes or provinces (those on the west represent Lower Egypt, those on the east Upper Egypt). Here too is the order of prayer for the twelve hours of the night, and for the twelve hours of the day, and a calendar of the festivals of Osiris in all the principal cities of Upper and Lower Egypt. The Osiris of the nome of Denderah was worshipped under the

name of Osiris-An. On the door of the chamber on the west is a valuable list of the amulets which were placed on the body of Osiris in order to quicken it into life. On the 17th of June each year a drop or tear of Isis falls and impregnates the Nile; its effects are soon observed and Osiris comes to life. The eternal interchange of life and death was the principal thought in the theology of the Egyptians; they saw it in the course of the sun, they saw it in the changing seasons; and upon it they based their faith in man's immortality. Their religion in fact was simply a deification of the fertilising power of Nature, the religion of a nation engaged principally in agriculture, whose prosperity was due to its diligent pursuit.

On the ceiling is represented Nut, again as giant space, supporting the zodiac: there were two of these sculptured roofs, one is left *in situ*, and one, that from the second chamber on the south-east side, was broken out of the roof, and taken to Paris. The heavens are vaguely portrayed as they were conceived by the Egyptians, together with the divine forms that were supposed to dwell there. Away on the south-west corner of the roof, and thus over the Athor side-chapels below, stands a small temple to Isis (a form of Athor) supported on twelve small Athor-headed columns, each dedicated to a particular month in the year. Here the procession on new year's day halted. We pass round by this and go down by the long straight second staircase (e) in the eastern wall by which the procession used to return from the roof. On the walls here again are the king, priests and deacons and other attendants, all, as it were, marching down alongside us still. From the ceiling to-day are hanging down numbers of bats, pretty brown creatures with bright intelligent-looking little heads. Thus we come down into the third hall of the temple below. Although there is now a heavy feel about the air imprisoned here, damp and malodorous, it must have been very different when the temple was in use, bright and clean and perfumed both with the smell of fresh flowers and fruit, and also with that of incense burnt, as well as of liquid scent, oils and perfumed unguents. The two chambers (L M) for preparing these were in the north-east corner of the second hall. Yet even when they were radiant with colour, a feeling of gloomy sublimity and as of a mysterious soul-subduing power must ever have been the characteristic of these Egyptian temples; a striking contrast to the quiet bright religious feeling that appears to be inspired by the cathedral or church of western Christendom.

The exterior of the temple is covered with large incised pictures. Two of these (j j) represent the last Egyptian ruler of this land Klaupatra (Cleopatra) the infamous daughter and heiress of the last Pharaoh, Ptolemy "the Piper." She is represented as standing behind Cæsarion (her son by Julius Cæsar) who she fondly hoped, as bearing in his veins the blood of Egypt's ancient kings commingled with that of the great Roman Imperator, would assure once more to Egypt's hereditary king the empire of the world. He is here depicted in the costume of Pharaoh, with war subjects embroidered on his robes, and is offering sacrifices to Athor, Osiris, and Horus. She herself is crowned with the head-dress that combines the attributes of the three great mother-goddesses, namely, the horned disc of Athor, the throne of Isis, and the vulture of Maut. The same group is repeated on the south-east corner, only in that case facing the other way; both groups are thus advancing toward the centre, where is sculptured a huge head of Athor; and this is of course immediately at the back of the holy of holies in which her sistrum was deposited on the other side of the wall. The size of these figures is superhuman, they occupy the whole height of the temple. We notice also the lion-heads of the water-spouts which project six feet or more from the walls and carry off the rain (when there is any) or what water may have been used in the religious ceremonies on the roof. They are copies of the lion-headed spouts in the memorial temple of Rameses III. at Medeenet Haboo.

There are two other small temples a little distance off on the south side of the larger one. That at the south-west angle is a small chapel dedicated to Isis; it is half embedded in the sand and appears never to have been finished; it faces immediately Cleopatra's figure on the wall of the large temple. The other chapel, the exterior of which was surrounded with columns, is a "lying-in place" where the confinement of the goddess and birth of Horus was commemorated. All the sculptures here refer to the boy's birth; Horus is being dandled and fondled on the knees of various divinities over and over again all round the walls. The old god Bes, the god of the toilet, of mirthful dance and music, is shown as attendant on the birth of the child. He has a head similar to one of the Greek comic masques with an exaggerated mouth; this monstrosity was taken by earlier travellers to be Typhon, the evil spirit and enemy of Athor; on the contrary, Bes is the laughter-loving friend and attendant of the

beautiful goddess, and reminded us of the genius of jollity of the Japanese. The misshapen, frolicsome dwarf Bes with apish countenance was the oldest form of the deity in the land of Punt, whence came all the requisites for the toilet of an Egyptian lady. He was afterwards held to be no other than the beneficent Dionysos, who in his progress through the world dispensed to the nations with bounteous hand mild manners, peace and cheerfulness. He is the god whose attributes were transfused into Antinous on his apotheosis, by the Egyptian priests.

At the back of the temple we see the mud-huts of the village, which before Mariette Bey uncovered this temple extended also all over its roof. They are the remaining representatives of the ancient town of Tentyris (Tei-n-Athor, abode of Athor), but have sadly encroached upon the sacred grounds of the temple. It stood of old surrounded by groves of palm and sunt trees within a vast enclosure, the walls of which, over half a mile in length and thirty-five feet in height and as much as thirty feet thick at the base, formed a broad promenade for the various processions, and are still traceable. From the centre portal led an avenue (now buried under twenty feet, at least, of soil) to the Pylon (or great gateway) which still remains. Down this, on the chief festivals of the goddess, were borne in procession the sacred arks, with waving of banners and chanting of hymns and sound of music and burning of incense, through the sacred groves of the enclosure. And if the procession that wound its way on to the roof as evening fell or at midnight, there to pay reverence to the orbed queen of heaven as she rose, was impressive with its lights and dusky weirdness; still more gorgeous must have been that other procession in the open air, at the early dawn or in the full blaze of day, which went carrying the sacred boats to launch them on the neighbouring lake. The lower classes of the people formed the great bulk of the procession, but were not permitted to advance beyond the sacred grove and courtyard, where on certain days they offered sacrifices. The Patu, or lowest grades of the instructed, the Rekhiu, or those who were initiated into the sacred mysteries, and the Ammiu, or "enlightened," advanced into the great hall "of the manifestation of majesty," where they caught a glimpse of the sacred symbol of the goddess brought out for the procession. The love of spectacular effect innate in a simple and joyous and yet profoundly religious race thus found natural expression. And, though the symbols may seem uncouth, though

the exuberance of their paraphernalia may offend our more sober northern tastes, yet we must not forget that these were the aids and means whereby many an old Egyptian learnt to know the better way and to labour honestly at his daily duties, speak the truth, and live in charity with his neighbours, and to thank the Heavenly Power that smiled upon his efforts. Though the effect of the ritual must have been inevitable upon the minds of those who were engaged upon it, some were always filled with solemn awe when handling sacred things, and were drawn nearer to the unseen Power thereby; others came to look at the whole thing as an elaborate play, and so from being dishonest with themselves sank to lower depths. And all this the papyri fully bear out.

Old Egyptian Religion.

When the forefathers of the Egyptian race from Western Asia in prehistoric times penetrated into the Nile valley, both from the north upwards and from Abŷdôs downwards, they found probably other tribes already in possession, who were akin to the rest of the African races. In that far-off dim dawn of the world it is difficult to distinguish details with accuracy, but certain broad outlines stand out with sufficient clearness.

The oldest religion in Egypt consisted, in the primæval period, of the worship of ancestors; and recognised also various animals as the tutelary ancestors of the various clans, much as other African and American tribes venerate their totem or beast ancestor. Such animals became the local gods of the nome or district where such clan was established. These tribal arrangements were the beginnings both of the religious and the political life in the Nile valley. And they always remained underlying all aftergrowths; each nome with its tutelary animal god retained always a certain amount of independence, both in laws and worship. The clans were for a longer or shorter period actually so many several states; they then coalesced into two kingdoms, one of Upper and the other of Lower Egypt. The overlord of the northern clans, or nomes on the lower part of the river around the Delta, wore a red cap-like crown, and took the papyrus for his badge; the overlord of the southern clans, higher up the river, wore a white crown shaped like a tall helmet, and took the lotus for his badge. This distinction of the two kingdoms of Egypt was never obliterated; the greatest Pharaoh always wore the two crowns, always bore

the twin badges and the title "King of Upper and of Lower Egypt"; and thus kept alive the remembrance of the period before the two overlordships were united and, maybe also, of the double immigration of his race.

"Three ages" were said to have preceded Mena ("the author of stability," as his name implies) "the founder" of the sole monarchy of all Egypt. These three ages would each probably represent traditionally, the previous dominion of the African tribes, the union of the one half from Memphis to Assouan under the lord of Upper Egypt, and the union of the other half of the tribes under the lord of Lower Egypt; each of these two lords belonged to the superior and immigrant race. Mena is said to have been born at Thinis, and probably was sprung from the southern ruling family; he founded Memphis at the junction of the two kingdoms, with the evident design of keeping the whole "firmly established" in his hands by means of this fortress.

When the first evidence obtainable from the monuments comes to our aid we similarly distinguish two great religious centres, Memphis and On. At the first the black bull, at the second the white bull, is revered—a testimony to the fact that the wealth and prosperity of the country alike of Lower as of Upper Egypt was founded on cattle-breeding and on agriculture. At On, too, a sacred stone was revered, at Memphis a sacred snake, and three holy trees, the acacia, the persea, and the mulberry. As we heard Brugsch Bey describing the earliest forms of the Egyptian religion we seemed to be standing once more in the Library at Cape Town and listening to Dr. Hahn (vol. i. pp. 330-2, 335-6). The cardinal beliefs of the Kaffirs and Hottentots are exactly the same now as were those of old Egypt eight thousand years or more ago. The forefathers of the Bantu tribes in South Africa before they migrated from the central regions, and those of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Nile valley before they spread northward, may have been as nearly related as were the common ancestors of Englishmen and Hindoos before they left the Central Asian table-land. Not to dwell on slighter resemblances, such as the worship of ancestors, the descent of the crown through the mother, the practice of circumcision, the leopard-skin as insignia of royal rank, the numberless seers and prophets who understand the stars and prepare charms, and superintend the burial of the dead, there are others which it is impossible to consider fortuitous. Such are the belief in the

Great Father buried in several places, at all of which he is prayed to, like Osiris; the bull with certain rare marks regarded as sacred, like Apis; the king's daughters tending the cattle and blessing them, like Pharaoh's daughters who were priestesses of Athor, the cow goddess; the Zulu listening to hear the passage of the sun beneath the earth from west to east, like the Egyptian who believed in Ra's similar voyage; the hyæna regarded as sacred, like Anubis; the moon, revered as the original time-keeper and lord of numbers, like Thoth; the spirit of the king's father revered every year, like the Egyptians revered the doubles of their kings; and the swearing by the life of the king. As, too, the blacksmith is held in great honour in South Africa, so would seem to have been the case in Egypt. Ptah, "the former," the constructor, is said to be the oldest of Egyptian gods—the first deity, that is, who, located in the tribal hearth-fire, had a special function assigned to him apart from his fetish, as lord of metal-workers: the most important guild when a race was passing from the stone age to the bronze. Even the poor Bushman when he prays to his caterpillar for success in the chase would appear to be only adoring the survival of Sebek's prototype, who in Egypt, as the destructive deity, was represented under the form of a crocodile, and whose hieroglyph might readily be taken for a caterpillar. Some of these resemblances, if they stood alone, might not count for much; but their united force is very great.

These then were the rudimentary and animistic beliefs that formed the earliest substratum of the Egyptian religion. On to them was engrafted by the incoming Asiatic race the more distinctively Shemite sun-worship of Ra. Then new meanings were gradually read into the old creed, until at last, in its highest monotheistic development, the animals became little more than symbols or living hieroglyphs. As the local chiefs under their overlord, so the local deities had to fall into their proper places under their overgod, of whom they, as minor gods, became the agents in all sorts of less important functions. But the solar creed never effaced the more primitive religion, nor did the Osirian scheme of the underworld in any way interfere with the adoration of the sun as the one god of the universe. Before Egypt was united into one kingdom there flourished side by side just so many local worships as there were small kingdoms in the valley of the Nile. For some time after they were united no effort was made to systematize them. Each of the kings rendered homage to the chief gods of all the principal divisions of his kingdom, to the gods of the north and the south, of Memphis and of

Thebes, of the Delta and of Nubia, and endeavoured to unite them into a kind of Pantheon (p. 434). Yet such system was never an iron one: for in all cases the dominant religion of the kingdom was that of the reigning dynasty, and in every case the religion of the reigning dynasty was the local worship of its place of origin.

We may perhaps distinguish three great periods in the development of the Egyptian religion, besides the prehistoric. Each is synchronous with a period of political development. The first is that of the Ancient Empire. The centuries which saw the building of the Pyramids had behind them a long and well-filled past. Egypt had long emerged from primitive barbarism, but contained even then, as it did to the very end, many survivals from a previous stage of development. The king was regarded as the incarnation of Ra; and the worship of Osiris and Ra are mentioned, too, on the earliest monuments. The principal ancient seat of Osiris worship was then without doubt at Thinis, the town from which the royal house of Mena came, and its sacred name was "House of Osiris." Here Asar, Asire, "the son of the earth," was worshipped as the King of Eternity dwelling in the west, and ruler of the kingdom of the dead, and to him belonged of right all that gives or has Life. As his moral significance came more into the foreground Osiris soon became the type of the good man, of all human souls obliged to carry on a conflict similar to his against the powers of death, and who find in his rising again a pledge of their own immortality. From the most ancient times accordingly we find the Egyptians represented as identifying themselves with him, their everlasting ideal. In contrast to Osiris, Un-nefer, the good being, the good nature-power, was his brother and enemy Set: the being who causes all that is evil in nature—earthquakes, scorching heat (whence his name Sat, the flame), tempests, thunder and lightning, and pestilences. The animals sacred to him were beasts of prey—the hippopotamus, the crocodile, swine, and the monster with stiff ears, snout and erect tail, which was his hieroglyph. His rival was Horos, Har, "the highest," the Lord: the devoted son of Osiris. Though every locality had its own particular Horus, the king was the living Horus, the representative of the god of light and life on earth. Isis, the wife of Osiris, As, "the ancient," the great divine mother and goddess of fecundity, completed the triad of the three most ancient gods. She was often identified with Athor and, as the goddess of night, her head bears the full-orbed moon as symbol.

The second period of religious development is that under the

all-powerful Theban kings. When there was a strong visible token of the unity of the kingdom, one force was also specially recognised as supreme in the physical and moral world. It was under the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties that the belief in the unity of God became most pronounced and the religion most refined. Under the Twenty-first Dynasty of the priest kings a season of political, and likewise a season of religious, decadence (as might be expected) set in; there was then a wondrous development of superstition, charms, amulets and *hocus pocus*.

The third period is reached when, under the Ptolemies, a reflex of Greek mythology was mixed up with the ancient creed. But throughout the whole of her history the religion of Egypt was always strongly tinged with fetishism; of this the most tenacious race the world has ever seen was tenacious to the last: they clung with real attachment to the direct worship of stocks and stones, and cats and dogs, although from what was the grossest animism some of the race had evolved a code of political and domestic morality far in advance of all the other peoples of antiquity.

In all that the monuments tell us about the beliefs of the ancient Egyptians two things may be clearly observed—first, a vivid consciousness of the spiritual nature of the deity, combined with coarsely sensuous representations of the various gods: secondly, a no less vivid consciousness of the oneness of God, conjoined with the greatest diversity of the divine persons. In Egypt, as everywhere all the world over and in all periods and in every religion, there were spiritually minded and grossly minded, educated and uneducated people. The latter never got beyond the visible symbol or the fetish, on which they lavished the most fervent supplications and were as a rule satisfied with the external form. The other followed up the thoughts that were latent in the symbols. They valued the forms because of the ideas to which they gave outward expression, but they were not in a condition to emancipate themselves from those forms. If the symbol is worshipped for its own sake, if the animal, the tree, the stone is regarded as the deity itself, such a worship doubtless ranks lower than the adoration of a god like the Olympian Zeus, or Athena, or Apollo. If, however, on the other hand, the symbol is understood, if the emblematic form is distinguished from the thought latent in it (a much easier task with symbols than with myths), then in that case men reach a spiritual conception much more quickly than if they had beautiful images of their gods. They are not offended by the coarseness and hideousness of the emblems; which become only

so many signs that the hidden god reveals himself in innumerable forms. To the mind of the Egyptians, therefore, the proposition "God is one" was bound up with this other, "His manifestations are numberless." The educated from a very early period regarded all the various divinities as nothing more than different names for the same god. Political motives forbade the extinction of any one of the forms and especially of any of the local worships attached to considerable towns or to important districts. But the one leading thought of the Egyptian religion was Life, in its eternal, unchangeable foundation and its innumerable modes of manifestation. Life, health, well-being was the sum of all an Egyptian's wishes. The indestructibleness of life in spite of the hostile powers of death and destruction was what constituted his whole faith and all his hope. This was his great dogma, and all his innumerable symbols were called in to aid him in giving it expression. The gods and the kings have always the emblem of Life in their hands. The divine triad, father, mother, son, give expression to the same thought. In heaven above, in the earth beneath, in all the changing phenomena of nature, the Egyptian saw the traces of eternal life, of persistency in the midst of change. Osiris the good being in opposition to the evil power by whom he was persecuted was the oldest and the highest, and the longest-lived of all his ideals. To become like god Osiris, a benefactor, a good being, persecuted but justified, judged but pronounced innocent, was looked upon as the ideal of every pious man, and as the condition on which alone eternal life could be obtained, and the means by which alone life could be continued.]

Riding back across the fields and thinking of Athor "as the eye of the sun," and of Horus as the risen, victorious lord, there echoed in the memory, as from far away, Matthew Arnold's words :—

> "Children of men! the unseen Power whose eye
> For ever doth accompany mankind,
> Hath looked on no religion scornfully
> That man did ever find;
> Which has not taught weak wills how much they can,
> Which has not fallen on the dry heart like rain,
> Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man
> 'Thou must be born again.'"

On arriving at Boramsur, found the yacht had gone across the other side of the river to Keneh, and had there made fast to coal; so were rowed across in native boats, the Egyptians singing as they pulled exactly like the Fiji islanders, "Wo! wo! wo!" from the very bottom of their deep throats. Bought some porous jars

of native clay of many shapes, all more or less pretty, a hundred for three francs. Then went and had a good bathe together; back at 6 P.M. Most enjoyable day; there has not been too much sun.

March 11th.—Left Keneh at 5.30 A.M., temperature in cabin 65°, in the evening at Thebes it was 75°. Passed Coptos on the eastern bank, whence the Egyptian gets the name of Copt given him by his Arab conqueror, for this is one of the gates or caravan routes by which his Shemitic ancestors first entered Egypt from the East. The old Pharaonic road with its wells across the desert to Kossayr on the Red Sea (120 miles away), which under the Ramessides was used for commerce, is still in existence. Along it General Baird advanced with his Indian contingent, after landing at Kossayr; and from Keneh descended the Nile and effected a junction with Hutchinson after Abercrombie's death and turned the French out of Egypt, in 1801. Then, a little farther, we came to Negadeh, a village on the western bank with a multitude of pigeon towers, twenty-two and a-half miles from Keneh; and shortly afterwards on passing the turn in the river, got our first glimpse across the plain on the left of the giant fortress-like pylons of Karnak, and then on the right, of the yellow red hills behind Thebes in which are the tombs of the kings.

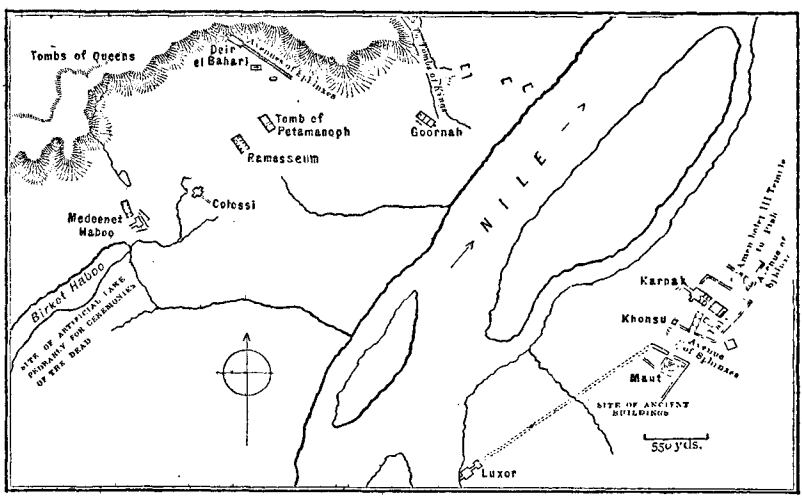
Thebes (T-apiu, "the city of thrones," the capital) was called in Egyptian No-Amen "the city of Amen" or simply No, "the city." Amen was the local god of Thebes and when under his auspices the kings, first of the Twelfth and then again of the Eighteenth Dynasty, "children of the sun," had become overlords of the whole of Egypt, he naturally assumed precedence as overgod of all the other local manifestations of god in the country: even as the sun was the pre-eminent symbol over all others of Divine power. "'Amen' means 'the invisible,' 'the secret or hidden' creative force in nature. In him is symbolised that hidden spring which presses all things forward towards light and life.[1] He is therefore perfectly

[1] Wordsworth in the lines written at Tintern Abbey, in which he describes himself as "a worshipper of Nature, unwearied in that service," expresses the devotion he shared with many an old Egyptian to the Author of his being—

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused
Whose dwelling is in the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion, and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

typified by the sun. Maut and Khons are associated with him in his character as an eternal god. Maut is the mother; she is the recipient in which is accomplished the mystery of creation. Khons is Amen himself as the offspring of the other two divine personages. Being at once his own father, and his own son, this god of Thebes has neither beginning nor end, that is to say he is uncreate and eternal."—Mariette Bey.

In older times Thebes spread out on both banks of the Nile: on the right or eastern bank was the great temple of Amen at Karnak with its adjuncts, and also, a little less than two miles distant, the temple at Luxor; and on the same side of the river were the palaces



THEBES, REDUCED FROM WILKINSON'S SURVEY.

of the kings and the city of the living. On the left or western bank was the far more extensive city of the dead, and that of the priests and those who were engaged in preparing and tending the mummies and tombs. On the western side are all the tombs and all the memorial chapels and temples, beginning with the temple of Goornah on the north of the plain (which is Sethi I.'s memorial chapel in honour of his father Rameses I.), going or next to Deir-el-Bahari (which is the memorial temple of Queen Hatasu and Thothmes III.), then to the Ramesseum (or memorial temple of Rameses II.), next to the two colossal figures (almost the only remains of the memorial temple of Amen-Hotep III.)

and coming finally to Medeenet-Haboo, (the memorial temple of Rameses III.,) the most southern on the plain, which is about four miles in length. All on that side of the river was under the patronage of Athor as Queen of the Western Shades. Reaching far and wide along the edge of the Libyan desert lay all the burial places of Thebes; on that side the river only was every single member of its myriad inhabitants buried. Further back still in the radiating valleys on the other and more western side of the mountains, where they rise in a peak-like form to the unusual height of 1200 feet, and in one place fall to the plain in a sheer scarped cliff, are found the tombs of the kings.

Of the earlier period of Egyptian history we have seen examples in the Pyramids and at Sâkkarah. Denderah belonged to the latest period. It is the great central period, the most important of all, that we are to see exemplified here at Thebes. Thinis (Abydôs) and Memphis were the two most ancient capitals of Egypt: having each been founded by the founder of the Egyptian monarchy. Thebes makes her first appearance in history with the kings of the Eleventh Dynasty and her rise, like theirs, was gradual: from being local kings they raised themselves and their local capital to the headship of all Egypt. It would seem that Egypt was just then recovering from long ages of internal troubles, the result of an invasion from the south, which again was probably owing to the sudden breaking down of the barrier of the Nile at Gebel Silsileh; the consequence of which was that Nubia, owing to the difference at once made in its fertility thereby, was unable to support her population so that they came swarming north, with the Nile who had deserted them, into more prosperous regions. The oldest mummies in the oldest burial-grounds at Thebes are those of these negroes enclosed in coffins of a peculiar kind of wood only met with in the Soudan. The Twelfth Dynasty lasted over two centuries, and their wise practical rule developed the agricultural resources of the land and constructed Lake Mœris in the Fayoom. One of the kings of this Dynasty, Osirtasen, built a portion of the temple at Karnak and raised Egypt to much prosperity. He conquered also the negroes of the Soudan, or "Kush." Thus Thebes righted itself from the two consequences of the alteration that had taken place in the Nile level: the superabundant waters were taken off into the Fayoom, and the superabundant negroes who had come down with them were subdued. Up to the invasion of the shepherds (the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Dynasties) Thebes was able to hold

her own without any ambition of foreign conquest. Then under the two dynasties of the Hyksos foreigners at San she seems to have been tributary to them as overlords. The first king, however, of the Eighteenth Dynasty, Aahmos, expelled the shepherd kings, and ushered in the era of the Amen-Hoteps and the Thothmeses, and under them Thebes rose to its full meridian of glory. This continued under the Nineteenth Dynasty, and here ended the period of Thebes's greatest magnificence and splendour. Its downfall commenced when her high priests became the kings of the Twenty-first Dynasty, and when the centre of Egypt's political life moved away to the maritime districts of the north. The Assyrians, B.C. 666 (Nahum iii. 8—10) and after them the Soudanese again, overran Egypt and left some signs of their power here. Later on Psammetichus, Necho, and Amasis II. raised here and there some sanctuaries. After them came the Persians, under Cambyses (to repeat the vengeance of the Assyrian), Darius, and Xerxes; then Alexander the Great, the liberator and saviour of Egypt from the Persians for a time; and, lastly, the Ptolemies, who erected one or two temples on the western bank of the river, and on the eastern added the great gateway in front of Karnak. But for all that they could do, the grandeur of Thebes was then already a thing of the past.

We made fast to the bank at Luxor at 10.45 A.M. (464 miles south of Cairo), having accomplished the thirty-eight miles up the stream to-day from Keneh in a little over five hours. Away on the right is the hotel standing in its own garden, and on the left in large letters on one of the pillars of the ancient temple is cut XAIPEIN: whether this inscription be the work of old Greeks, or a more modern production, it serves at any rate to remind us at the first glance of the hand which a Greek, Alexander the Great, had in completing this very temple at Luxor. We landed at once and walked first to the eastern end of the temple. From here ran the avenue—two miles long—to the great temple of Karnak. We stand facing towards the south and look first at the sculptures on the huge flat wall spaces, each 100 feet wide and 76 feet high, on either side of this gateway, itself 56 feet wide. The sun is just now so shining that we see them to the best advantage. They represent the victory of Rameses II. in the fifth year of his reign and in the month of May, over the Kheta with their Shemitic allies and subjects from Mesopotamia, Western Armenia, and Asia Minor. The Kheta king had set an ambush on the north-west of the city: the besieged made an attack from

the south on the Egyptian besiegers, who give way. Rameses himself was stationed on the north of the city, to the west of the Orontes; he goes thence to the aid of his yielding troops on the south; the Kheta ambush then rise and surround him, and for a time he is hard bestead. The king, whose figure is gigantesque, is in the centre of the picture in his chariot, shaded by the umbrella of state. The battle is going on vigorously, and the Egyptian sacred ark has been taken out to war. "Then took he Kadesh on the western bank of Arantha (Orontes), he rose himself as the God of War, he grasped his arms for battle and buckled fast his corselet like Baal when his time has come; he was all alone, no other with him, when he advanced against the foe. 'Fled were my troops and horse, I was left alone of them. Then called I aloud, "Where art thou, my father Amen? What father denies his son? Have I ever done aught against thee? Have I ever transgressed thy commands or gone astray from thy counsels? nay, do I not ever hold looking to thee? The sovran lord and ruler of Egypt, should he bow himself before the foreigner in this way? what are these uncircumcised herdsmen to thy heart? It is those who know not God that thou dost bring low. Remember then all my burnt offerings, the incense and the sweet wood, my galleys on the sea conveying to thee the labours of all lands. Remember the spoil that I have stored from all lands, and the everlasting gates and the eternal temples that I have reared for thee in Thebes, such as none other hath done. I call on thee, my father Amen, from the uttermost ends of the earth. I am alone amid multitudes, I am alone, no other with me, my foot and my horse have left me.' Then found I Amen worth more than myriads of soldiers, for he put forth his hand and called to me behind 'Rameses, my beloved, I have hastened to thee; I am with thee, I thy father Ra: my hand is with thee; I am sovran lord of victory, the friend of valour; I have found in thee a right spirit and my heart rejoices thereat.' Then it came to pass that I was changed, being made like the War god. I hurled the dart with my right hand, I seized on my left like their own Baal in his fury against them. They have slept their sleep and all the men whose hands were mighty found nothing. Their hearts sank within them; neither to shoot with the dart nor grasp spear had they the courage; they tumbled headlong one over the other, they fell backward and were brought to confusion, and those that fell, fell never to rise again." And so the poem runs on and the king describes how the Hittite king stood amid his army to

see the prowess of King Rameses, until at length, panic stricken before the diadem of the royal snake that spat fire and glowing flame in the face of his enemies, all the chiefs of the Hittites turn from his fury and flee. The king pursuing rallies his own troops, and when his squire Menna in the chariot deferentially begs him to stand and take breath, he will not consent, but six times, like the royal sparrow-hawk, dashes down upon the still opposing foe. He then upbraids his captains of foot and horse for leaving him alone, and returns thanks once more to Amen his father who was with him in time of need and made all peoples as straw before his horses. Even when the captains and the officers praise him for his valour he gives the glory to God alone, to his squire good at need who alone of all his household was near him, and to his faithful horses, 'Victory in Thebes' and 'Maut is Satisfied,' who on returning to Thebes shall eat corn daily and never go forth to war again. The poem concludes with a catalogue of the princes of the Kheta who were brought captives to Egypt, and enumerates the three sons of Rameses who had distinguished themselves at the storming of Tabor. It describes how "the back of the Hittites was broken for ever and ever, how they sent to pray that the people of Egypt and the people of Kheta might be brothers together as his servants," and how Rameses passed home in peace to Egypt, and all nations came to do him service for the glory of Amen in Thebes.[1]

In front of and on either side of the gate are two statues of Rameses II., in rose granite, helmeted, their heads and faces showing signs of colour still; and a little further off on the right, but still in front of the battle scenes, is another image of polished red granite, the head of which alone is now visible: for the soil to the depth of at least twenty feet covers up the lower parts of all three statues, and also conceals as well much of the battle scenes

[1] This poem of Pentaur, the Egyptian Homer, was written two years after the victory, in the month of April, and is inscribed not only on these walls, but also on those at Karnak, at Abydôs, at the Ramesseum, and at Ipsamboul. The fullest description of all parts of the sculpture is given in Brugsch, *History of Egypt*, vol. ii. pp. 48-69, and a text from a papyrus is translated in *Records of the Past*, vol. ii. pp. 59-72. Kadesh, the Hittite southern and western capital, is Tell Neby Mendeh on the left bank of the Orontes, four English miles south of the lake of Homs, and was only identified in April, 1881, by Captain Conder, and described in Palestine Exploration Fund Reports for that year. There is the same mixture of Turanian and Shemitic nationalities still observable there. The more northern and eastern capital of the Hittite empire was Carchemish (Jerabis) on the Euphrates, sculptures from which have lately been brought to the British Museum. *The Empire of the Hittites*, by W. Wright, Professor Sayce, Sir C. Wilson, and Captain Conder, 1884, contains a full account of this people and their remains, and of the theories which have been proposed as to the extent of their Empire.

on the walls. These walls are seventy-five feet high. In front of these two sitting statues rose two obelisks of polished red granite of unequal height, one was eighty-three feet four inches, and the other seventy-eight feet five inches. The larger only is still here to-day; the smaller one is at Paris in the Place de la Concorde since 1836. The point of this obelisk was evidently once covered with metal to catch the rays of the sun. The lower part of the base of the monolith is between twenty and thirty feet below the present surface of the soil. Passing in westwards through this gate we find ourselves in what was once a large hall, the lotus foliage of the capitals of the columns surrounding it being bright green; these columns are sixty-five feet high, only ten feet short of the largest in Sethi's Hall of Columns at Karnak, *i.e.* the same height as a five-storeyed house in London. All about are the mud-brick huts of the villagers, and here again all the lower parts are concealed by the soil. We come out now and winding our way amidst these mud huts are taken, as well as can be managed, into the temple built in honour of Amen-Ra by Amen-Hotep III. who reigned about a hundred years before Rameses II. and who after his victorious campaign in the Soudan erected this temple on the eastern river-bank, right opposite to his memorial chapel on the western side of the river; to it Rameses II. afterwards added the eastern part that we have just seen. The colonnade is naturally loftier and higher than that which was afterwards added, and was the central portion of the temple. We come round by devious passages amidst the mud huts of the village, going here and there into the side shrines of the temple, until we arrive at last at the sanctuary at the extreme western end. This is full of *débris*, but on the walls Alexander the Great's son, a handsome boy, with his governor and guardian, Ptolemy, is represented as offering to Amen-Ra. He was the unhappy son of Alexander the Great by Roxana the Indian princess. After his father's death, his mother fled with him to Cassander, who put them both to death in 309 B.C., when the boy Pharaoh of Egypt and sole heir of his father was but twelve years old. The "tabernacle" is a square chamber in the centre of this hall. It was built by Alexander in place of the original one that Amen-Hotep had set up 1,200 years before his time.

The Triad that we have before seen as Osiris, Isis, and Horus, becomes in all these temples at Thebes the Triad of Amen-Ra (the father), Maut (the mother), and Khonsu (the son). The whole of these two temples at Luxor (the length from Rameses II.'s great

gateway with the obelisk in front of it, right through to the back of the sanctuary by the river is 836 feet—about the sixth of a mile) is crusted over by the mud village which is built on, over, and in them. This is all to be removed and the temples excavated next year (1883) by M. Maspero for the Egyptian Government.[1] The weight of the village is actually in some parts crushing the stone below. When the excavation is complete, without doubt many most interesting historical tablets connected with this king's reign will be laid bare. It will be a tremendous business, and buying up the houses of the various consular-agents on the top of the temple prior to removing them has already cost a considerable sum of money. These native consular agents are now quite unnecessary, and being natives under the protection of the foreign Powers they represent, are not amenable to the laws of Egypt; their immunity is only a cover for all sorts of abominations. As for any little service they may be to travellers, the same they could easily render in an unofficial capacity.

We returned on board the yacht to lunch and rest until it got cooler, then at 3 P.M. started on donkeys for Karnak, across what is now a wide plain with hummocks of grass and shapeless mounds that indicate the sites of ruins for two miles. Along it in olden times ran the avenue of sphinxes for a mile and a-half, a stone-paved road seventy-five feet broad from the pedestal on which one sphinx stood facing inwards to the road across to the pedestal of its opposite number. Each of these, a man's head on a lion's body representing Hormakhu, is the symbol of the union of moral and physical power. Many are still in their places, with a small statue of Amen-Hotep III. protected beneath their fore-paws; but most are overturned. As they stood thirteen feet apart there must have been originally 500 of them, 250 each side of the road. They each measure ten feet in length.

Arrived at the end of this avenue we take a turn to the left and approach the temple of Khonsu, which faces to the south, through another avenue of ram-headed sphinxes that leads up to it. Maut,

[1] This was all achieved by M. Maspero between January 5th and February 26th, 1885. Several more colossi have been discovered, some erect upon their pedestals, others overturned. By the river the great quay of Amen-Hotep III. has been uncovered. He writes in his report: "I do not hesitate to affirm that Luxor, freed from the modern excrescences by which it has hitherto been disfigured, is for grandeur of design and beauty of proportion almost the equal of Karnak. The sculptures with which the chambers and columns are decorated are of most fine and delicate execution; while some of the wall-subjects would not suffer in the comparison if placed side by side with the choicest bas-reliefs of Abydos."

the mother's temple, faces north, and Amen, the great sun-father's, faces east and west. Khonsu was "the good and kind," the revealer of the will of God through his oracles, aiding mankind in the battle of life, and healing the sick. From the vigour and strength with which he destroyed evil spirits, the Greeks took him to be the same as Herakles. At the end of this avenue of ram-headed sphinxes is a gateway, put up by Ptolemy Euergetes in front of the older temple, and plumped down right in the middle of the avenue. We go into this temple of Khonsu, which was built by Rameses III. of the Twentieth Dynasty, 1200 B.C., and therefore was of considerably later date than the larger ones of Amen and Maut. All the ten following kings of the Ramesside dynasty paid particular attention to this oracle temple, and Rameses XIII. completed it. It is in itself a considerable temple, 233 feet long and 67 feet broad, with its double court and interior shrine and halls; but we were told it is but a small temple in comparison with that which we are about to see. The decoration of this temple of Khonsu is particularly interesting, as affording proof of the growth of the priestly power; for the first time a high priest, Her-Hor, actually occupies the place on the walls of the temple that is invariably reserved for the sovereign; and he appears with the sacred asp on his forehead and his name on the double cartouche. On the gateway is the high priest, his successor, who ultimately made himself king and founded the Twenty-first Dynasty.

It was from this temple that the ark of the god Khonsu was sent away in order to drive out an evil spirit from Bint-resh, a princess of the land of Bakten.[1] Noferu-Ra, the eldest sister of this princess, had married King Rameses XII. (B.C. 1130), when he had been on one of his annual visits to Mesopotamia. Afterwards an embassy came, bearing tribute from the queen's father to Thebes, and asks for a doctor for the queen's sister "who has an evil movement in her limbs;" one is sent from this temple, and finds the little sister possessed with demons. Eleven years go by and a second embassy arrives: "Would my lord the king order a god to be sent to the land of Bakten by a very great favour?" The ark of Khonsu was carried thither and remained with her three years four months and five

[1] Bactria, or the country of the Bak tribes, who were certainly an Akkadian race, is rather an indefinite locality. It may have extended even as far as the confines of China (p. 235), for the journey thither from Thebes occupied a year and five months, and the return journey a still longer period. Dr. Birch thinks that the king who sent for the ark was Tiglath-Pileser of Assyria. (*Records of the Past*, vol. iv. pp. 53-60.)

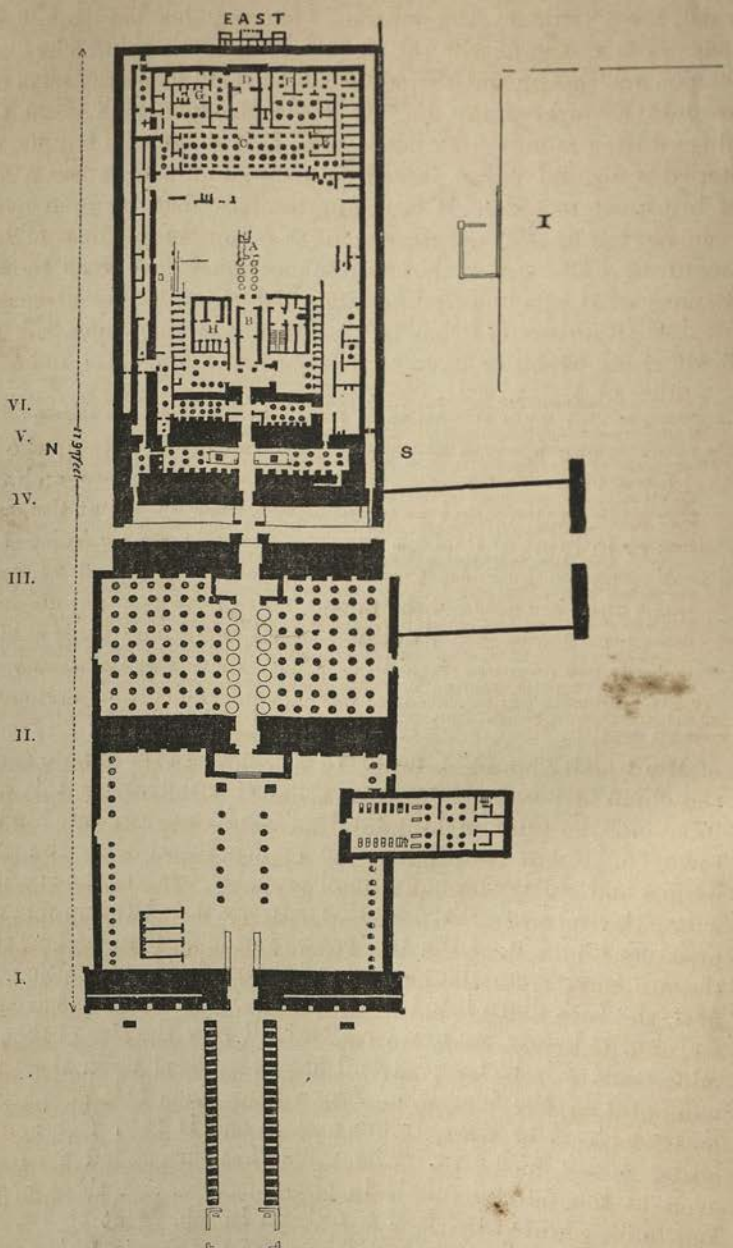
days. The talisman worked so well that the evil spirit came out at once and the princess was cured. Khonsu returned in triumph to this temple, with a great ark and five small boats, a chariot and many horses on the right and left, in peace, having been absent on his travels seven years.

We approach the great temple of Amen from the west through the stupendous walls and gateways at that end. They appear, even in their dilapidated condition, more like mountains than walls, and they were never finished. The breadth is 376 feet and the height 146 feet, or about that of the Vendôme column at Paris, and their depth is about 50 feet. We climbed up to the top of the northern wing over the rubbish which is piled against its eastern side, in order to see the view. First of all, looking away westwards, we take in the size of the Theban plain on the opposite side of the river (p. 462). The length of this is three miles, and the width from the river to the foot of the hills in its widest part another two miles, and all of that was covered at one time by the city of the dead and of the priests. Its whole surface is to-day bright emerald green; across over there are pointed out to us the three groups of buildings now remaining—Medeenet Haboo to the south or left, the Ramesseum in the centre facing us, and El-Goornah on the right or north. At the back of these rise the bare Libyan hills in a semicircle, called in old Egyptian "the coffin mountain;" and in their yellow, rocky sides we can even from here distinguish the lines of caves and tombs. Those of the kings lie over the summit of the hills beyond, and still further to the west. The approach to them it is supposed was by means of a tunnel cut through those very hills themselves; and, as if at the eastern end of such a tunnel, we see the temple of Deir-el-Bahari high up on the scarped cliffs and apparently midway between the Ramesseum and El-Goornah. Down from that terraced memorial temple led another avenue of sphinxes, a mile and a-half at least in length, straight across the beautiful plain of Thebes to the bank of the Nile, here broadened by islands and offering long reaches of rushing water, across which the straight line came on and up by another avenue of lions, another mile in length, to this great gate, on the top of which we stand. And thus, it would seem, the last resting-places of the kings were connected, by an avenue that ran through the whole breadth of their capital on both sides of the river, with this temple of their great god Amen-Ra at Karnak; on which, one after the other in succession, they had vied in the sumptuousness of their additions; the splendid centre of what was once the

most splendid city in the world. Almost parallel with the long avenue that ran from Deir-el-Bahari to Karnak, there was on the southern side of the city another royal street of over two miles long, that ran from the colossal statues of Amen-Hotep in Thebes, right across to the temple he constructed at Luxor. These two avenues were thus two sides of a great parallelogram of which the remaining two sides, the eastern and western, were formed—the eastern by the avenue we have traversed from Luxor to Karnak, and the western by another which ran throughout the necropolis from Deir-el-Bahari to Medeenet Haboo. The structural connection of all these magnificent buildings of Karnak and Thebes throughout these eight miles of avenue seems to have been the grand conception of Rameses II.

Facing round now to the east, from the top of the pylon where we are standing, we see the extent of the other half of the city which lay on this, the eastern side of the river. Here and there rise the many tall-walled gateways that used to be at the end of avenues or in front of temples. Many of these are now isolated and we realise as we look on them why Thebes was called "hundred gated," as they in their height must always have towered above the temples and palaces and dwellings of the kings and their subjects, more especially as on each side of them there were always reared still more lofty flagstaffs. There were eleven such temples altogether inclosed within the circuit of Karnak, 2⅓ miles round; its greatest breadth, which was from north to south, was over a mile and its width from east to west was one-third of a mile. On this great mound on which we stand the solid wall on its western face has been perforated for the reception of the huge poles which were secured in their places by bronze or iron, and probably, when of the enormous size that would be required for this gateway, were built up of several lengths and pieces. Like the eagles in the Roman legions these standards were themselves objects of almost divine veneration.

We now look down into the temple itself. Often as we have seen pictures of it before, we never realised till now the size of this, the most colossal pile of temples that have ever stood upon the earth. The length of the temple of Amen alone from this gateway on which we stand to the extreme eastern end is 1197 feet and its extreme width 370 feet. The walls that surrounded its courts were over a mile and a-half in circumference, and those of the temple itself were over half a mile in length. But that which produces perhaps the greatest feeling of the size is seeing as we



TEMPLE OF AMEN-RA AT KARNAK.

stand here, without exaggeration, what pigmies the men look as they walk at the foot of the huge pillars in the great court. This temple was the central shrine of Egypt throughout the days of her greatest Empire—from the Twelfth Dynasty to that of the Greek kings, during more than 2,000 years. It is not alone a temple, for its storied walls and pillars inscribed within and without are a library of historical records. It is among temples what the great pyramid is among tombs. Every clearing of the chambers yields new literary treasures. The cost of its maintenance must have been enormous. Besides what other preceding kings had given, one by no means the greatest, Rameses III., has left a list of the endowments, gardens, fields, cities, which he gave to this temple of Amen-Ra, and to those

D. Easternmost shrine of the Temple. C. Hall of Thothmes III. E. "Hall of Ancestors." F. Boy Alexander. G. Flowers of Palestine. I. Sacred Lake. A. Remains of Osirtasen's Temple. B. Rose-granite double shrine. H. Chambers destroyed by fire.

The VIth or innermost pylon was the front of the original temple: on it are now the Palestinian conquests of Thothmes III. (B.C. 1600). Between the IVth and Vth pylons stands the obelisk of Hatasu (109 feet high). The IVth pylon was built by Thothmes I. (B.C. 1663). The IIIrd pylon was built by Amen-Hotep III. (B.C. 1500). Between the IIIrd and IVth pylons is the gateway in the southern wall for the processions to enter from Maut's temple, built by Amen-Hotep III., which also in its turn is approached through four pylons, the first of which is shown on the plan. The IInd pylon was built by Rameses I. (B.C. 1460). Between the IInd and IIIrd pylons is the Hall of Columns, 340 feet broad by 170 feet long. The central pillars are 75 feet high and 33 feet in circumference: the other pillars are 40 feet high. The court in front of the IInd pylon is 275 feet wide by 329 feet long. It was in existence in Shishak's reign (B.C. 960). His sculptures are in the south-east corner. The first or outermost pylon (or "towered gateway") is 144 feet high, 370 feet broad, and 49 feet deep; an avenue of sixty lion-headed sphinxes, thirty on either side, led up to it. This last addition of the Ptolemies just doubled the size of the temple as left by Thothmes III., for the length from the exterior of this gateway to that of the third gateway is exactly the same as the length from the exterior of the fourth gateway to the easternmost wall.

(For comparison it may be remembered that the extreme length of St. Paul's Cathedral is 500 feet, the greatest breadth 250 feet, and the width of the nave 118 feet, the height to top of cross 365 feet.)

of Maut and Khonsu, as property for ever. In all, there were under the chiefs of the temple 62,626 persons. The herds of the sun were 971, and the total of all herds and cattle was 421,362. Fifty-six towns of Egypt contributed to its sustenance, and eighty-three barges and galleys brought their produce. The linen, the oil, the wine, the incense, the honey, the silver, the gold, the bronze, the precious stones, the cedar-trees from Lebanon for the harps and arks, the mulberry trees, the fruit and flowers and vegetables, the water-fowl, the corn and grain, are all enumerated. The loaves of bread for offerings, and even how many of each shape (so many great tails, square rolls and curly rolls, biscuits, buns, puffs and ornamental pastry); beer for the cellar, jugs of wine, barrels of meal, baskets of fruit, sandals of papyrus and of leather, olives, goats, geese, ducks, turtle-doves (57,810), pigeons, fish, nosegays, even to the handfuls of water-flowers and chains of blue flowers and buds, counted by their hundreds and thousands.[1]

[1] *Records of the Past*, vol. vi. pp. 24-52.

The first court into which we now come down did not exist till Shishak's time; till then the temple ended at what is now the IInd pylon. This court had a corridor on either side, each fifty feet high; that on the south side is broken by a temple of Rameses III. which is of older date than the court itself, and was left in its place and not interfered with when the corridor was built. It is much encumbered with rubbish. Down the centre of the court ran a colonnade of twelve columns, six on each side, one only of which is now standing upright; they were erected by Tirhakah (700 B.C.). Down in the north-west corner of this court stands a small temple built by Sethi II., son of Menephtah and grandson of Rameses II., who was probably the Pharaoh at the time of the Exodus (1300 B.C.). Loi (Levi) was high priest of Amen at the time. This small temple also was left undisturbed when the court was built in 980 B.C. (It is 329 feet broad and 275 feet long.)

We pass now to the IInd huge gateway. On either side of it was a granite statue, that on the right, which has disappeared, was Rameses II., that on the left or north side, and still sitting there much mutilated, represents his favourite daughter Bint Anatha by his Hittite wife; and so called after Astartha-Anatha, the warrior wife of the great Hittite god Sutekh, to whom he also had erected a temple at Sân, as well as one in the southern quarter of Thebes. The walls on either side of this gateway seem nearly as high as those in the first pylon, to the top of which we had mounted; but the stones that faced them are all shaken together in a most strange way. They are all piled in their places like mere cataracts of fallen blocks; probably this is the effect of the lower tiers having settled down, through the foundations having given way where the soil has been undermined and the sandstone eaten into by the nitre of the waters of the Nile.

Going on through this gateway, the great walls of which tower like cliffs above our heads as we enter, we come into the great "Hall or Forest of Columns," the most stupendous of all the Egyptian temple halls. It was built by Sethi, and even his great son never surpassed the magnitude of this his father's work. Six men standing with extended arms, finger-tip to finger-tip, can scarcely span one of the pillars of the central avenue round; they are each the size of the column of Trajan or of that in the Place Vendôme, and the single area of this one Hall of Columns is equal to that of the whole of Nôtre Dame. There are twelve of these great columns each twelve feet in diameter; the circumference of

their capitals measures 75 feet, and on the upper surface of each 100 men could sit. These twelve columns support the clerestory of the nave ; the stone tracery of some of the windows, with squares letting in a subdued light through their narrow slits, are still in position ; for originally the hall was entirely covered in, some of the stone beams still aloft are thirty-two feet long. Of the other 122 columns, each nine feet in diameter, which supported the flat roof of the hall, many have fallen or are falling, and are lying about at all sorts of angles; for the drums of these huge columns of soft sandstone are all eaten away by the swirl of the waters of the Nile inundation; these filtrate upwards through the soil every year, and are gradually by this means causing more and more of the pillars to fall over as their bases are thus destroyed. All the pillars and all the walls of this hall are still bright with colour, giant forms of kings and gods, interchanging gifts and complimenting each other. On the north wall, inside the hall and on the east of the side doorway, is a curious genealogical tree. Going out by the same door on the north side of this hall we are shown on the exterior wall of the temple, pictures in bas-relief of Sethi's campaigns in Western Asia against the Bedawin, Phœnicians, Mesopotamia, Cappadocia, and the Kheta who had broken treaty with him. The king is shooting from his chariot and his foes take refuge in the fortress of Kanana and in Lebanon, where cedars are felled for making a new bark for Amen and for flagstaffs in this temple. He is represented as afterwards returning in triumph into Egypt (1366 B.C.) and bringing them to Amen-Ra of Thebes. We recross the Hall of Columns, and go out by the southern side door to see the bas-reliefs on the external wall on the south side. They are of much later date than those on the northern side, and were put up by Shishak (where apparently he found a vacant space on the wall 966 B.C.), and describe his campaign against the Phœnicians. Amen gives the king the bow and battleaxe to destroy 150 prisoners kneeling at his feet. Each prisoner is supposed to represent a captured town ; Judah Malek is one of these, and probably represents Jehud of Dan (el Yehudîyeh) near Lydda. The inroad was made in alliance with Jeroboam, who had been an exile at his court, against the cities of Judah and the Levite cities of Israel, who were true to the House of David, and would not own Jeroboam as king. In the list are Taanach, Shunem, Mahanaim, Gibeon, Beth-horon, Ajalon, Adullam, Megiddo, Ibleam, Shoco, the Hagarites and the Negeb, Aroer, and

Edom. On the other (or eastern) side of the same doorway are more bas-reliefs, in honour of kings of this same Assyrian or Twenty-second Dynasty, who called themselves also high priests of Amen.

Mounting on the remains of the wall, which here abuts at right angles to the hall, and was one of the side walls of the court through which the avenue ran off to the temple of Maut through four pylons to the south, we get a better view of other bas-reliefs. Those on the right-hand side are the poem of Pentaur in honour of Rameses II.'s feat of arms against the Hittites (Kheta) in the fifth year of his reign. Those on the left-hand or western side are representations of the taking of the fortress of Askalon, one of the five princely cities of the Philistines, in another campaign in the eighth year of his reign, against the same people who had revolted. At our feet engraven on a stone slab lies the treaty of peace that was made between Rameses II. and their king in the twenty-first year of his reign. It is a copy of the real treaty which was made on a tablet of silver and brought to Zoan, where the king then was staying, by two heralds from the king of the Hittites. His elder brother had fought Rameses, but he himself now desired peace, having succeeded him on the throne. His grandfather and father had made similar treaties with Egypt; Rameses now married his daughter. It is the earliest treaty extant, but runs pretty much in the same way as those made in Europe to-day. After setting out the full titles of the two high contracting parties, the kings of the two most powerful nations in the world at that time, it proceeds to say that from this day henceforward "no hostility should arise between them for ever, but peace and good brotherhood should be established between them to all generations." The treaty was offensive and defensive, for the Kheta were being pressed by the pushing westwards of other races in Asia; and both parties desired to bridle the fermenting restless mass of the people of the Canaanites that lay between them. Special clauses provided for the extradition of fugitives, for already the Hebrews were beginning to try to get free and withdraw from the power of the oppressor. It is "done in the name of Sutekh, the great god of all the hills, and of the rivers of the land of the Hittites, and of Astartha, the steed-driving queen of heaven, and of the thousand gods of the great sea, the winds and the clouds, and also in that of Amen, who will jointly see to its execution and are invoked to avenge its infraction." [1]

[1] Brugsch, *Hist. of Egypt*, vol. ii. pp. 71-76. *Records of the Past*, vol. iv. pp. 25-32. The treaty was observed for about 100 years; when the Hittites and the Egyptians were again engaged in hostility under Rameses III., who took Carchemish.

Returning to the great Hall of Columns we go on through the IIIrd enormous pylon or gateway, which is very much shaken down, but which was the chief entrance to the temple itself before Sethi completed the hall we have just passed through. It was probably erected by Amen-Hotep III. (1500 B.C.). On the south-east façade is a list of the precious stones and metals this king brought from his campaign against Asiatics to Amen. Amidst much confusion of ruin we find here the remains of four obelisks of red granite; three are thrown down; one on the right-hand side is still erect, seventy-five feet high. They bear the name of Thothmes I., who reigned 1663 B.C. and who married his own sister Aahmes; and stand immediately in front of a IVth pylon or gateway, built also originally by him, though the portal through it was altered by Thothmes IV., father of Amen-Hotep III. This is the entrance into the temple proper, around which from this point there is a double exterior wall, with no entrances in it whatsoever from the outside. This IVth pylon leads into a hall around which are twenty-eight figures of Osiris, and in the middle of the court rose two obelisks of red granite; one of them is still standing, the largest known solid piece of stone, 108 feet 10 inches high; though the one in front of St. John Lateran in Rome, the tallest in Europe, is only a foot and a-half shorter; that in front of St Peter's is 83 feet 9 inches high. At the back of each obelisk was a seated statue of Amen-Hotep I. or III. If the latter, he must have added them here nearly a hundred years after the obelisks themselves were set up, at the same time as he carved his two colossal figures now standing on the plain of Thebes. If the first, then they were part and parcel of the original, he being the grandfather of Hatasu and father of Thothmes I. He was supported on each side by other figures; all these are now gone. The obelisk still standing bears the name of Hatasu, the bold and able daughter of Thothmes I. and sister of the two succeeding princes of the same name. She was raised to the throne by her father in his lifetime, and reigned jointly with him; as he had married his own sister Aahmes, so he married her too to her brother Thothmes II., by whom she had a daughter, called Hatasu like herself, who afterwards became the wife of her own uncle Thothmes III. After the first Hatasu's marriage with her brother Thothmes II. she reigned jointly with him till his early death; she then hammered his name off all their monuments, and reigned alone as lady king. She exiled to the marshes of the Delta her younger brother, whom afterwards, when

he grew to man's estate, she was forced to make co-regent with her on the throne in the fifteenth year of her reign. They ruled jointly for twenty-four years, at the end of which time she either died or was put out of the way. The whole reign of Thothmes III. was fifty-four years. He was the Alexander the Great of the Egyptian pharaohs of the Eighteenth Dynasty. This obelisk is without its rival in form, colour, and beauty of engraving. On it she says[1] that she has set up the two obelisks, "from a heart full of love for my divine father Amen; all my efforts from the beginning have been inspired by his spirit, and in all things I have done according to his commandments; it is he who hath directed me, it is through no wisdom of mine that I have reared his temple, but my heart was filled by the intelligence of my father; it is my father's business that I am about here in the courts of the universal lord, for I know that Thebes is a heaven upon earth, the august staircase from the beginning of time, the apple of the eye of the universal lord and his heart's throne." She also tells us on the obelisks that she had erected them in the court between the two gateways (IV. and V. on the plan) reared by her father Thothmes I, and that she had offered them "to father Amen with the intent that her name should remain permanent in this temple for ever and ever." They are of a single stone of granite, without any joining or division in them. "I began the work in the fifteenth year of my reign, on the first day of the month Mechir (*i.e.* December 1630 B.C.), and I finished them in the sixteenth year on the last day of Mesori (*i.e.* June), making seven months since the beginning of it in the mountain (*i.e.* of Assouan). I have made them for him in satisfaction of heart, for it is the king of all the gods before whom I pray. I heeded not the objections and difficulties raised by men; what I ordered that I had done; I neither retracted nor wavered; I have had them covered with smu metal," that is, either pure gold or electrum. They were no doubt gilded from top to bottom, and the hieroglyphics stood out as a polished red surface from the gold overlaid around them. The Caryatides, or fourteen figure pillars, are representations of this queen's father, Thothmes I., in the character of Osiris, as king of all ages and arbiter of man's destiny.

We pass now through the Vth pylon into another area. On either side of us are two rows of columns, ten on the north side and eight on the south. This court was begun by the conqueror Thothmes I.,

[1] *Records of the Past*, vol. xii. pp. 127-136.

but only completed by his son, the still greater conqueror Thothmes III. It is so far interesting as being the earliest of the three halls of columns; his daughter Hatasu outdid it by her hall of columns between the IVth and Vth gateways, and Sethi completely outdid them both with his great hall between the IInd and IIIrd gateways.

Then on through another pylon or gateway, the last and VIth of the series which lead from the exterior of the temple up to the sanctuary. This one is smaller than its neighbour on the west, which in its turn is not so high as the one that precedes it. The western front of this VIth gate is covered with the celebrated geographical lists.[1] One hundred and fifteen personages tied together by their arms and by their necks are on one side of the gate, and 115 in like manner are on the other side; those on the right hand carry tablets on their necks with the names of as many towns taken by Thothmes III. during his campaigns in the south of Egypt; those on the north side of as many localities captured by the same prince during his campaigns in the north. Among the first are Kush (*i.e.* the Soudan) and the Punt country (Socotra and Arabia Felix), among the latter are the Phœnician and Upper Galilaean towns, which the king "guided by his father Amen in the right way," went up and, in the first of his fourteen campaigns against the land of the Amorites, overthrew, Kadesh-on-Orontes, Megiddo, Kishon, Dothan, Damascus, Merom, Edrei, Abila, Hamath, Beyrout, Ashtaroth Karnaim, Laish, Hazor, Kinnereth, Shunen, Taanach, Ibleam, En Gannim, Acre, Joppa, Sharon, Lydda, Aphek, Shocoh, Emmaus, Eglon, Carmel, Gibeah, Heshbon, Mamre, and other towns by the shores of the Mediterranean and east of Jordan. In fact, this list is nothing less than a table of the cities of the Promised Land, made 270 years before Israel left Egypt, and is proof that the towns, long ere even Moses was born, bore the same names as they bear now.[2] And thus we approach the rose-coloured granite tabernacle (the rest of the temple being all limestone,) which is double, and thus consists of four cubes, the side of each tabernacle containing twice its breadth; each had doors of acacia wood covered with plates of gold, and fastened with black bronze, copper, and iron. They were constructed by

[1] They were first published in 1874 by Mariette Bey; the list is repeated three times in different parts of the temple.

[2] Cp. Captain Conder, *Palestine before Joshua*, pp. 178-194, in volume of *Special Papers*, Palestine Exploration Fund, 1881. Brugsch, *Hist. of Egypt*, vol. i. pp. 392-3.

Thothmes III. out of monoliths, and they were repaired by Philip Aridæus the brother of Alexander the Great. When this last gateway is passed we turn first to the left and have pointed out to us the remains of a long inscription,[1] which gives a succinct account of all the wars undertaken by Thothmes III. from the twenty-second to the fortieth years of his reign; there were fourteen campaigns described and all the gifts he brought home to Amen-Ra from them, the booty and the tribute, slaves (to build his temples and palaces), horses, cattle, ebony, ivory, fine linen and woollen garments, jewels, chariots, arms, battleaxes of flint, cups of silver and electrum, corn and wine, honey and scent from Asshur and Lebanon, from the great land of the Kheta and from Cyprus. These campaigns then assured to Egypt "the submission of the neighbouring countries, and the extension of its boundaries to Nineveh and possibly to India." Some amongst the captives are, of all things in the world, figures capped and dressed like Chinese mandarins even to their pigtails, and articles similar to those of Chinese manufacture with Chinese-like characters have been found in Egyptian graves of this period. The Kheta are always consistently represented as a light-coloured hairless people, wearing high caps, and pointed and turned-up boots, and evidently belonged to a Turanian or Turkoman race (p. 242). On the Assyrian inscriptions they are called Khatti, and were still the paramount power from the Euphrates and Euxine to Lebanon in the time of Tiglath Pileser (B.C. 1130). Shalmaneser subdued them (B.C. 858); but the final subjugation of their empire to Assyria was made by Sargon, 717 B.C. Their Shemitic allies are always represented as bearded and with wholly different features.

Then passing round to the north-east side of the centre tabernacle, we sit down before a very prettily executed picture on the opposite wall, representing the king in front of his temple and obelisks, with a list of all the offerings he made, so many of this, and so many of that (on the three great feasts of Victory each of five days duration, whereon with music and songs and shouts of joy he thanked his god for all he had vouchsafed unto him); the sunset offerings of milk from pails of gold, daily, the sacred offerings of food and drink to the four great obelisks, and to the statues set beside the gateways; each obelisk had twenty-five loaves of shewbread and one draught of beer. Then going round into small chambers

[1] Translated by Dr. Birch, *Records of the Past*, vol. ii. pp. 35-52; and Brugsch, *Hist. of Egypt*, vol. i. pp. 368-386.

behind this wall (H) we notice in one, the doorway of which is of dark granite, traces of the wanton destruction which has been wrought; the stones have been heated by fires and then had water thrown upon them. Still working our way towards the east, in the centre of the open court we come upon the remains (A) of some very ancient sixteen-sided columns, marked with the name of a much earlier Pharaoh, that of Osirtasen I., the second king of the Twelfth Dynasty (the same who erected the solitary obelisk we saw standing at On). They are something like early Greek Doric columns, thick, fluted and with a simple abacus as capital, and it is quite refreshing to the eye to rest on their chaste simplicity after the colour and gorgeousness which we have lately seen. Beyond these, and further to the east, are other buildings of Thothmes III., with a hall 148 feet broad and fifty-three feet deep (C), across the centre of which ran two lines each of ten round columns; and on the exterior of each of its four sides one row of square pillars, thirty-two in number, with capitals reversed so that the smaller portion of the lotus is uppermost. This at one time was used as a Christian church, and pictures of the saints are still traceable. It would seem to have been originally the entrance-hall to the eastern Holy of Holies of the whole temple (D), which stands at the extreme end of the centre axis of the whole group of buildings. On the south-west side is a little chamber (E) which once contained a bas-relief of Thothmes III. revering fifty-six of his predecessors up to Senoferu of the Third Dynasty, through the Twelfth. It has been taken to Paris, and is only equalled in value historically by the tablet we saw at Abydôs of Rameses II. and his predecessors on the throne of Egypt. Hard by and still further in the rear (F) are some prettily decorated little chambers by the boy son of the great Alexander in honour of Amen-Ra. The latest name therefore found on all the walls of the temple is Alexander II. 332 B.C., of the Thirty-second Dynasty, and the earliest is that of Osirtasen I. of the Twelfth Dynasty who reigned at least, it is generally allowed, 2,000 years before. In another of these chambers (G), standing on their pedestals were found the two rose granite Sphinxes which are now in the garden of the Boolak Museum at Cairo; round the sub-basement of this are drawn all the flowers, and "precious things brought forth by the sun," melons, pomegranates, water-lilies, and the birds and animals of Palestine, and of another "sacred land" (Socotra) to the south of Arabia. Amongst them are "four unknown birds that give Thothmes greater pleasure than the war

contributions of a whole country." A naturalist and artist accompanied the king to make these collections.

All these passages, chambers, and galleries at the eastern end of the temple were set apart for religious purposes, for the preparation of offerings, and to deposit the objects and treasures and symbols used in the fêtes. We then return to the spot where the original limestone sanctuary of the oldest temple is supposed to have stood (A), but to have been entirely destroyed by Cambyses at the same time as he destroyed that in the temple at Luxor, and wrought other such destruction among these sacred places. Be this as it may, it would seem clear that hereabouts at any rate was the central heart and primary nucleus of that old temple, to which pharaoh after pharaoh vied with his predecessor in adding on towards the west more and more majestic gateways, courts, obelisks and colonnades.

Thothmes I. no doubt conceived when he had planned that columned court and built the pylon (the Vth) to the west of it that he had done much. His daughter Hatasu added to his plans, and for her own and her father's glory then in the forecourt of the temple reared the two giant obelisks and thought that she had done for the honour of Amen-Ra more than any other "child of the sun" had done before, or would ever do again. And she was right so far, for her obelisks have never been surpassed. But Thothmes III. "who placed the frontier of Egypt where he pleased," completed in front to the west of these a still higher and broader gateway (the IVth) and built the series of halls and chambers on the east, and carved the rose granite Holy of Holies, and roundabout on all three sides of the temple thus inclosed he reared what is now its double exterior wall, and covered it with the sculptured history of his conquests, and thought for his part that now at length a most glorious temple had been finished, more worthy of his god and more worthy of himself and his conquests than any that had preceded. And the lion's share of the most perfect work in the temple does doubtless belong to him; for his age was "the most perfect bloom of old Egyptian art equally grand in its conception of the whole, and full of taste and refinement in the execution of the several parts." "I placed Egypt," says this king, "at the head of the nations, because its inhabitants are at one with me in the worship of Amen." But after him arose another king, Amen-Hotep III., a mighty conqueror too (whose image and superscription are sculptured on those two giant sitting kings the other side of the river), and he too did much for the honour of this sanctuary; but feeling perhaps that this

temple of Amen-Ra was already perfect, he reared to the north side of the sun-god's sacred inclosure another vast, wholly new, and in itself complete, sanctuary to Amen-Ra; and away to the south an entirely new and vast temple to Maut, the Mother, with pylons, sphinxes, sanctuary and lake, as well as the great entrance temple at Luxor besides. All which things beholding, and coming to the throne after strange heresies and most peculiar doings of the foreigner and intruder Khoonaten, Sethi, founder of the Nineteenth Dynasty, determined in his mind, out of reverence for Amen, the supreme god of his race "who listens to those who pray to him," to supplement the works of his predecessors, and added to the west of Pylon III. "the Hall of Columns," which all words are too weak to describe, though the execution is far coarser though more gigantesque than in the work of the Eighteenth Dynasty. And after him yet again came Rameses II., who in his long reign of sixty-seven years has covered Egypt with his works. Far away in Munich now, taken from this temple, sits the statue of Bak-en-Khonsu, the Superintendent of Public Works under Sethi I. and Rameses II., the architect of more and vaster buildings than any other of the sons of men. Sitting on the ground with his arms folded across his knees, he speaks to us across the centuries and says,[1] "I was high priest and first prophet of Amen, beloved by my master; I was virtuous and truthful, rejoicing in truth and hating iniquity, developing the law of my god and walking in his ways, doing acts of kindness within his temple. O, all men having reflection in your minds and who come after me upon earth, even thousands of years hence, whose hearts are contented at the sight of glorious acts, I give you to know what services I performed on earth in the office which was my lot from birth. I was for four years a little child, for twelve years I was a boy; I was made steward (at sixteen) by King Sethi, I was a priest of Amen for four years; I was divine father of Amen for twelve years, I was third prophet of Amen for sixteen years, and second prophet for twelve years, and then the king promoted me and appointed me first prophet of Amen, which I was for six years" (this would make him sixty-six). "I was a good father to my temple servants and provided for their families; to those who were miserable I gave the right-hand of help, those who were down I tried to upraise; and gave food to the poor, and did my best for my temple. I

[1] Brugsch's *Hist. of Egypt*, vol. ii. p. 118; *Records of the Past*, vol. xii. pp. 117–122.

was the great Superintendent of Public Works throughout the whole of Thebes for Rameses II. I built for him a towered gate and granite obelisks in front and lofty flagstaffs, and large boats and huge gilt doors and reservoirs, and gardens planted with trees, and all in honour of Amen who doth listen to those who pray to him. Now, be thou youth or married man who art yet in life, may the happiness of to-day be more than that of yesterday for thee, and may to-morrow bring a yet larger store, so that it may abound above that which was mine. I was from youth to old age within the temple of Amen in the service of my god, and beholding his face." And of what sort was the worship and the hymns which this old man led? Here are parts of three of them written in the reign of his master Rameses, that is before a single syllable of our Bible was composed, and before Moses left Egypt, and some verses of them may even be older than the Nineteenth Dynasty:

"O, praise ye, and sing praises to Amen-Ra, the good god, beloved, who giveth life to all living things. Hail to thee! lord of the heathen and of all thrones of the world, the ancient of days, the ONE in his works. Lord of truth, father of the gods, maker of all things visible and invisible in heaven and earth, enlightener of the world, sailing in heaven in tranquillity. Hail to thee! lord of truth, whose shrine is 'hidden'; awake in strength! We salute thee, god of gods and lord of lords. Thou listenest to the poor who is in distress, gentle of heart art thou when one cries unto thee; deliverer of the timid from the violent, judge thou the poor and the oppressed; lord of wisdom whose law is wise, lord of mercy most loving, at whose coming all men live, opener of every eye, causer of pleasure and light, sovereign of life, health and strength, who art visible in the midst of heaven and yet whose name is 'hidden' from his creatures, in his name which is Amen (*i.e.* Hidden). Hail to thee who art in tranquillity! O lord most mighty, O lord most merciful, thy love pervades the earth, all hearts are softened at beholding thee. Thou art the ONE maker of all existences; thou causest the grass to grow for the cattle and fruitful trees for men; thou causest the fish to live in the river and the birds to fill the air, yea, it is thou who giveth them breath while they are yet in the egg; thou feedest the rats in their holes, and the swarming myriads of creeping or flying insects, as well as the feathered fowl that perch upon the boughs or river banks; thou openest thy hand and fillest all things living with plenteousness. Hail

to thee for all these things, the ONE alone with many hands; lying awake while all men are asleep to seek out the good of thy creatures. Let therefore all their voices rise in homage to thee, for thy mercy is over all thy works, thine we are and for thee were we created. All thy creatures salute thee from every land, whether in the height of heaven or on the broad earth or in the depths of the sea: all gods and all the bright spirits that thou hast created exult before the feet of the universal Father and welcome thee. Sovereign of life, health and strength, we worship thy Spirit who alone has made us; we whom thou hast made thank thee that thou hast given us birth, we give praise to thee on account of thy mercy towards us. The ONE alone without a peer, living in truth for ever, thou art king alone. Of many names, unknown is their number; rising in the east, setting in the west, overthrowing thine enemies and dawning on thy children daily and every day. Hail to thee Amen-Ra! lord of the thrones of the world, beloved of his city of Thebes when he shineth forth."[1] This hymn was sung of old in these very temple courts and it was only one of many similar ones. For instance, two or three short prayers of the same age and dynasty (Nineteenth) have come down to us, showing us that not alone in pomp and magnificence of stately worship was Amen served, but also that the poor and outcast cried to him and not in vain:[2] "O Amen, lend thine ear to him who is alone before the tribunal, he is poor, he is not rich. The court oppresses him, and the clerks of the book want silver and gold, and the servants of the court desire gifts. But thou, O Amen, art the judge, there is none other to deliver a man from his misery; when the poor man is before the tribunal thou makest him to go forth free and thou turnest his poverty to wealth." Yet again another cries: "The beginning of wisdom is to go in the way of Amen, the rudder of his truth will guide men alone. Thou art he that giveth bread to him who has none, that sustaineth the servant of his house. Let no prince be my defender in all my troubles, let not my memorial be placed under the power of any great ones who are at court, for my Lord he is my defender; I know his power and there is none mighty but him alone; strong is Amen, knowing how to answer and fulfilling the desire of him who cries to him, the sun, true

[1] *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, vol. ii. pp. 250-263, and *Records of the Past*, vol. ii. pp. 121-130.

[2] *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, vol. ii. pp. 353-359, and *Records of the Past*, vol. vi. pp. 97-102.

king of gods, the strong lord, mighty lover of men." And yet another prays, and apparently this is an evening prayer at sunset, which reminded an Egyptian only of the beginning of further triumphs which Amen was then on the point of winning in the Nether World, and thinking of these he would cheer himself in hours of sickness and darkness, like those in similar case who remember

> "That the night is never so long
> But at last it ringeth for matin song."

"Come to me, O thou sun, who art on the horizon, and give me help; thou art he that giveth help, there is no help without thee, hear my prayer and let my desire be fulfilled, let my heart be glad that I may praise thee with joyful lips. Reproach me not with my many sins; I am but a youth, sick of body, and as a man without heart; anxiety returns to me in the time of lying down. O hear my humble supplication to thee at night when terror falls upon me, O thou protector of millions, thou saviour of the world, the defender of all that call to him."

If these were the cries to Amen of the poor and destitute, whose faith found utterance thus to One who was the reflex of their wants, no less clear to each one of the kings of the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Dynasties, who covered a glorious period for Thebes of 600 years, than to David long centuries after them, sounded in their hearts the oracle, almost word for word the same as Psalm ii. "Quare fremuerunt gentes, et populi meditati sunt inania? Astiterunt reges terrae, et principes convenerunt in unum adversus Dominum, 'dirumpamus vincula eorum, et projiciamus a nobis jugum ipsorum.' Qui habitat in coelis irridebit eos, et Dominus subsannabit eos; tunc loquetur ad eos in irâ suâ, et in furore suo conturbabit eos." "Ego autem constitutus sum Rex ab eo, praedicans praeceptum ejus. Dominus dixit ad me, Filius meus es tu, ego hodie genui te. Postula a me, et dabo tibi gentes haereditatem tuam, et possessionem tuam terminos terrae: reges eos in virgâ ferreâ et tanquam vas figuli confringes eos." And so with a faith clear and unwavering in the mission given them by Amen, the supreme being, their sun-father, whose vicegerents they were in Egypt, (as was the Inca, sun-child in the far west, and the Mikado in the far east,[1] begotten of the same mighty source, though

[1] It is also curious that the words Pharaoh, Mikado, and Porte, all bear the same meaning, that of great house or palace, and are used with reference to the source from whence issued the orders given by the head of the state to his subjects.

unknown brothers to each other,) they went forth conquering and to conquer, and hither home returning led up, as to the Capitol, the long lines of their captive slaves from every land, "bruising them indeed with a rod of iron," as shown upon these very walls; and along these avenues marched the triumphal processions bearing the gold, frankincense and myrrh, the "gifts of the kings of Arabia and Saba," to him who erst was only the local god of Thebes, but since the land under his auspices had been delivered from the tyranny of the foreign shepherd-kings, and all nations had done his vice-gerent service, was now hailed as king of kings and lord of lords, over far wider fields than the son of Jesse ever dreamt of. And what was the end of it all? What was the effect of Egypt's conquests on the other nations? Were they bettered by it, or were the Egyptians bettered themselves?[1] Thothmes and Amen-Hotep and Rameses have slain their thousands, but David his ten thousands; the influence of the first has passed away like the shadow that departeth, but the kingdom that hath foundations with its moral grandeur and depth of spiritual insight reared by David and David's greater Son, and all who through Him are heirs of more even than David's hopes, still endures and still achieves its victories over the minds and hearts of men. "Regnum tuum regnum omnium seculorum, et dominatio tua in omni generatione et generationem." "Fecit potentiam in brachio suo: dispersit superbos mente cordis sui: deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles."

Before we finally leave Karnak we have pointed out to us the confused heaps of ruins on the north of the great inclosure where stood, beyond the temple of Ptah, the second temple to Amen-Ra built by Amen-Hotep III. The great gateway still stands up almost complete; the temple itself is in a state of utter ruin. We then come round by the sacred lake (I) which lay on the

[1] "However childlike in their simplicity the pictures which the Egyptians of this period often delighted to portray upon the temple walls, however apparently strange the descriptions which they give on their tablets of victory of what they had seen abroad, yet we always discover in them the earnest feeling of a deep love of knowledge, which saw even in foreign things any peculiar excellence and beauty they might possess, recognised their importance and value and sought to make them their own. Such were the beginnings of that science and art which thirty-four centuries before our time comprehended the whole then known world, and exercised its beneficial influence on the development of civilisation. A prosperous traffic transported from the banks of the Nile to the shores of the Euphrates the best that the mind of man and the hand of the skilful master could offer to humanity, and all this was transmitted from land to land as a splendid inheritance for future generations by the great intercourse of nations which was then beginning, though at first along the path of war." Brugsch, *Hist. of Egypt*, vol. i. p. 340.

south side of Amen-Ra's temple, and which was once in extent equal to that of the original temple itself. It was dug out by Thothmes III.; the water in it comes by infiltration of the Nile through the soil. We then mount our donkeys, and as if we had not already seen enough of the marvellous, are led through four more colossal gateways; the one nearest to the temple was reared by Thothmes III., the next by Queen Hatasu, and through that the road leads towards the south, and links on thus the temple Maut, the Universal Mother, with that of Amen. Between these four huge gateways, like triumphal arches, two of which are very much ruined, ran an avenue of colossal statues. Two of these of red granite we notice are lying with their heads buried in the ground, with their legs up in the air. On the southern front of the third pylon from the temple were seated six colossal figures, three each side: Amen-Hotep I., Thothmes I. and Thothmes III., the son, the father, and grandfather. Through the last of these gateways we pass out into an alley of sphinxes, which leads to the inclosure in which was the temple of Maut (the great mother and female member of the Theban triad of gods), built by Amen-Hotep III. At the back of her temple, which was probably served by priestesses alone, we see still the great sacred lake filled with water and of the shape of a half-moon. Round the two courts are sitting a number of black granite cat-headed figures of the goddess Sekket (she that kindles the fire), the same as Pasht, "the devouring one," a name she has in common with the lioness, under which form she was also manifested. Sometimes in double row and sometimes in single they sit so close together that their elbows almost touch; there are more than 500 of them. In various early languages of Africa the words for "moon" and "cat" are identical. The worship of the moon under this symbol was probably, therefore, like much of the Egyptian animal fetishism, due to the fact that her name resembled that of the goddess. The effect of all these cat-headed figures sitting thus, exactly alike in size and execution, and as if purring in the dusk, strikes us as very odd, and is the last sight we see before we turn towards Luxor and ride down to the village and go on board the yacht. Dr. Graves, the Bishop of Limerick, who is staying at the hotel, came to dine at 8 P.M.

March 12th.—Up early. Temperature 65°. Morning service in the saloon. The words of the Gospel for the day and of the second lesson sound most homely, and are very touching in their simplicity

amidst these pompous halls and scenes "that desolation breathes around." Then had breakfast, and at 9.30 A.M. crossed the river and landed on the western bank of the Nile, and there, some on donkeys and some on horses, start for the Tombs of the Kings, a two hours' ride. We strike first almost due north across the plain; the path immediately after landing leads across a loose sandy soil, the bed of the now shrunken river, and then by and through pools of stagnant water, and past many bronze-coloured and naked, thick-set fellaheen working on their plots of ground—watering, damming, hoeing from morn to night—until we arrive at the temple of el-Goornah, the most northerly of the temples on the western bank; on the hedge of the cultivated land and at the entrance of the gorge that leads to the tombs of the kings. Two pylons once stood in front of it, but a few stones are all that now mark their place. Built by Sethi in memory of his father Rameses: as at Abŷdôs, the same king, with the help of the same architect, Bak-en-Khonsu, and at the same time, had raised the temple we saw there for his son and his initiation and instruction in that original centre of his race, so here now to his own father and founder of his dynasty, after whom he named his boy, he rears, in this the centre of his own empire, this memorial of the dead. On this western bank of the Nile, which was peculiarly sacred to the setting sun and to the goddess of Rest and Peace, Athor, all the temples are "memorials of the dead;" on this side of the river are all the great burial-places, beginning with the pyramids of Geezeh and the graveyards round them, and coming on to the tombs we saw at Sakkârah behind Memphis, then to those who sleep around Osiris at Abŷdôs, as well as all those at Thebes. On the western bank of the Nile, they all repose. Here, in the region of the setting sun, all was dedicated to the "worship of ancestors," as the eastern side was more especially dedicated to the worship of the god of day. As on certain days in the year the friends and priests came to the reception-hall and visited the double of the ordinary citizen, while his body was deep down in the well beneath and his soul away in purgatory, so here and in other memorial temples the dead king was treated as if still alive. This temple for instance was haunted by the double of Rameses I. It was the memory of this king that the faithful came here to evoke on certain days prescribed by the rite; the mummy itself reposed afar off deep down in the rocky cave in the valley of the kings, just as the mummy of the ordinary citizen

reposed at the bottom of an inaccessible well. The endowments and sources of revenue in each nome of Egypt that were set apart to pay for the service of these annual celebrations were enumerated on the walls.

Leaving this temple the path enters the defile of desolation—hot, arid, and without sound of life. A group of Egyptian maidens, slim, long-haired, and with clear yellow skins, gleaming black eyes, snow-white teeth, and coral lips, picturesque in their flowing blue robes (though not over clean), keep pace with us, running along by our side, barefooted, over the pointed and angular broken stones of the desert, and holding with one hand their brown porous earthen water-jars of antique form and elegant shape on their heads and shoulders, which they raise to your lips for a drink when you want it. A pint of water weighs one pound and a-half, and most of these jars hold at least a gallon, and thus these maidens carry each twelve pounds or more on their heads. No exercise could lead them to throw out the chest and carry themselves with dignity better. The sand and white-yellow rocks dazzle the eyes, reflecting the light and heat of the glaring sun, whose rays overhead are almost overpowering. Up here were borne to their last resting-place, in the heart of the desert mountains, the Theban kings of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties; the contrast to-day between the green and fertile plain below and this utter stillness of parched desolation is striking enough, but the contrast must have been still greater when that plain was covered by the great city and all its myriad inhabitants, and when the mummified body of Pharaoh was here brought, away from all sound of life, though still in gorgeous pomp, to the perfect rest and quiet of death. Said Pasha was driven up this ravine in a four-wheeled coach, and though it appears now impossible for a carriage-road to go over the rocks in some places, yet no doubt when the kings were borne something of the sort must have been so prepared. On and on, for nearly four miles, we crept in the blazing sun along the path of the dead; calcined as if by some internal fire, and with split and blackened walls until where the valley narrows in gradually we come to the remains of what was evidently once a gateway across the narrow gorge.

This is called Bab-el-Molook, "Gate of Kings," and it completely shuts in the easternmost of the two branches into which the valley now divides. We pass through this, and then see, full face in front, towering ahead, and closing in the end of the valley, (the

sides of which are about 400 feet high,) the four-sided natural pyramid peak, 2,000 feet high. Here at its foot, away from their subjects and out of sight of Thebes, lay the kings, the entrance to their cave-tombs masked by art and nature, as heaps of rubbish crumbled down under the action of the sun from the overhanging cliffs and the sand was blown hither and thither over every crevice by the desert wind. Not a blade of grass is to be seen. The only living thing was, to-day, a pair of hawks wheeling aloft—symbols of Horus and of renascent life; or, like the souls of dead Pharaohs, come fluttering back from the Hall of Judgment, and, as in pictures, hovering over the mummy, seeking to re-enter and re-animate the dead body, but finding it not. The door of each tomb is a plain square opening like that of a cellar, shooting down into the bowels of the earth, and each was probably covered up with *débris* and intentionally concealed directly the mummy was deposited, so that no external trace of the situation of the tomb might remain. All the sides of the valley are pierced with these tomb galleries hewn many of them by the wealthy subjects, priests, warriors and high officers of state, for themselves. Twenty-one royal tombs belonging to the Nineteenth and Twentieth Dynasties have been opened in this gorge. From Amen-Hotep III. with whom the series begins, down to the last king of the Twentieth Dynasty, the tomb of no prince of any note is missing. In a neighbouring valley further to the west are four of the Eighteenth Dynasty. But those of the great kings of that dynasty, Aahmos and the Thothmeses, have never yet been discovered: we know they must be somewhere near, and in these hills: for the bodies of their occupants were found hidden away with those of the Nineteenth Dynasty and are now at Boolak. Fifteen only of the twenty-five tombs now known were open in the time of the Ptolemies.

We go first into that of Sethi I., discovered by Belzoni in 1819, which is the finest and the largest of them all. The whole length of the passage and chambers, one beyond the other, hollowed away into the heart of the cliff, is 483 feet, and the lowest hall is 180 feet below the actual level of the entrance. And when we think that all this work had to be done in the dark; that these long caves and passages were all hewn by artificial light, and that all the *débris* had to be conveyed out and away down to the end of the valley we have mounted to-day, on the shoulders of countless labourers in small baskets, and then that all these drawings and paintings were done by lamplight, we cannot but consider one of

these tombs together with its memorial temple at the edge of the necropolis in the plain, as on the whole quite as stupendous a work as the pyramids themselves. All the sides of the passages are covered with the work of the chisel and the brush, with long funeral processions, showing the different states and the many mansions of Hades through which the dead king's soul had to pass until it stands at last face to face in the Hall of Double Truth with the judge of all men, "by whom actions are weighed," with his assessors Truth and Justice, and judgment is awarded. The serpents standing erect by each portal and darting out venom, are the guardians of the gates of heaven, like the snaky cherubim and griffins with their flaming swords that turned every way to keep the way of the Tree of Life. The soul has no sooner left the body than we are called upon from room to room to witness its progress as it appears before the gods and becomes gradually purified until at last, in the grand hall at the end of the tomb, we are present at its final admission into that life "which a second death shall never reach" (Mariette Bey).

Beginning close to the portal is always inscribed the Litany of Ra as an introduction to the long pictures which adorn the walls of all the royal tombs, and which, running down the walls on the left-hand side generally, but sometimes on either side, represent the course of the sun through the underworld at the different hours of every night. The underworld was the place of the chastisement of the old serpent, the symbol of evil, and the dwelling, for a time, of the good souls as well as the wicked, who were there judged. Twelve gates there inclose successively twelve sections of space through which the sun-god passes, having generally at his right hand the blest, and at his left the damned. The gates correspond to the twelve hours of the night, and each is guarded by a serpent. The soul cannot pass forward from one to the other unless justified by works of piety and benevolence. As Ra enters each of these regions the dead therein welcome and rejoice at his light, as the "bearer of good news to the spirits in prison"; but on his departing, and on the closing of the door, their voices are heard in wailing at being shut up again in darkness.

When the soul comes up for judgment, and its actions done in the body were weighed, the following were the sins that were inquired after. They are the same which are forbidden in the Commandments of Moses, as well as in those of Buddha, for, in fact, the practice of their contrary virtues lies at the root of all common

life for men, and where these sins are not checked all social life decays. Theft, murder, adultery: under these three heads (by any one of which a man can wrong his neighbour), are grouped treachery, unkindness, or making a companion or animal simply unhappy, exacting more than was due, telling untruths, defrauding by false weights, giving way to anger or to blustering, to ill-treatment of parents. But on the contrary, "when the soul is pure and there is no fault found in him so that he can come near unto God, it is because he hath given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, medicine to the sick, a home to the homeless, and doth live and nourish himself in the truth." Compare "Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata. Dicit illi: Quae? Jesus autem dixit, Non homicidium facies; non adulterabis; non facies furtum; non falsum testimonium dices; honora patrem tuum et matrem tuam, et diliges proximum tuum sicut teipsum," (S. Matt. xix. 17-19). This is the one element which all religions have in common, namely the repression of the personal instincts and the establishment of general rules binding on the community. Under the Twelfth Dynasty the confession is made by the soul in Hades —"No child or lad under age have I injured; no widow have I oppressed, no fisherman have I interfered with, no shepherd have I detained; I have made no difference between the great man and the small in all that I did. I was just and true, without malice, having God in my heart and being quick to discern His will. I have harboured no prejudice, neither have I approved of any wrong. I have taken pleasure in speaking the truth." If the soul was condemned he then underwent annihilation or the second death. But if this ordeal of examination was passed successfully, the dead was "justified," *i.e.* found related to Osiris, and then the use of his members was restored to him, especially of his mouth (that he might be able to utter the sacred words indispensable as a means of warding off evil spirits) and of his heart, which is the principle of life: and then the revivified one had to enter upon the conflict of purification, and to be cleansed by fire. He was obliged to contend with all sorts of monsters who approach him—crocodiles that frighten the spirits like geese, agile demons that pluck out hearts and throw them into furnaces; he had to battle with all the horrors that devour souls, with forty devils that each punish a particular sin, if he has committed it in the flesh. He is depicted as overcoming these opponents with two weapons, a long spear he always carries with him, and the magical power of the sacred words he is able to

pronounce. The Litany of Ra,[1] as sculptured here, consists of seventy-six invocations to God as the Supreme Power under as many names and manifestations of life, and of prayer to Him that as He triumphs over His enemies in the world of darkness, so He would help and guide the king buried in that particular sepulchre on the road through the underworld, that he in turn might triumph over his enemies, until at last the doors of night may be unfastened, and his spirit having been judged worthy of life eternal, all these ordeals may be at an end, and his warfare having been accomplished, after "he has fought the good fight," he may drink of the water of life and become part of the divine essence, and henceforward a pure spirit roam at large in the pure and spacious realms of eternal light, mingled with the gods, where the stars for ever shine, and may be transformed into as many energies of life as that of the sun-god himself. The height of perfection for a human spirit was this absorption into the divine essence; not, as in the case of Buddhism, to rest, but always to act and energise anew in countless shapes and ways. The chief bliss of the elect was their faculty of unlimited motion in the whole universe, and to have the power "of going and coming from and to anywhere under any form they like."

There are two books written by Christians, the one a Puritan and the other a Catholic, which may enable us to understand this *Book of the Dead*,[2] one is the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the other the *Divina Commedia*. The aim of all three is the same. Each presents a picture of the hindrances and difficulties both from within and from without, and of the requirements and aids of the soul in its struggle to attain to the higher life. The Egyptian doctrine places the scene in the passage from this life to the next. Bunyan places it allegorically in this life, and Dante altogether in the next. But this difference is immaterial. The ideas of all three are fundamentally the same; the consciousness to which they all three appeal is also the same.[3]

The passage from the first portal is always made downways on an inclined plane, through the different halls, until we reach the last in which the alabaster coffin of the king was placed. Sethi the

[1] Translated in *Records of the Past*, vol. viii. pp. 105-125.

[2] The handiest translation of the *Book of the Dead* is perhaps that of M. Pierret; published by Leroux, Paris, 1882. Knowledge of particular chapters of the *Book of the Dead* and being able to repeat them by heart, ensured beatification on the day of resurrection.

[3] Compare Church's *Dante*, pp. 62, 63, 78, 97.

First's coffin[1] removed from this tomb is now in the British Museum. These figures on the walls, as those in the older reception halls, were held to become instinct with life by the use of proper formula, by the all-powerful influence of prayer and faith, so to actually insure the proper performance of the various rites they represent; they thus became not representations merely but realities, and "worked out the salvation" of the king.

The shocking and horrid mutilation, in wanton wickedness, by tourists, of the figures and inscriptions, blackened by the flare of their torches, and hewn and hacked away for no purpose, except here and there to write their worthless names, fills one with shame. Many of these figures and inscriptions, as Dean Stanley remarks, have never yet been copied in their entirety, and even yet their mystic meaning is not fully deciphered by Egyptologists. Like children or monkeys turned into a library full of priceless manuscripts and illuminated books which they rend, spoil, and destroy, so these "barbarians" have worked and continue to work similar havoc here. On the four walls of a small chamber called that of the cow thus damaged irreparably in this tomb is the unique mythological description of the destruction of the corrupt human race by Ra, described in *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, with plates, vol. iv. 1-19, and in *Records of the Past*, vol. vi. pp. 103-112. In the square room at the back of the mummy chamber the king's kidneys, liver, and entrails (pictures of which are shown on the walls behind) were deposited. Beneath where the alabaster coffin stood there is a huge cavernous depth yawning, and the intention was that further passages should be made, and if these had been completed they would just have doubled the depth of the tomb. But it is left unfinished, either owing to the death of the king or because a layer of marl was met with that offered obstacles. On other walls are outline drawings in red chalk prepared for the pupil to fill in, but which have never been completed; and others again where the master artist has gone round and marked with his black line where slight alterations were to be made in certain groups and figures; which have never been completed. For the king was dead and wanted his tomb before the labour of them that built it had been fully accomplished. In all these tombs the figures were first drawn and then painted upon a fine plaster mixed with transparent glue; where it has not

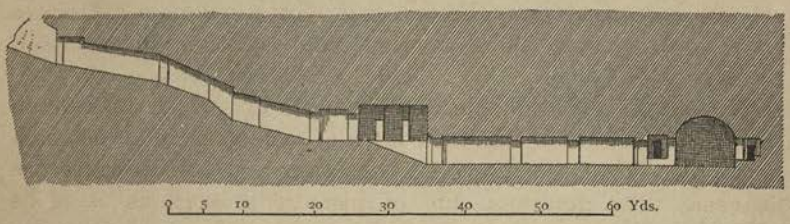
[1] A full translation of all the inscriptions both on the outside and inside of this coffin, embracing as they do the greater part of the *Book of Hades*, is given in *Records of the Past*, vol. x. pp. 79-134, and vol. xii. pp. 1-36.

been used it is still quite hard, white, and polished. Over the coffin chamber is represented a bark with Isis and Nephthys, the beginning and the end, guarding the soul. In the chamber to the left, with a broad bench for the offerings, are some representations of purgatory. The great serpent of Evil, Apap, all-involving and insinuating, from which the soul of man has to be delivered, is winding all about in the passage, and gliding hither and thither among the rooms. Headless bodies of men without brains, no vestige of head anywhere remaining, are wandering helplessly about, and in other places men "have lost their heads" which are being carried away by the evil spirit, and in other places they are marching along holding firmly the great enemy in bondage.

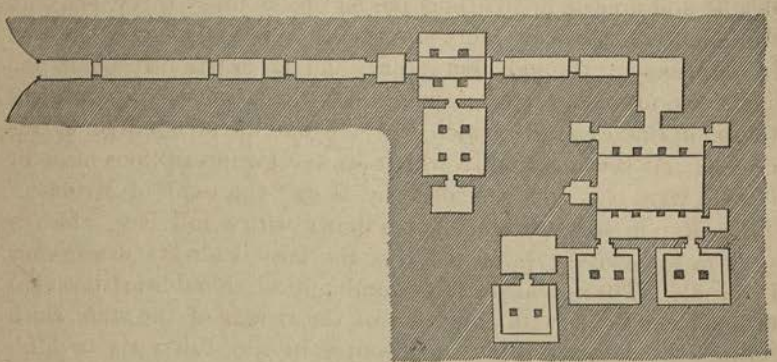
We had lunch in the tomb of Rameses IV., which differs from the others by its width and high pitch of roof—one could ride in on horseback. On the ceiling over the coffin is Nut supporting the heavens. The granite coffin, of gigantic proportions, is in its place, though smashed open at the side and top. The ritual of the dead is painted all along the entrance passages with the same headless figures of men, others bound, others topsy-turvy, and with the same old serpent everywhere, who constantly meets the soul in its passage through purgatory, and is apparently again and again vanquished. After lunch went with Brugsch Bey into the tomb of Rameses VI., which was the one most admired by the Greeks and Romans, and in which are several inscriptions made by Greek visitors. It was called by them "the tomb of Memnon." There are in here several figures drawn with a full face, which is very rare, for in Egyptian pictures the face is always drawn only in profile. There is also in this tomb a most valuable astronomical table of the hours with the times of the risings of the stars which formed the houses of the sun's course in the thirty-six or fifty-seven weeks of the Egyptian year; and which indicate the date of the tomb as 1194 B.C. Then into the tomb of Meneptah at the extreme end of the valley to the west. The faces of the king and the god Ra at the side of the entrance are especially good and lifelike. The interior is choked with ruins and *débris* washed into it by the torrents from the mountain side. By a strange fatality the elements seem always to be hostile to this king, whose chariots and horsemen were overthrown in the sea when they pursued after the escaping Israel; and strange, too, is it that of all the tombs it seems the most unfinished. One

chamber is even left plastered ready to receive the drawings that were never executed.

Then into the tomb of Rameses IX., said to be full of live serpents, and much choked with *débris*. The sculptures here are quite unlike those in the other tombs ; the face of the king is evidently a portrait, the shape of his features being very peculiar. And in fact, the artistic style and finish of the different tombs, covering as they do a period of many hundred years, differs considerably, and is a reflex of the state of art while each king reigned. This particular



MUMMY PIT, AS DEVELOPED IN ROCK-HEWN TOMB OF RAMESES III.



GROUND PLAN OF SAME, SHOWING INNER CHAMBER WITH ROCK-PILLARS LEFT.

tomb is very short and unfinished, even the square pillars being left rough-hewn. There were, however, some sketches of lovely faces in here.

Last of all we went into the tomb of Rameses III., one of the most magnificent in the valley, and over 416 feet long. The most interesting sculptures are those in the eight small chambers on either side of the first two passages ; they contain representations of kitchen utensils, armour, musical instruments, hunting gear, and

household furniture. The coffin was of pink granite, in shape of a cartouche; it is in the Louvre at Paris, and its lid is in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, to which it was presented by Belzoni in 1823. When the king was buried, images of the chief of his bakers, with kitchen slaves, were buried in a pit beneath the floor of the chamber, with all the instruments of their craft around them, to be ready to come to life with the king when he returned from the lower world: the chief of the butlers in the same way in his little chamber with the golden goblets and vases and wine cups; and so also the chief of the huntsmen and the master of the king's music; the same with the armour-bearer, head bargeman, gardener, &c. "Omnes reges gentium universi dormierunt in gloriâ, vir in domo suâ" (Isaiah xiv. 18); and these many chambers, with all their bright colours, filled with every sort of treasure and offering—woods and skins and fruits and birds and jewelry of every imaginable kind and art—were fast sealed and closed from the light of day, never again to be seen by mortal eye. But these very treasures that were thus buried for the solace of the kings' spirits and doubles became, by a strange irony, the very reason their bones could find no rest here, and that the whole hope of their resurrection was risked even if not lost. For if the body did not remain intact and entire (and this was the whole secret of the Egyptian wishing to preserve and mummify his body) the whole future existence of the soul was jeopardised. The tombs were scarcely closed, when they began to be opened and pillaged by thieves, and rifled by marauding gangs. In fact, the judicial inquiry concerning the proceedings of one of these in the reign of Rameses IX. of the Twentieth Dynasty has come down to us entire.[1] The police under a special commission went round to examine all the tombs in the valley, and the exact state in which they found each of them is described. So terrible, however, became the thefts, and past all control, that the mummies of the kings themselves were removed by friendly hands for safety, and hidden away during the Twenty-first Dynasty in the clefts of the rock behind Deir-el-Bahari, and there they remained undisturbed till they were discovered and removed last year to the Boolak Museum.[2]

[1] Translated. *Records of the Past*, vol. xii. pp. 101-115.

[2] They were found in one of the wildest bays of the spur which forms the south boundary of the valley of Deir-el-Bahari, to which they must either have been carried up over the hill, or through an underground passage leading out that side from this Valley of the Kings. Down through a square hole in the rocky soil behind a heap of boulders Brugsch Bey was on the 6th July, 1879, lowered by a rope for thirty-six feet, to a corridor which led to a chamber 280 feet distant from

Instead of returning down the valley, we climbed the bare red hill, that rises between the Tombs of the Kings and the plain of Thebes, from whence is obtained the finest view in all Egypt. Arrived at the top of this hill, we first turn and look back on the dry, seamed, and scarred valley of the kings, nothing but barren, glaring, white *débris* of powdered limestone and red broken cliffs; no one coming on this for the first time would ever suspect that it was the mausoleum of kings; it was evidently the intention to hide the entrance to their tombs as completely as possible. Then right-about-face for the other view eastward; there is Karnak across the other side of the river, to which the avenue of sphinxes running from Deir-el-Bahari, at the foot of the white perpendicular cliffs immediately below where we are standing, would lead straight down, and then cross by the bridge which is shown in one of the bas-reliefs to have spanned the river. If there was ever a passage through the hills from this Theban plain to the Valley of the Kings behind, it must go through here somewhere beneath our feet, and would thus save the funeral procession the trouble of going all round by Bab-el-Melook; haply, however, that was an object to be sought after rather than avoided for processional purposes. If no regular passage led through here, Deir-el-Bahari may still have been the entrance to the cave-tombs of the Eighteenth Dynasty—of Aahmos, of Amen-Hotep I., of Hatasu's father Thothmes I., and of her two brothers. Those cave-tombs have never yet been found; when they are, their decoration will probably be as superior to that of those we have just seen as the art of that period exceeded in elegance and finish that of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Dynasties. There, too, on the other side the river is Luxor, to which also another bridge may have led from the avenue which

the entrance: and groping his way by help of the light of a tallow candle found thirty-eight royal coffined mummies, with the golden asp of Kingship on their brows heaped one upon another: boxes of statuettes, bronze and terra-cotta jars, alabaster vases, talismans and other funerary equipments were strewn around. Here were Aah-mos (the Liberator) and his queen Nofer-tari, and Amen-Hotep I.; the re-used coffin of Thothmes I. (but not his body), the bodies of both Thothmes II. and III.; those also of Rameses I., of Sethi I. and his son Rameses II.; (that is nearly the whole of the Eighteenth and the three first kings of the Nineteenth Dynasty); and besides them the bodies of Pinotem I. the founder of the Twenty-first, or Priest Dynasty, and several other kings, princes, princesses, priests and chief men of that Dynasty. The last interment being that of the Queen Isim-Kheb; the pall that had been used at her funeral tossed in last of all. Most of the older royal mummies bore inscriptions in ink, written in haste, testifying to the dates of their removal from their own tombs; and those belonging to the Eighteenth Dynasty seem to have been moved for safety three or four times previously.—Maspero, *La Trouvaille de Deir-el-Bahari*, 1881, quarto, with twenty photographs and full description of the chief mummies and objects thus discovered.

reached from Amen-Hotep's memorial temple on the western side to his buildings on the eastern bank. Behind Karnak rise the three peaked hills, the only peaks we have yet seen in the Nile valley.[1] And there runs the Nile, a bright, blue, bending line with the white sails fleeting down the stream towards the north; and there due south, on this side the river, lies Medeenet Haboo beneath the extended arm of these hills on which we stand, whose terraced cliffs are filled now with lines of countless gaping holes, each of which once was covered by its gay bright-coloured pyramid, with red and white, green and black and blue bands; some of them glistened in alabaster, others were of rose or grey granite, and others again of basalt, but each marked the spot where the cave below contained the remains of the dead. There out in the middle of the plain, which spreads now a vivid emerald green with its barley and wheat around their thrones, sit still the two dark colossal kings. How full of life it once was, and remained for countless years! We cannot help thinking this Sunday afternoon, what hopes and ambitions, what virtue and wickedness, how much energy and power, how much waste of power and neglect of opportunities, what self-sacrifice and selfishness here held sway over millions of hearts for full a thousand years, and all those hopes and all those fears, good and evil alike, are less, even, than the dust. Now, wherever and whatever they may be in God's vast kingdom, each soul of all these myriads has "attained unto the truth," in the words of their funeral rituals; they each and all have gone behind the veil of Isis and know the secret of existence; they "are initiated," they are "at one with God," they have been absorbed by Osiris, by nature, their life has become part and parcel once more of the unseen Spirit. So much and so far an old Egyptian, if he stood here with us to-day, would allow, though if we could have stood by his side when Thebes and Karnak were in all their glory he would have added something more.

[1] "Alone of the cities of Egypt, the situation of Thebes is as beautiful by nature as by art. The monotony of the two mountain ranges, Libyan and Arabian, assumes a new and varied character. They each retire from the river, forming a circle round the wide green plain; the western rising into a bolder and more massive barrier, and inclosing the plain at its northern extremity by a natural bulwark; the eastern, further withdrawn, but acting the same part to the view of Thebes as the Argolic mountains to the plain of Athens, or the Alban hills to Rome—a varied and bolder chain, rising and falling in almost Grecian outline, though cast in the conical form which marks the hills of Nubia further south, and which perhaps suggested the Pyramids. Within the circle of those two ranges, thus peculiarly its own, stretches the green plain on each side the river."—*Sinai and Palestine*, Introduction, p. xl.

We speak of feeling the *genius loci*, when we look upon some historic site, but what can the liveliest of such sensations be compared to that which an old Egyptian here returning from abroad to Thebes must have experienced. Here not only dwelt in special manner Amen-Ra his god; and around his shrine over there at Karnak, not only rose the palaces and dwelling-houses, amid their gardens and terraces, of the present generation of his fellow citizens; but also in these Theban hills dwelt still the many generations of his ancestors. In the halls of their memorial temples, down below dwelt, and were really present, the Kas, the doubles, potent in death as in life, of his kings and priests. This city of the dead stretching up the gentle sandy slopes between the edge of the plain and the foot of the cliffs, and reaching up to the topmost ridges of the hills, where the countless pyramid-topped tombs, white as an encampment of tents, spread irregularly but never very far apart, covered ground over three miles in length, and at least one mile broad. These were still the haunt of the living spirits of those whom he had loved or feared, obeyed and reverenced, potent, not only as a memory in the past, but as a yet living reality in the present. But he and his present and his past are now all one. To us alone in our present, the sight of dead Thebes awakens much the same thoughts as looking over living London; each is the largest collection of human beings ever brought together upon the earth, the one of the dead, the other of the living. When we stand on the heights of Sydenham and look northward, or on those of Highgate and Hampstead and look southward, at first, after having just come up from moving in its teeming midst, the sight of all that swarthy bustle and moil and toil, the concentration of the effort of far-off lands and seas, of past and present generations, of mines and factories, of Australian, Indian and American fields and peoples, stirs much the same thoughts in our minds as does the sight of all this bright, bare, lifeless site of glory passed away. "Universa vanitas omnis homo vivens; thesaurizat et ignorat cui congregabit ea." This is simply the effect of a reaction of the mind after labour; the next thought is "Notum a seculo est Domino opus suum," which again is but the resignation of the mind before a problem it cannot solve, and we turn and go forth once more to our work and our labour until the evening—content with the duty of the present hour. For after all, in such matters as this the nineteenth century after Christ agrees wonderfully nearly with the old Egyptian, who in the time of the Eleventh Dynasty, that is, over 2,000

years before Christ, wrote:[1] "The heroes and kings, who were in the time of our ancestors before our days, rest in their tombs; the mummies of the righteous likewise are enwrapped in their tombs; they too who build palaces and they who have no houses, look, see, and behold what happeneth unto them." "I have heard the words of Im-Hotep (lord of all art and science), and of Haratif (learned of old time in all religion and mysteries), and it is said in their sayings, After all, what is prosperity? Their fenced walls are fallen down, their palaces are as if they had never been. No man cometh back from thence who telleth of their converse, or who bringeth word of how they fare, or who may encourage our hearts. Ye too all go unto the place whence there is no return. Strengthen thy heart to forget how thou hast enjoyed thyself, and fulfil thy desire while thou livest; multiply thy good things, they are the gifts of God, and yield to thy desire—ay, fulfil it in all good things whilst thou art upon earth, according to the dictation of thy heart. The day will come to thee, when one hears not the voice, when the one who is at rest hears not the voices of the mourners. No lamentation nor wailing can deliver him who is in the tomb. Feast in peace and tranquillity, seeing there is no one who carrieth away aught with him; yea behold, none who goeth thither cometh back again." After all, nothing is better than their own words to describe the feelings of the moment, and the words above quoted are older even than Thebes itself.

We came down the steep side of the hill to the mud-brick walls, which bear the monogram of Thothmes III., and which probably are the remains of buildings connected with the Deir-el-Bahari temple, in the same way as the similar mud-brick wall buildings behind the Rameseum, that were used for preparing the mummies. The mud-bricks are made of clay and chopped straw; they are each sixteen inches long, seven wide and five thick, stamped with the monogram of the king, friable and easily broken with a hammer. More bricks have been found stamped with his name than of any other king, even than Rameses II. himself. An excellent brick earth is to be found at almost any point in the Nile valley. An unpractised labourer can easily make 1,000 a day; after a week's practice 1,200, and if paid by the piece 1,800 a day. The whole amphitheatre of the Libyan Hills, which we now turn and look back upon as they tower behind us, is pierced with tombs, tier above tier for miles, and at our feet millions

[1] *Records of the Past*, vol. iv. pp. 115-118.

literally lie buried; the whole plain at the foot of the hills is perforated and honeycombed by pits and tombs; many of these have been already opened and many yet remain intact. The Boolak Museum keeps a small gang of trained excavators always at work on this ground, and here to-day we pass one; the hero of the great find of the kings, Abd-er-Rasoul, with a dusky, dusty band of naked boys and men burrowing amid the rubble, and busy at work opening a new tomb; into this Brugsch Bey has not yet been, so we got off our donkeys, and went down to its mouth. Two heavy dark-brown trunks of mummies, that had been used to stop the entrance hole, were tossed out with a thud on to the bare *débris*, each "projectus de sepulcro suo, quasi stirps inutilis pollutus, et obvolutus cum his, qui interfecti sunt gladio et descenderunt ad fundamenta laci, quasi cadaver putridum."—Isai. xiv. 19.

The Egyptian Government devotes 1,200*l.* annually for the exploration of antiquities,[1] which is all too little for the enormous work that yet remains to be done, however vast have been the discoveries made by M. Mariette before his death in the time of the late Khedive, or by M. Maspero, the present head of the Boolak Museum. By the law of the land now (similar to that which prevails in Italy) no antiquities whatever may be taken out of Egypt. This enactment by its very stringency, defeats its own purpose, and is constantly evaded. The senseless greed of tourists for antiques of which they do not understand the meaning (the occupants of one English dahabeyah have just spent 500*l.* here on such, and there is a perfect mania for scarabs, true and false) stimulates the natives to despoil the tombs: and thus a great loss to science ensues, for the tourists of course cannot read the hieroglyphics and do not know whether what they buy is unique or not. Half of one papyrus is carried to London or to some country house, and the other half to Paris or to America; and so the most valuable MSS. are thus torn up and irreparably lost. If the law were altered, and simply required that all antiquities should be examined and the hieroglyphics read (and if necessary copied) by some competent official of the Boolak Museum, then the exportation of all such of which duplicates are already there, might be permitted. By this simple means the foreign curiosity-hunter and the national museum and science generally would all alike benefit. We rode down again through the intricate and dreary chaos of

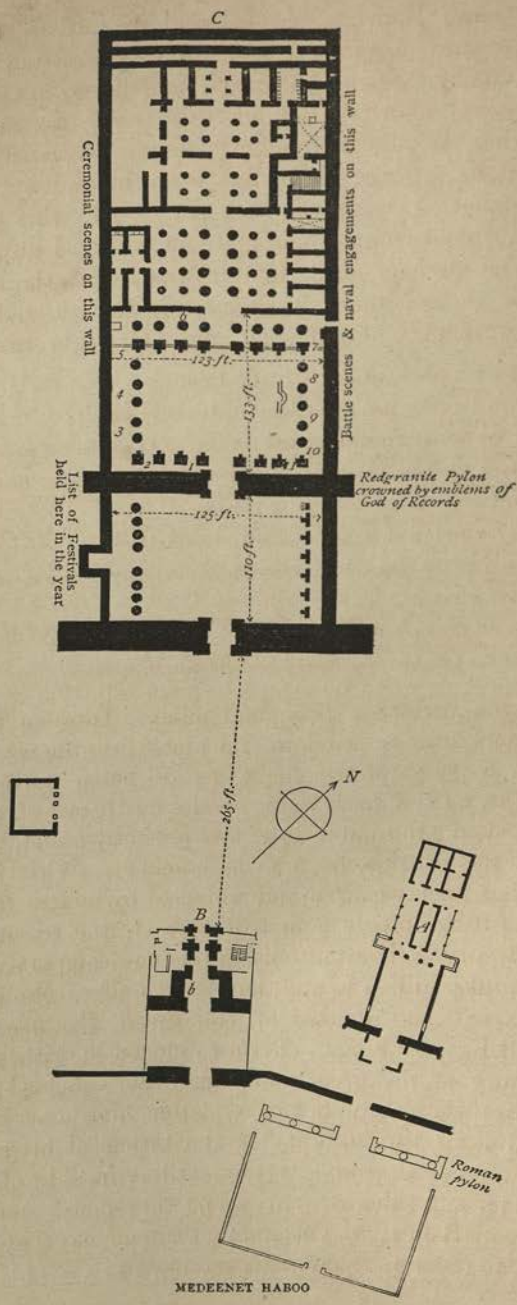
[1] In 1884, the Egypt Exploration Fund spent 1,300*l.* on the same object; of this about 800*l.* were subscribed by British, and 500*l.* by American friends.

sepulchral excavations, now heaps of dust and grey *débris*, where generations of a whole nation still remain entombed, and thus across the plain to our home on board the yacht. Had a most beautiful bathe in the river which refreshed us immensely, for it has been very hot indeed to-day, and the flies were a great and continual nuisance. Dined at 8 P.M.

March 13th.—Temperature 64°: in the afternoon, 79°. Looking out of the port before sunrise saw the Theban hills behind the statues of Memnon, one long line of dark blue; but were too far off however to hear if the voice of the statue saluted the sunrise.

Immediately after breakfast started for another long day on the western bank; past first the same holes scratched for water-melons, about one and a-half foot long and three inches deep, in the sand left bare by the falling Nile; past also the same tobacco plants, with their broad green leaves and potato-like blossom, the same fluffy cotton-plants on the borders of the plain, and then on over the broad wheatfields in which the same lovely little convolvuli were growing that we know so well in England, and past the mud towers used for men to stand on to scare the birds from the crops, straight for the twin colossal statues of Amen-Hotep III. the great conqueror of the Soudan and Central Africa. As you approach them full in front from the east the northern figure of the two appears a little taller than the other; he is the one that was so renowned among the Roman travellers as the Colossus of Memnon, and as uttering articulate sounds at sunrise; though Pausanias when he came to see him records that he was told the proper name of the king was Phamenoph. A native boy climbed up into the hollow in the lap of the king and showed us by striking the metallic stone how the ticking noise was made after the image had been restored, and so had lost its pristine vocal power; but the lad's sounds were not at all melodious. In olden days, the royal avenue ran straight from these statues to the temple at Luxor, built by the same king. Behind them rose the pylon of the memorial temple for the worship and tendance of his spirit: it was destroyed two thousand years ago however, in Roman or Ptolemaic times: being of limestone its materials were valuable, and many of its stones were taken and built in anyhow in the gateway erected at that time, in front of what was once his great grandfather the hero king Thothmes III.'s memorial temple at Medeenet Haboo. These colossal figures being of a different stone, breccia, a kind of pudding-stone mixed with agatelike

pebbles, were of no use as food for the neighbouring lime-kilns, and so they have survived; they stand twenty-two feet apart; the northern one was partially destroyed by an earthquake in 27 B.C. From this statue it was that a sonorous ringing sound, the result of the expansion of the stone wet with the morning dew, when warmed by the influence of the rays of the sun, used to issue. The same melancholy musical note has been heard by H. Brugsch Bey in the temple of Khonsu of a morning, and from the same cause. (*History of Egypt*, vol. i. p. 480.) Septimius Severus silenced for ever and smothered the voice under the blocks of sandstone with which he restored the upper part of this figure. The height of the two statues from head to foot is now forty-seven feet, they used each to carry a helmet eight feet high; and a pedestal of breccia of at least fourteen feet more is sunk beneath the soil; each foot is ten and a-half feet long, and from the knee to the foot is twenty feet. This part of the statue is covered by a number of Greek inscriptions cut by pilgrims, most in very clear characters, which have all been published by Letronne, *Inscriptions Grecques des monuments en Egypte*, and some of them are quite little poems, stating their authors had been here at sunrise and really heard the voice; the oldest is of the time of Nero, the most recent that of Septimius Severus, when he ceased to sing, A.D. 196. By the side of each, at his knee, stood an image of his mother Mutemua and his foreign wife Ta-i-ti, eighteen feet high. We rested for a little time in the shade behind one of the statues; in the fissures and holes of his great shoulders the birds were twittering up aloft, and the hoopoes were all jumping about down below. The features of each statue are entirely gone, even those of the right one which were repaired. Another statue of the same size as each of these, 300 feet in their rear, and which was at the end of the next court of the temple, has fallen over and is partly buried in the soil; and 250 feet behind that again, where the entrance of the next court was, is another colossus of the same king in fragments. From here we rode on to Medeenet Haboo, a gloomy looking mound and mud village, built over and among three different buildings of golden hue, which have only been up to the present time partially excavated and which contain first, (A) the memorial temple of Thothmes III., secondly (B) the tower and lodge of Rameses III., and thirdly (C) his memorial temple behind. £1,500 would be required to lay the whole bare. The square court in front of these was erected by Antoninus Pius in 138 A.D.: his name and


C
Ceremonial scenes on this wall
Battle scenes & naval engagements on this wall
123 ft.
133 ft.
Red granite Pylon crowned by emblems of God of Records
List of Festivals held here in the year
125 ft.
110 ft.
265 ft.
N
B
b
A
Roman pylon
MEDEENET HABOO

those of Titus and Hadrian may be read in various parts of the court: then comes a gateway half finished, uniting two small towers, built one by Ptolemy Lathyrus, the other by his son Ptolemy the Piper, about 80 B.C. Behind this were two more towers built by Tirhakah (the Ethiopian pharaoh of the Twenty-fifth Dynasty) 700 B.C., whose name has been effaced by Nectanebo (of the Thirtieth Dynasty), 378 B.C. All this front part therefore is about as composite a piece of work as any remaining in Egypt. The nucleus of the temple, and by far the most interesting part, is the sanctuary (A) erected by Hatasu, and retouched by her two brothers, Thothmes II. and III.: it is surrounded on

C. Memorial Temple for revering Rameses III. (B.C. 1200).
1. God in his temple.
2. Rameses protected by Horus bringing chariots and prisoners.
3. Prisoners tortured.
4. Counting the hands of the slain before the king as he sits on the step of his chariot.
5. The ark being carried out to battle.
6. His eighteen princes and fourteen princesses: the names only of those four princes who succeeded him on the throne are enclosed in cartouches: two others were high priests, one at On and the other at Memphis.
7. His triumphant return from battle—prettiest design of this sort in Egypt.
8. The king carried in a shrine protected by Isis and Nephthys, and with tame lion walking by his side.
9. Priests carrying the shrine, others carry carpets to surround the procession, for secresy and shady coolness.
10. Purification of the king.
11. Pigeons flying to carry the news of his victories to the four quarters of the world.

A. Memorial Temple of Thothmes III. (B.C. 1600).

B. Rameses III., his tower and lodge.
b. Figures of the king and his prisoners, one full-face to spectator.

three sides by a corridor of polygonal pillars: between the pillars are low screens forming windows that look into the covered court and give it a very pretty effect, as of being surrounded by cloisters. The well of fresh water on the north-east of the temple has been blocked: the water in it was perfectly sweet, though the water of all the other wells near is brackish. What remains of this temple has been repaired and added to by no less than eleven pharaohs, and it is difficult at first to perceive the reason that led them all to devote their attentions to this one comparatively small memorial temple, unless it was the sacred well, or else a desire to honour the spirit and double of the great Thothmes III. the greatest of all Egypt's kings. Perhaps indeed the rites celebrated here in memory of the great conqueror, who extended the realm of Egypt more than any before or after him, may have been prayers to him for the stability of the throne of his successors. Anyhow this memorial temple is the earliest in date of all those erected on this side the river, (except the staged and terraced temple of Deir-el-Bahari) and preceding them all may therefore have had a particular reverence concentrated upon it.

We went next to the tower and lodge (B) of Rameses III., the founder of the Twentieth Dynasty. This king, it will be remembered, has erected for himself in the Valley of the Kings the most splendid of all the tombs there hollowed out, and here also the memorial temple for his shade is the most gorgeous that remains, since whatever that of Rameses II. and Amen-Hotep III. may have been, they have suffered in the course of ages far more than this one has done. In addition to this, the tower and lodge in front are quite unique specimens of Egyptian architecture; nothing like them remains elsewhere. By some they are said to be a fortified palace (standing 260 feet right in front of the temple, with which it was connected by an avenue of sphinxes); for its walls are the only ones remaining that still have the battlement as of stone shields on their top; those on the walls of the forecourt are of the Roman age and were copied from them. It is supposed that the three storeys of rooms in this tower were occupied by the king while he was here to inspect his troops, for there are traces further to the south-west of what seems a large military encampment, although commonly supposed to be those of a lake. Rameses III., it will be remembered, was the first great Pharaoh after Egypt had recovered from the results of the internal disturbances, and the foreign attacks that followed the reign of Meneptah (the Pharaoh of the Exodus), and that of Seti II. his son. He completely reorganised the military forces and altogether revived and extended his country's power; amongst other conquests those over the Canaanites and other tribes in Palestine so weakened those nations as to prepare the way for their falling a readier prey to the Israelites afterwards. Full fronting us on passing through the low battlemented wall that runs in front, rise the two large square towers, the four walls of which slope inwards and form the main body of the building. Their summits are also battlemented as with the shields of soldiers disposed in rows round the walls. At the entrance gate the king is represented as bringing to the gods the prisoners he has captured; each of these is labelled and his features are marked with the distinctive type of his race; these are all likenesses of the nations that inhabited Western Asia, North Africa, and the Soudan in the thirteenth century before Christ. On the walls of the little court between the towers are fourteen likenesses drawn from the life; on the right-hand or northern side are the captives from the Mediterranean and Asia Minor; on the south those from North

Africa, and Negroland. Amongst the former is "the king of the Hittites" full-faced and beardless; his ears adorned with large rings, and on his head a tight-fitting mandarin's cap; next to him comes "the king of the Amorites" with a long face and pointed beard, as he roamed on the western shores of the Dead Sea; next with round face and no beard, but with quaint cap, "the king of Zakkari," from the coast of Asia Minor; next, "the Shairdana from the sea;" this chief's helmet is surmounted with a ball and two spikes; then came the leader of the hostile bands of the Edomites; the people of the Sea of Tyre; the leader of the hostile bands of the Purosatha (or Pelasgians), with classic features; on the opposite or left-hand side are the North African prisoners and those from the Soudan. This was the last campaign in which discipline and armament told in favour of the Egyptians, who were inferior in strength and stature to most of their enemies, especially those who came from Asia Minor and the Grecian islands; after this time the tide of conquest turned the other way. We went round and mounted to the apartment over the gate on the third floor; the walls inside this are covered with decorations representing the king at home surrounded by his family. One of his daughters brings him flowers; he plays draughts with another, and he is offered fruits by a third, whom he caresses by way of thanks, in tender, fatherly fashion, by stroking her chin; he is always sitting and they are always standing.[1] On the outside of the windows of these rooms looking south are seen the projecting slabs that rest on the backs of crouching figures, whose heads and dresses are coloured; they were the supports that carried, according to one notion, trophies of bronze or captured arms, and according to another, the ends of the verandah, that stretched right across from one tower to the other, so as to shade the eastern façade under an awning from the sun. Here, as Nebuchadnezzar (whose mother was an Egyptian princess) sat looking forth over Babylon, resting in his pride and at home from his conquests, Rameses III. may have rested and looked forth over the whole of Thebes, and away to the great temple of Amen-Ra, on the eastern side of the river. It has been

[1] It is just possible that these sculptures may have some reference to the palace conspiracy among the women "to commit a crime against their lord" apparently by using wax figures for enchantment. The judicial inquiry in connection with it is translated (*Records of the Past*, vol. viii. pp. 53-65); the judges are to find out the truth, to punish the guilty, but to beware of inflicting chastisement upon those who do not deserve it. The court officials who were convicted, it would seem, had to commit hari-kari.

supposed that this was only a portion of the palace of the king that stood here, and that the other two sides of the court, between it and the memorial temple, were covered by its wooden buildings. If it was so, this pavilion is the only example of civil architecture which we possess. Each of the kings probably made a new palace for himself, of brick and woodwork of a very light and airy description, like the present eastern rulers of Turkey or Egypt, who never reside in the same house as their fathers used, but build each a fresh palace in its own grounds and gardens. This pavilion or three-storey towered lodge is moreover much too small for the use of the king's court as we see it depicted in all its excess of luxury and retainers; there are here only ten rooms at most, and each of them very small, scarcely larger than a closet. "Its general architecture, as seen from a distance, recalls those triumphal towers (Migdol) represented in the bas-reliefs of Karnak, of Luxor, of the Ramesseum, and of Medeenet Haboo itself, which the kings of Egypt were wont to erect on their frontiers as a memorial of their victories; and so this tower-like triumphal arch is a monument of military achievement, commemorative of a king pre-eminently warlike."—Mariette Bey. It would thus fittingly form the entrance to the memorial temple of the warrior, and the king's double or spirit would be pleased in contemplating here, as on an Arch of Triumph, part of the story of his wars, as well as of his home life. Some of the king's sons and daughters may also have rested in these chambers for a few nights, when they came up from the Delta, where the capital then was, to the commemoration festivals in their father's honour. Rameses III. reigned thirty-two years; this triumphal Arch was finished in the eleventh year of his reign, after the second irruption of the nations from the west. The middle Court was built in the eighth year of his reign, after his defeat of the maritime confederacy: the Treasury at the western end was built in the fifth year of his reign, after his defeat of the Libyans.

Passing on across the court, we leave the shrine of Thothmes III. on our right; and on the left, a chapel to the memory of Queen Ameniritis, who was the daughter of king Kashta, and was married to Piankhi, the Ethiopian king who belonged to the Twenty-fifth Dynasty (700 B.C.), and so would be a contemporary of Hezekiah. We pass through the gateway-tower into the first court. On either side of this pylon is sculptured a repetition of the speech of the god Ptah to king Rameses II. as given at Aboo-Simbel. In it reference is made to the marriage of Rameses with a daughter

of the King of the Hittites. Ptah addresses the king as his first-born, higher than the kings of the earth: "I have begotten thee to be a king in my stead; I have selected thee, yea I have chosen thee and made thee perfect; full of grace are thy lips, thy heart and understanding is excellent; gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty, and fulfil all the desire of thy heart. Plenty shalt thou have in all places where thou walkest: there shall be an heap of corn in the earth like the sand upon the sea-shore; I give thee the earth and all that is therein. Thou shalt have dominion over the birds of the air and the fishes of the river; thou shalt succeed in all that thou settest thine hand unto; all nations shall fall down before thee, all people shall do thee service, for the fear and the dread of thee shall be upon all princes and lands. The king's daughter of the Hittites is among thine honourable women, though she knows not the goodness in thy heart, thy name is blessed for ever; but until now it was never known, although it was often hoped for, how that the land of the Hittites could be of one heart with that of Egypt." Rameses replies, "I am thy son, thou hast put me on thy throne; I will renew Egypt for thee as it was of old; as all things come to me by thy favour who hast created them, I will employ them all for thy honour and service."[1] Rameses III. considered himself similarly as the God's Vicegerent on earth.

To the left-hand side of the gateway are representations of Rameses III.'s wars in Palestine, in which chariots play a large part. On the west side of the court are eight pillars, lotus-headed, in front of a small chapel now covered up, which contains a calendar of the festivals held here. On the east side of the court are seven massive pillars, to which are attached colossal statues of the king clothed with the attributes of Osiris. The next gateway tower is of red granite, and represents the king's battles on the Orontes and in Palestine. On the east side is a long list of places in Caria and Cilicia, of Tarsus, of Idalium and Salamis in Cyprus, and others, to which by land and sea he followed up the enemies whose confederacy had threatened Egypt. He had overthrown them in a great naval battle, fought off the Pelusiac branch of the Nile in the eleventh year of his reign, and Egypt escaped the danger of the terrible invasion with which she was threatened.[2]

[1] *Records of the Past*, vol. xii. pp. 81-91.

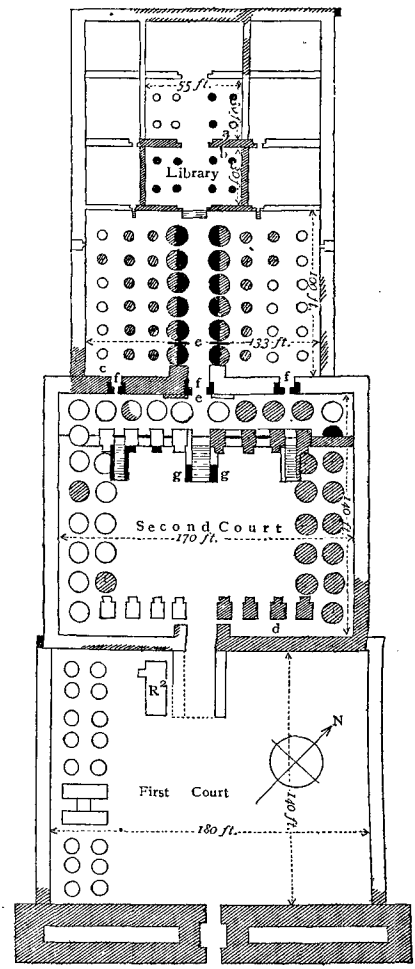
[2] Dr. Birch, *Records of the Past*, vi. 17, includes in the list, which contains thirty-nine names in all, those of the Pelasgi, the Turseni or Etruscans, the Chalybes, and the Greek islanders and Ionians.

The court beyond this is one of the finest that remain in any Egyptian temple. The walls are decorated with large sculptures and pictures, the colours of which are still bright. The north and south sides are supported by five massive circular columns, 23 feet in circumference, their capitals representing the closed flower of the lotus. On the eastern and western sides are eight square columns, in front of each of which are figures of the king as Osiris, "and are in fact on a huge scale precisely what the ordinary funeral statuettes are upon a small scale." The faces of all these figures have been mutilated by the Christians. The fine pictures on the walls (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11) were preserved through having been plastered over by them. In the centre of the court are lying about roughly-hewn shafts of sandstone columns, the ruins of the Coptic church; five of them still stand upright; and the niche, which was at the eastern end of the apse, is clearly visible. Behind the northern row of Osiride figures is another row of eight round pillars. It is the victory of the king over the Libyans, *i.e.* the Bedawin of North Africa, that is chiefly celebrated on the walls: there "were 3,000 slain, and 1,000 taken prisoners."

Proceeding into the court beyond, we find two dozen more round pillars, and opening out from it on the western side is the Treasury of the temple and store-rooms, now dark, but the walls are prettily decorated. When the pavement of this room was raised, nearly a thousand bronze statues of Osiris were found, which had been buried to consecrate the site when the foundation was laid. We examine with interest all the pictures describing this king's wars, both those on the outside and those on the inside of the temple, more especially the only representation of a naval engagement of the Egyptians (that against the Sardinians and confederate nations) handed down to us. Here we leave this memorial temple of Rameses III., founded for the perpetual service of the Ka, spirit and double of the illustrious dead. In other ways than he expected his very person lives in this the reception-hall of his tomb, on the borders of the desert and the burial ground; he lives again, and his nobles, his armies, his foes, play once more their drama of life and death. Great battles are again fought, great victories again won, and again the king triumphs.

It was now getting very hot, so we rode to the Ramesseum, and were glad to get into the shade of what remains of the roof of the Library, "the dispensary of the soul," as it was expressively called in the hieroglyphics; and there lie down on the rugs that had been

spread, and wait for the lunch which was being prepared in the colonnade of the great hall, looking up meanwhile at the beautiful ceiling and its squares; each of these is filled with the



MEMNONIUM, OR MEMORIAL TEMPLE FOR REVERING RAMESES II. (SO-CALLED TOMB OF OSYMANDIAS).

The portions shaded are all that now remain standing.

a. The King (as Osiris) makes offerings to Ptah and Pasht. b. The Tree of Life overshadows the King; on its leaves Savet and Thoth are inscribing his deeds. c. Hittite war, the taking of Kadesh on Orontes. d. Hittite wars, and poem of Pentaur. e. Sitting statue of Rameses II. f. Black granite doorways. g. Granite lions. R. Fallen giant.

On each wall of the front pylon or gateway are the Hittite wars again.

representation of one of each of the twelve months of the year: four months of summer (March, April, May, June); four of inundation (July, August, September, October); and four of husbandry and seed time (November, December, January, February). Here also we perceive the small square holes which were left in the roof for the admission of light. On the north-western wall (b) is a representation of the Tree of Life overshadowing Rameses II., and on its leaves his deeds are being inscribed by the tutelar guardians of the library, by Savet with the emblem of Hearing, lady of the sacred books, and Thoth, with the emblem of Sight, lord of letters: and on the south-east wall immediately opposite to this are the arks being carried in procession, just like the "Ark of the Covenant" of the later Jews. The word used in the Old Testament for the Ark (תבה) is the same as the Egyptian word *Teb* for these arks. In the next hall to this, on the only wall remaining (a), is a representation of the king as Osiris making funeral offerings to Ptah and Pasht, the father and mother of the gods. The sockets for the hinges of the doors here look as if the doors had been only just removed. These nine chambers in the rear of the Great Hall are called the Library, and here the record of the king's deeds would be read at the annual festivals connected with his memory; they would also be suitable for this purpose on account of their proximity to the arched mud-brick buildings which lie off at a short distance to the north. Those are the remains of the "schools of students and college of priests," long rooms in which they, like the monks attached to a mediæval abbey, prepared their illuminated MSS., once painted the funeral papyri, which require a long narrow space for their unrolling. From the library we look down the vista across the two great courts and see the remains of the prostrate giant red granite statue of Rameses II., the largest statue in Egypt [1] (it was fifty-seven feet five inches in height, and its weight could not be less than 1,198

[1] The four sitting statues of the same king cut in the face of the rock at Ipsamboul higher up the Nile are sixty-five feet in height. In May 1884, Mr. Flinders Petrie working for the English "Egypt Exploration Fund," discovered at San the remains of a still more stupendous colossus of Rameses II. in red granite. The figure of the king when he stood erect was 100 feet from top to toe, or 115 feet including the pedestal. This would be six feet two inches higher than Hatasu's obelisk at Karnak, and nearly twice as high as the obelisk on the Thames embankment; and more than twenty feet higher than King's College Chapel at Cambridge. He must therefore have towered some sixty-five feet at least above all the surroundings and have been visible for many miles across the "field of Zoan," at the time when the heads of the clans in the neighbouring villages, "Sexcenta fere millia peditum virorum absque parvulis," determined to trek away as emigrants

tons), overturned, and with his face, now orbless and featureless, lifted in mute appeal to the blaze of Amen-Ra: while the barbarians of the west walk listlessly over his majesty unheeded. "Ite et ponite pedes super colla regum istorum: and they came near and put their feet on the necks of them," (Joshua x. 24.) Away through the side of the temple also, for the walls are all broken away and gone, there is a very pretty outlook, framed in the vista of the columns, of the two colossal statues of Amen-Hotep III., sitting on their green carpet on the Theban plain with the eastern peaked hills beyond. It was those statues of his predecessor that stimulated Rameses II. to have this other made of himself, more lofty by ten feet than they, and of red granite. They measure eighteen feet across the shoulders, this one measures twenty-two; his foot alone is eleven feet in length, and is over four feet broad. Those at Aboo Simbel are larger even than this, but they would only have to be cut, not raised into position, as they are in the face of the sandstone rock. For lunch we had a lamb, spitted whole on the long walking stave of a native, "his legs and his head and the appurtenance thereof," and so roasted by being turned over an ashen wood fire, very similar to *carne-cum-cuiro* in South America (vol. i. p. 278). To enliven the meal, another native happened to turn up a stone, and out crawled a deadly poisonous snake, greyish brown, thin, and horrid: he was stoned to death at once. Sitting in this hall, we notice that the twelve huge columns (each twenty-one feet in circumference, and over thirty-six feet high,) that support the stone clerestory, closely resembling that in Sethi's hall at Karnak (of which this is evidently a copy on a smaller scale), are only covered with coloured pictures and sculptures on their inner side, facing the central aisle; there are none on the reverse side of the pillars. The effect of these pictures would be similar to that of banners or tapestry hung on the pillars of a mediæval church. The stone ceiling overhead is studded with gold stars on an azure ground.

This temple was called by the Greeks the Memnonium or tomb of Osymandias or Sesostris. Probably their misunderstanding of the title Meri-amen (the beloved or chosen of Amen) which

eastward from that city of Rameses to Pi-Tum, on that night, "nox ista observabilis Domini quando eduxit eos de terrâ Ægypti." It must therefore have been one of the last images of their great oppressor which the hands of the Beni-Israel had doubtless helped to fashion, and on which their eyes rested, when the son of that same Rameses "surrexit nocte et omnes servi ejus, cunctaque Ægyptus, et ortus est clamor magnus in Ægypto: vocatisque Pharao Moyse et Aaron nocte ait Surgite et egredimini a populo meo vos et filii Israel; ite, immolate Domino sicut dicitis."—Exod. xii. 30-42.

belonged to Rameses II., was the origin of this last mistake; it was really the memorial chapel of that king, and the home of his double or spirit. In the same way Khufu's great pyramid was called the "bright home of his double." The Greeks held it was his grave; this was probably a misunderstanding of what they were told as to its connection with his real tomb in the Valley of the Kings; although compared with the other royal tombs the cave is so insignificant that it is difficult to believe that he had meant it for his tomb. Wherever it was buried originally, his actual flesh and bone, his mummified body, is now in the museum at Boolak. This temple, as well as that of Rameses III. at Medeenet Haboo (which is almost a copy of this in its general arrangements), and the huge temple of Amen-Hotep III., the temple of Thothmes III., Queen Hatasu's temple at Deir-el-Bahari, and Sethi's at el-Goornah, in fact all the Theban temples on the western side of the river were merely enlargements of the chantry chapel, which we find in connection with every single Egyptian tomb. These temples differ from those we have seen at Luxor and at Karnak, in that they were each built and completed by its own king, and were not a congeries of additions like those round the central shrine at Karnak. If the Ka, double or shade, in the tomb of the ordinary citizen had to be fed and cared for, both for the sake of the love which his family bore him, and also because if these duties were neglected his vengeance and ill-will were feared; how much more so was this the case with the double or spirit of the king himself; every motive both of affection and respect, prompted his family and country to make these funeral feasts on a worthy scale. Hence these memorial or chantry temples when once thus detached from the tomb, as they stood on the forefront or eastern verge of the city of the dead, would be passed and repassed continually by every procession that wound its way from the city of the living, on the other side the river, up to the necropolis on the Libyan hills to celebrate the obsequies and feasts at private tombs beyond, and thus became the centres of a more elaborate worship of ancestors than it ever entered into the heart even of a Chinaman to imagine; although the temples erected by the Shoguns at Shiba, Nikko, and Uyeno in Japan, in connection with their tombs, closely resemble these temples in the purpose for which they were reared, and in some ways would even bear comparison in their magnificence with them (pp. 25-48). The sole difference is that these were erected 1,600 years before Christ and those 1,600 years after, yet both for the perpetual adoration of

the spirit of the mighty dead, and for his easement and repose. Both alike are now deserted and forlorn, just as many a mediæval chantry chapel wherein masses for the repose of the souls of our Christian kings and forefathers were ordained to be said for all time is now either empty and forlorn, or else in ruins in the abbeys and cathedrals of our own land. Here each king received from his successors and from the entire people the perpetual honours and homage which were the very life of his spirit; and here he was felt to have become already a part of Osiris, having been introduced by death among those gods whose son he was. "The real life of man is the remembrance of him after his death," said the Egyptians. This motive seems to have underlain all the decorations in the front courts; and the deification, like the Romans revering the dead emperor as divine, all those in the more interior portions of the temple. There we read the prayer inscribed beneath the representations of the funeral offerings: "All ye who pass by, offer to Amen offerings, that he may help us here and send us plenty. Repeat the due formula and prayers that what you offer may be of effect to sustain our spirit, and may be 'doubled' for the use of our double." As in the hall of the "hut-tomb" of the simple citizen the pictures on the walls were all anecdotal and personal, and the spirit was again clothed and fed, and taken out to the hunt and the farm, and exercised his imaginary dominion over ghosts, so on the gateways and on the walls of these front courts are recounted the chief events and glories of their reign, and in them their kingly spirit lives again. Here in the temple of Rameses II. we have over again that Kheta war which we saw portrayed on the other side of the river; he evidently considered it the greatest exploit of his reign, for it is reproduced at Luxor, at Karnak, and at Ipsamboul, and twice in this very temple, once on the front gateway, and once in the second court; in the last case, however, another episode besides is introduced. It was three years after that other one when, in the eighth year of his reign, Rameses was again in Galilee: and took Shalem, Merom, Engannim, Dapur (the well known fortress on Tabor) and Beth-anath. This episode of the war, wrought when he was quite young, is repeated so often, because it was the prelude of that firm alliance with the Hittite empire which, made in the 21st year of his reign, lasted during the whole of the seventy years he sat upon the throne of Egypt: during that time he seems to have occupied his people in gigantic building rather than in warring; for from one end of Egypt to the other, from the "field of Zoan in the

Delta where he established his favourite capital," to Aboo-Simbel, south of the second cataract his statues and his ponderous buildings are everywhere.

The motive of the narrative here is different however to what it was in Karnak; there his exploits were recounted with pride as what he had done by the help of, and for the glory of, the god; and are represented always on the exterior and outer walls; here they are told both inside and outside for the glory of the king, and as magnifying the personal valour and presence of mind which he showed on that memorable occasion, and to which with the help of God he owed his preservation. And as these wars and conquests had been his chief delight and joy on earth, so his "double" found pride, and joy, and satisfaction, not only in contemplating their portrayal on these walls, and living in spirit amid them once more again, but also in listening to the poem by Pentaur, that was chanted in his honour at the sacrificial feasts by which his memory was kept alive. And in fact it was by sharing in these feasts that his "double" or spirit alone kept his consistency and personality, and in the groves and gardens, with their flowers and trees, that surrounded the temple, that spirit would find rest. The chronicles of his reign in all their fulness were read before him; and in the same way as the Commemoration of Benefactors at the University recounts the list of their names and offerings, so here were read out the long lists in all their detail of the king's gifts and benefactions. One such long list (the papyrus on which it is inscribed is 133 feet in length) has reached us entire, recounting the benefits that Rameses the Third had conferred upon Egypt, alike by his home administration and by his foreign wars, and the immense gifts with which he had endowed the three great temples of Egypt—Amen at Karnak, Ptah at Memphis, and Tum at Heliopolis (*Records of the Past*, vol. vi. 21–70; vol. viii. 1–52). The foundations and endowments for the support of these royal feasts, which were held without interruption for a longer period than masses have been said for any Christian soul, seem always to have been held sacred, for even in the time of the Ptolemies we find those in Khufu's honour continued and taking place still in the chantry chapel at the foot of the Great Pyramid. And in fact the very stability of the nation was concerned in their maintenance. It was not only a saint whose intercession was thus to be won, neither was it that of an all-powerful archangel, but it was that of one of the sons of god himself; of one who was already invested with the attributes of Osiris, of one who had been on earth

as god, and was now enthroned in heaven as god himself. So to his shrine not only would the priests and courtiers, and those who were paid to say their prayers, betake themselves with daily liturgy, and procession, and sacrifice, but also all who in time of national distress or disaster were moved to seek consolation in the memory of this former greatness, or help and aid to stimulate them and their children to emulate the prowess of the heroes of their national history, and to be made better and like them. To this very temple, then, when "post multum temporis mortuus est rex Aegypti" (Ex. ii. 23), came the survivors and descendants of the 119 children of Rameses II., his generals, his courtiers, and soldiers, his people, his

FRAGMENTS OF STATUE OF RAMESES II. TAKEN FROM WEST SIDE OF SECOND COURT LOOKING EAST.

slaves, and amongst them he who of all the sixty sons, being the fourteenth child in order of birth, survived his elder brothers and succeeded him, Menephtah, the weak son of a strong father, like Edward II. of Edward I., or Richard II. of the Black Prince after Edward III. In the presence of these huge statued likenesses of their father, stored here in greater number and in greater safety than any that were hidden away in the secret "nooks" of any ordinary tombs, and ready, if aught happened to the mummy, for the "double" to extend itself over and perpetuate its life, they came, and sang his praises and prayed their prayers, as in the spiritual presence of the king himself. It was in the first court that the

great red granite sitting statue which contains nearly three times the solid contents of the great obelisk of Hatasu at Karnak, and when entire weighed over a thousand tons, was reared. Thus the great conqueror would seem to his worshippers to sit to welcome them and to live and breathe again, majestic and calm, menacing and terrible; upright, with his hands upon his knees. Now he who mightily oppressed the children of Israel, here, as also we had seen at Memphis, lies overturned and fallen. If it was ever his intention that a second statue, of the same size, should sit on the north side of the entrance, either his death or want of means prevented its being carried out. At first it seems difficult to imagine how this huge monolith can have been overturned, but on looking at the fragments of the head we can easily trace the line where the granite was filed away and where wood was inserted, then moistened, so as by its swelling to split the cracks, when a haul all together would bring it down and it would split right in two. Or it is possible that it was overturned by the "hand of God," and the earthquake in B.C. 27 (the same that shattered Amen-Hotep III. to the waist), and then afterwards only split up.

Shelley's fine sonnet on Ozymandias refers to this statue, and is perhaps the best comment on the overweening pride and superhuman vanity of the Pharaoh of the oppression, though it repeats Diodorus's fanciful rendering of the inscription of Rameses' name on the cartouche:—

"I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

After a siesta in the shade we went once more round the temple and looked at the sculptures, and then rode on to Deir-el-Bahari, or memorial temple of Queen Hatasu, the ambitious daughter of the first Thothmes, and sister of the second and third of that name.

We passed on the way the remains of the walls of Petamenoph's tomb. He was high priest of Amen, but has a larger and more sumptuous tomb, with more staircases, courts, and passages

than any of the kings. But we did not enter it. It is approached by a sunken court, 103 feet in length by seventy-six feet broad. This was once surrounded by a wall, and entered by a lofty gateway, the two sides of which are still standing. This court leads to a large hall, which is the commencement of a long series of galleries, apartments, and side chambers, all excavated in the solid rock. Omitting the side chambers, and measuring only the galleries, the excavations of this single tomb extend to a length of 895 feet, the area excavated is an acre and a-half. The whole of the wall space, more than one-third of a mile in length, is covered throughout with most carefully executed sculptures, in the most elaborate style of Egyptian art; thus the tomb of a private individual exceeds in dimensions, costliness, and magnificence all the royal tombs.

A little further on is a large gateway in crude bricks, and then we mount to Deir-el-Bahari. Every now and then we stumble over pit-holes and openings of graves; some of them have been explored, and others have not. We pass the same workman we had seen yesterday, and his little dusty and dusky band in a new tomb, and we halted at the same mud-brick gate, the remnants of some of the buildings occupied by the mummy-preparers of this necropolis; it is just in a line with the other mud-brick vaulted building where the papyri were prepared behind the Ramesseum. Deir-el-Bahari is quite unlike any other temple in Egypt, though it is dedicated to Athor, Queen of the Western Heaven of Rest and Peace—of whom Hatasu regarded herself as the representative upon earth, as her father and brothers were of Amen himself. It consists of three courts terraced rising from the plain one above the other, like the steps of a gigantic staircase. On the north and west sides of these courts the yellow cliffs tower sheer up; those on the west are pierced with vast halls which served as sacrificial chambers to the probably yet undiscovered tombs of the families of the Thothmeses, and down from the eastern front of these chambers descend the broad and regal courts in stage after stage to the plain: probably in imitation of the wonderful buildings on the banks of the Euphrates, which are erected also in the form of stages, which her father Thothmes I. had been the first of Egyptians to behold. On the south side of these steps and stages is a steep wall running their whole length on which are sculptures, and amongst them a series of hawks, each the height of a man, surmounted by the royal hooded cobra and sun-

globe. Away from the further entrance to the courts at the eastern end at the bottom ran the avenue of 200 sphinxes to the Nile; and up at their top at the western end are the series of chambers of beautiful white marble-like limestone, covered with the most lovely sculptures of admirable finish and colour, that belong to the matchless splendour of the best period of Egyptian art, and which are as fine as any Renaissance work. Here on the walls is represented the expedition sent by this queen to the "balsam table-land of Punt" at the mouth of the Red Sea (the island Socotra, the present name of which is said to be a corruption of Sacra Terra, is only part of this wonderland which extended to both shores of the neighbouring lands); there the boats are made fast to the shore by the green-waved sea, embarking the various merchandise to be taken home as tribute. The Queen of the land of Punt, very short, hunchbacked, and with deformed legs, but all covered with jewels, is coming to pay homage, and the haycock-like huts of the natives beneath cocoa-nut palms are drawn in the background; some of them are built on piles and entered by ladders. "All kinds of precious woods of the Holy Land, with heaps of incense, gum, and with verdant incense-trees, with ebony, with ivory set in pure gold, and with silver, with blue stone, green stone, and all other precious stones, with greyhounds, with dog-headed apes and long-tailed monkeys, and with leopard skins: never has such a convoy like this been made by any king since the world stands." As we look at them we cannot help thinking of Queen Elizabeth and the wonders that were brought back to her from the western world by her mariners. And in another place, after their return, they are pictured disembarking from off the blue waters of the Nile (so that a canal must have connected the sea and the river in those days), thirty-two different plants and trees, each sort beautifully drawn, being brought ashore, their roots carefully wrapt up for replanting in the gardens of the queen. She is receiving and welcoming, on their triumphal return to Thebes, the incense-trees and animals, the strange gold and silver ornaments, and the fruits of new and foreign sorts. In the extreme interior and in the centre of this upper terrace are the caves, approached through a doorway of rose-granite. On the walls are represented the deceased members of her family, her deified father and mother, and her brother-husband, all receiving gifts and adorations from her and her second brother Thothmes III., who succeeded her on the throne. This temple, like all the others on this

side the river, was one of the memorial buildings for the worship of ancestors, and here no doubt, during the time at least of the festivals held in their honour, the Court would reside. The architect Senmut, whose intelligent mind and skilful hand wrought all this, was without the fame of proud ancestors. His black granite statue, now in Berlin, has on its right shoulder this short but significant inscription: "His ancestors were not found in writing." Several of the courts and chambers are still terribly filled with *débris*, which, however, might all be cleared out for 400*l.*, and run down in trucks to the plain. Curiously enough this one of the memorial temples, although it is apparently consecrated to the united memory of Queen Hatasu and both her brothers, Thothmes II. and III., appears for some reason to have been deserted at an early date. Several of the chambers here were found to have been filled with mummies of other persons, piled one on top of each other, and many of them of the Grecian period. The festivals connected with the memory of the queen and her brothers, it would thus seem, must have been celebrated periodically at that other shrine that we saw was erected by the youngest of her brothers at Medeenet Haboo. Be this as it may, this unique temple of Queen Hatasu's with its graceful elegance is a worthy pendant to the equally unique martial arch of Rameses III., one at either end of the Theban plain. Rode back across the plain, past strings of camels laden with green-mown vetches, and herds of black goats and oxen, and solitary fellaheen, and bright boys and begging children, and got on board soon after five, and found the English mail had arrived with letters and newspapers. As the postal steamer down to Cairo came in soon afterwards, we had to write our replies after dinner, before which we went away and had a beautiful bathe in the river. Rode the same white donkey as yesterday, and had the same merry brown donkey-boy running by the side and asking for all sorts of things in broken English: "You give me half loaf of white bread at lunch" (he got this). "You give me leather whip from Assouan." "You give me plenty backsheesh to-day." "You give me book with plenty writing in it;" and so on, but never expecting either the one or the other, and just as cheerful and happy without them as if he had got them all.

March 14th.—Left Luxor at 5.30 A.M., a dim, grey morning and much warmer, temperature on getting up 74°; arrived at Esneh at 9 A.M., having done the thirty-six miles in three and a-half hours against the stream, and having to ease continually on account

of the sand-banks. At one place, just before arriving at Esneh we passed a very large sugar factory, and the scent of the boiled sugar came off to the yacht on the breeze, strongly reminding us of the West Indies. Osman Pasha, the governor of this large province, that stretches right away south to Wady Halfa, an agreeable old gentleman, came on board, and after taking coffee we go ashore with him where we are moored, just opposite the palace built by Mohammed Ali, which resembles a French country-house in its garden. The pasha had prepared some very gaily caparisoned steeds for the party, but as it is not half a mile's distance to the temple, we all preferred walking, especially as the streets had been carefully swept and watered. The temple is in the very middle of the town, and is completely buried, and therefore safe for the present beneath the mud hovels of the natives. The portico is the only part that is visible, and it was cleared out by Mohammed Ali in 1842: it is of course very much beneath the level of the street, and we descend into it down a flight of wooden stairs through a little door high up under the capitals of the pillars. On the ceiling is a zodiac like that of Denderah; and on the walls are the names of the Roman emperors, Tiberius, Vespasian, Trajan and Hadrian. Every capital of the twenty-four pillars is different from its neighbour and the foliage of the papyrus and lotus plants is very boldly treated; but as usual at this period, the pictures on the walls want finish: they present the Roman emperors as Egyptian kings making offerings to the gods of the country, and chiefly to the ram-headed god Khnum, to whom this temple was dedicated. The curious little stone chapel at the foot of the columns was the receptacle for the papyri: in the middle of the portico is a well—the Nile filtrates here in inundation time. It is supposed that the part of the temple now buried contains the sanctuary built by Thothmes III. We walk back by a different way through the town to the yacht, past the prettily tiled doors and gateways of the mosques and houses, and see in the market-place many baskets for sale of the same pattern exactly as on the old Egyptian paintings. Having said good-bye to the Governor, we got under weigh again at 10.45 A.M. Ten miles further on, at Mohamerieh on the western bank, we pass the two most southern pyramids in Egypt, those of El Koola. We arrived at Edfoo, thirty-two miles from Esneh, at 2 P.M. We stayed on board till it was cooler, and then at 4 P.M. mounted on donkeys and rode through the village, crossing a deep dyke, now dry, to the temple of

Edfoo, the rich yellow stone walls of which, towering up beyond the village, we can see from a great distance. It is dedicated to Horus, who is the god of light, the token of life, as distinct from the sun, and has been completely cleared out by M. Mariette. It is almost of identically the same plan as that at Denderah, which was copied from it, except that here there is a large open court in front surrounded by columns, and an enormous tower gateway complete and entire, with its staircases and inclosures. The whole temple was built by the Ptolemies, and on the front walls of the gateway they are represented in imitation of the old pharaohs as slaughtering their enemies in battle. The whole temple took 180 years three months and fourteen days from beginning to completion, from the year 237 B.C. to the year 57 B.C. Its whole length is 451 feet, and its breadth 249 feet, the height of the gateway is 114 feet or thereabouts. The capitals of the pillars in the front court alongside each other are different, but pair against pair opposite one another are the same. On entering the second court, which exactly corresponds with the first court of the temple at Denderah, we notice that the stone screen between the pillars, which cuts it off from the first court, reaches just half way up the columns, and instead of interfering with the effect of their height, it seems to increase it. The other courts beyond this, with the staircases on to the roof on either side, and the chambers round the sanctuary, and the little temple for the New Year, which is very prettily decorated, are almost precisely the same as those at Denderah. The central tabernacle is, however, open, and in one corner of it is a magnificent shrine cut out from a single block of grey speckled granite. It looks just like the "Hawk's Cage" at Sandringham, and in fact it was here that the sacred hawk, as the emblem of Hormakhu, was kept. From the inscription we learn that it was made by Nectanebo of the Thirtieth Dynasty, during whose reign Plato visited Egypt, B.C. 378; and of course, therefore, is older than any part of the present temple, and was meant by that pharaoh for the holy of holies of an older temple, afterwards destroyed to make way for the present one. The inscriptions on the walls of the temple and on those of the chambers give much valuable information. The dimensions of each in cubits are carefully noted, and from these it is proved that the ordinary Egyptian cubit of this period exactly equalled eighteen inches English. Other Egyptian cubits are said to be between twenty and twenty-two inches. The exterior wall running all round the outside of the temple on either side is covered with pictures. On walking round

in between the wall and the temple, we notice on the western side, over and over again, representations of Horus, as Light (looking like St. George or St. Michael with his spear), killing hippopotami, the symbols of Evil, with his spear. On the eastern side of the same outside wall there is an entrance from the interior down into a well in which there is a curious Nilometer. This well (which is said to abound in serpents), had water in it, and we could not see the meter as it was to-day below its surface. Here, as in his mother Athor's temple at Denderah, there are chapels on the roof for observing the heliacal risings of Sirius: their decoration at Denderah represents chiefly Osiris and the Resurrection; here at Edfoo Osiris has dropped somewhat out of the Triad; Isis as Athor and Horus as the Resurrection are chief. Once a year in the spring on the 15th March his mother came up the river in her sacred bark Neb-meri-t (the mistress of love) or Peset-to-ti (the illumination of the world) and with grand boat procession from Denderah to see her son, who went out in his boat to welcome her. She stayed some days in the city of Horus, during which great feasts were celebrated here in honour of both gods. We climbed to the top of the gateway, to which there are staircases (250 steps) on either side, and multitudes of chambers in which it is supposed the priests resided; but where the burial-ground was is not known—probably somewhere in the desert.[1] The view of the modern village from this summit is very characteristic. In front of us are a number of boys and girls and old men, shouting for backsheesh and scrambling for the small coins which some of the party throw them from this height; and when told that there is no more forthcoming one of the boys shouts out, "What good is a Pasha if he don't give backsheesh?" We hear the drone of the shadoof in the distance as its woodwork goes creaking on the banks. We look down in the quiet (for the dancing youngsters below and the old beggars have been cleared off by some officials in black frock coats with stand-up collars and black trousers and red fez, instead of their native dress) upon the labyrinth of narrow streets with the brown bare walls of the buildings, which are made of clay and unburnt mud bricks, and to which a heavy rain (which never occurs here) would soon make an end. West Indian negro huts are better furnished abodes. Here and there there is a good doorway, for the hajji who has been

[1] After searching for it for three years, in the winter of 1884 M. Maspero discovered this cemetery two hours south of Edfoo. It has several peculiarities: the graves are arranged like Roman loculi and most of the interments belong to the Ptolemaic period, and later.

to Mecca distinguishes his home by bizarre paintings and coloured inscriptions from the Koran. The pigeon-towers (as many as forty of them) stand up above the other houses, and being square, twelve feet each way, they look at first glance like the gateways of ancient temples, were it not for the two or three tiers of irregularly projecting branches, and earthenware pots that are stuck into their walls. We can see down into the interior of several of the abodes: the rooms of the huts are covered over for scanty shade with reeds, straw mats, and rags; they open out into a little yard, round which is the mud and straw wall, about as high as a man; hollow spaces let into this wall serve for storing grain, and others for cupboards; a few mats, a sheepskin, baskets of matting, a copper kettle, a few earthenware pots and wooden dishes are the sole furniture;—donkeys, children, poultry, pigeons scratching and pecking, sheep and straw and people all huddled up together in the same hovel form an all too lively pell-mell in the dust and dirt. In the centre of some is a thick pillar, five feet high, having on the top a large round platter-shaped disk of clay, with a high border round the outer edge, into which they put anything they are afraid of losing in the mess when they lie down. And thus, and in such mud houses, have the Egyptian people lived from year to year ever since the times of the Pharaohs. When excavations have been made on the site of any town, layer upon layer of these villages of former days have been found on the top of each other.

While we were standing on the gateway, a pair of hawks flew out from their nest in the corner—the village descendants of the god who once was here revered; it seemed as if the spirit of Horus was still haunting the place. The sky had been cloudy all day, which is quite a rare thing for this time of year, as generally the sun at Edfoo is blazing hot. We go down into the first court where there are to-day some wooden divans one foot high, eight or nine long, and five feet broad; covered with Turkey carpets and with thick pillows at their end, they make capital caulking billets, whilst coffee is brought to us by the old custodian who lives in the temple. The excavation of Edfoo is the most extensive ever executed under the auspices of the late Khedive by M. Mariette. Every line of inscription has become perfectly accessible to the traveller and the antiquary; the building is now carefully kept, and a wooden gate in front is kept closed the same as at Esneh; these are the only two temples we have seen like this; the others are all open to every comer. We ride back to the yacht through

the dusty village, with men running before us with long sticks, as in the old Egyptian sculptures, hallooing. The people here are of darker hue than in Northern Egypt, owing to the strain of Nubian blood. We notice some of the men are very tall and handsome. The few women are of course all veiled, and when they hear from those running in front that men and unbelievers are coming they dart in at the little wooden doors of their hovels and close them quickly behind them, or run up side passages to get out of the way, or squeeze themselves up against a wall till we have passed by, and draw the dark blue cloth together firmly over the face. They had come out for drawing water in the evening. The girls are decked with blue, yellow, and red beads of small value strung round their necks, a white metal band on their upper arm, and sometimes a ring in the nose: tattooing of a blue colour, just a few round dots only on the chin, or straight lines on the lower part of the face, and on the arms and hands are the ornaments of the poorer women. Some of the children are good-looking, many are blear-eyed with flies swarming over their faces; the men, though often rough, are never rude and boorish, and being Moslems are never drunk. They are naturally courteous and of good bearing, full of good humour; but, we hear, avaricious, fond of begging, patient, stubborn, and self-willed. The last of the party on drawing near to the banks of the river meet the donkey-boys of those who have already arrived there returning with their donkeys to the town. The former inquire anxiously of the latter whether "they have been paid into the hand or whether their hire has been given in a lump sum to the senior for distribution." The squeeze which begins at Constantinople and Cairo, evidently extends to the very bottom of the social scale throughout the country. After the usual bath in the Nile dined at 7.30 P.M., and after a rubber of whist on the poop turned in at eleven.

March 15th.—Left Edfoo at 5.30 A.M. All night it was very close and heavy, the thermometer standing at 75°. About 7 A.M. passed a fine dahabeeyeh, which cheered and saluted us by firing three shots as we steamed by. At 8.30 A.M. we passed Jebel Silsileh twenty-six and a-half miles from Edfoo. It is a gap in the sandstone chain of mountains. The breadth of the Nile at the narrowest part of the gap is here a little over 1,000 feet. The quarries, from which the blocks of sandstone were taken for building many of the Egyptian temples, are close by the river side. They are not like usual stone quarries, but their sides are all cut down smooth, so

that the appearance is quite like the walls of a temple. Some are cut in sharp edges, others are arranged in tiers of huge receding steps. The mountain seems to have been cut into blocks just like a piece of wood is cut up by a careful carpenter. On the western side are many curious grottoes and inscriptions. The Nile, which is here shut in a ravine between two precipices, was the object of a special worship. On the left bank there are three large tablets each containing the same text and list of offerings to the Nile; they date from the Nineteenth and Twentieth Dynasties,[1] and relate the observance of the various festivals connected with the inundation by Rameses II. "Blessed be the good god, the ocean-loving Nile, the plenty, wealth, and food of Egypt. He maketh everybody live by himself, riches are on his path, and plenteousness is in his fingers; the pious are rejoiced at his coming, though one knoweth not whence he is. He is strong and wakeful at every time to furnish livelihood for men, to multiply the corn as the sand, and to make the granaries big with gifts." "Idle hands he loathes; he maketh the whole land ready for cultivation, and the labour of men is their response at his coming. Bringer of food, yet lord of terrors and of choicest joys, all are combined in him. He causeth growth to fulfil all desires, he never wearies of it. He is not graven in marble; he is not beheld; he hath neither ministering priests nor offerings; he is not adored in sanctuaries, for there is no building that can contain him. And yet all men rejoice before him, for they are his own children, and he loveth them and has rewarded their labours. 'Unknown' is his name in heaven. He doth not manifest his forms; vain are all representations. Flow brightly on, flow on, O Nile, flow brightly on!"[2]

Passing through the mountain gap we open out a number of sand-banks. The vegetation is here very scant, and the greenery on the banks is nearly all gone. In some places the channel is very narrow owing to the sand-banks caused by the falling river. We touched several, and also some rocks in the bed of the river, and broke three floats of one of our paddles—one was smashed right in half and the other two were only damaged. This delayed us some time, so that we did not arrive at Kom-Ombos (fifteen miles from Jebel Silsileh) till nearly 11 A.M. Made fast to the eastern bank, and walked up through a field of lupins and castor-oil plants with flowers like potato blossom, to the ruins, which are quite close

[1] *Records of the Past*, vol. x. pp. 37 44. [2] *Ibid.* vol. iv. pp. 105-114.

to the river. Very soon they will be gone; they stand on what was a lofty mound, but the river has been diverted more and more to the eastward by the accumulation of sand on the western shore, and so has completely eaten away the foundations of the raised ground and of the artificial platform on which the temple stood. One side of the tower and archway are at the very edge of the mud cliff, the other half has already fallen, and this will probably be down next year. At a little distance it resembles the appearance of the Reculver Towers as you pass up the Thames to Sheerness. This gateway to the court of the temple lay at right angles to the temple itself. That was built by the later Ptolemies, and is very curious as being a double temple, the two shrines standing side by side, the one dedicated to Light (Horus), adored under the symbol of the Hawk, and the other to Sebek (the lord of the inundation), under the symbol of the Crocodile, who here forms a triad in conjunction with Athor and Horus. On the under side of the ceiling in the portico the drawings of the constellations have been left unfinished; the outlines of the squares have been ruled in red, but the designs were apparently altered before execution, and were never completed. Over the door of the shrine of the northernmost of the two temples, which is buried in the sand, is an inscription in uncial Greek characters: "On behalf of King Ptolemy and of the Queen Cleopatra, sister of the gods, the people of the place dedicate this temple."

It is extremely hot, and the glare of the white sand in which we sink up to our knees is so strong that we climb up onto the top of the twin portico into the shade, and sit for a short time looking out on the pretty view westward over the blue meanderings of the Nile among the yellow sand-banks, and the few palms here and there on the edge of the desert.

Coming down from the hill on which the temple stands we look at the remains of a circular staircase which is now on the edge of the cliff. One half only of it is entire: it was apparently a Nilometer, and stood once wholly in the centre of the temple. We get on board the *Ferouze* and proceed south, arriving at Assouan (Syene), twenty-eight miles further, at 2 P.M. We made fast to the eastern shore about a mile north of the town. The river seems to end here, and we can see no outlet for it ahead; and the cultivated land seems to have entirely come to an end. The white houses of the town, away amid their few palm-trees, are the only signs of life to be seen. On the red hill to the west rise the ruins of some fort.

A very hot Khamsin wind is blowing from the south-west, and the sand it bears penetrates everywhere, even through the ports when closed. At lunch the oranges on the table were heated right through, and were quite hot to their centres; the water in the porous jars, on the contrary, was deliciously cool, but the surface of the glass and of the crockery and the plate was quite hot to the touch, as if heated before a fire. The thermometer marked only 85° in the shade, but the barometer fell half an inch in the first hour. We have found out to-day an admirable way of getting rid of the flies. We have fixed several pieces of white tape from end to end of the saloon, and these seem to have a magical effect of attracting the flies, who settle on them in swarms and leave us and the table alone. What the enjoyment can be to sit perched up there instead of coming down to the food, which is just under their noses, we cannot make out, but we are very glad it is so.

We waited until 4 P.M. and then got into the boats and rowed up to the island of Elephantine, about a mile in length, which lies opposite to Assouan: its name, the "Ivory Island," probably means that it was the depôt where the elephants' tusks and other Nubian and Soudanese produce were stored before they were taken down the Nile into Egypt. We landed at the southern end and clambered up over the *débris* past the village, where many dirty-looking, rickety old craft were moored, used by native merchants, and one only clean and decent, flying the Austro-Hungarian flag. We saw the remains of the old Ptolemaic temple built of fragments of older stones; and we went down into the ancient Nilometer on the eastern side of the island, which was cleared out by order of the late Khedive. It is marked in alternate stripes, six and six on the side of the stairs, for reading off the height of the inundation. The mean difference between the highest and the lowest state of the river is about forty-nine feet here, thirty-eight feet at Thebes, twenty-five feet at Cairo, and four feet at the mouth of the Nile: at the time of the inundation the current runs at eight miles an hour, at Low Nile at three. There were heaps of broken crockery and rubbish at the top of the island, and a good view of the cataract and its eddies of water gleaming amid the broken black slabs of rock; but everything on the island is smothered in the sand-storm which is blowing and giving us all a good dusting. Lots of little black Nubians came swimming after the boats in hopes of backsheesh, as we rowed past the town of Assouan back to the *Ferouze;* we had pointed out to us a curious little shrine to the ram-headed

god Kneph, in the rocks on the eastern side, and several cartouches cut on the front of the black rocks on the western side, one of them, we are told, being that of Menephtah. At one place there was a very strange-looking hollow, like a staircase, worn in the rock by the eddying of the Nile at the inundation. We all had a good bathe off the sand-bank, which was very refreshing, as we were all very dusty and hot. The wind was so hot that directly we were out of the water the surface of our skin was dried at once without using towels. Shortly afterwards the wind blew like fits from the north-east, and the sun went down with most strange and weird effect behind wisps and columns of cloud, but whether they were formed of sand or moisture we could not tell. But the effect of the wind having so quickly shifted round was that at night the rain came down in floods. It has not rained here for two years, and then it was only a slight shower. A heavy shower of rain here is always considered as an omen of something about to happen, not entirely for the good of Egypt. On the day when the battle of Actium was fought, and Cleopatra fled away in her galley, there was a heavy shower here.

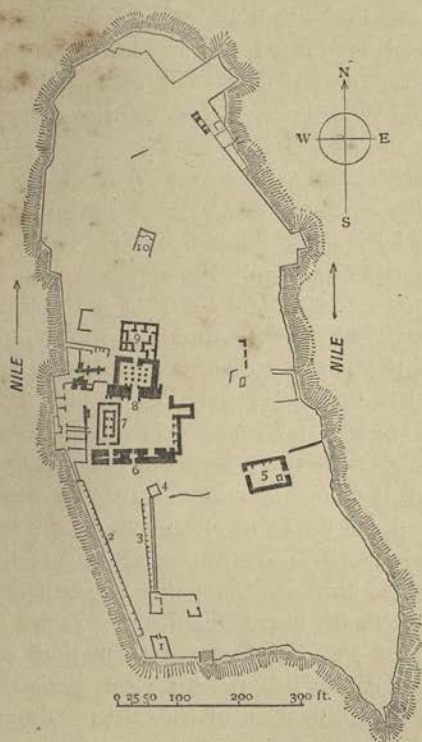
March 16th.—Up early, then had breakfast at 7 A.M. and left the yacht at 7.30 A.M., (temperature 75°, much cooler than yesterday,) and rowed up to Assouan. There we got on to a train of three trucks like that at San Fernando in Trinidad (vol. i. p. 86); set out with chairs and rough carpet. On leaving Assouan we passed a number of people attending a funeral in one of the burial-grounds outside the town. We proceeded, drawn by a small engine, through the desert (on the right hand are many up-jutting crags of granite rocks) to Philæ; opposite to which on the eastern bank we arrived after a run of about fifteen minutes over the five miles, in what was once the bed, though now it is the deserted channel, of the Nile. Under the sand, which has since accumulated over it, still lies the rich alluvial soil that was once deposited by the Nile when it flowed between here and Silsileh (thirty-five miles lower down) at an average level of eleven and a-half feet higher than the present Nile, and at the inundation twenty-seven feet higher. In the days of the Twelfth Dynasty (which were about 2,500 years before our era), and before the invasion of the shepherd kings, the first cataract was at Silsileh, before the rocky barrier we passed through yesterday gave way; and the waters were thus dammed up to that height right away south from here to the second cataract. It would be a grand engineering operation to

restore that dam, and thus once more to bring Nubia into cultivation by diffusing the waters of the Nile over what is now only desert, but which was in those earlier days far more fertile and populous. Such erection of dams and locks at Silsileh would not impede the navigation of the river nearly so much as the present cataract at Assouan does, and this last would of course be completely done away with when the Nile was restored to its own level and old channel. [In fact it is disgraceful what little has been achieved in modern times in comparison with what was done by the ancient Egyptians with the Nile. All their engineering operations are regarded with stupid wonder by their degenerate descendants, and suffered to lie neglected. The annual inundation of the river is allowed to flood all Lower Egypt and then run off as so much waste spill to sea, whereas Lake Moeris might be now put to the use for which the kings of the Twelfth Dynasty constructed it, that is, as a reservoir to store the superabundant water which flowed into it at the time of high Nile, and was thus prevented from flooding the inhabited and cultivated parts of the country. The entire circumference by land of this vast natural receptacle is 450 miles: in fact it was an inland sea in the desert fed by canals from the Nile. For six months in the year when the river was at the full the waters flowed in, and then for the other six months as it waned they flowed out. The Bahr Yusuf canal still leaves the Nile near Assiout, but the branch which conducted the waters to the three natural basins sixty miles to the south of Geezeh, and 150 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, has long since been blocked. It might readily be cleared and furnished with a proper supply of weirs; and the system of perennial irrigation that would thus be organised would conduce to doubling the fertility of a very large portion of the soil of Egypt. This control of the Nile flood would also render possible the drainage of Lakes Mareotis and Menzaleh, which again would enormously increase the cultivable area by making of those parts of the Delta a second Holland, one even more fertile than its prototype. There is neither capital nor enterprise in the fellaheen or in the pashas for such works as these. The question of drainage in these days is a mere matter of calculation and steam-pumps. It has been calculated that it should not take more than two years to pump those two marshes dry; and three more only before they were fully productive. If there was a stable Government in Egypt such works would certainly be undertaken to the benefit of all

concerned. Already Colonel Scott Moncrieff, the Under Secretary of State for Public Works, has introduced many improvements in the system of irrigation; and purposes to introduce still more, if time, opportunity, and means be granted him.]

On approaching Philæ large flocks of white and black herons are circling round in the air; they live on fish which they catch in the cataract. The temple of Philæ, with its tall pylons, opens upon you quite suddenly across the sandy plain. Arrived at the bank of the river we got into three boats to row down back to the first cataract, about a mile and a-half to the north of the island. They were manned by huge black Nubian sailors, tall, and with cheerful faces (we were told that they are often taken to Cairo on account of their trustiness as guardians of houses). We rowed round three sides of the island, the men singing in a wild way to keep time with the oars, a song descriptive of a local Leander who swam off to Philæ from the opposite shore to see his Hero there. The view of the island from the north end is the prettiest as we drop down the stream away from it towards the cataract. Just before coming to this we leave the boats on the western shore and walk down a little way over the rocks. The river narrows here to about seventy feet, and flows along, a boiling tumbling mass of water, for a distance of over 200 feet between the black precipitous rocks on either side. Into this numbers of Nubian men and boys kept plunging from the rocks, and floated down on logs of wood which they piloted in to the shore again at the bottom of the cataract, and thence carried them up, dripping, to the top of the hill and jumped in with them again. It was wonderful to see the easy way in which they swam down the rapids, some with logs and some without. An Englishman who was a good swimmer once jumped in, in rivalry with them, but never came up again. The heads of all the men were shaved; so were those of the boys, except on the right-hand side of the skull, where the hair is left in one long side-lock, just as Horus and young Rameses are represented on the monuments as wearing their hair. In fact the shaven Nubians look just like the pictures of the old priests in the Egyptian sculptures; they are slim, but have strong limbs and broad chests; their faces with broad cheekbones, projecting lips and wide nostrils, but long almond-shaped eyes, are quite different from those of Negroes. The view from this bank looking north over the black-coloured but variously fantastic-shaped flat islets of basalt, intermingled with larger rose-coloured masses of

syenite veined with white quartz, set in the midst of the coil of troubled waters, is very curious; the river takes a sudden turn to the right at the bottom of the cataract, and there we saw a dahabeeyeh lying stranded, where it had been washed against the bank after shooting the cataract, and become a wreck. They haul dahabeeyehs up another passage, where there is not such a rush of



THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ (PILAK, OR "THE FRONTIER").

1. Isis temple.
2. Western portico.
3. Eastern portico.
4. Im-Hotep temple.
5. "Pharaoh's bed."
6. Great pylon.
7. Horus temple.
8. Second pylon.
9. Isis shrine.
10. Coptic church with older shrine.

water as in this. We got into the boats again, and turned to go back south to Philæ. As the north wind was blowing freshly we made sail, and felt, from old habit, for the moment, just as if we were going off to the *Bacchante* in one of the cutters, and went up the river thus more swiftly than we had rowed down the stream. At one place we came upon a girl swimming across the river,

carrying her few clothes in a bundle on her head, and her father's morning lunch across to him on the other side; and a little further a number of boys swimming about for backsheesh, and diving to catch the coins thrown into the water before they sink to the bottom, which they then carry inside their cheeks like monkeys do nuts in their pouch, for of course they are stark naked, and have nowhere else to put them. We landed on the north-west side of the island of Philæ, and walked all over the place. The entire surface of the island, which is about 1,200 feet long and about a third of that distance broad, is covered with ruins, its area being very nearly the same as that of the Acropolis at Athens.

The whole of the island was once surrounded by a wall, and there were apparently three landing places; we first make our way to the one on the southern end (1). Here is a chapel dedicated to Isis, and built by Nectanebo 378 B.C. It is the oldest building in the island, all the rest being Ptolemaic or Roman. From this strike north two corridors (2 and 3); that on the west, overhanging the river, has the columns all surmounted with the head of Athor. The columns in the eastern corridor have the usual lotus and papyrus capitals: it was apparently never finished. The corridors run at different angles, and one would give a shady walk in the morning and the other in the afternoon. There are many traces of colour here, and it is curious to observe the way in which the capitals were prepared for lotus carving. At the northern end of the eastern corridor, and therefore just in front of the great pylon, is a small chapel (4) built by Cleopatra to Im-Hotep ("I come in peace,") or Har-pechruti, Har the child, the young Horus (same as Æsculapius) son of Ptah and Pasht; for that is the form the Trinity assumes here—Father, Son (the Healer), and Mother. Im-Hotep is the personification of worship, regulated by the sacred book which he always carries on his knees; his sacred hymns were believed to have magical power as remedies and charms. We go through (6) the great pylon, 120 feet broad and sixty feet high, outside which are colossal sculptures of Ptolemy swinging his battleaxe over a batch of bound prisoners, in imitation of the older pharaohs. There Prince Jerome Napoleon has caused the little tablet, which was fixed on the right-hand side of the doorway by the French under Desaix, to be repaired, and has himself added, "*Une page d'histoire ne doit pas être salie.*" Precisely so. This gateway opens into a court, on the eastern side of which is a corridor built by the Emperor Tiberius, and several small chambers. The whole

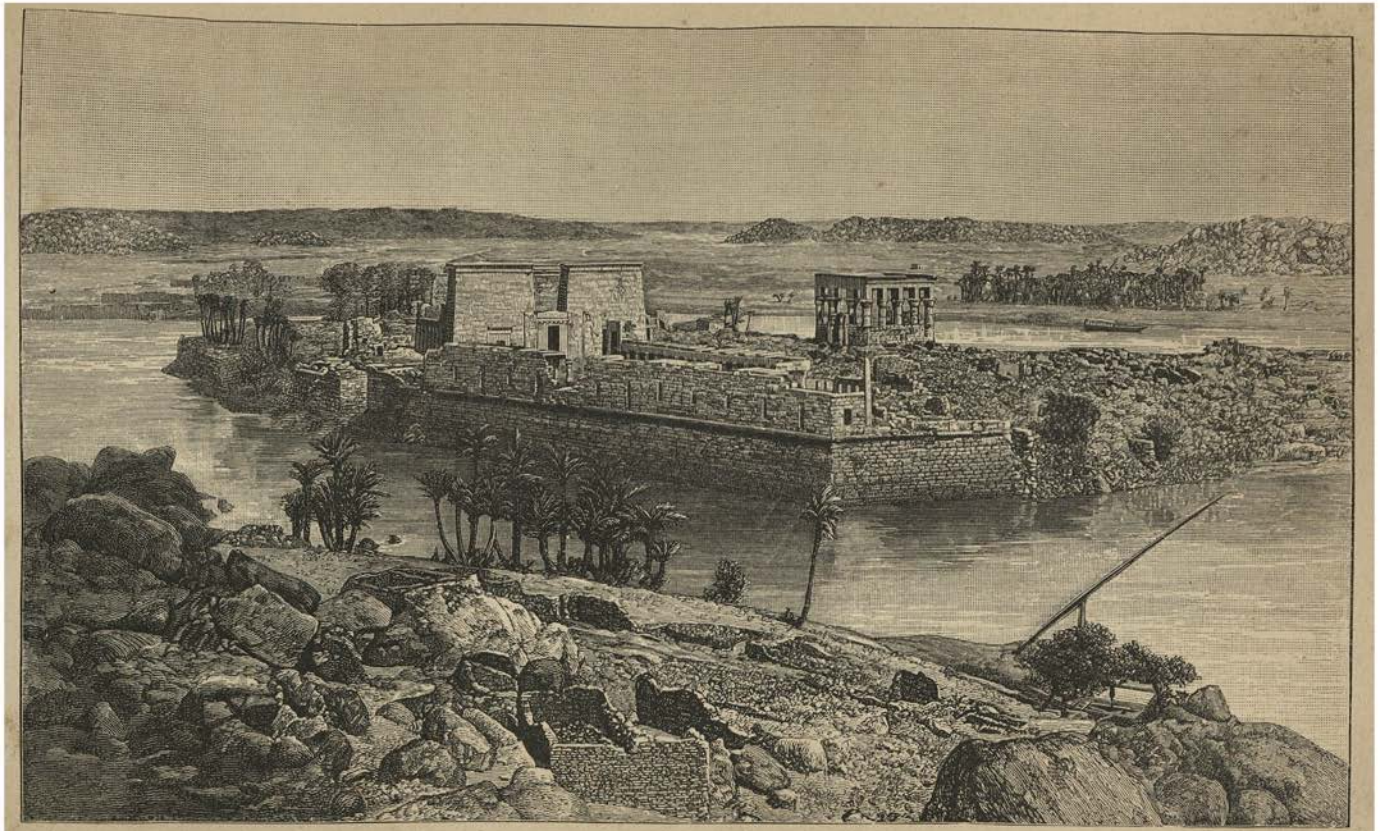
of the western side is taken up by a "lying-in temple," (7), the walls of which are completely occupied with representations of the birth and education, both in arts and labour, of Horus. In one chamber at the northern end there is a particularly fine picture, reaching right across the breadth of the chapel, and representing him being suckled by Isis, like the Madonna col Bambino, amid an admiring throng of all the other gods: and surmounted by a large lifelike carving of his symbol—the hawk. In this temple, too, is a copy of the same inscription as that on the famous Rosetta stone, only without the Greek. We go on through the second great gateway (8), the eastern tower of which stands on an upjutting rock of granite which has been cut into the form of a tablet, on which is sculptured an inscription of the date of 150 B.C., describing the grants of land that had been made by two Ptolemies to this temple, as the priests were getting poor and there was no fertile land wherewith to endow it in this part of Egypt; and this is one reason why so much of the buildings remained unfinished. On the eastern wall of this also there was a painting of a large figure of our Lord, with two angels, one on each side. A Christian altar probably stood beneath; and there is another altar just inside this court in the south-east corner. This gateway leads into a double portico supported by ten gigantic columns, still bright with many colours, especially their capitals. The pillars are constructed of stones from an older temple, and some of them bear, on sides hidden from view, the cartouche of Aahmos of the Seventeenth Dynasty as discovered by Brugsch Bey only this year. This portion of the temple was turned into a church of St. Stephen in the sixth century: it opens into three other chambers further north (9). In the centre of the one furthest to the north is a large pedestal of granite for the ark of Isis. On the wall is a representation of one of the Ptolemies being suckled by her. There is a staircase which leads up to the terrace, and a small room on the top of this contains interesting sculptures relating to the death and resurrection of Osiris, who, according to a later tradition, was said to have been buried here, and not at Abydôs. There are also many inscriptions about on the walls in demotic which prove, that Isis and Osiris were still revered here as late as A.D. 453—several years after the edict of the Emperor Theodosius abolishing paganism. Justinian is said to have finally broken up the temple.

We are now 600 miles from Cairo, and just on the tropics, and on the boundary line between Egypt proper and Nubia; we

can well understand how to any old Roman the mystery and beauty of Philæ must have been greatly enhanced by the consideration that this was the furthest point south, and the nearest to the tropics, to which the arms of the senate and people of Rome were ever carried: it was thus on the borders of, to them, an unknown land, the very edge as it were of the world, in the same way as Hadrian's wall in our own country at home was the northern limit and other edge. Philæ is 780 miles from Alexandria, which city is only a thousand from Rome itself, and Edinburgh is just about the same distance further.

We mounted to the top of the large pylon (6) whence the view in each direction, whether looking to the north, or south, or east, or west, is very striking, and not easily to be forgotten, combined as it is of the cataract, the river, the desert, and the mountains. Though there is not so much green here in the landscape as in northern Egypt, yet the contrast of the different colours must be almost unique, as they run through every gradation, from the lightest yellow of the white sand, through orange up to red, scarlet, purple, blue, and so back again to the lighter greys and black, in the various coloured granite rocks and hills, which stretch here on either side of the river. This irregular chain of barren hills, whose peaks are on an average 1,000 feet high, stretches away eastward for 180 miles, and is the boundary between Egypt and Nubia, and comes right athwart the sandstone formation which we have seen between Silsileh and Assouan, which in its turn comes to the surface again further south and covers nearly the whole of Nubia and the Soudan. Following the windings of the river the distance between here and Cairo is 580 miles; throughout that distance the river falls on an average five inches to a mile. The height of the Great Pyramid is 480 feet, so that the level on which we are at present standing is only about half way up the pyramid; thus its summit looks down always from a relatively greater height on every part of the cultivated soil of the whole land of Egypt.

The colours themselves on the walls and pillars of the Philæ temples are scarcely so bright as we expected to find, but the picturesque variety and studied irregularity of the buildings makes up for that. Professor Cooke of Boston has promised 400*l.* to complete the excavations on the island, and for this sum all the rubbish that still encumbers its surface will be shot away into the deep Nile, and the whole place made clean and tidy. When thus put straight and



PHILAE; SOUTHERN END OF THE ISLAND, WITH DESERT AND ANCIENT COURSE OF THE NILE BEYOND: LOOKING NORTH. Vol. ii. p. 538.

with a little reparation to the river walls, and with gardens planted out amid the ruins, the island will become almost as beautiful as it ever was. Shrubs and flowers of every kind would grow freely here, and merely require one or two custodians to water them with a shadoof from the river below. There are plenty of cool clean rooms in the pylons, and other parts of the temples, which when once cleaned out would make admirable sleeping places and sitting chambers.

The only thing that we would deprecate would be the erection of an hotel on the island; all cooking for such strangers as might feel inclined to stay here for health or pleasure could easily be done in a separate building away from the temples. We had lunch in the square building called Pharaoh's bed (5) on the east side of the island. This edifice figures in almost every picture of Philæ, and no one seems to know exactly what it was intended for, as it is too broad to have ever been roofed in; it was never finished, and part of the screen round it was left entirely in the rough. It stands at the top of a landing-place which was on the east side of the island, and it is conjectured that it was used as a sort of gathering-place for the bands of pilgrims who would meet here and then wait till the priests came to conduct them round to the various shrines and sacred spots in the island. In the south-east corner of it there is what appears to be a large well. In the south-east end of the island the red granite rock rises in a hill as high as the top of the great gateway, sixty feet at least, and this portion of the island projects in such a way to the south that it causes the outline of the island to resemble a hawk's head, the symbol of Horus. We sit about here sketching, and observe that the central gateways of the two pylons are the only parts of them that are coloured, and have an older look than the pylons themselves, which were apparently built round them at a later date. We then walk once more through the temples, observing particularly this time the curious series of passages which lead away from them on the western side apparently down to a landing-place there, and this is the way by which the priests went to crown the tomb of Osiris which was supposed to have been on the little island of Biggeh to the west of Philæ. There is said to be also a tunnel from here down under the bed of the Nile communicating with his tomb on land, so that they could approach it without taking boat on the water. We afterwards worked our way to the ruins of a small Coptic church (10) which stood in the centre of the island to the north of the great temple. The pavement in front of what was the high altar

has just been disturbed, and a beautiful red granite shrine for the hawk of Horus has been found buried here lying on its side, so that the upper portion served as pavement. A beautiful libation tablet of the same substance is also imbedded here. We left the island at 2 P.M., having spent a most pleasant day with a cool wind and bright sun, and having seen Philæ with its temples and palm-trees at its best. We rowed across to the eastern bank of the river, saw the steamer lying moored ready to take the mails up to the second cataract, got into our trucks and steamed back through the desert to Assouan. Arrived there we walk up the streets, which are narrow and covered in by awnings, partly of woodwork and partly of other material, to the bazaar to look at the Nubian curios; but the prices they ask to-day are absurdly extravagant—about a hundred times the real worth of the articles. Pipe-bowls, hippopotamus-hide whips (the kourbash), ostrich feathers, queer spear-heads and all sorts of heavy silver ornaments for the arms, neck, and nose, bludgeons of ebony, pikes, lances, and arrows were the chief things exhibited for sale. We sat down under a tree in the centre of the town, while the water carrier, with a leathern bag of goat-skin under his arm, squirted water from the neck as out of a bagpipe to lay the dust in the street. Then started on donkeys for the old quarries, past the tomb of Charles F. Cave, of Cleve Hill, Gloucester, who tried to swim down the cataract with the natives, did it once, and trying to do it a second time was drowned. Winding in and out among bold and picturesque blocks of red and black granite, and boulders, we come at last to the quarries. Saw the huge obelisk of red granite twelve feet broad, lying *in situ* in the quarries, and other masses of red granite lying about, from some of which it was easy to see that the way these masses of stone were detached from the quarry was by boring holes into which wooden wedges were inserted, which when saturated with moisture, by their expansion split the stone. The traces of the broad causeway or the road from the quarries towards the town and river, down which nearly all the rose-coloured shrines and statues, and doorways—even those perhaps of the old prehistoric temple in front of the sphinx—were rolled previous to their transport by water to all parts of Egypt, are clearly distinguishable even now, covered as they are with drifted sand. One of our donkeys was a very pretty mouse-coloured one, closely clipt all over his body excepting his legs, the hair on which was suffered to grow so that a pattern of cross stripes was worked upon them which gave him a

very odd appearance as he trotted along. We came back through the cemetery outside the town, which is partly ancient and partly modern, with its score of tiny mosques each topped by its little cupola and all more or less dilapidated, amid a wilderness of scattered tombstones, defaced and overturned. We noticed several water-jars set out under canopies for the passing traveller to take a drink; for "to give a cup of cold water only" is considered a sign of hospitality as much here as in either Japan or Ceylon, in both of which places we had seen the same practice. This act of charity is done by the dead, who leave a small sum of money to be thus expended. Rode back to the yacht on camels, which was capital fun. A number of Bisharee blacks came over the sand beside the *Ferouze* and went through various games, sword-dancing and spear-throwing, and others took to racing on camels and horses. Some of the merchants also brought down their goods from the bazaars, and spread them on the sand in hopes of purchasers; although they have abated the price asked a couple of hours ago more than fifty per cent., yet as we are told they are still exorbitantly extortionate, we decline altogether to have anything to do with them. We bathed from the side of the yacht and got a good swim before dinner, which was at 8 P.M. The water was deliciously cool, and we were able to plunge right in off the gangway.

March 17th.—Left Assouan at 5.30 A.M.; it is quite cold to-day, and there is a strong north-west wind blowing, thermometer 60°, we are steaming against it and making twelve knots over the ground with the current. There is a slight haze hanging about. We pass several sand-banks left bare by the falling Nile, which are seized upon at once by the natives for planting melons. Down on the sand are dug the rills for the hand shadoofs, and we see the water ladled away without any difficulty over these levels. At 8.30 A.M. passed Kom-Ombos, and at 10 A.M., Jebel Silsileh, and the little votive chapels to the god of the Nile looking out upon the stream.

At noon passed Edfoo, and then went to lunch. All the different temples looked like old friends as we re-passed. In the afternoon we overtook the postal steamer going down the river that left Assouan yesterday. It was a lovely afternoon, and as we got near the plain of Thebes, the mountain range of the tombs of the kings on one side, and the great temple of Karnak away on the other, looked very beautiful as the sun went down. We arrived at Luxor at 5.30 P.M., having just done the 137 miles down in twelve hours, though

we had had to ease for sand-banks more than once, and a dead head-wind had been against us all the way. Walked up into the village of Luxor, and had another look at the obelisk and the two heads of Rameses II.; then we went to the photographer's, and afterwards on board the *Paris*, the dahabeeyeh in which Le Marchant's brother is; they have had very good sport up the Nile, having shot several crocodiles, one of which was fifteen feet long and six feet round just behind the fore-paws, the largest that has been shot for over thirty-five years; they say he has eaten a white man and many black. Professor Maspero was also here in the Government steamer; he has just got hold of another royal mummy, that of a daughter of a prince of Aahmos (Mashouash Takoulouti) and has it safe on board to carry it down to Boolak.

March 18*th*.—We are getting on so well that the Khedive has proposed by telegraph that we should come on in the yacht past Siout, and so see the tombs at Beni-Hassan, as well as Tell-Amarna. We leave Luxor at daylight at 5 A.M., and by breakfast time at 8 A.M. are getting near to Keneh, where we stop to take on board several crates of thin earthen pots which the pasha has bought for his friends in Cairo; they are only made here, and though thin are splendid filters. Get under weigh again and see the temple of Denderah in the distance on the western shore. In the cabin the temperature has gone down to 64°, and in the shade it feels quite chilly with the north wind that is still blowing, but in the bright sunshine it is quite warm, and we all have a fine time for writing home, and for reading and enjoying ourselves in the quiet. Now we have seen all the chief of the old temples of Egypt and are running back to Cairo; we have heard from Brugsch Bey twenty times as much as any guide-books could impart to us, and he has always taken us straight to the most interesting parts of each building, and been ready by our side to answer any question or read any hieroglyphics that we might feel a curiosity to know the meaning of. While most people spend months in quietly sailing along and in *dolce far niente* on the Nile, we have been fortunate enough to gaze upon all these bright sunny and interesting things, and people, in a far shorter space of time. We have lived in a strange world for the last fortnight, which although it has quickly gone, when we look back upon it, and think of all we have seen and heard, seems far longer. Whether we digest all we have heard or not, we shall certainly remember most vividly a very large part of it; thanks to the great kindness of the Khedive we have seen the

antiquities of northern and southern Egypt to far greater advantage, and learnt more concerning them, than falls to the share of most. At 2 P.M. we ran on a sand-bank a little to the south of Bellianeh, having come ninety-six miles from Thebes in nine hours. We cannot get off again. This is the worst part of the river for sand-banks; many of them show above the water, but there are many that do not; the river broadens out, and consequently there is no depth of water anywhere, and the channel has changed since we went up. These frequent changes which take place in the formation of its channel are the chief impediments in the navigation of the Nile; the rapidity of its current averages three miles an hour, its fall is only five inches a mile, the difference in level between Cairo and Assouan is not 300 feet. We laid out an anchor and tried to haul ourselves off, but could not. The postal steamer following us, came up from astern, about sunset at 6 P.M., and tried to tow us off, but could not. Then she came close alongside us, and we sent a boat to her with our letters and Zechi Bey, who intended going on down the river to the next village to report what had happened. She came, however, too close, and got aground herself as bad as we were. She was dragging and hauling for a long time, but remained stuck on the bank till 11 P.M., and then we heard her get under weigh. She has on board over twenty passengers. Before we turned in we heard that early to-morrow morning some more men were coming from Bellianeh to try and get the yacht off again.

March 19th.—Still on the sand-bank. Zechi Bey came on board early this morning with some thirty men to try and get her off the ground. Two sheikhs of the neighbouring villages, courtly and in long robes, and brandishing sticks, walk up and down the deck shouting to their men, who are stripped and in the water and shoving with their sides against the yacht. At 7.30 A.M. we did move, but a few minutes afterwards grounded again; the channel is so narrow that there is not room to turn the yacht round. An anchor was laid out in a different direction, and a two and a-half inch hawser, rove double, was brought on board and taken along the narrow gangway aft, by the side of the saloon, and tackles clapped on, which were, however, repeatedly carried away in the hands of the Egyptian sailors, until with much song, sound, and gesticulation, some hauling, and others shoving with poles, they succeeded in getting us afloat with head down stream at 9.30 A.M. We have been aground for exactly eighteen and a-half hours, and,

in consequence, must now give up all thought of Beni-Hassan. We had morning service in the saloon, and steamed on down the river, passing Geergeh at 11.30 A.M. There are many more birds, pelicans and swans, about on the sand-banks as we come down than we saw going up. We passed the postal steamer going up the Nile, and got our mails from England of the 12th instant, just one week out. Two miles below Sohag, after a run of about thirty-three miles, we go on to another bank at 2.30 P.M. hard and fast, as bad as ever. We at once lay out an anchor with a hawser, but get broadside on to the stream; this brings us on to the bank more amidships, and makes it worse than before. We send back to Sohag for help to get us off. About seventy men came with their village sheikhs, and also Ali Pasha, the governor of the province. The men stripped and jumped into the water, shoving with might and main against the sides of the yacht, but all was of no avail. A more strong, thick-set, stalwart race of men we have never seen all the world over. The sun went down behind the palm grove, with its fanlike dark-green foliage, and the rosy twilight spread softly over the scene, and the shouting, laughing, labouring gang in the water and on the decks. Against the saffron light the figures of men on donkey-back trotting along on the western bank of the Nile stand out clear and sharp as silhouettes. Sent telegram on shore for England with a list of dates for mails in Palestine, and arrangements about the cave at Hebron. The shouting continued all dinner-time, and when we asked what the words meant that they sang we were told it was, "May God help us in our efforts, may God help us in our efforts," over and over again. After working very hard they got us afloat just before midnight. We stopped as we were, with the anchor laid out, as it was too dark to find the channel. It has been much cooler the whole of to-day, the thermometer ranging from 60° to 64°. The river Nile must have been infinitely more lively in former times, there were more boats upon it, and these were more variegated and more brilliantly coloured than the old brown craft that alone float there now. They carried moreover square sails, and were more manageable under them than the dahabeeyehs are under the triangular sails which are now alone used. Temples and villas gave colour and life to the river banks and the plain; and vineyards also, which are now unknown, extended on all sides.

March 20th.—We weighed anchor at daylight, and proceeded. We are going to try and reach Siout, seventy miles ahead,

by noon. We touched sand two or three times on the way, and so did not arrive till 2 P.M., which, all things considered, is a fast run. The train was waiting with Mr. Le Mesurier to take us to Cairo; into it we get the luggage, and the doctor runs up into the town to have a look at the bazaar, and buys some red clay pipe-bowls. The train started at 3 P.M. It is very hot and dusty, much warmer than in the yacht. We stopped at one place for half an hour to give the engine a drink and ourselves some dinner, and for Biddy to see his old Scotch nurse, who is married and living out here, and who, we hear, has been talking about him for the last week or ten days. When we started again we had not quite finished dinner, and of course the claret bottles immediately jumped off the table in the saloon and emptied themselves into different people's laps, which was very tiresome. We settle down to a game of whist, and after that went off to sleep, when it felt uncommonly cold. We arrived at Cairo a little after one o'clock in the middle of the night, and found Zulfikar Pasha, the Khedive's master of the ceremonies, awaiting us at the station. With torch-bearers and cavasses, and mounted policemen trotting by the side of the carriages, we drove straight to Kasr-el-Nouza, and got to bed soon after two, tired and dusty.

March 21st.—Immediately after breakfast we went with Sir E. Malet to call on the Khedive at the Abdin Palace, and thank him for all his hospitality and extreme kindness and liberality to us since we have been in Egypt. We sat and chatted for half an hour. He is in the most difficult position between the cross-fire of the Turks, the Egyptian national party, the English, the French, and his father's intrigues for restoration. The whole situation is as complicated and entangled as it can well be. We then drove to the Khedivieh Kghireh, just outside, where we saw his two sons, bright, happy lads, who are at school there with between fifty and sixty other boys, sons principally of Egyptian pashas and officials; the eldest boy in the school is fifteen, and the youngest six years of age. They all wear uniform, and are under native and English masters. We went through their class-rooms and saw them learning English, Turkish, French, Arabic, geography and mathematics, and writing pothooks in their copybooks in European and in Arabic characters. They seem to want physical training and fresh air and exercise. If they rode to school on their ponies it would be something, and if they had a swimming bath in the Nile it would be something more; but now they drive there of a morning, are crammed with

a heterogeneous mixture of knowledge, and drive away again in the evening, and so become flaccid and pale-faced. We then went to the tombs of the Khalifs—a very dusty drive indeed outside the town—across the cemetery of Kaitbey, which looks like some old town with its broken walls and deserted little mosques and tombs, all covered by hills of dust and accumulated *débris* layer over layer. Such a scene of desolation and ruin beggars description. We went first to the mosque of Kaitbey, which was built A.D. 1470. On the outside is a most elegant minaret and a quantity of lace-like sculpture over its dome; but in the interior, although it is one of the finest specimens of Arabic art in Cairo, everything seems going to rack and ruin. There are still remains of beautiful stained glass in some of the windows; but the old wood-work and carved stone, of whose elegance we have heard so much, and as being "unrivalled by anything in Egypt, and as one of the finest specimens of Cairo architecture," is all falling to pieces, and there are great gaps in the roof. We then went to the tomb of Sultan Berkook, who was the first of the Circassian Memlook Sultans, and who died A.D. 1398. We went into the large court, which even in its present very dilapidated state is striking in its grandeur; and then on to the leewan, and into the tomb chamber at the other end, passing the beautiful pulpit, one of the finest specimens of carving in Cairo. The domes over the tombs are all falling to pieces, and the glass is all gone from the windows; the whole place seems quite deserted. We left by the same narrow passage by which we had entered on the south side, and go next to the tomb of el-Ashraf. The pavement here of coloured marbles is very fine, but if anything it seems even in a worse condition than either of the other two. As we drive away from the ground we happen to meet Rogers Bey driving up through the white ruins and dusty deserted space; and are glad to hear that a society has at last been started for the conservation of these and other ancient Arabic monuments. The beautiful work in marble and wood which they contain, if really not cared for by the present ruling class in Cairo, would fetch a good sum if it were taken away and sold piecemeal in Europe and America. Lunched at Kasr-el-Nouza at one, and then went with Sir E. Malet to see Miss Whateley's schools, and afterwards drove with him to his own house, where we saw Mr. Fitzgerald, M. Victor Lesseps, and Chereef Pasha, G.S.I., and then had a game of lawn-tennis. Some of us went into the bazaars and saw the native braziers making various vases, bowls

and trays, and others turning and boring pipe-stems. We entered several stores with Brugsch Bey and bought specimens of native work of various kinds, and then walked with him to the mosque of Sultan Hassan, passing on the way two houses decorated for a wedding with little banners hung all across the streets in front, just as in China. The effect of the evening light shining through the awnings upon the saffron- and orange-coloured stone of the walls on either side of the street leading out to the mosque was very pretty. We went in by the usual entrance, and were told that it is all built of stone brought from the pyramids in the fourteenth century. We put on slippers and go across the large court, the pavement of which is tesselated with black, white, and purple marble, and pass on towards the tomb at the eastern end. On two sides of the leewan in front of this there is a long inscription in Kufic characters on an elaborately carved background. The floor round the tomb is all polished by the feet of the pious faithful, and behind the tomb the stain on the pavement is shown where this sultan slew with his own hand his unfaithful vizier. This mosque is the finest of any we have seen yet. On the other side of the street is another large mosque, which stands incomplete, having been begun by the mother of the late Khedive; it is never likely to be finished. We take one look back at the citadel behind us and the minarets of Mohammed Ali, and then drive down through the sham boulevard, with its pasteboard houses in imitation of those at Paris, already tumbling to pieces. We passed several little broughams, each with a veiled figure inside, and a black eunuch on the box. Thus we drive home through modern Cairo for the last time to Kasr-el-Nouza to dinner, down the Shoobra Road, which is shaded on either side by the Egyptian sycamore, a species of Indian fig; the tree has large limbs, which enable you to see the whole of its skeleton, and as the bark is of a whitish colour they all have the appearance of great age. It was from the imperishable wood of this tree that the ancient Egyptians made their mummy cases.

[We met the usual motley throng going home after having taken their airing there. First the official class, who are either Turks born in Egypt or white Circassian slaves now set free; these have received their appointments without any previous training, are generally full of reckless cupidity, and as they throng at Cairo, and are the most prominent people in the cities and hold every government office, they are what nine Englishmen out of ten mean when they talk of "the Egyptian people." They are nothing of the

sort, but are really "the juice" the Egyptians, if left alone, would stew in. They number about 100,000, or only one out of every seventy of the inhabitants, and though some few of them are respectable and capable of government, they are, as a rule, the curse of the land. The Europeans resident in Egypt come up to about the same number, namely 100,000 or a little less. Nearly one-half of the Europeans in Egypt are Greeks, and another quarter are Italians, and the remaining quarter are composed of English, French and Germans. The wealthiest merchants are Jews. The Greeks are traders, and manifest their usual qualities; they are able and daring, but as a rule mean, greedy, and untrustworthy. The Italians are engaged in trade; the French are nearly all *fonctionnaires* with light duties and large salaries; the English construct the railways, harbours, and chief machinery. The Maltese rank as British subjects; many of them make good shoemakers and carpenters, in other respects they are much like the Greeks. The Germans supply the clerks, the teachers and innkeepers. Specimens of all these we met coming in from their afternoon constitutional under the old sycamore trees. The Frank population are white-faced and all have a listless air; the natives only are strong and handsome. Foreigners constitute 6 per cent. of the population of Cairo and 21 per cent. of Alexandria. One and all of them pay no taxes to the Egyptian Government either for their houses or their trade, and to the real Egyptian (that is, to the fellaheen and the Copts, though the name "Egyptian" is claimed by none for themselves), they one and all appear as so many locusts eating the produce of the soil. If "Egypt is to be left to the Egyptians," not only the Turks and all the Circassian officials must move off bag and baggage, but also the Europeans must betake themselves elsewhere, or else submit to the law of the land. If the country were polled from one end to the other, or had real representative institutions, even the present governing Circassian and Turkish pashas, together with all the European traders, whether they do ill or do well to the country, would equally find out that they were (even when both combined) only one thirty-fifth part of the people; but those other thirty-four parts, the fellaheen, are at present like sheep without a shepherd. Meanwhile the French portion of the foreign colony talk the loudest about their "interests" in Egypt; until they have almost persuaded themselves and others that their interests outweigh those possessed by all others. Popularly these interests are supposed to be of two kinds, the sentimental

and the practical. As regards the first, without wishing to hurt national susceptibilities, surely one may remark that if there is one page of history which Frenchmen should willingly ignore it would be that of Napoleon's expedition, which beginning in bombast ended in ridicule, which included the massacre of the unarmed inhabitants of Cairo, the murder of their prisoners, the poisoning of their sick, the disgraceful flight of one general, the assassination of another, the destruction of their fleet, and the capitulation of their army. When "the glorious conquest of Egypt by France" is spoken of as the beginning and foundation of the interests of France in Egypt it is only common honesty to remind ourselves of the truth. And what are the practical interests of France in Egypt? There is not a single French commercial firm of first-class importance in Egypt; and the greater part of the trade of those who may by courtesy be placed in the second rank is not with France itself. Of the total exports and imports of Egypt 60 per cent. is with England alone, altogether exclusive of India and the colonies, while less than 11 per cent. is with France and her Algerian ports. Of this 11 per cent. considerably more than a half, though passing through Marseilles, consists of iron from Belgium, and of cotton for Germany. Probably barely 5 per cent. of the Egyptian trade is really with France, a proportion inferior to that with Austria, Germany or Italy. French "interests," except those of the French bondholders, are as imaginary as they are pretentious. The total revenue of Egypt in 1884 was 9,403,000*l.*; of this more than half (4,883,000*l.*) goes to pay the interest on the various debts and the tribute to Turkey. The total debt of Egypt roughly speaking, amounts to 104,000,000*l.*: and the greater part was incurred at French instigation and went into French pockets. But that which has been done cannot be undone; nevertheless no one can visit Egypt and after dwelling with interest on her monuments of the past, leave her shores without some thoughts of what her future is to be. To make of Egypt a neutral land like Belgium would be a grand ideal. But alas! Egypt is the antipodes of Belgium in every political circumstance, external and internal. There can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has studied the subject without prepossession that what Egypt wants is a great deal of judicious letting alone, combined with a certain amount of active, vigilant and vigorous watching. At present a large and extensive staff of various nationalities, each of which is, as a rule, jealous of the other, is divided into depart-

ments which administer Egyptian affairs at a cost certainly quite out of proportion to the results. Lord Northbrook (Blue Book, Egypt, 4, 1885) reports "Before I had visited Egypt I had looked upon these departments as cumbrous and probably uneconomical; but it is difficult for any one who has not actually visited the country and had to examine its administration to appreciate the weakness which these *imperia in imperio* cause to the Egyptian Government." Every one has heard of the man who ruined himself purely through paying his debts. Egypt does not exactly pay her debts, but she ruins herself by providing elaborate departments of state to look after the means of paying them. If Europe in the interest of Egypt and the world were to intrust Great Britain for a fixed period, long enough to admit of the thorough restoration of the country, with the direct government of the Nile valley, arranging at the same time that during such period the bondholders should receive their interest, and the Turks their tribute, then an English Viceroy acting in the name of the Sultan would be able to reduce taxation, to secure to the fellaheen personal freedom, to introduce the three Indian codes, to carry out an efficient system of irrigation, and to raise up a generation of Egyptian officials imbued with the two anti-septic ideas that they must obey the law, and that bribe taking is rightfully punished by sentences of penal servitude. In ten years under that guidance, Egypt would be a garden: and in twenty, if a Native Government were restored, a return to the old misrule would be impossible. The people would be too prosperous to bear it. Egypt thus, and thus only, would be made a Belgium. There is no need to annex or protect. Occupation for a defined period, say of twenty years, will be amply sufficient, and will enable us, if Egypt grows up stronger than we expect, to resign before then without humiliation the task of tutelage. And indeed the finger of Providence seems to point to that consummation as the final solution of the Egyptian problem. Twice within this century, by no seeking of their own, have the English found themselves in occupation of Egypt. Is there not a mysterious providence in the long series of unexpected obstacles that have crossed our path each time we have begun to retire from Egypt? There is a Power outside ourselves that lays men's duties upon them, and neither the individual nor the nation can withdraw from the burden of the consequent responsibility, however much they may desire and at times long ardently so to do.]

March 22nd. — Off directly after breakfast to the Boolak

Museum, and went carefully once more over some of the most interesting objects there with Brugsch Bey, especially his great mummy find. He told us how he did not sleep for two nights after the discovery of all these mummies, and of how, when he first saw the coffins of all these kings brought out from their hiding-place in the rock, and laid on the ground outside, and spelt out each of their names, it was as much as he could do to persuade himself he was not asleep and in a dream; and then how after, when he had got them all down to Cairo, and safely housed in the Boolak Museum, and had gone home to rest that night, he had the dream in which he saw the mummies all sitting on horseback, and galloping away from him as fast as they could go, all down the Shoobra Road: then just as it seemed as if he would never overtake them, round they all wheeled upon him, and chevied him back to the town, wielding this time their royal whips and their crooks over their heads, and pursuing him with angry glances and threatening gestures, for having disturbed their royal and ancient sleep. Then we all went to Schoeffet, the photographer, where w' met Sir E. Malet and had a group taken of the party, which promises to come out very well; then home to lunch. Left by train at noon for Alexandria, where we arrived soon after four. It was rather a hot journey down, but not so very dusty. Saw the last of the Nile when we crossed it by the bridge at Damanhour. Most of the trees in the Delta are bare of leaves, waiting for the spring, but others are already a bright green: the flat fields stretch away as far as eye can reach, full of beans and wheat and barley. The principal crop everywhere is wheat, fully one-half of the fields in southern Egypt, and about one-third in the Delta are thus occupied; next to wheat comes barley, which occupies one out of every seven of the fields in the Delta, and one out of every ten of those in southern Egypt; then clover about the same, except in the Delta, where it occupies one quarter of the ground; lastly come the beans, which fill one-fifth of the ground in southern Egypt and one-eighth in the Delta.[1] The winter harvest will be over the end of next month. The Governor of Alexandria met us at the station, and drove us in the Khedive's carriage through the town to the arsenal. We went off to the *Bacchante* in two tremendous state barges, in one of which there was a great blue velvet and gold sofa, beneath a heavy silk canopy,

[1] The population of the Delta is denser than that of any country in Europe, the average being 201 here and 187 in Belgium.

in thoroughly oriental style. The *Bacchante* is moored head and stern to buoys, and one anchor down, in the inner harbour. We found everybody well on board, and old Thomas has passed to-day for sub-lieutenant, and has got a first-class in seamanship. Sir E. Malet and Mr. Graham have both come on board to stay with the captain: Captain Bloomfield, the harbour-master, came to dine.

The temperature during the whole time the ship has been lying here has been much lower than we have had it up the Nile; at noon it has averaged only 62°, with a breeze from the north-west every day. Several parties of officers have visited Cairo, staying at Shepherd's Hotel. On the 8th, H.M.S. *Iris*, Captain E. H. Seymour, arrived from Port Said; she is going to accompany us to the coast of Syria. On the 14th dressed ship and fired a royal salute with the *Iris* in honour of the King of Italy's birthday, and the officers of the Italian turret-ship, *Affondatore*, gave an afternoon dance. The *Iris* did the same on the 16th, and the *Bacchante* on the 21st. On the 18th there was a cricket match, *Bacchante* v. Alexandrian Club, when the *Bacchante* won.

March 23rd.—Got up at 5 A.M., had the morning watch. Mail arrived from England only six days old—the youngest we have had for a long long time. Ismail Pasha Yousri and Zechi Bey came off to lunch. In the afternoon went ashore to see the catacombs, to the west of the town. We walked all along, for over a mile and a-half, from the beginning of these caves and quarries to the end. They lie all along the edge of the sea and are strange limestone caves, with square-cut orifices to contain coffins, and traces of chapels with triangular architraves, and sort of family burial places. The sea has washed into many of them, and their yawning emptiness gives you some idea of the numbers that must have been buried here. On account of many of them being by the water's edge they have been nicknamed the "baths of Cleopatra," as in some people's estimation everything in Egypt is connected with her name. We drove back in front of the empty palace, built by Said Pasha, at Gabari; there is an avenue here, but the whole place seems deserted. There was a sort of casual picnic going on in the shade, under the walls of the house, of a number of school children and Catholic priests. We had a good view over the flat sheet of water which is Lake Mareotis, alongside which we came yesterday by rail. We returned into town, across the Mahmodiyeh canal—which reminds us much of the canals in Copenhagen; the part we saw inside the city has broad quays and bridges, just the same

as in Denmark, and the boats are unloading their cargoes of various merchandise, just the same as they do in front of the Christianborg palace—and past the mosque, which stands close to the Gabari gate, and which now is a quarantine station. The church of St. Mark stood here, and here he is reported to have been put to death, after he had founded the church of Alexandria, as St. Peter, whose companion he was, had founded that at old Cairo, which in those days as the official capital of Egypt was called Babylon. (1 St. Pet. v. 13.) We drove next to Pompey's Pillar, a large red granite shaft seventy-three feet high, and with a Corinthian capital on its top. We wonder if it ever supported anything; it stands now all by itself, on the summit of a little hill, on what was the highest ground of the old city. There is a hole in the pedestal, and looking in we see that it is built up of smaller blocks, once belonging to older monuments, and marked with hieroglyphics. Pompey was the prefect who put it up on the top of a small eminence A.D. 302, in honour of Diocletian, but where he got it from is not known. We went from here to the top of the Kom-ed-Dik, where you get the best view over the entire area of Alexandria, and both the harbours and Lake Mareotis. The town looks one mass of roofs of modern houses; every shred and vestige of the old Alexandria is utterly gone, except some few Greek statues, which here and there in driving through the streets we come across, now limbless and mutilated, used for posts at corners of lanes. The inscriptions in modern Greek over the doors of the majority of the shops and cafés strike us as very odd; hither have come all these modern Greeks, swarming in from the Levant, in the footsteps of their old restless forefathers—the founders of the town—until they now amount to one quarter of the population. Coming down to the arsenal, went off to the Khedive's yacht the *Maharoussa*, a large vessel, elaborately fitted up, larger than the *Victoria and Albert*, she was built in England, and is over 400 feet long. All the after-part is thrown into one huge room or hall, useful for receptions, but for not much else, unless people sleep about on the deck; next to this is the Khedive's sleeping cabin, which extends the whole width of the ship, and is another sort of hall, with a tremendous four-poster, in which there certainly is plenty of room to roll about. The Khedive's private band played while we were on board, and we went up on to the bridge, where there are one or two capital cabins. As we returned down the harbour we had pointed out to us one of the frigates that fought at Navarino, and which is still

in commission. Ismail Pasha Yousri and Zechi Bey came to dinner.

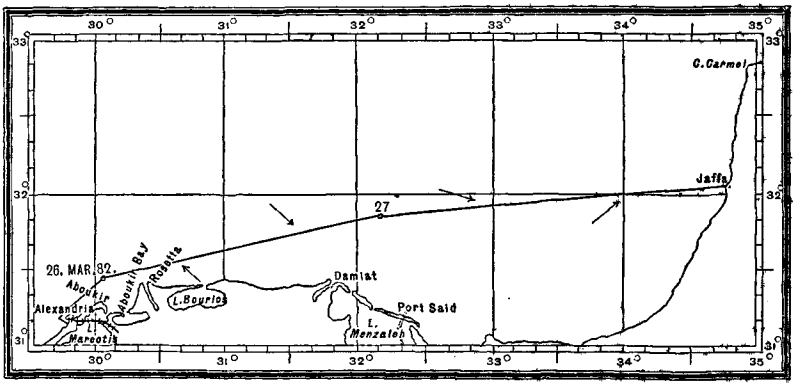
March 24th.—Drill before breakfast, then away on boat duty. Went to general quarters during the forenoon. In the afternoon drove out to the athletic sports by English residents at Mokarren Bay, going out through the Rosetta gate towards Ramleh on the east side of Alexandria. There were fifteen events in all, foot-racing, (in the officers' race of 150 yards two *Bacchante* officers came in first and second,) jumping, bicycle riding, sack racing, and putting the shot (at which last Ismail Pasha Yousri beat all the competitors, and was only beaten by Mr. Garwood). There was also a race for the natives, who ran very well, the distance being over a mile. We both gave away the prizes afterwards. During part of the proceedings (while there was a short pause) we walked outside to the remains of the forts looking towards Ramleh. From here there was a pretty view seawards, and also westward over Alexandria. Found a red syenite bath intact imbedded in the pits, and round it traces of the tesselated pavement of the bath-room. The Bedawin were encamping in the pits and burning the old stone for lime. All hereabouts, though outside modern Alexandria, was inside the walls of the ancient city, the population of which under the Ptolemies and Romans was nearly 1,000,000; under Turkish rule it fell to 6,000 only; it now amounts to about 200,000—a little more than Portsmouth. The sun was shining brightly down from a clear sky, and the breeze was coming in cool off the sea from the direction of Greece and Rome. Our thoughts were full of Kingsley's *Hypatia*, which we have been reading lately. After this bid good-bye to the Pasha and Zechi Bey, and sent off telegram to the Khedive in which we thanked him for the hospitable and most friendly way in which he had received us. We shall never forget all his kindness.

March 25th.—At 9.15 A.M. saluted the British Consul-General Sir E. Malet, K.C.B., with thirteen guns on his leaving the ship to return to Cairo. There was a cricket-match in the afternoon between the *Bacchante* and the Alexandrian Club, the former winning by six wickets. Busy writing letters for the English mail. Bright day, wind the same as yesterday—"a soldier's wind" to and from the landing place.

March 26th.—At 7 A.M. weighed, cast off from the buoy, and steamed slowly down the harbour in charge of the pilot. We see the catacombs on shore as we move along down to the new

breakwater and piers. The harbour is only one-eighth full of shipping, and has evidently been built its present size hoping for a development of trade; the Egyptians say as a job by the European engineer employed, who wanted to make a big thing of it and put money in his pocket. When outside the breakwater we wait for the *Iris*, who had a foul anchor; and discharge our pilot. It is a dull morning and rather misty, but quite smooth, and

ALEXANDRIA TO JAFFA.



Date.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Long.	Lat.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
March					N.	E.	°	°	°	°
26S.	...	...	23	Variable 1·2	31·26	30·3	60	60	63	62
27	N. 77 E.	...	110	S.E. 2·4, N.W. 5·6·4	31·51	32·10	61	61	63	62
28	N. 85 E.	...	132	S.W. 1·2	...	...	61	60	65	63
29	...	...	...	Variable 1·2	...	...	60	61	68	62
	Total ..... 265 miles.									

after shaping course north-east we pass all along in front of Alexandria and have a complete view of the island of Pharos, the lighthouses and tall chimneys, the forts and Pompey's Pillar: and we wonder whether Alexander's bones still lie somewhere there interred: what would be his ambition for this port and for this land, and for his own country if his spirit once again beheld them! At 10 A.M. had usual service on the main deck; just before church

passed Aboukir Bay, the scene of the battle of the Nile, and then Nelson Island. On the 19th May 1798, Napoleon, with an army of veterans 30,000 strong carried in 400 transports, sailed from Toulon escorted by thirty vessels of war and seventy-two smaller vessels. Before reaching Egypt they secured Malta. The Order of St. John by treason and for money gave up the island to Buonaparte. Thence he sailed on the 2nd July, and ten days afterwards reached Alexandria; and sent word to Tippo Sahib that he was on the road to India to support him against the English. Nelson had been watching the port of Toulon, but the French fleet had given him the slip. From the 19th May till the 1st August he was in vain pursuit, not knowing where the expedition had gone. On that day about ten in the morning he came in sight of Alexandria. The tricolour was on the walls, and he saw the fleet, consisting of thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, moored in Aboukir Bay. In front of them lay an island with a fort, their flanks were covered by gunboats, and they believed their position unassailable. Nelson determined to attack them at once, and in his own flagship led the British line in between the French vessels and the shore, though his own ships were fewer and smaller than theirs. The battle began at 6.30 in the evening, and raged the whole night. In less than two hours five of the French ships had struck their colours, and at 9 P.M. the *Orient* caught fire and soon afterwards blew up. When the battle closed the next morning at about sunrise nine of the French ships had been taken and two burnt. The British loss was 895, the French 5,225. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene!" and few victories have produced more effective results than the battle of the Nile. It excited the enthusiasm and hopes of all the conquered countries in Europe; the French flag was swept from the waters of the Mediterranean; all communication between France and Buonaparte's army was cut off, and his hopes of making Egypt a starting-point for the conquest of India fell at a blow.

> "He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
> Madman!—to chain with chains, and bind with bands
> That island queen who sways the floods and lands
> From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke,
> When from her wooden walls—lit by sure hands—
> With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke,
> Peal after peal, the British battle broke,
> Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands."

What a strange multitude of reminiscences these lands awaken!

At 11.15 A.M. sighted Rosetta lighthouse. We are only going five knots, as we do not wish to arrive at Joppa before Tuesday morning. At 8.20 P.M. lost sight of Rosetta light.

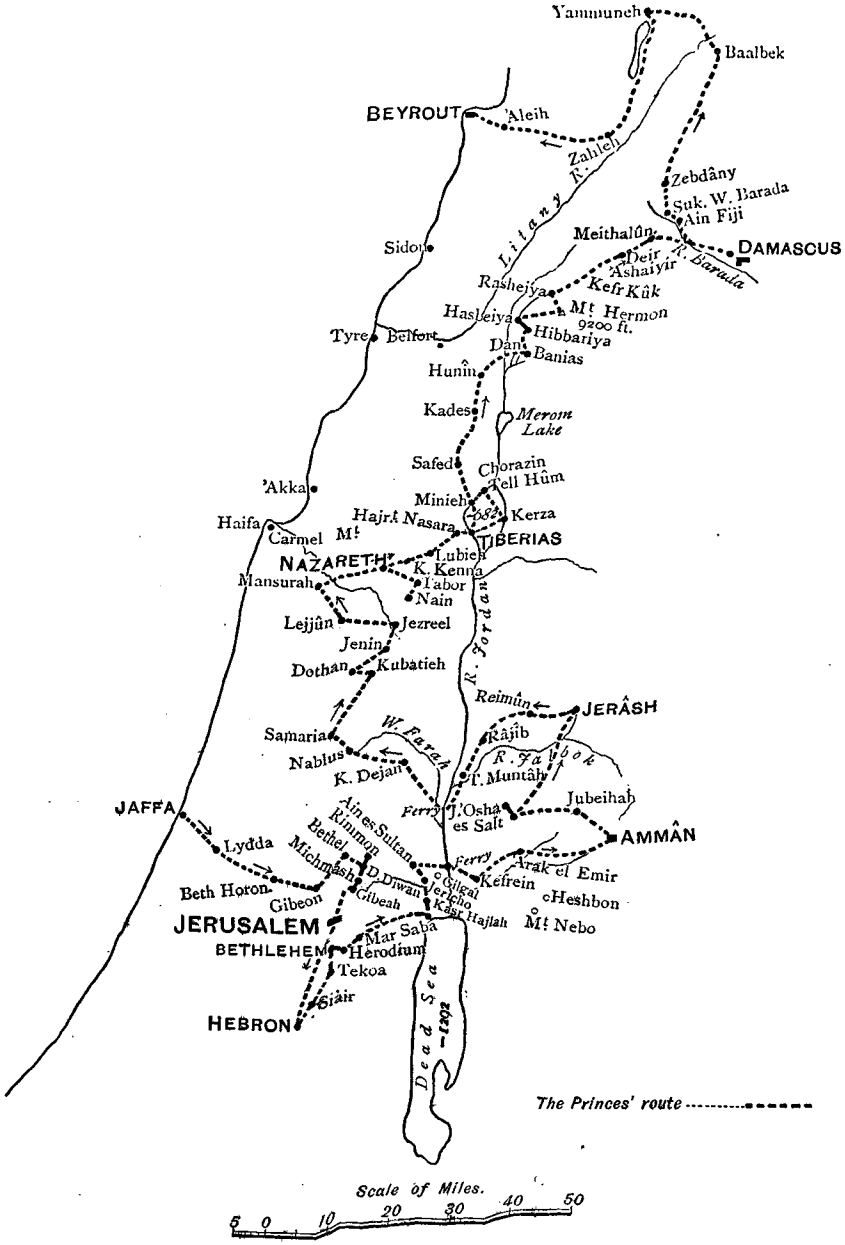
March 27th.—At 9 A.M. prepared for action aloft. At 10.15 A.M. dropped a target overboard and exercised firing shot and shell at it three rounds each gun; we did not make good shooting, as the ship was knocking about, a fresh breeze having sprung up from the north-west, and the swell soon gets up. In the afternoon replaced gear aloft. At midnight go to night quarters.

March 28th.—We sighted the bright sandy beach of the Philistine coast soon after dawn. The hills of Judah, twenty miles inland, were not visible though they can be seen when the weather is clear. The sun was shining brightly and there was a haze over the sea. We anchored about a mile from the shore near two Austrian-Lloyd's steamers, which had landed two bands of Russian pilgrims a few days before. Mr. Noel Temple Moore, Her Majesty's consul at Jerusalem, who by direction of the Foreign Office attended us during the whole of our tour in Syria, and who had accompanied the Prince of Wales in 1862, immediately came on board to complete the final arrangements for our landing and start. The *Bacchante* is under orders to proceed at once to Malta to be docked, cleaned, and inspected.

We left the ship a little before 4 P.M., and were rowed ashore by native boatmen in two of Messrs. Cook's local boats. There was a slight swell on. The passage through the rocks of the reef, which extends parallel with the coast at about 150 yards from the shore, had a strange effect. This is the long black rock into which the great sea monster that came to devour Andromeda was changed by one glimpse of the Gorgon's head in the hands of Perseus; "his great sides fringed with clustering shells and sea-weeds, and the water gurgled in and out of his wide jaws as he rolled along, dripping and glistening in the beams of the morning sun." To day the surf was breaking over these rocks, and the mouth is so narrow that there is only just room for a boat to pull through without the blades of the oars touching on either side, and as the swell swept in, plenty of way on the boat and skilful steering was necessary. Once inside, the water is of course perfectly smooth, but its depth only permits boats and small coasters to lie at anchor there. Twelve steamers belonging to three companies call off Joppa every month, when the weather will allow of landing.

We landed at the stairs, and walked straight to the traditional

SKETCH MAP OF SYRIAN TOUR.



site of Simon the Tanner's house, in the south-west corner of the town. Here, after passing through two low stone-roofed rooms and by an old well in the small courtyard beyond, we went up on to the flat roof. The house is only eighty years old, but the prospect from the roof is similar to that which must have met St. Peter's

ITINERARY.

28th March,	Jaffa to Lydda	11	English	miles.
29th ,,	*viâ* Bethhoron to Gibeon (up and down Neby Samwîl)	20	,,	,,
30th ,,	,, Bethel to Ai	11	,,	,,
31st ,,	,, Michmash to Jerusalem	13	,,	,,
4th April,	,, Solomon's Pools to Hebron	24	,,	,,
6th ,,	,, Tekoa to Bethlehem	19	,,	,,
7th ,,	,, Herodium to St. Saba	15	,,	,,
8th ,,	,, the Dead Sea to Jericho	21	,,	,,
10th ,,	across Jordan to 'Arak el Emir	20	,,	,,
11th ,,	to Rabbath Ammon	18	,,	,,
12th ,,	,, Es Salt	22	,,	,,
13th ,,	,, Gerasa	28	,,	,,
14th ,,	*viâ* Râjîb to Jordan...	25	,,	,,
15th ,,	Shechem	23	,,	,,
17th ,,	*viâ* Samaria and Dothan to Jenin ...	28	,,	,,
18th ,,	,, Jezreel to Carmel	26	,,	,,
19th ,,	,, Kishon River to Nazareth	13	,,	,,
20th ,,	to Mount Tabor and back	14	,,	,,
21st ,,	,, Tiberias	17	,,	,,
22nd ,,	,, Minieh by water	16	,,	,,
24th ,,	*viâ* Safed to Kedes	21	,,	,,
25th ,,	,, Hunin to Banias	18	,,	,,
26th ,,	,, Hibbarîyeh to Hasbeiya	14	,,	,,
27th ,,	to Rasheiya	11	,,	,,
28th ,,	*viâ* Meithalun to Damascus	32	,,	,,
1st May,	*viâ* 'Ain Fiji to Zebdâny	26	,,	,,
2nd ,,	to Baalbek	20	,,	,,
3rd ,,	,, Yammûneh	13	,,	,,
4th ,,	,, Zahleh	20	,,	,,
5th ,,	,, Khân Sheikh Mahmûd...	16	,,	,,
6th ,,	,, Beirut	10	,,	,,
	Total	585	English	miles.

eyes, when after noon-tide siesta he dreamily opened them and looked out on the glistening white sheet of the Mediterranean, with the fishers on the rocks below there, just as they are to-day in the bright sunlight, hauling in their nets; he had seen them thus at work in Galilee in the olden days. (The sight was to him a reminiscence of the past and a harbinger of the future, for once

more was he to go a-fishing, though henceforth over wider seas than those of Galilee, and "nothing of all that came to his net was to be to him, in his altered vision, either common or unclean." From the same Joppa, too, Jonah, charged with a message of mercy to the Gentiles at Nineveh, sought to flee away over the western sea to Spain, but was hindered by a tempest and a sea-monster, and sent back to carry the message to the same Gentiles after all.) We came down, mounted our steeds, and rode away to Lydda, eleven miles distant. Leaving the narrow streets of Joppa and the sandy beach that lies to the south of the town, we turned up along outside the wall on that and the east side, then passing the gates of the Protestant School, took the regular road, which for the first three miles leads between orchards of lemon, orange, and other fruit-trees, as far as Yasûr. Here we left the Ramleh and Jerusalem road, and passed on to the country track which leads by Beit-Dejan, a mud village where many old curios are found. It is the old Beth-Dagon, or Dagan, the shrine of the god of general fertility (Joshua xv. 41), about half way between Joppa and Lydda. The scenery, barring the great prickly-pear hedges, is more English than any we have seen all the world over. The plain is covered with grass and turf, over which we cantered pleasantly. We passed flocks of sheep being driven into Joppa, brown and streaked, and much more variegated than their cousins in England. Jacob's offer to Laban would seem a fair one, and would have given him about half the lot (Gen. xxx. 32, 33). Barley is growing freely in the hedgeless fields; the larks singing overhead and the wild flowers, all a-bloom at this time of year, are English; the sun is warm, but the breeze deliciously cool. We reached camp about 6 P.M. and found the tents pitched on a clean flat of grass to the south of the town of Lydda. The party were told off two to each square sleeping-tent. There is one large tent for writing and reading in, with table and low chairs, and another the same size for meals. Each tent is lined with Cairo patterned cotton mixture, and strips of rough Turkish carpet are spread in each. The whole camp of eleven tents, lit up with lanterns suspended from poles about two feet from the ground, looked very cosy and comfortable. So fell our first night in the Holy Land. An American, Mr. Melville Ward, is chief dragoman, and Mr. Francis Cook goes with us to represent his father, with whose firm we have contracted for the supply of food, camp equipage, and steeds during our stay in Syria. Mr. Cook himself visited us in camp the

same night from Joppa, to see that all was well started, and returned there the next morning. Our hours are to be, turn out at 5.30, breakfast at 6, get under weigh at 6.30; halt for lunch in the open at 12; dinner at 6 P.M.; turn in at 9.30.

March 29th.—Up at 5 A.M., heavy dew. Water deliciously cold in small bath; breakfasted and down tents almost before we had time to get out of them. Then to the Crusaders' church of St. George, the patron saint of England, who is said to have been born here. Early mass was going on in the northern apse at 6.30. The semi-circular termination of this, as well as that of the larger centre chancel, is entire; so too are the pointed arches of each aisle, with their round pillars and capitals of Romanesque foliage like those at Canterbury. The present church was built in 1150 A.D., though two older ones had previously existed here in honour of the saint since the fifth century at least. (The proximity of the shrine of Dagon at Beit-Dejan, five miles below in the plain, and the worship of the monster there, may possibly have suggested to the followers of the New Light the localisation at Lydda of the Christian symbol of the world-conflict of the two principles, as represented in the story of St. George.) The iconostasis, or chancel screen, is of wood with tolerable pictures, and has been lately restored by Russian money. We all took small tapers and descended into the crypt to the tomb of St. George, whose head after his martyrdom is said to have been brought here. It is an alabaster altar tomb, quite new; the saint's image is cut in low relief on the surface, with the inscription, Ὁ Γεώργιος ὁ τροπαιοφόρος. It seemed not altogether unfitting, as we thought of Windsor, that our feet should stand by this shrine first of any holy place in Palestine. Went into and across what was the western part of the nave of the church, now the courtyard of a mosque. There are here two other pillars of the south aisle built into the wall, one with English mason marks on it and quite uninjured. The whole church consisted originally of six bays, the two easternmost are the only ones now roofed in. It is all built of the brown coloured stone of the country. Shook hands with the old Greek priest and then started.

We rode at first over the same green plain of Sharon as yesterday; amid olive-trees with their greyish leaves and grey stumps, right up to the feet of which the young barley was growing green; and then on through grass fields gay with a profusion of wild flowers, the scarlet anemone (Solomon in all his glory with his royal robes, scarlet and purple, was not arrayed like one of

these), the rose of Sharon (a lovely little primrose-shaped phlox of faint rose colour), and the lily of the valley (a wild cyclamen); these two last are growing side by side everywhere. The cyclamen from behind each stone where moisture is collected peeps forth with its simple grace, reminding us of the country bride in the Song of Songs. The gorse in bloom scents the air; the pink, the yellow, and the light blue wild flowers of England are all here. At the entrance of the pass of Beth-horon we noticed small caves in the rocks on the right—those at Makkedah into which the kings crawled to hide themselves after the battle of Beth-horon must have been like these. At first the remains of the old terraces on each hill-side were very clear, though further on they are so broken away that the lie of the limestone strata is shown. The day was getting warmer; being thirsty we went up to a well of rain-water a little off the road, where a maiden with coins round her forehead was drawing water, but were cautioned not to drink. All the peasants looked bright and very picturesque to us in their native dress. The road gets rougher and rougher as it rises, and in some parts is worn so smooth that our horses with difficulty clamber up, especially just beyond Beth-horon the Lower, where it is hewn in the rock in steps, which represent the "going down of Beth-horon." Down this declivity, 700 feet deep, came the Amorites rushing pell-mell after their defeat by Joshua at Gibeon, six miles to the east, and met the cutting hailstorm beating full in their faces from the west, as they hurried off to their cities in the plain. The day had been a long one since Joshua had left the camp at Gilgal in the Jordan valley (twenty-five miles away); and he wished devoutly that it had been a little longer still, that he might have completed their destruction. Ever since we entered the pass we have been able to distinguish the remains of the Roman road, down which we thought of St. Paul being hurried at night by the guard from the Holy City, the last time his feet ever stood within its walls. On arriving at Upper Beth-horon—the Upper village is a mile and a half beyond the Lower—we went on to the flat roof of the sheikh's house, and looking back had a fine view of the plain of Sharon westward. Lydda, Ramleh with its grey tower, and Joppa were all clearly visible, while the vale of Ajalon stretched away to the left. Rested for siesta at noon in an orchard of olive-trees on the southern slopes of the village, which was once the fortified key of the chief pass that then led from the sea to Jerusalem. The cuckoo's note sounded ever and again in the mid-

day stillness of the air; the lizards were darting over the stones and the scarlet anemones were withering in the noonday sun—St. James's image of "the rich man fading away in his ways," when all the grace and simple beauty of life is killed in the hard glare of vulgar riches.

Started again at 2.30 P.M., after having noticed the round well-like holes cut in the rock, narrow at the mouth and broadening inwards as they descend, which are used for storing corn. As we rode along to Gibeon (el-Jîb), down "the way that goeth up to Beth-horon," we heard the guns of the citadel of Jerusalem saluting the governor-general of Syria, on his arrival from Damascus on a tour of inspection. We left Gibeon on the summit of its hill to the left, and rode up the steep ascent of Neby Samwîl, 2,935 feet above the sea, which was towering a mile distant in front of us. Here from the little platform on the east of the mosque we had our first view of the blue wall of the Moab and Gilead hills thirty miles away beyond Jordan; we saw too the hills the other side of the Dead Sea, but not the sea itself, and Jerusalem five miles distant, a thin dark line on the southern horizon. We distinguished the Mount of Olives (with the Church of the Ascension) at one end of this line, and the Russian buildings at the other end; the black dome over the Rock in the Temple Haram showed up between these two points above a white portion of the city wall. Then we passed through the old Crusaders' church of St. Samuel, that was built in 1157 A.D. The remains are now used as a mosque. We clambered up on to the roof and saw the whole of central Palestine up to Carmel and Mount Gerizim to the north spread out beneath us; Gibeon on its small rounded hill, in the midst of the green meadows that surround it, though much lower than Neby Samwîl, looks more easy for a small number to defend than the more extensive plateau up here would be. Outside to the east of the church are some rock cuttings and very large stones, perhaps the remains of old forts in early days, as this was the ancient Mizpeh or "sentinel" tower and gathering place of the clans before the monarchy. The traces of the Via Sacra from Jerusalem hither, in the shape of undressed slabs of stone set on end as side walls, between polygonal paving, are still visible. Over the door of the minaret, which opens on to the flat roof, we noticed five stones curiously arranged, so that they all pointed, at various angles, towards the right hand corner of the door. Then made our way down to camp, which is pitched under the east side of

Gibeon in an olive-grove hard by the place where Solomon had his boyish vision of future greatness (1 Kings iii. 4-15).

The hill on which Gibeon stands is 300 feet above the plains which surround it on all sides. On account of its abundant springs it was well chosen for a stronghold; it commanded also the three ancient roads that here met coming up out of the plain of Sharon. The fields all round our camping ground are full of lentils and young green corn.

March 30th.—Up at 5.30 A.M., and walked to visit the spring close by the "Pool of Gibeon." It is in a cave, the descent to which is through a small opening which could easily be closed; the cave extends thirty feet inwards into the limestone rock and is six feet deep; probably there was another communication with the well from the interior of the hill on which, just above, the town of Gibeon stood. The tank, or so-called "Pool of Gibeon," twenty feet square, is a little to the east of this cave. It is now filled with soil up to within four feet of the surface, and wheat is growing in it. But the stone steps of the old reservoir are there in the south-west corner. On either side of this (or else, as some people think, of a similar reservoir which exists on the west of the town) sat the youngsters of the rival clans, Judah and Benjamin, chaffing each other, with the captains Joab and Abner encouraging them, until at last a dozen from either clan rose, crossed swords, "and caught every one his fellow by the head and thrust his sword in his fellow's side; so they fell down together, wherefore the place was called the field of the Tourney which is in Gibeon" (2 Sam. ii. 12-16).

Bîr-Nebala, on its hill opposite, the slopes of which are covered with fig-trees, faces us as we start and ride away at 6.30 A.M., past vines with their shoots trained along the ground, from which some one has "gathered out the stones thereof," a weariful and tedious work, for there are lots of them about here. There is a small watch tower to each little vineyard. We saw some of the Gibeonites who were "hewers of wood" (Joshua ix. 27), taking it away on donkeys, and the girls with water jars on their heads were carrying what they had drawn up the path to Gibeon from the cave spring. As we ride along we get another glimpse of Jerusalem through a division in the hills (Wâdy-Beit-Hannîna), but only of the north wall. The country is open, brown, and bare just here, and reminds us of some parts of Scotland. On striking the great North Road, two and a half miles from Gibeon, we came upon the ruins of a large khan at the foot of the high white hill on which stands Ramah

of Benjamin. These khans remain at intervals all along the main road, but since the traffic from Damascus to Egypt now goes by sea, and no caravans pass along this road to patronise them, they are all falling into ruins. Rode up to Ramah (er-Râm), noticed round stone pillars lying about on the ground and many large stones in the foundations of the houses. Two chief points in the view were Taiyibeh, away to the north on the summit of its hill (which is Ophrah and Christ's Ephraim, St. John xi. 54), and Gibeon, which we have just left, now nearly due west with a background of higher hills. Had our first glimpse of the Dead Sea to the south-east. Tell-el-Fûl to the south stands out well on its conical hill, and Neby Samwîl high to the south-west, and one watch tower on the Jaffa road is distinguishable: the red roofs of the northern outskirts of Jerusalem, five miles distant, just show over the summit of the intervening high ground. Came down into the main road and on towards Bîreh. Passed numbers of women with silver coins strung round their foreheads, beshliks (fivers) much alloyed with copper, and altliks (sixers). As each is larger than half a crown, the weight of this ornament on the head must be heavy, for very commonly the head dress consists of ten pieces: it was one of such that was lost by the woman in the parable. We ride on across fields in which the young barley is now three inches high and through masses of blue speedwell. Small stones left plentifully in the fields are said to contribute to the moisture of the soil; this, though no doubt true in a measure, may easily become an excuse for laziness. Noticed Kulundia with its new square tower away on the left, and a mile further on along the road, Beit Unia, three miles distant to the west, perched on the top of its hill. Then there passed, with graceful salutations to us, a troop of Christian Syrian peasants going up to Jerusalem from Lebanon for Easter—ten days the tramp takes them: they have lighter complexions and wear a different dress and one of brighter colours than the rest of Palestinians. Next came a group of blacker peasants, the whole family singing as they march, the father carrying the boy, the mother and other children at his side. They are "taking up their son to do for him after the manner of the law," and are afterwards going to the Mohammedan festival at the tomb of Moses. At el Bîreh (Beeroth or Wells) we were struck by the number of threshing-floors outside the village, on the summits of the rocks. Went into the Crusaders' church, apparently it is of earlier date than the one we saw yesterday at Neby Samwîl. The capitals of the

pillars look like early English, and all are different; there are the usual three semi-circular apses, each with its almonry and piscina still remaining. There are traces of a round arch over a side window on the north wall; but the apse vaults are pointed; there were originally four bays, and the effect of the three apses when perfect must have been good. The walls were seven feet thick at the east end, but they are being gradually destroyed through piecemeal removal from the outside. Rode on to Bethel, one mile and a half further, where we arrived at 10.45. Between Bireh and Beitîn, we passed a group of Turkish ladies with the yashmak, riding in hooded panniers; the belongings of functionaries going from Nablus to Jerusalem. Noticed tombs in the rock on left, with arches inside, artificial and natural combined, whence a spring gushing out ran across the road. Rested inside the ruins and cool shade of the small Byzantine church, whose walls are ten feet thick. It traditionally marks the place where Jacob slept and dreamed.

After lunch walked up to Burj-Beitîn (a half mile to south-east of Beitîn,) through the fine reservoir that lies on the south-west of the town (now a grass plat), the largest we have yet seen, in the middle of which the spring still rises in a small stone basin. A little lower down the wady are the remains of a second reservoir. As their level is 400 feet above that of Jerusalem it is possible that they may have furnished part of its water supply, for it is difficult to see for what local purpose such a large supply of water was required here, and they might very well have drained off down the wady to the south. Up this also would lie a road of advance from the south, and this valley and road were the cause of Bethel's importance as a frontier town. The view from Bethel itself is disappointing for that from an ancient sacred high place, though from the Burj, which consists of remains of a square fort with pieces of a Byzantine church built into its walls, we just catch sight over the brow of the hill of Neby Samwîl (Mizpeh), which is not visible from the village of Bethel itself. The watch-tower there would thus be convenient for signalling to the watch-tower here. The view from the ridge immediately on the north of Bethel is also remarkably extensive, and there, probably, on the southern frontier of his kingdom, was the old sacred place of Jeroboam; but all trace of cromlech or menhir has long ago been completely erased. Abraham's "altar" probably stood there also, and by it Jacob seems to have slept. He did so at a "place" or shrine, most likely at one of those erected by his grandfather (Gen. xii. 8). Looking back on Bethel we perceive

how far superior these Syrian villages of stone are to the Egyptian mud hovels. Passed along the rocky plateau towards Ai, on which many natural slabs of stones are lying thickly about, such as Jacob is said to have slept amongst. About a mile further, and on the left of the road, climbed up the steep slopes of el-Tell (Josh. viii. 28—the Heap, one of the sites of Ai). Whatever stood there is now in absolute ruins; piles of loose stones are scattered all over the top of the circular plateau, which seems smaller than that at Gibeon, but the position far stronger on all sides; it completely commands the Wadys on the east and all approach from the Jordan valley. A few olive trees grow upon its summit, and blown on one side by the westerly gales render it now an easily-distinguished mark from all the country round. Neby Samwîl was still in sight just over the crown of the hill. Then down to our camp, which is pitched on the south side of Deir Diwân, a large well-built stone village, from whence there is a good prospect looking towards the Dead Sea, seventeen miles away.

Three of us started at 2.30 P.M. with one of the villagers as guide, to walk to Rummon. Very rough and steep descent, several hundred feet deep, into the Wady Asas, then steep climb up the precipitous white hill opposite. The gorse and the yellow cytisus loaded the air with delicious scent, but it was an uncommonly hot climb. Met Syrian shepherd boys, one playing on a reed-pipe, like David of old, to his flocks, another with an old fowling-piece to keep off the hyenas and jackals, which still abound here. Sheep of the broad-tailed kind are extensively reared in Syria. It requires three shepherds to take care of a flock of 200, for which they are paid, including board, 200 piastres (equal to 30*s.*) per month. The profits are calculated at eighty per cent. A sheep weighing seventy-five pounds in the spring fetches only about 9*s.* 6*d.*, but in the autumn about double that amount. There is also a ready market for wool. Taiyibeh, with its tower, is conspicuous ahead the whole way. Arrived at Rummon after two hours hard walking and from "the rock Rimmon" (Judges xx., xxi.) had a grand view of the whole of the Dead Sea. It looked very glassy, and the rough, bare, twisted hills to the west of it very odd, like crumpled yellow paper. The village sheikhs, handsome men and graceful, came out and talked with us; they were much amused looking through our field-glasses. The boys with the wooden ploughs slung across their backs, were coming in at the close of their day's labour, up the precipitous white rock on which their village stands. Walked

back to Deir Diwân, and after dinner all read together chapter v. of Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, "On the heights and passes of Benjamin." On these our attention has been to-day and will again be to-morrow almost exclusively fixed.

March 31st.—Left Deir Diwân at 6.30 A.M. Shortly afterwards passed some square quarried tombs in the rocks on the right hand side of the valley; one of them had a wide porch. The ancient road on which we are riding goes along the hill-side, till suddenly, about twenty minutes from Deir Diwân, a fine view opens out southward over the Dead Sea, with well-arranged foreground of hills. The village of Mukhmas rises just below. The head of the Wady Suweinît lies on the right with its steep declivities, here grey, but redder further down; Geba stands on the higher hill away to the right of the Wady. Just before arriving at the village of Mukhmas passed a number of wells and caverns, made perhaps when it was a stronghold of the Maccabees, so that any amount of water might be stored here. But the southern end of the ridge, half a mile further on, is a stronger position than the site of the present village; and there it was that the Philistines encamped. We descend into the Wady Suweinît. Half way across halted at the mouth of the splendid gorge and ravine, "the passage of Michmash." It is shut in by two rugged reddish-brown cliffs 400 feet high, which here face each other almost perpendicularly. Down the western one, from Geba above, came Jonathan to surprise the garrison of the Philistines that was posted on the summit of the eastern one, where they had left their fort unguarded, never expecting any possible attack there. The whole position and the story are as clear as possible (1 Sam. xiv. 4), and curiously enough there are still some solitary thorn trees on the top of the eastern precipice, which was then called Seneh, or "thorn bush." As we stood and sketched, the bleatings of a flock of sheep that were climbing up the very cliff's side where Jonathan and his armour-bearer went, and the monotonous singing of the shepherd boy with them, and the ringing of the cuckoo's song from over Geba, came clearly to our ears. This was at 8.30 A.M. Arrived up zigzag path at Geba by 8.45.

Standing in the fields on the summit of the hill, a little to the north of the village, we perceive that Saul's position here was nearly 200 feet higher than the Philistine camp on the smooth green plateau of Mukhmas, two miles away; and though the cliffs of the ravine below are not visible from here (so that Jonathan

could make the venture without his father's knowledge), yet Saul could observe the least movement in their camp, and could well hear the shouts of the panic that ensued. Ai is visible due north with the small cone on the west end of its Tell, and the olive beacon-group on the east end; Ophrah is clear on the extreme horizon to the north; and turning to the south we see the rough hills over the west side of the Dead Sea; a view too opens of Neby Musa, the Mohammedan tomb of Moses, to which the annual pilgrimage is setting out to-day from Jerusalem; the little piles of stones here placed by devotees face towards it, and mark whence a glimpse is attainable of the shrine. They reminded us of those we saw by Biwa Lake in Japan (p. 100).

Riding on between Geba and Hizmeh we started two gazelles, which went bounding down the face of the wady eastward, with their long horns and most graceful spring. It was to one of these that David likened Jonathan for his agility on these self-same rocks (2 Sam. i. 19). Soon afterwards we came to a black cavern where kids and goats were housed, and seemed to be living in happy community with a number of women and children; thence to Hizmeh (which, we were told by the natives, was the name of a man buried in the wely there, but it is in reality Azmaveth, "the house of death"—Ezra ii. 24). From here we could just catch sight of Er-Ram up over the wady to north-west (two miles distant) and of Ai and Geba over other hill tops.

Arrived at Anathoth (Anâta) at 10.15, dismounted and saw the tesselated pavement and three round pillar-bases in the church. Ramah, Ai, and Ophrah are all visible to the north, but on the south nothing but the Dead Sea over a hilly and rocky foreground. This scene often met Jeremiah's eyes as he walked up to the Temple at Jerusalem, three miles off, to do his priestly duties. It would be a relief to live here after a month's service there (like a Canon at an English cathedral), and that in turn must have been a change to break the monotony of village life here. From Anâta we made a detour over the hills to Tell-el-Fûl, cantering up to the knob on its conical top across fields of young wheat. The present name means in Arabic "Bean Hill," but may be a corruption of Ophel, "Swell," by loss of the first guttural. It was at any rate a beacon hill. The cone is wholly artificial for twenty feet downwards, and is one of the most curious monuments in the country. The building that stood here was nearly square, fifty feet each side, and the walls, which were of undressed stone, were eight feet thick;

outside them was a moat, and then again outer walls. There, three miles to the west right opposite, is Neby Samwîl, the great beacon hill, where Samuel mourned for Saul, whose abode perhaps would here be full in his view, though he came no more to see him. Beit-Hannîna is the village beneath Neby Samwîl; to the right of that is Gibeon, on which Saul wrought vengeance, and which here wrought vengeance on his sons in return (2 Sam. xxi.). Due north is Ramah (Er-Ram) of Benjamin; between that and Geba, with its olive-trees just over this last, we still see Ai; far away, and a little to the right of that, Rimmon on its white rock; north-east stands Hizmeh on its green flat. Then turning round to the south we see Scopus, with the road winding up it, along which we now distinguish the mule caravan moving with our tents to Jerusalem. Over the brow of Scopus we can trace the outline of the Church of the Ascension on Olivet, the green dome of the new synagogue in the centre of the city, the smaller black dome over the sacred rock, the new metal dome over the Holy Sepulchre; then the fort, with Turkish flag flying over it, then the Russian hospice, and all the modern buildings and cottages outside; and above and beyond these Mar Elyas in the distance; while to the south-west we can see the Jaffa road winding round the slope of its front. Thus the hill of Tell-el-Fûl is the centre of a circle which, if described with a three-mile radius, would pass through Neby Samwîl (Mizpeh), Gibeon, Kulundia, Geba, the centre of Jerusalem, and Beit-Iksa, and thus embrace the whole district called "Gibeah of Saul." The hill would form also the southern apex of an equilateral triangle (with each side a little over two miles long), the eastern apex being Ramah (Er-Ram) and the western one Gibeon (El-Jib). Nob (Shafat), two miles north of Jerusalem, lies just below in the valley. Possibly it was there that the parting of David and Jonathan by the stone Ezel (1 Sam. xx. 19) took place, after Saul's jealousy was stirred at David's absenting himself from the Benjamin clan gathering held up here. No view we have yet seen has impressed us more than this of Gibeah of Saul from Tell-el-Fûl; it seems such a fit home and family strong-hold, and perhaps burial-place, for the first clan-chief and king of Israel, the very centre of Benjamin, "son of my right hand," the nucleus of the nation's future power.[1]

[1] The details of this view and others have been dwelt upon in the journal, as those given in Murray were found by practical experience to be often most inaccurate. And after all, few things are so helpful towards taking in the nature and history of

Dropped down to Shafat and lunched in its olive grove, and afterwards walked round the village, where much building is going on. At 1.30 P.M. left for Jerusalem. We halted a while on Scopus for the celebrated view of the Holy City from this point, whence Sennacherib, Alexander, and Titus, each in turn surveyed it. Then on to what was Godfrey de Bouillon's camping-ground in 1099 A.D., at the north-east corner outside the city. After a siege of six months it fell to him, and was held by the Crusaders till Saladin recaptured it in 1187. Our tents are pitched in the same field and under the same olive trees as were those of the Prince of Wales in 1862. The comparatively modern appearance of the yellowish-brown walls of the city was different from what we expected. They were erected as late as 1542 by Soliman the Magnificent, when much old material was re-used. We had not arrived long before His Highness Hamdi Pasha, Governor-General of Syria, here on a tour from Damascus, came to call (he has been twice Grand Vizier at Constantinople), and with him came Raouf Pasha, Governor of Jerusalem. We at once returned their call, going to the Serai half an hour afterwards.

April 1st.—Awoke at dawn and heard the little sparrows chirping in the dusk just as in the eaves at home. Left camp at 8.30 A.M., though it was very wet, and walked in by the Damascus Gate, and so made our way up and down through the narrow, crowded, filthy streets, first of all to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We met many Russian pilgrims, who go about bare-headed within the walls of the Holy City, and with very devout and reverential faces. Admired the reddish-brown of the stone with which the walls of the Church are built, and longed to see the upper storeys restored to the tower, which was once sixty feet higher than it is now. At the door, the chaplain and secretary of the Greek Patriarch, who was not there in person on account of age and infirmity, met us. These his representatives, and two Greek priests bearing huge wax tapers, led us round to all the shrines in the church. So we went in, and were shown first, fronting the entrance, "the stone of Unction" with many lamps suspended above it; the marble slab has lately been restored, and looks quite new. Then turning to the left we passed the "station of the Virgin," with its little iron frame over the much-cracked stone (which is in the

the country as a careful comprehension of the relative position of the localities as seen from several points. Few persons, we were told, ever visit Tell-el-Fûl, though it lies close beside the main road.

custody of the Armenians), and so under the great Dome, and in through the little door to what, since the fourth century, has been revered by all Christendom as the Holy Tomb. Both of us with one other person could just stand together inside at the same time. The right hand or north half of the now marble-lined cave forms a sort of recessed shelf or seat; on this the Body was laid. Afterwards looked into the little Coptic chapel at the back or west of the Tomb, and then went into the Syrian chapel, and the rock-cut tombs called those of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. Here Captain Conder, with a candle in his hand, electrified us by saying, in a low and impressive voice, "I believe these to be the royal tombs of the Kings of Judah; and this is the one in which Solomon reposed below the others as Josephus describes." There are other tombs in this cave, the only ancient one inside modern Jerusalem, but not yet fully explored. Then out under the Dome again, and, turning to the left, went past the "stations of Christ and Mary Magdalene," stars of coloured marble let into the floor, and so into the Latin "Chapel of the Apparition"; here, in the sacristy behind the altar, a Franciscan monk showed us the sword and spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon. We then passed along the north aisle, where the pillars seemed oldest (they date probably from the time of Modestus, though most of this part was burnt down in 1808), to the little "chapel of the stocks," into which Christ's feet were placed; they are really three little round holes in the pavement. And then one step down into the cavern beyond, in which are two small altars, one over the "Footsteps," and the other over the "Prison"—curious little places. Then round past the chapels of Longinus and of the "Division of the Vestments," both of which have been lately renovated and freshly ornamented, and so down the steps into the "Church of Modestus." When the Basilica of Constantine was burnt in A.D. 614, Modestus, then the Patriarch, rebuilt more than one chapel over the sacred spots that had been within the limits of the former cathedral, though he was not able to restore the whole building. This part at the east end was called the "Basilica;" it is now revered by all the sects alike, though left in a slightly more untidy state than the rest of the cathedral. We sat down in the stone chair of St. Helena that stands beside the altar of her chapel, and looked down, as she is said to have done, into the dark cavern beyond, where she observed her people working to find the Cross. The place where the Cross was actually found is under an overhanging rock in the

right-hand corner of this cavern. Then up the steps to what, since the time of Constantine, has been regarded as Golgotha, and into the beautiful "Chapel of the Crucifixion," the most impressive thing in the church after the Tomb. The figures of our Lord on the Cross, of St. John, and of St. Mary are wrought life-size in Byzantine style, with a silver screen behind them and pictures, and under the altar is the place where the Cross stood. On the right side of the altar at the place shown as "the rent in the rock," the little silver covering was removed, and we saw and handled the live rock for the space of about two feet. We thus verified the fact that this Chapel of Calvary stands on the summit of a natural hill or cliff which rises fifteen feet above the general level of the church.

This chapel belongs to the Greeks, and alongside of it is a Latin chapel, in different style, over the spot where Christ was nailed to the Cross. We then went back into the great church, and by a side entrance up to the high altar behind the screen. On the altar were laid out all the service books in beautiful bindings of silver with plaques of enamel, some were in Greek and others in Arabic; here too the reliquaries were brought in and shown to us. After a short time we passed through the iconostasis, in front of which stood the great candlesticks lately sent by the Emperor of Russia after use at his father's obsequies. Under the small dome of the choir we were introduced to the oldest archimandrite of the foundation and to others of the Greek clergy. We looked up at the most ancient painting in the church, a fresco of the Virgin and Child; then out into the Rotunda, past the stone which marks "the navel of the earth." We then went up stairs into the Armenian chapel of the Crucifixion, and, on coming down again, passed once more "the stone of Unction," and so went on into the "chapel of Adam," between the tomb spaces of Godfrey and Baldwin. Here, going behind the altar, we examined the rent in the rock, which goes right up into that shown in the chapel of Golgotha above. Adam is said to have been buried here and to have been raised to life by the blood of our Lord that trickled down upon him. After leaving the church we went up into the gallery of the new dome, round which we walked. As you look down from here the shape of the shrine of yellow marble over the Holy Tomb is exactly the same as that of a Turkish tomb, with a pillar raised at one end and a representation of a turban on top; the effect of this is most curious. The walls of the western half of the dome are those of the old apse that stood at the west end of Constantine's basilica. The east end

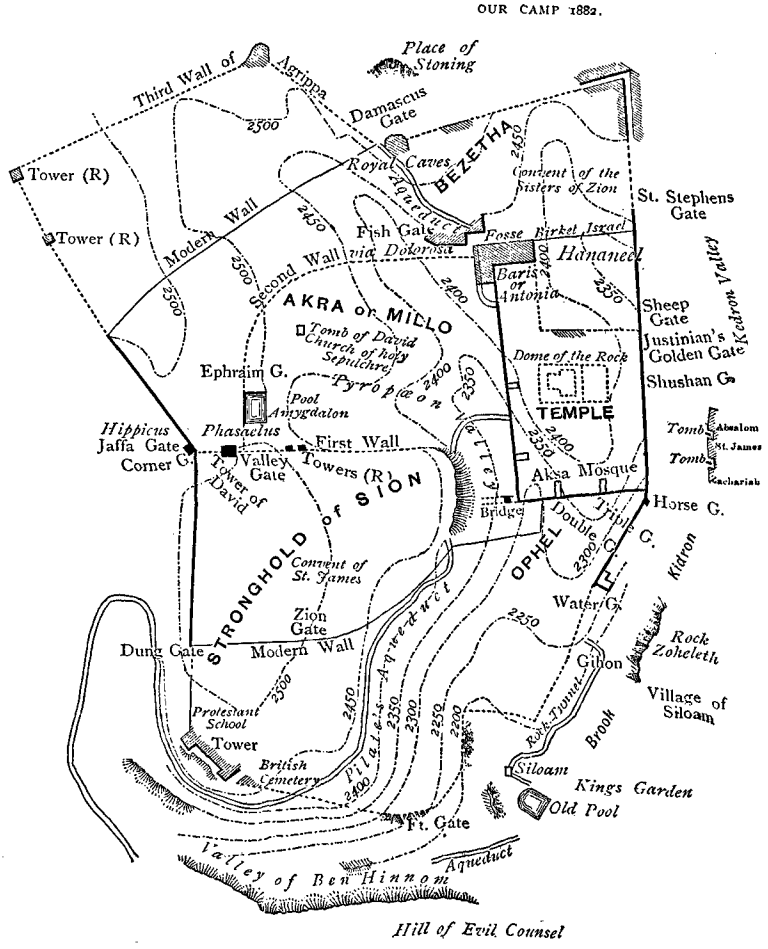
of that long building was altogether outside the present east end of the church; its south-east corner was standing till the twelfth century.[1] We then went outside on to the roof; and here, after sending thanks and salutations to the Greek Patriarch, took leave of his clergy.

As the rain had cleared off and it was now fine, we went across the street to the Mûristân, or Hospital of St. John, which lies immediately on the south of the church of the Holy Sepulchre and occupies the site of the older hospice that was built by Charlemagne "for all the pilgrims who speak the Latin tongue." We entered through the round-arched gate which was once the porch of the church of St. Mary the Great (1130 A.D.). The three apses excavated in 1874 at the expense of the German Government are nearly perfect. Walked round the Crusaders' cloisters, that were used afterwards as a khan by the Moslems. We looked down into the cisterns, which go right along what was of old the head of the Tyropæon valley. Then on to the green field which still covers the old church of St. John the Baptist that yet waits to be excavated and restored. Noticed English mason's marks (an hour-glass and an arrow) on the pillars, then up into the little German Lutheran church, and so out by the other entrance and across the street to the citadel or Tower of David, for the view over the city. The greater part of this tower is Pisan work on the older foundations of Herod's Tower of Phasaelus that still stand on the live scarped rock; Hippicus was the smaller tower to the west; the foundations of Mariamne are under the market-place. Standing on top we were much surprised at the extent of the Haram area, which seen from here appears to stretch the whole length of the east side of Jerusalem: it forms a quadrangle of thirty-five acres and is one-sixth of the total area of the modern city. Then down, and out by the Jaffa gate, and walked along under the western wall of the city to the Protestant school. There, in the school, saw the old scarped rock with its stairs, which marks the position of the old square corner tower. Then on to the British cemetery, where are the other scarped rock cisterns and stairs that lead to a second tower. Possibly these are the foundations of the wall of the old Jebusite city, and if so they would be the oldest visible remains in Jerusalem. There is a rock platform outside each

[1] The end colonnade of the eastern entrance to Constantine's basilica still exists in a vault west of the Via Dolorosa.—See the successive plans of the Holy Sepulchre Church in the plate in Jerusalem volume of *Memoirs of Palestine Exploration Fund.*

JERUSALEM.

Showing the Rock Surface in Contour Lines at so many Feet above Sea Level and Ruins.



C.R. Conder R.E. del. 1879 A.D.

tower scarp and a deep rock-cut ditch thirty feet wide in front (2 Sam. v. 8). It was at any rate round this hill, now known as Zion, that the wall of David and Solomon ran. Visited the graves of the three English bishops and of Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake. Then down into the valley of Hinnom, and so along to the Pool of Siloam; looking up at the solitary tree on the hill of Evil Counsel and the tombs on the opposite or south side of the valley. At the old pool of Siloam saw how, before it became so blocked with rubbish, it had been once many times its present size. Then into the passage where the oldest inscription in Jerusalem was accidentally found in 1880 by a Jew boy at play. This inscription dates from the days of Hezekiah when he was preparing for Sennacherib's siege, and it was made by the masons when cutting the rock tunnel (2 Chron. xxxii. 4, 30) to bring water from Gihon. It records how one party heard the other chipping towards them through the rock. One of us waded in with some magnesium wire, and by means of its light we clearly distinguished the letters. Then up the valley to the fountain of the Virgin, the water of which began to rise while we were there, and in it some men were then bathing. This is probably the site of Bethesda, or "House of the Stream." The intermittent flow is quite irregular; it sometimes occurs two or three times a day in spring and once a day in autumn. The water, from being one foot deep in the pool, then rises suddenly to be sometimes over five feet. The fellaheen of the village of Siloam opposite say this is caused by a dragon, who swallows the water continuously when awake, but when he sleeps it accumulates. The Jews still bathe here to cure rheumatic stiffness in the back or limbs (St. John v. 2), standing in their clothes in the pool, "waiting for the troubling of the waters." The flight of steps is a long one for a cripple to get down unaided, and he would have a further difficulty in getting through the narrow doorway into the pool at the bottom, if it were crowded by others.

We were all much impressed by the enormous depth of this valley of Hinnom, where it joins the Kedron, so much greater than any pictures of the city had ever given us a notion of. Had pointed out to us on the eastern side of the valley the rock Zoheleth ("slippery"), which is the lower of the two cliffs, on the ledge between which the village of Siloam stands; they both rise sheer and overhang the valley. It was probably on that ledge that Adonijah was crowned (1 Kings i. 9, 33, 41), and the upper cliff would reflect the echo of the cheers and shouting towards the city.

Solomon's party came down here to Gihon (which was the same as En-Rogel and the Virgin's fount) just opposite to and within sight of their rivals.

Then we walked on, under the remains of the Ophel wall discovered by Sir Charles Warren in 1867, and which is as old as Nehemiah, to the south-east corner of the Haram. In the fourth century Herod's stones here stood up in their ruins, many courses higher than the rest of the ancient walls, like a turret at the corner, and formed what was revered by the pilgrims as the "pinnacle of the Temple," till Justinian, in 530 A.D., restored the walls. We can see clearly where modern Arab work of the fifteenth century was joined on to these. Looked up at windows in the Haram walls, now blocked, but which in Herod's time opened into the vaults under his portico. Walking along under the eastern wall saw Mohammed's seat (a pillar casually built in and protruding at right angles from the top of the wall), whence the bridge is to stretch across at the last day to the minaret on Olivet opposite. Over this the just are to walk into the heavenly city and paradise; here they lie in their graves in vast numbers all along the valley waiting for the judgment. Some of these graves are prettily constructed, with two little stone pillars, "one at the head, the other at the foot" where the body lies; on these the two angels, Munker and Nakir, will sit when scrutinizing the soul, one to accuse, the other to excuse, the deeds done in the body. (This notion is of Persian origin, and is beautifully described in the twenty-first yasht of the *Zend-avesta;* where the good angel who conducts the soul to Paradise is really the embodiment of the moral action of the individual, and thus curiously resembles the Karma of the modern Buddhists.) The little cup-like pool scooped in the flat stone is to hold a few drops of water for birds; "giving water to drink" being one of the greatest Moslem acts of charity. Passed up by the Golden Gate, and on by that of St. Stephen, noticing much scarped rock all the way, where the foundations of the old wall were, and so home at last to our camp outside the north-east corner, where, seeing the scarped rock turning round to the west, were persuaded that the site of our camp was never inside the city, but that "the third wall" went along the ridge westward from this corner to the grotto of Jeremiah. Spent the afternoon quietly in our tents, and were all tattooed on the arm with the five crosses and the three crowns of Jerusalem. In the evening after dinner went to see a party of thirty-eight blue-jackets of the *Bacchante* who had come up from Joppa and

were encamped outside the city at the north-west corner under Messrs. Cook's care, and also looked in at five of the officers who had come up and were staying at the hotel.[1]

The night was very stormy, with heavy rain squalls, and, as Jerusalem stands on a plateau, which is nearly as high above the sea as Helvellyn, we had the full benefit of the gusts of the wind as they swept up from the west. These so shook our tents that several times in the middle watch they all but capsized, and as we lay in bed we heard the muleteers having a lively time of it going round hammering in the pegs and backing them up with heavy stones which they gathered together as best they could in the dark. The two tents which the blue-jackets occupied were blown completely over.

Palm Sunday, April 2nd.—After early breakfast walked through the rain and wind (getting terribly wet) in by the Damascus gate and through the same narrow streets as yesterday—full of Russian pilgrims and others carrying palm branches and various fabrications of leaves—up to the English church opposite to the Tower of David. The mud and pouring streams of water made the streets like stone watercourses of filth. Went first into the school, where the children sang a special hymn of welcome composed by the incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Kelk. At the service in the church the Bishop of Ballarat, in Victoria, and the Bishop of Nelson, in New Zealand, officiated, the latter preaching. The Holy Communion was afterwards celebrated. Before we went to lunch at the English consulate, Mr. Kelk showed us a large wooden model of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, with the various parts apportioned to the different sects in different colours. After lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Moore, some of the party went for an afternoon walk to Bethany. We went down the Via Dolorosa and out by St. Stephen's Gate, looking down as we passed into the Birket Israel, which is really the rock-hewn trench on the north of the temple area; the

[1] The order for the *Bacchante* to proceed to Malta was countermanded. She remained off Jaffa from March 28th to April 14th. On the 1st April, a party of officers and men left the ship for Jerusalem. On the 2nd, as a strong south-west wind was blowing and a heavy on-shore swell had got up, she put to sea at 6.5 P.M.; and lost part of port bower anchor in weighing. When the gale moderated she returned to the anchorage off Jaffa on the 4th, at 4.15 P.M. On the 7th the first Jerusalem party returned, and a second party of officers and men left with the first lieutenant; they returned on the 13th. On the 1st April the wind was N.E. 2·3, and the thermometer at noon stood at 69°. The next five days, when the wind was from S.W. 3·6·4, the thermometer went down to 61°. On the 9th, when the wind was N.E. 2·4, the thermometer rose at once to 81°. On the 10th, with wind going round S.E. to S.W. 3·1, it sank to 67°. On the 12th the wind freshened from W. and W.S.W. 2·4, and the thermometer stood at 66°.

present masonry at the sides, however, is Hadrian's. Into this the Turks have lately given orders that all are to shoot their rubbish in order that it may be filled up and planted out as a garden. We crossed the Kedron Valley and went by the chapel of the Tomb of the Virgin, almost unchanged since it was built in 1103, ("not because her body rests there, but in memory of her Assumption,") and the Garden of Gethsemane (both of them happened to be locked and closed), and so along the road by which as on this day our Lord eighteen hundred years ago approached the Holy City. It is about two miles by this lower road from St. Stephen's Gate to the village of Bethany. At the corner of the hill, where the road turns sharp to the north, our Saviour halted, and at the pause in the shouting of the multitude the very stones of the great Temple wall were heard to cry out in echo to the cheers of the crowd. This is a little south of the point immediately opposite to the south-east corner of the Haram. Here we have a full view of the city, which afterwards is hidden from our sight for the next half mile by the projecting spur of Olivet, round which the road winds in the shape of an S, until once again turning to the right or south it affords a second glimpse of a portion of the city on Zion (this was, of course, the first glimpse to one coming from Bethany—St. Luke xix. 37). At Bethany there is an old convent over the reputed house of Mary and Martha. Inside the cave, shown at least since the fourth century as the tomb of Lazarus, is a small underground chapel reached by steps, with another cave beyond, into which we went; the masonry is all Crusaders' work.

"'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

"From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

"Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not, or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist."

IN MEMORIAM, XCIII.

We mounted up over the back of the hill to the summit of Olivet —the path this way to Jerusalem is a little over a mile. The afternoon had cleared up, and the view looking back on Bethany from half way up the hill was most lovely. Far away the Moab hills

stood flecked with drifting cloud shadows and gleams of sunshine; between us and them stretched the green of the Jordan Valley; the blue of the Dead Sea just showed above the flat hill of Koruntal (Quarantania, reputed site of the forty days' temptation) which filled the foreground on that side. Further south the conical peak of the Frank Mountain, Jebel Fureidis, Herod's little Paradise, fortress and grave, seemed still to tower over and dominate the country; Tsûk, the yellow mountain of the scapegoat, two miles north of Mar Saba, with its precipice, was just visible five miles away. The slopes on which we stood were covered with newly-leaved fig-trees and sprouting spring crops; and with their rounded knolls, like those of Galilee, would be dear to a Galilean heart and a welcome refuge from the noise and turmoil of the city shut out behind. Fitter scene for the localisation of the Ascension could not be imagined; full in front of Nebo, Moses the great lawgiver's last resting-place on earth, and in view of the Jordan valley beyond Gilgal, where Elijah the great prophet was likewise rapt into the invisible world; here too it was, that "as they were looking up into heaven, a cloud received Him out of their sight." This, the spot His eyes last looked upon, remains still almost unaltered; and here if anywhere we realise the spirit of His parting words, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Facing round to the cool cutting breeze on which the clouds came drifting up, black and yet silver-edged, from the west, with rifts of blue sky between them, we climbed on up to the summit of Olivet.

Here there are many new Russian buildings; we went by them, and stood under the old olive-trees at the summit of the road along which David fled from Absalom. The green knoll we see to the north of the city (under which is the grotto of Jeremiah) may perhaps be Calvary. Jewish traditions state it to have been the place of public execution; and from where we are standing, in winter time, the shape of this knoll resembles that of a skull, with the curve of the back part of the head only clearly defined. If the same hill is viewed from the western side of the city, from the Tower of David, the caves at that distance appear like the hollow eye-sockets of a skull: hence it may have obtained its name.

Half way down the slope of Olivet we admire the aspect of the stupendous hill in front across the Kedron: on top stands the city wall; of this an height equal to that which appears above the surface still exists buried below the accumulated soil. Herod's Temple

Pylon was half as high again as the present Dome of the Rock, and went towering up in white marble and gold. Hereabouts He sat "over against the Temple," and spake of all that should be as the issue of His conflict, not without reference to Calvary yonder. The scene of Future Judgment is placed here according to Jewish, Moslem, and Christian tradition, when "His feet shall stand on Olivet" and "He shall come in like manner as (and close beside the place whence) they had seen Him go into heaven." So down by Gethsemane again, and across the Kedron, up the slope to St. Stephen's Gate, with its four lions, and home outside the wall to camp, where the commander, Adair, Roxby, Fisher, Ingram, and Christian came to dinner from the hotel. At Jaffa they had been having some good quail-shooting, two of the officers in an afternoon having killed forty-five couple among the clover and green corn crops: other parties also did well in the same way. A blustering night again.

April 3rd.—Up at 5.30. Breakfast at 6 A.M.; therm. 48°. Left camp at 7 A.M., went to St. Stephen's Gate, met there Sir Charles Wilson, Captain Conder, and Lieut. Mantell, R.E. With them and the above-mentioned officers of the *Bacchante*, and the Bishop of Ballarat, whom we had met in Australia, we entered the temple Haram, with the sheikh of the mosque, by the Bab-Hitta. Sir Charles pointed out the flat rock at the north-west corner, the foundation of the ancient fort of Antonia, and also where the great ditch originally ran across this part of the Haram eastward. Then to the "Dome of the Chain," and so into the Dome of the Rock by the eastern door. The custodian of the Haram allowed us to close the doors and to examine the mosaics in the roof by the help of a magnesium wire lamp. The colour of the stained glass windows and of the tile work, both of which date from 1560 A.D., for its richness and harmony is simply wonderful. We went round the Sakhrah enclosure, or space under the dome, which is shut off from the outer octagonal arcade by a magnificent grille or high iron screen of twelfth century work. Inside this, five feet above the floor of the building, stands up the bare rock, the highest point in the Temple Haram, which descends in natural terraces all round it. Passing the relics of Mohammed, where the Moslems were praying, and then entering a gate in the screen we went right under the Sakhrah into the cave which opens towards the south. (It is exactly like the sloping rock on Gerizim.) It is said by the Moslems to be suspended in the air over another cave

which is underneath the one we stood in, and certainly the floor resounded hollow beneath our feet. In one corner here we were shown the impress in the stone of Mohammed's head: it is above a projection in the rock that looks like what may have been an old Christian altar, when the cave was used as a chapel. The high altar of the Crusaders' Church stood on the top of the Sakhrah; and it is supposed that the Holy of Holies of the Temple was also there, where in still older times had been the threshing-floor of Araunah.

Leaving the Dome of the Rock we turned southwards amongst the tall cypress trees to the fountain of "the cup," which dates only from 1320 A.D. This is immediately over the "great sea," or reservoir, the water in which is brought by Bethlehem from Solomon's Pools, seven miles to the south of Jerusalem, in the aqueduct built by Pontius Pilate. Then into the mosque el-Aksa, where we examined the fine pulpit of carved woodwork given by Saladin in 1187 after he took Jerusalem from the Crusaders. This mosque was originally Justinian's Basilica of the Virgin. The remains of the five aisles can be seen, and many of the pillars and capitals are of that date, 530 A.D. Then down to the vaults beneath, where the Herodian thick round pillars of the "Double Gate" are still remaining. These are the only portion of the actual Temple on which our Lord's eyes rested that is still standing. The lintel has been strengthened by the insertion of two side pillars. Then down through the little "mosque of Jesus" in the extreme south-east corner of the area, which, as seen from the outside yesterday, was "the pinnacle of the Temple." Here the Moslems show a marble niche of Roman work now lying horizontally on its back, the hollow scoop of which they have named the Cradle of Jesus; His bath and the bed of the Virgin used also to be exhibited here. Then turning through a door on the right-hand side we go into the "Stables of Solomon," where Sir Charles Wilson showed us the inside of the "Triple Gate." This vast substructure was built by Justinian in 532 A.D. to obtain a flat platform above (the arches would not sustain any heavy superstructure), out of many older drafted stones: one pillar has been a lintel before it was set on end. The Crusaders stabled their horses here and their iron rings still remain, and it was they who called the place the stables of Solomon. The entrance to these lofty vaults from the exterior seems to have been on the south through the Single Gate. The later work at the Double Gate, and at the

Prophet's Gate, and the Triple Gate, is of Justinian's time, he also built the Golden Gate when he repaired the "Solomon's Stables." There are remains of older work in the south-east angle, under the Cradle of Christ, which mark the original vaults of Herod's temple. These vaults are probably altogether to the south of the platform which supported Solomon's Temple, the foundations of whose southern wall would possibly still be found, if excavations were ever allowed. Looked out of one of the Herodian windows at the south-east corner, where a mass of masonry has fallen quite recently off the wall outside into the Kedron valley. On re-mounting to the Temple enclosure we went round outside the mosque of Aksa and saw at the east end the traces of the apse added by the Knight Templars to Justinian's church. Then we climbed on to the rampart and looked out from Mohammed's throne over the walls; passed along these to the Golden Gate and went inside. Some of the acanthus-leaved capitals of the huge round pillars are still uninjured, though within the last few years much injury has been done to the rest of the stonework. This structure was erected by Justinian on the traditional site of the meeting of St. Joachim and St. Anne, the parents of the Blessed Virgin, as recorded in the apocryphal "Gospel of the Nativity of Mary," chap. iii. It was never exactly a church, but like the other two entrances on the south side of the area—the Double and Triple Gates—was a festal gateway to the Haram in Justinian's days. All three were approaches to the group of buildings connected with his great Basilica of the Virgin. Its structure, with the huge pillars in the centre and the double arch, reproduces the design of the older Double Gate on the south side of the area, and is evidently modelled by his architects on the lines of that. At the same time as he built this, he added also to the Double Gate an ornamental cornice, exactly similar in details to the one he erected here at the Golden Gate. It was through this structure, then of course open to the Kedron valley, that Heraclius brought in the Cross when he had recovered the relic from the Persians; and it is probably in connection with this historic fact that the Moslem legend afterwards arose, that it is through this gate that the Christian conqueror is some day to enter in triumph, "while the Faithful are at Friday prayers." Ezekiel xliv. 1-3 also was considered in the twelfth century to apply to this gate. The traces of the holes for the hinnes of the doors of the large gates that once swung here are still visible. Before Justinian erected this Golden Gate it is probable

that a more ancient gateway, similar to the Triple Gate on the south wall of the Haram, led out here into the valley, for the exit at least of the High Priest and scapegoat on the day of Atonement. Coming out from the Golden Gate we turned to the left and walked back again over the grass to the south of the Haram, noticing that part of the stonework of the old semi-circular arched balustrade round the top of the octagon of the Dome of the Rock was now exposed to view, through the temporary removal of the tilework on this side. This arcade work probably belongs to the ninth century, when the Khalif el Mamum built the octagonal wall that now encloses the original building erected by the Khalif Abdel-Melik, in 688 A.D. That in its turn resembled the Dome of the Chain, but was planned on a larger scale and was open at the sides. On the walls and beams of this octagonal outer wall are dates of the ninth and tenth centuries, and on those of the inner arcades are dates of the seventh. Omar's wooden mosque (614 A.D.), stood a little to the north of the present Dome of the Rock—the Sakhrah then had no building over it—and was pulled down by Abdel-Melik. Met a party of our own blue-jackets, who were also "going the rounds," with a local guide. Then we descended through a narrow opening in the pavement on the north of the mosque of Aksa, through which we squeezed and clambered, into the "great sea" beneath. This fine cavern, with its rocky piers, is perhaps of Solomon's age or that of the Kings, and is the largest of all the reservoirs under the Haram; its sides are covered with cement in order that they may the better retain water, of which it would hold two million gallons; it is lighted by apertures from the court above, to-day also by the magnesium wire lamp we took with us. Then up to daylight again, and across to the west side of the Haram and down the flight of steps to the little mosque of el-Burak, where saw the iron ring to which Mohammed fastened his steed before mounting thence to Paradise. El Burak ("lightning") was his name, and he was more than a horse, being of epicene gender, a winged centaur with a woman's breast (a Sanscrit gandharva in fact, and a relative of the Assyrian cherub). This late legend is a localization of the Prophet's vision of being rapt into Paradise. The ring is kept rubbed nicely bright. Then, still in the el Burak mosque, we were shown the inner side of the old "Second Gate" of Herodian structure (now blocked), on the west side of the Haram. It is generally known as the Prophet's Gate, *i.e.*, Mohammed's, and sometimes it is spoken of as Barclay's

Gate. We finally left the Haram by the Bab-el-Maghâribeh; this narrow dirty dilapidated exit is a great contrast to the old stately Herodian gate it surmounts. When outside we went round to the left in order to see Robinson's arch. It is the eastern end of the great bridge that once spanned the Tyropæon valley. The western pier of this bridge was discovered by Sir Charles Warren, and also the keystones lying on a pavement beneath, through which he mined and found the keystone of a yet older bridge lying in a drain cut in the live rock. All these stones were of enormous size. The discovery agrees with the fact that the Jews during Pompey's siege (in 63 B.C.) broke down the Temple bridge which Herod afterwards rebuilt. The older keystone found in the drain was that which belonged to the bridge in Pompey's time, and must have been the remains of one built somewhere between the time of Herod and Solomon. In the Haram wall here we noticed some stones thirty-six feet long, over ten thick, and three high, nearly the same size as those in Osaka Castle in Japan (p. 127). Then to the Jews' wailing place, to-day empty and void. On leaving this we walked northwards through the town over the slopes on the western side of the Haram, which now cover the remains of the old aqueduct and causeway leading up to Wilson's arch. The ascent up one side and descent down the other of this heap of *débris* is very manifest; and so on past the Arcade of the cotton merchants to the convent of the Sisters of Sion. Here saw over the altar in the chapel of "Ecce Homo," the northernmost circular arch of Hadrian's triple triumphant gateway; the larger central one of the three arches still spans the Via Dolorosa just outside. Went up on to the flat roof of the convent and had from there a very good view of the whole of the Haram area. Then descended into the subterranean parts of the convent and saw the pavement of the old Roman street, here roughened by parallel lines cut in the stone in order that the horses might not slip; in one place, too, the lines still remain traced on the stone where the Roman soldiers played draughts while waiting in the guard-room. The live rock and the escarpment on the north side of the ditch that separated Antonia from Bezetha was also pointed out to us. The founder of this convent was a Jew by birth, who, since his conversion to Christianity, has devoted all his means to its establishment and support. The Sisters are mostly French, though some few are English. We saw the children in their school, and everything was most clean and neat. When we passed along

outside the Turkish barracks and Serai, or Pasha's residence (which now stand on the identical site once occupied by the Roman soldiers and military governor), Captain Conder showed us where M. Clermont Ganneau, in 1870, found the fragment of the marble pillar that stood between the courts of the Jew and Gentile in Herod's Temple. We left the city by St. Stephen's Gate, and so made our way home to camp.

After lunch we walked on to the top of the

> "green hill.
> Without the city wall,
> Where the dear Lord was crucified
> Who died to save us all."

This is the knoll over Jeremiah's grotto, a stone's throw distant from our camp. The hill is now quite bare, with scanty grass covering its rocky soil; its summit is one hundred feet higher than the level of the Haram. Therefore raised aloft on the Cross here He would look right over Jerusalem, and away on the left over the Temple to Bethany and the Mount of Olives. This, "the traditional Jewish place of stoning or execution," is close beside the road leading out of the city by the present Damascus Gate, and would probably be the same from the brow of which St. Stephen was thrown as an ordinary criminal and stoned; at the bottom of this hill St. Paul, when he left Jerusalem on his famous journey to Damascus, would pass, and may have had indelibly stamped on his memory the execution both of the Master and of the disciple. The present Damascus Gate was before the thirteenth century called St. Stephen's Gate. From the fifth century to the twelfth at least the traditionary site of the proto-martyr's death was here on the north of the city, which is manifestly its proper place; and here the Empress Eudoxia (450 A.D.) erected her church in his honour, the foundations of which have been lately uncovered and sold to the French, who are about to restore it. When the Crusaders came in the twelfth century, they shifted the site round to the eastern side, as they shifted so many others, not only in Jerusalem, but all over the country. Most of them were naturally ignorant of Scripture topography and archæology, though full of zeal and faith, and ready to believe as realities the pious creations of their own fancy and those of the monks. Often however the sites they identified were merely meant as reminders of the events or persons whose names were affixed to them, and nothing more. We then went across the Damascus road to the rock-cut tomb

(the only rock-hewn Jewish tomb of that date and with a loculus anywhere near), which lies in a field on a rocky knoll two hundred yards to the west of this hill. This tomb may have been in existence A.D. 30, and perhaps was that "nigh at hand" in the garden of St. Joseph of Arimathæa. It is now in a very filthy state. The advocates of this tomb as the real Holy Sepulchre say that Agrippa's third wall (erected A.D. 40) on the rock over this tomb caused the site early to be lost. It is most in accordance with the spirit of His teaching, that "of His sepulchre no man knoweth unto this day." Yet if ever the discovery of the second wall should prove for certain that what all Christians have regarded since the fourth century as Golgotha and the Holy Tomb were indisputably within the Herodian city, then no doubt this hill and tomb would be fixed upon and revered instead by many as the scene of His crucifixion and burial.

Went to the Consulate for purchase of curios, which had been brought there to be shown. Afterwards some of us went to the church of St. James on Mount Zion: it belongs to the Armenians, who are a wealthy body, and the church, built in the eleventh century, is a fine one, and well kept. The traditional spot where St. James was beheaded is beneath an altar in a richly decorated side chapel on the north. We passed out on to Zion by the Zion Gate. This part of the hill, wholly outside the present city, was a fine site for the palaces, whether of the Kings or of Herod, both of which once stood here. Josephus calls it "the upper city and citadel of David." It is about 100 feet higher than the Temple mount, and so would command an outlook right over its courts to Olivet beyond, and not only away to the west, but also all down the valley of Jehoshaphat towards the south. Though now bare of buildings, it would certainly be the most agreeable and best site for a residence of any in Jerusalem. Then wandered along across the Tyropæon valley, and under the southern wall of the Haram and over Ophel to Zoheleth on the opposite side of the valley of Kedron, to see the square "Egyptian tomb," which is a small isolated chamber hewn from the rock. The inscription once over the door had been cut away by a hermit when he adapted the tomb for a dwelling. Very probably it dates only from 150 B.C., though it is just possible that it may have been the tomb of Solomon's wife, daughter of Pharaoh, who, lying here in what is still called Wady Feraun, would be in view of her husband's palace on Zion. It certainly has an Egyptian look about it; the walls are eight feet thick and of solid

rock. It may have been, like tombs at Thebes (p. 408), once crowned with a pyramid similar to that on the so-called Zechariah's tomb, further up the valley. This Zechariah was murdered and hurled down by the Zealots (during the siege under Titus) from the Temple courts into the valley of the Kedron below, as St. James, the Lord's brother, had been also a few years before. These tombs, however, really existed long before that date, and their names were given to them fancifully, as also was Absalom's to the cupola-crowned tomb of the trio, which very probably is that of Alexander Jannæus, B.C. 78. Walked by this, and then to the tombs of St. James and Absalom; they are an odd mixture of all styles, Ionic, Doric and Egyptian, and, like the tombs at Petra, which they much resemble, are cut out of the solid rock, and all three belong to the Hasmonean period, or the first and second centuries before Christ. On the façade of the so-called "tomb of St. James"—the long one between the pyramid-topped one of Zechariah and the cupolaed one of Absalom—is a long Hebrew inscription, dating from the first century B.C., giving the names of the Jewish priests of the Beni-Hezir (1 Chron. xxiv. 15), who were buried here. The tombs therefore must have been here in our Lord's time, and have stood comparatively uninjured by the Roman armies all through the siege of Jerusalem. Fine spectacle looking up at the Temple from this corner; longed for a few thousand pounds and trucks and tramway to cart away (after sifting) all the *débris* here accumulated right down the Kedron valley to the Dead Sea, and so uncover the natural slopes of Zion, Ophel, and the Temple hill, once more to the light of day.

In the evening, at 6.30, we all went with Sir Charles and Lady Wilson, and Dr. Chaplin to the celebration of the Passover at the house of the chief Rabbi of the Sephardim, Raphael Meyer Panigil, a venerable old man with a white turban and long cloak trimmed and lined with fur, which he wore over his flowing under-dress. He was accompanied by Rabbi Nissim Baruch, nearly as old and venerable as himself. They met us at the door of his house, and we went with them into his dining chamber, where the rest of his family were assembled. It was a long vaulted room, one half of which was raised as a daïs about two feet above the other. Two supper-tables were spread, round which the family at once grouped themselves. The old man's wife in festal dress, his sons and their children, all sat round a circular table, on which was placed a large waiter, five feet in diameter, containing the un-

leavened bread, the haroseth (a kind of thick sauce made of figs, dates, raisins and vinegar, and said to typify the clay with which their ancestors made bricks in Egypt), the bitter herbs (lettuce, endive, wild celery)—to commemorate the bitterness of the Egyptian bondage—and a plate with a large mutton-bone. The supper began by all drinking the first of the four cups of wine mixed with water which are passed round during the evening, and by giving of thanks to God for the fruit of the vine (St. Luke xxii. 17) and for the day. Then after washing his hands the Rabbi took one of the three large, flat, round loaves of unleavened bread from the table, and nursing it as it were in his arms, blessed it. "Then he brake it and gave it to them all" and they did all eat, mingling with it mouthfuls of the bitter herbs, after dipping them in the sauce. The Rabbi then cut off a piece of the loaf and put it away in a napkin for "him that should come," that is, the expected Elijah. It was explained that this would be used again later on in the supper —when Elijah does not come—instead of the Paschal Lamb. This last was also represented by the mutton-bone on the plate, "since the Sacrifice and the Temple had ceased." The family then drank the second cup of wine and sang a sort of monotonous chant, and more wine was mixed with water. Then the children of the party asked "'What mean ye by this service?' (Exodus xii. 26). How different is this night from all other nights!" The account given of the Exodus, and Psalms 113 and 114, were then chanted in a monotone in the original Hebrew. This part of the service is called the Commemoration, or "shewing forth," of the Lord's deeds on their behalf. The Rabbi then raised the bread and showed it (like the Host), saying, "This is the Bread," and the wine, saying, "This is the Wine;" and in the same way the herbs "of the Lord's ordinance." The hands were then washed a second time. Then the third cup was drunk, each member of the family reclining a little back from the table, in symbol, we were told, of ease and the new won freedom of their ancestors from slavery. This would appear to have been the moment when St. John asked, leaning back, "Who is it?" (St. John xiii. 25). Then the chief Rabbi again took bread and brake it and gave it to all that were with him, and dipped it into the dish with the haroseth and the lettuce. The family dipped together two and two, smiling and bowing each to each while so doing (St. John xiii. 26). Then the chief Rabbi took "the cup after supper" (the fourth and last, St. Luke xxii. 20; 1 Cor. xi. 25), and the psalms of the Great

Hallel (115, 116, 117, 118) were sung. We were much impressed by the complete domesticity of the feast. The servants of the family all joined, taking their share at the table below the dais; the chief Rabbi also passed the unleavened bread to us and the haroseth and the bitter herbs, as we sat a little apart from the others near the wall; and we ate. The men, the women, and the children were conversing and chatting together at intervals as at a happy family gathering (St. John xiii.). When we rose to leave, the chief Rabbi chanted a prayer, invoking blessings on the Queen of England, on the Prince and Princess of Wales, and every member of their family. The whole ceremony had lasted two hours. As we walked home through the streets of the Jewish quarter, we heard other families celebrating the Passover with closed doors. We went out by the Damascus Gate to our encampment, and thus had to pass under Calvary's green hill. We looked up at the precipice on its southern side, from the top of which St. Stephen was flung and then stoned at the bottom, at the place called in the Talmud, Beth Has-sekîlah, "the place of stoning." As he lay at its foot here, he looked up and saw above the vision of the "Son of Man standing on the right hand of God" (Acts vii. 55) just over the very site of His Crucifixion, while St. Paul stood by as the proto-martyr cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The full Paschal moon was overhead, shining through the rifts of the heavy black clouds which were still drifting up from the west; just such a night as this was Christ's last before His death, when He too, having eaten the Passover, left the city, and went forth to the Garden of Gethsemane.

April 4th.—A bitterly cold morning, thermometer 48°. Left camp at 7 A.M. Sir C. Wilson and Capt. Conder joined our party. Rode past the foot of Calvary; on just such a morning as this He hung there; on just so cold a dawn had St. Peter warmed himself at the "fire of coals." "Darkness is over all the land," for the storm clouds are still flying, and the gale is still blowing up from the sea. The heaven looks angry as it looked then; ever and again there is a gleam of sun, but the agony of the cold cutting wind to His naked body must have been great.

> "More pangs than heart or tongue can frame
> Were suffer'd there without relief."

We passed on, and turning southward went past the Joppa gate and down along the west side of Jerusalem, leaving the Protestant schools on Mount Zion to the left. On the flat roof of these a number of

native boys were gathered, who sang the English National Anthem as we rode by. We rode along the green plain of Rephaim, and clearly saw the "giant's" cairns in the distance—huge stone erections on the hills beyond Malhah three miles away to the north-west of the road—prehistoric remains of the Rephaim. We met many peasants in bright dresses going into Jerusalem. Then cantering on came to the "Well of the Star," so called because the Magi travelling along this same Bethlehem road caught sight again of its reflexion in the water here. Then at a distance of three miles from Jerusalem came to the convent of Mar Elyas, with the impress of Elijah's body still shown in the rock outside the gateway, although the convent was built by a bishop, his namesake. We went into the convent, (meeting a flock of sheep coming out,) ascended to its flat roof, and saw "the double view." It is the only spot from which both Jerusalem and Bethlehem can be seen at once. On the north Neby Samwîl is visible and the line of Jerusalem (over the edge of the northern buildings we distinguish Tell-el-Fûl), the Dome of the Rock, and the Mount of Olives. On turning to the south, the Frank mountain stands out grandly, backed by the blue hills behind the Dead Sea; the dark mass of the great convent at Bethlehem two miles away looms up, in contrast to the Shepherd's Field on the east of the village and convent, which is gleaming green in the bright sunshine. Richard Cœur de Lion is supposed by Sir C. Wilson to have taken his celebrated look at Jerusalem from here, rather than from Neby Samwîl, as the south of Palestine only was then in occupation of the Crusaders. We were introduced to the president of the convent, an old Greek priest, who offered us light refreshments in his upper room, where there was a warm fire burning and a sweet incense smell, and Russian coloured engravings all round of the different royal families of Europe. When we arrived he was apparently instructing a group of Russian pilgrims. From the windows there is a view on one side of Jerusalem, and on the other of Bethlehem. This is now shown as the site of Elijah's ascension; which has been moved here from the other side of Jordan, like so many other sites (*e.g.*, Moses' burial place), when it became difficult for pilgrims to go thither. On parting, the president gave us two representations of Elijah's triumphant departure from earth carved in mother-of-pearl. About a mile and a quarter beyond Mar Elyas we came to Rachel's tomb, a small square whitewashed domed building, part of which dates back to the twelfth century. It stands by the side

of the road, a mile short of Bethlehem. It is in possession of the Jews, and is only opened on Thursdays; but we looked in through a small aperture on the south side. The place seemed airy and fresh and the "sparrows had found them a house" and were chirping as they hopped about inside. There used to be a unique specimen of a stone siphon on the hill to the south-east, which led the water over the summit to Jerusalem in an aqueduct from the Pools of Solomon. Sir C. Wilson saw it a few years since, but it is all destroyed now. There is a similar one near Patara in Asia Minor, which probably will also be destroyed, for the Turkish Government shows more than an utter carelessness for all antiquities. Hadrian's Arch at Adalia was lately standing with the bronze letters of the incised inscription perfect; the attention of the Government was drawn to them as worth preserving, but now they are all destroyed. Starting from Rachel's tomb we take the first road to the right (the one to the left leads to Bethlehem), and after a ride of a little more than three miles reach at 10.15 A.M. what are called Solomon's Pools, though there is so much Roman work in them that some have supposed the three pools and the two aqueducts are all Pilate's work. The three pools collect the large water supply of the valley, and in former days, when the underground aqueducts were in working order, abundant water flowed thence to Jerusalem; but now all is absolutely wasted except a small supply for the gardens at Urtas (Hortus), a little village a mile below; wasted also is the water from the "Sealed Fountain" aqueduct. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts proposed to spend 25,000*l.* on a subterranean aqueduct to carry the water to Jerusalem once more, but the Turks would have none of it. The tunnel all up the Wady Biâr is still in existence, with shafts which are still visible; the high-level aqueduct came thence round the pools at the north-west end, and took the water of the "Sealed Fountain," and went on over the hill by Bethlehem through the stone siphon (now destroyed) to Jerusalem, without communicating with the pools at all. Another low level aqueduct, still called "the Pagans' Canal," made by Pontius Pilate from Ain Wady Arrûb and other springs further south, (which was traced for its whole length in 1874 by the Palestine survey party,) goes round the hills by Tekoa, collecting in its very winding and thus lengthy course the waters of many wadys, until it arrives at Urtas, and there gathers the waters of the pools and passes with them through an older aqueduct, straight thence into

the Temple area. The lowest and largest of the three pools has apparently been used for Naumachia (Herod had a country palace at Urtas); seats for spectators are still traceable on the south side, though they may be only the natural strata of the limestone rock cemented over to make the pool watertight. The grass all about the old square Arab castle just under the brow of the hill above the pools was covered with daisies, anemones, small dandelions, wild geranium, and pimpernel. Rode on up Wady el Biâr, passing many distinct traces of the old Roman road, sometimes cut in the rock, at other times paved, and by the numerous air-shafts which belong to the underground tunnel conduit. The road gradually rises and climbs through Scotch-like scenery; the hills are covered with what looks like heather, though there is no heather in Palestine. There is, however, a mint (with a small purple blossom), common hereabouts on the hills, and a low shrub called Bellân, which is of the Rosaceæ order (*Poterium spinosum*); these between them give a heathery look to the landscape. There was much wild clover on the open grass-land, and flowers; but it was a very bleak ride in rain and wind. Passed a great many peasants (Syrians, Circassians, and Moors), walking as pilgrims to Hebron, donkeys laden with wood, camels, men, women, and children. Four miles and a-half from the pools lunched at Bîr el Hâj Ramadân in wind and rain. Most of us walked on after this for the next four or five miles; it was bleak, cold, and dark. This neighbourhood is the highest part of Palestine south of the mountains of upper Galilee, and is over 3,000 feet above sea level. At the summit of the incline came to foundations of a square tower and a well by it (Beit Zata), from which a couple of miles away to south-east a village is visible on its ridge (Beit Fejjâr), (1 Macc. vii. 19); immediately to the south-east of the well are remains of small buildings on a hillock. Further on is a large reservoir, which is one of the supplies of Pilate's aqueduct to Urtas, on the summit of the watershed, with ruins on its north-west side (Khurbet Kufîn). Beit Fejjâr, on its prominent spur to the south-east, is still just visible over the slope of the hill. The young wheat crop is green in the fields all round. There seems more traffic here on this Roman road than any we have yet seen, parties in twos and threes and tens with their bare legs and feet, in the mud and stones are constantly passing.

Beneath Beit Sûr, at the meeting of three cross-roads, and in a sort of defile, we came to one of the three sites shown at different

periods as St. Philip's fountain (Acts viii. 26). This one, Ain-edh-Dhirweh, is a perennial spring running into a trough beneath conspicuous cliffs on the east side of the road. There are no less than eight smaller springs within the radius of a mile of it. The mediæval tower of Beth Sûr stands up prominently on the brow of the opposite western hill. Bethsura is famous in the history of Judas Maccabaeus, who here fought a battle (1 Macc. iv. 29) and defeated Lysias, general of the King of Antioch. At the spring are remains of a large convent, a basilica, and perhaps a monastery of the twelfth century. The Roman road we are on runs along almost entirely on the top of the watershed between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea. This is "the hill country of Judæa"; the hills are all terraced and carefully cultivated as far as the labour yet left in the country will permit, for the great destruction of life in the last Turkish war with Russia is still severely felt. Not one-third of the men who were drafted from Syria ever returned. The drafting still goes on, and if the Turks hold Palestine long enough they will succeed in making the country a desert. Villages inhabited a few years ago are now completely deserted. The roads are utterly neglected, and have been so for centuries, though adequate labour well directed would easily repair and keep them in order; few parts of the Roman empire were better furnished with roads than Palestine and Syria.

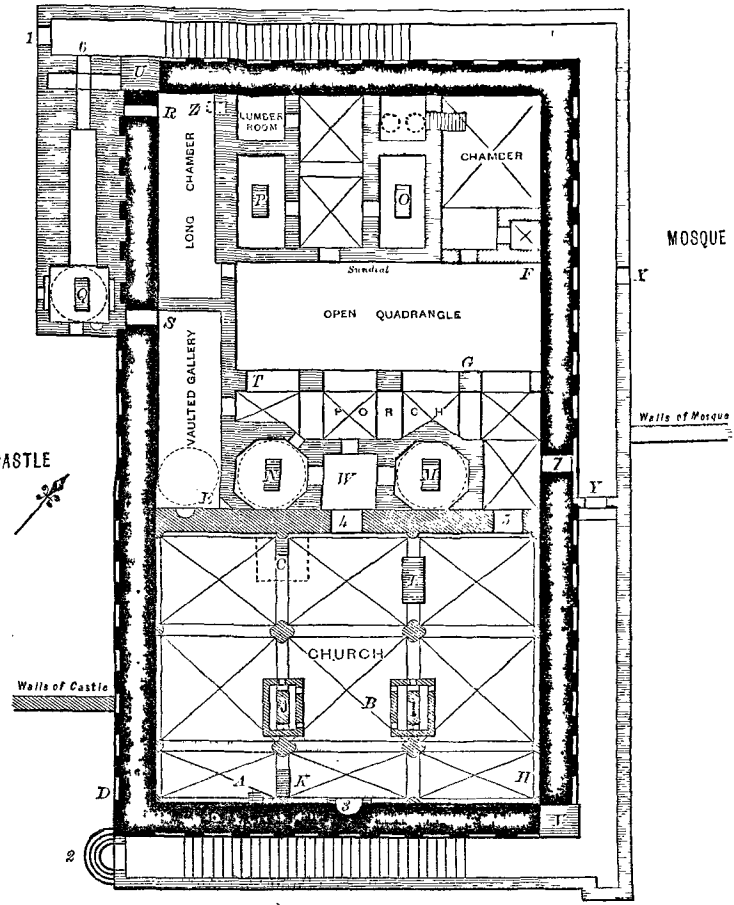
Two miles short of Hebron turned off the road to visit Beit-el-Khulîl, a quarter of a mile to the east. Two courses of great stones six feet thick, and some over seventeen feet long, enclose a courtyard on three sides (within which stood Abraham's traditional Terebinth), with a large well in the south-west corner. The walls surround all the ground that was consecrated by the roots of the sacred tree. Only the stump, revered then by the natives St. Jerome tells us, was visible in his boyhood, and afterwards not even that. Constantine built a Basilica here, the remains of which are apparently a little further off on the east side of the enclosure. Some say the terebinth was in the Basilica; but the site of the tree was always moving about and has not come to rest yet. When the tree was standing it would be an apt place for a country fair, the frequenters of which would sit about on this low stone wall. This is what the place was built for, perhaps, in the Herodian times. The fair is said to have been held here when Hadrian sold the Jews as slaves after Bether had fallen in 135 A.D. Mamre is

probably er Rameh, a quarter of a mile south, the highest point in all southern Palestine, 3,346 feet above the sea.

We returned to the Roman road, and rode on to the entrance to Hebron, through the vineyards. These extend over six square miles, and in them the best grapes in Palestine are grown; in each there is a square stone tower. Olives, figs, quinces, pomegranates and apricots, also here abound. About a mile short of Hebron on the west of the road is Ain Sâreh (the old name was Sirah), where Abner was caught and taken back to Hebron (2 Sam. iii. 26). The spring flows from a spout into a small tank. The road is very narrow here between the vineyards, "a wall being on this side and a wall on that." On arrival in Hebron at 4.30 P.M. we were met by all the Jews of the town in their festive dress; the Pharisees with their round fur caps and long stray curls streaming down at the side of their heads. They are the descendants of Polish Jews and are under British protection. Everywhere the water and the springs are gushing out beside the road: there are no less than thirty-five of these near Hebron, and ten large wells. Its being so well watered would account for Hebron having been chosen as the site of one of the oldest still existent cities in the world—it was founded "seven years before Zoan in Egypt" (Num. xiii. 22)—and for Abraham's having first bought land here from the Hittite princes.

Rode up to our camp, which is pitched on the south of the town by the quarantine establishment. Raouf Pasha and his secretary, Joseph Krieger Effendi, who is a Jewish gentleman, came to call before the tents were pitched, and afterwards came to dinner. Much talk about our impending visit to the tombs of the Patriarchs and the mosque to-morrow morning. The two minarets at the corners of the great square dark Haram which encloses these are very conspicuous from our tent doors on the opposite side of the valley above the town.

Application had been made, by desire of the Queen, through the Foreign Office and Lord Dufferin at Constantinople, for the same facilities of access for us to all places of interest in Syria which were granted to the Prince of Wales in 1862, including admission to the Mosque, and if possible to the cave of Hebron. The Sultan fully concurred, and gave explicit orders to this effect; but it is an instance of the curious ignorance that seems to prevail at the Porte respecting matters of detail at a distance from Constantinople, that we were assured it was impracticable



Arab work (14th Cent.) Herodian work

Christian work Recent work

Scale of Feet.

10 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100

PLAN OF MOSQUE OF HEBRON.

The accompanying plan, made by Captain Conder, R.E., on the return of the party to camp, presents considerable additions to those made on former occasions by other explorers. It may be considered worthy of reliance as regards the general arrangements; the walls of the church were accurately measured with a two-foot rule, while the interior of Joseph's tomb was measured with a steel tape. The exterior walls of the enclosure are calculated from careful measurements of the buttresses, and the result agrees within a foot with that obtained by Mr. Fergusson in 1864. The remaining dimensions were obtained by pacing, and are only supposed to be approximately correct. In the plan given by Dean Stanley the mosque he marks F, with tombs of two Moslem saints, is quite out of position. It was there inserted from memory of what is shown in the Jâwaliyeh Mosque, which opens out of the passage marked *X* in Captain Conder's plan. The other chief inaccuracy in that plan is that the shrines of Isaac and Rebecca are placed at right angles to their

proper position. The doors shown on the plan (*R* and *S*) lead into the upper chamber of Joseph's tomb. The portion outside the Haram wall actually shown is that of the tomb chamber itself—which is below the level of *R* and *S*.

A, *B*, *C*, entrances through pavement of the church into the cave beneath; *D*, perforation through Haram wall into cave; *E*, Adam's footprint; *F*, Greek inscription; *G*, Arabic inscription; *H*, Greek inscription; *I*, cenotaph of Rebecca; *J*, cenotaph of Isaac; *K*, mimbar, or pulpit; *L*, merhala, or reading desk; *M*, cenotaph of Sarah; *N*, cenotaph of Abraham; *O*, cenotaph of Leah; *P*, cenotaph of Jacob; *Q*, cenotaph of Joseph; *R*, entrance through Haram wall into long chamber beyond; *S*, entrance into Joseph's shrine; *T*, sebil or water-cistern for ablutions; *U*, *V*, minarets; *W*, antechamber between porch and church; *X*, entrance into Jâwaliyeh Mosque; *Y*, entrance into passage round Haram; *Z*, steps where ascent is obtained on to roof of lumber room, and thence on to the top of the N.W. wall of Haram, and thence to minaret. 1, 2, entrances into mosque enclosure; 3, mihrab in church; 4, 5, doors into church; 6, door into substructure (on the same level as 1); 7, door into Haram.

now to travel from Jerusalem to Hebron, as the roads were not safe, and the pasha at Jerusalem had not a sufficient force of military at his disposal to ensure our safe conduct thither. The road, however, between Jerusalem and Hebron is as secure as that between any two country towns in England, and no guards whatever are required for the passage. So this excuse was at once overruled, and the pasha was told we were going to Hebron as ordinary travellers, and that without any escort. Subsequently, after further telegraphic communications with the Foreign Office and with Constantinople, permission was telegraphed from the Porte for us "to visit the Mosque at Hebron, and the Cave," if the pasha at Jerusalem considered he had sufficient military at his disposal to ensure our safety from fanatics or other disturbers of the public peace, there or on the road. His Excellency Raouf Pasha had accordingly started from Jerusalem on April 2nd with such soldiers as he considered desirable, to make preparations at Hebron for our visit two days afterwards.

Immediately on our arrival began the series of striking contrasts between the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1862, as described by Dean Stanley in the Appendix to his *Sermons in the East* (pp. 141-169), and that of ourselves in 1882. Instead of the obstacles and difficulties which Sûraya Pasha in 1862 threw in the way of the Prince of Wales, Raouf Pasha acted with straightforward generosity and did all he could to facilitate our visit. At dinner that evening he explained how, during the day, he had been all over the Mosque with the custodian, and that no entry to the cave could be discovered. His Excellency promised, however, that the next day's search should be as thorough as he or we could make it. Every hole and corner, every passage and door, should be opened and explored. And in further contrast with what Sûraya Pasha stated to Dean Stanley (p. 160), "that he never thought of visiting the Mosque of Hebron for any other purpose than that of sniffing the sacred air," Raouf Pasha, as a devout and strict Moslem, expressed his

own earnest wish to penetrate the cave beneath the mosque. It is impossible to speak in too high terms of the liberality of sentiment, and of the straightforwardness and courtesy shown towards us both, which distinguished Raouf Pasha throughout the whole of this visit. He said that at one point only he hoped we would stop short—the destruction or removal by force of any of the stones of the building. We assured him we hoped this last resort for obtaining entrance to the cave would not be necessary.

April 5th.—Very cold, thermometer 50°, over 3,000 feet above the sea. Woke in the morning to the cawing of crows, large grey-bodied birds with black heads and tails. After a cup of coffee started at 6.30 on foot with the pasha, and walked past "the pool in Hebron," up through the streets of the town to the Haram. The inhabitants of the town showed every sign of pleasure at the visit, and though a file of soldiers was drawn up at the entrance to the mosque, they really only served as a guard of honour, and were not necessary for protection. There was no "military occupation of the town" such as described by Dean Stanley on the occasion of his visit. At the bottom of the steps (2) the Turkish guard were drawn up and presented arms as we passed in. Our party of ten Englishmen entered the enclosure at 7 A.M. Besides ourselves there were Sir Charles Wilson, Captain Conder, Mr. Noel Temple Moore, Dr. Turnbull, sub-lieutenants F. B. Henderson and Hugh Evan-Thomas, Mr. Frank Cook, and Mr. Dalton. We visited every part of the enclosure and remained in the Haram until 10 A.M. The results of the visit add materially to the information previously obtained as to the Haram and mosque. The account that follows is taken partly from what Sir Charles Wilson and Captain Conder wrote out for us afterwards (their original reports were sent by the Prince of Wales to the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee, and appear in the Quarterly Statement for October 1882), and partly from our own notes. The hereditary guardian of the mosque, and his attendants, met us at the door (*Y*), where shoes were removed, and conducted us straight through 7 to the eastern aisle and so into the nave of the church, by the door numbered 5 on the plan.

The Outer Walls.—These enclose a quadrangle measuring 197 feet in length, by 111 feet in width externally. At the four angles are buttresses, 9 feet wide on each face, and projecting 10 inches from the walls. Between these there are eight buttresses on the end walls, and sixteen buttresses on the longer side walls, each measuring 3 feet 9 inches in width, and projecting 10 inches from

the walls at intervals of 7 feet. All these buttresses are 25 feet high, and they stand on a base wall which is flush with their faces. The top course of the base wall is bevelled between the buttresses.

The masonry of which these walls are composed is the same throughout, including the base wall beneath the buttresses. The face of each stone (as in the older masonry of the Jerusalem Haram, at the Jews' wailing place) is drafted on each of its four edges with a shallow and very carefully-finished draft, generally about 4 inches wide, and projecting half an inch off the face of the stone. The tooling of the draft is executed in exactly the same manner as in the case of the Jerusalem Haram masonry, an adze or fine-toothed instrument having been employed. A second band of similar tooling, about 4 inches wide, runs round the face of the stone, immediately within the draft, and the rest of the face is carefully finished with a pointed instrument struck with a mallet, exactly as in the Jerusalem drafted masonry. The average height of the courses is 3 feet 7 inches (exactly as at Jerusalem); the largest stone seen measured 24 feet 8 inches in length by 3 feet 8½ inches in height. The whole character of the masonry at Hebron thus reproduces so closely that found at the base of the Haram walls at Jerusalem, that it seems certain that both structures must be referred to the same building epoch, and would therefore be almost certainly Herodian. Both at Jerusalem and Hebron a level platform is obtained by massive walls of large stones, with marginal drafts. It would indeed almost seem as if the Hebron Haram were a copy in miniature of the Temple Haram at Jerusalem. The existence of projecting buttresses on the walls of the Jerusalem Haram has been proved by the discovery of two still remaining *in situ*, at the north-west angle of that enclosure. They were first visited in 1873, and found to stand on a base wall, the top course bevelled between the buttresses just as that described above. In the Jerusalem example the buttresses were 4½ feet wide, 8 feet apart, and projected 6 inches from the walls of the Haram.

The thickness of the walls between the buttresses at Hebron is 8½ feet (the same as that of the Jerusalem Haram walls). The stones on the inner face of the wall are dressed plainly, without any draft. A bold cornice crowns the wall inside on the west. The buttresses have a simple projecting cap on the outside of the wall. The level of the cornice is 25 feet above that of the interior court, which coincides with the level of the top of the base wall beneath the buttresses. The same arrangement has

been shown to have existed in the Jerusalem Haram, the level of the top of the bevelled course of the base wall between the buttresses coinciding with the rocky floor of the inner court of that enclosure in the north-west corner. The inner court at Hebron is about 15 feet above the level of the street on the west of the Haram, and the total height of the ancient wall, from base to cornice, is thus on an average about 40 feet. A modern wall with battlements, plastered and whitewashed, is built on the top of the ancient ramparts. On the north, south, and east, the old enclosure is surrounded by a second of more modern masonry, forming passages with two flights of steps as shown on the plan.

The only present entrance to the Haram is through a doorway (*Y*) in the longer or eastern wall, at a distance of 95 feet 7 inches from the south-east angle, as measured outside the ancient wall. To this doorway the passages from the two outer gates (1 and 2), both lead.

The bearing of the quadrangle is 50° true bearing, as carefully observed with a prismatic compass. The mihrabs, or Moslem prayer recesses (3), inside the mosque, thus point almost south-east.

The Church.—This building occupies the southern part of the Haram, and three of its outer walls are formed by the ancient ramparts. The interior length, measured with a rule, is 70 feet, the breadth is 93 feet. It is divided into a nave and two aisles of approximately equal width. The length is divided into three bays of unequal span, the southern—furthest from the entrance—being the narrowest. They measure respectively about 25 feet, 30 feet, and 15 feet.

The nave is lighted by a clerestory with three windows on each side. There is a low-pitched gable at the west (or rather north-west) end, pierced by a large window with a slightly pointed arch, above which there is another round window. The roof of the nave has a ridge lower than the top of the gable, so that the round window is now outside the roof. The interior of the roof is groined, with flat ribs and a slightly pointed section. The aisle roofs are nearly flat outside, having only a slight inclination inwards towards the walls of the clerestory. All the roofs are covered with lead. The nave vaulting is supported on the clustered columns of the four great piers, and the vaults of the aisles spring from brackets on the side walls. The engaged columns on the inner sides of the piers flanking the nave, are carried up to the spring of the clerestory vaulting.

The shafts of the columns are of rather heavy appearance, the capitals are chiefly adorned with thick leaves and small volutes of mediæval character. Another character of capital, of semi-Byzantine appearance, also occurs. The six clerestory windows, the large west window, and the smaller end window in the southern (or rather south-eastern) wall, are all pointed with a low point. Heavy external buttresses occur between the side windows. The roof of the transept, or south-eastern bay of the church, is carried across at right angles to the ridge of the gable, and at the same level, and thus forms with it a T-shaped ridge, extending to the outer walls of the aisles.

The Cave.—The most important feature of the Haram is the great cave which exists beneath the floor of the church. This was not entered by us, because it was found that the only known entrances are three (*A*, *B*, *C*,) existing in the floor of the church itself; these are never now opened, and could only be reached by breaking up the flags of the flooring, a proceeding which would have been regarded as a desecration of the sanctuary by the Moslem custodians. The Cave is described, by the Sheikh of the Mosque, as being double, and this agrees with the signification of the original name Machpelah ("division in half") applied to the cave in which the patriarchs were buried (Gen. xxiii.). In later writings the cave is always described as being double, and in the middle ages it was known as Spelunca Duplex ("the double cave"). We were shown the situation of two entrances as marked at the points *A* and *B* on the plan. The entrance at *A* was closed with stone slabs clamped with iron. These were covered with matting, and a small cupola, supported on four slender pillars, has been constructed over the spot. This entrance is said to lead to the western cave, where (or in the inner cave), the actual tombs of the patriarchs are reputed to exist. At the point *B* is the entrance to the eastern cave. It is closed with flagging which forms the floor of the church, and is cemented down, but there is no shrine or cupola above it. It was covered over with matting and carpets, and the whole floor of the mosque is so covered that without their complete removal it is impossible to say whether the surface does not contain other clamped entrances, or even portions of the live rock protruding from beneath.

At the point *C*, close to the north-west wall of the church, is a shaft, covered by a stone, like those at the mouths of wells in Palestine, rising above the level of the church floor. The hole in this stone

is slightly more than a foot in diameter. A lamp was lowered through it, by aid of which a chamber was seen below, under the floor of the church. The first lamp (an oil one) that was lowered gave a feeble light and was only lowered a short distance. But at the bidding of the pasha a larger and brighter lamp, with candles and a longer chain, was brought. This fully illuminated the whole space beneath, and by its aid the door, walls, floor, and sides of this chamber were clearly seen. The floor of the chamber appeared to be about fifteen feet below that of the church, and the chamber was square, and seemed to be about twelve feet either way, with vertical walls apparently covered with plaster. All four walls were well seen, and in that towards the south-east a doorway could be distinctly perceived, which has never previously been described. It is said to lead to the western cave, and it closely resembled the square doorways which give access to ancient rock-cut tombs in Palestine. The floor of the chamber was thickly strewn with sheets of paper, which have been inscribed by the Moslems with supplications to the patriarchs, and thrown down the shaft through the well mouth in the church floor: they did not seem to be old. The whitewash on the walls of the chamber was white, clean, and apparently of no great age; from this it may be inferred that the chamber, whence there is an entrance to the cave, is periodically visited and cleaned by the guardians of the mosque. It appeared that access to the chamber might be obtained by removing the perforated stone at the point *C* on the plan. This stone rises above the floor of the mosque, and is pierced by a circular hole a little more than twelve inches in diameter; beneath the floor, however, the hole becomes larger, and, if the stone were removed, a man could descend by help of a rope or ladder.

There were no means of ascertaining whether the walls of the chamber were of rock or of masonry, but the roof appeared to be in part at least of rock, sloping down on the north from the mouth of the shaft, like that of a cave or cistern, while in the south-east corner a piece of rock appeared to project across the angle of the chamber. It should be noted that there did not appear to be any access to this chamber, other than that through the square-headed doorway from the cave, already described. The other three walls were seemingly solid throughout. If, therefore, there ever existed any entrance to the cave from the courtyard of the church, distinct from the two entrances *A* and *B* in the floor of the church, as above described, it would seem probable that such communication has been

closed, by building up the northern wall of the small chamber just described as visible through the shaft at *C*. This may have been done when the level of the inner courtyard was raised on its south side to a height level with the top of the caves. This court, open to the air, and at first more than half the area of the Haram, probably represented originally "the field of Mamre before the cave" (Gen. xxiii. 17), and was originally entered from the exterior by an entrance below, either *R* or *S*, now blocked by the buildings which are subsequently described, and which we were the first to examine. The exterior and interior of the northern half of the Haram would thus have been on the same level in Herodian times. It is possible that the original entrance there was similar in design to that at "Barclay's Gateway," in the Jerusalem Haram, and that the portal in the massive masonry is concealed by the buildings known as Joseph's Tomb. It seemed quite clear that some entrance to the caves beneath the level of the platform was closed by the northern wall of the chamber at *C*, opposite the small square doorway. When the level of the court was artificially, and probably gradually (with *débris* of Byzantine church, &c.) raised fifteen feet, the present approaches round the exterior of the Haram, and at a higher level, were necessitated; and they are entirely Moslem.

It seems probable, then, from the situation and size of the chamber under *C*, that the Double Cave lies entirely beneath the limits of the church, and to the south of the door seen in the chamber wall, and that there is now no cavity extending under the floor of the inner court to the north-west of the church. The cave probably resembles many of the rock-cut sepulchres of Palestine, with a square antechamber carefully quarried, and two interior sepulchral chambers, to which access has been made at a later period through the roofs. It is, however, possible that the antechamber under *C* may be a later addition, and partly built of masonry.

In connection with the question of the cave, it should be noted that at the point *D*, on the outside of the Haram wall, close to the steps of the southern entrance gateway, there is a hole through the lowest course of the masonry, on the level of the street. It extends some distance, and is said to admit of the whole length of a lance being passed through the wall. It thus probably communicates with the inside of the western cave, which would thus extend right up to the wall at the south-west angle of the Haram.

The Cenotaphs.—The Haram contains six large cenotaphs, standing on the floor of the church and of the adjoining buildings.

They are now supposed by the Moslems to stand vertically above the actual graves of the three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of their wives, Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah. The reputed monuments of Isaac and Rebecca are within the church; those of Abraham and Sarah occupy octagonal chapels in the double porch, or narthex, before the church doors, and those of Jacob and Leah are placed in chambers near the north end of the Haram. The six monuments are thus equidistantly disposed along the length of the Haram; but it appears to be very doubtful whether they have any connection with the *loculi* or *sarcophagi*, which are described by early writers as existing in the cave itself.

Isaac and Rebecca have their cenotaphs (at the points J and I shown on the plan), within the church. They lie in the direction of the length of the nave, Isaac on the side of the western aisle. They are thus not disposed in accordance with Moslem custom, as they would then have lain at right angles to their actual position on their right sides, with their faces turned to the mihrab (3), or prayer recess. The same remark applies to the four other cenotaphs, and to the two cenotaphs of Joseph without the Haram.

All this seems easily accounted for by the probability that the present cenotaphs of Isaac and Rebecca occupy positions given them by the Christians, on each side of the approach to the High Altar, which stood in front of what is now the mihrab. The shrines of the other patriarchs were doubtless also once within the church, and parallel with these, and thus really over the cave. They could not have stood outside, as they do now, since the buildings in which they stand are all of later date and Arab work. The perforated entrance at *A*, if it then existed, would then be at the side of the High Altar, and that at *B* immediately in front of the altar steps, one into each cave. The pavement at *A*, which is secured by iron clamps, and which is said to cover a flight of steps, did not seem to have been disturbed for many years. The arrangement for reaching the cave by a flight of steps in one corner of the church would be similar to that adopted by the Crusaders when building the church over "David's Tomb" at Jerusalem.

The cenotaphs of Isaac and Rebecca are enclosed in masonry shrines of oblong form, with gable roofs, the ridges of which are about twelve feet above the church floor. The walls and roofs of the shrines are of well-dressed ashlar, in alternate bands of yellowish and reddish limestone, of the kind now known as Santa Croce marble, which is found in the vicinity. At the gable ends are brass

crescents. In the sides and roofs are windows, through which the cenotaphs are visible. A door gives access to each shrine, and is of wood, adorned with various patterns in brass work. The windows have heavy iron bars. The two cenotaphs inside are remarkably like the tombs of the Norman Kings at Palermo, in the cathedral there, and if erected by the Crusaders in the 12th century would be of the same date (vol. i p. 20). They are covered with richly embroidered silk hangings, and have cloths hung as canopies above them. Manuscript copies of the Koran, in book form, are placed all round the cenotaphs, lying open on low wooden rests. The coverings of Isaac's cenotaph are green, and those of Rebecca's crimson, the embroidered inscriptions being in silver and gold. The same colours are used in the other cenotaphs—all the males having deep green, which is the sacred Moslem colour, and all the females having crimson coverings. Arabic inscriptions on silver plates are fastened to the windows and doors of the shrines thus described.

Other details of the Church.—The *Mihrab* (3), or prayer recess of the Moslems, has been cut out of the end wall of the ancient Haram. It is flanked by slender pillars, with richly-carved capitals of Gothic design, and by two wax torches. Above the mihrab is a window of stained glass, resembling those in the dome of the Rock at Jerusalem, which date about 1528 A.D. The glass in this instance has, however, a peculiarity in the large opaque discs, which are arranged, in the form of an hour-glass, as a border to the richly-coloured pattern of the main design. It appears probable that the mihrab was cut out by the Moslems at a comparatively late period; the marble veneer is in late style, and the recess is too small to have been intended for an apse. The original church had probably no apses, for, although this is very unusual in Crusaders' buildings, it was in the present instance impossible to form apses at the ends of the nave and aisles, without destroying the great rampart wall of the Haram which constitutes the eastern (or south-eastern) end of the church.

In one corner of the eastern aisle, at the point *H*, a Greek inscription is built into the wall. It has been painted red. It was copied some time since, and published in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* (vol. xvi. p. 337). It contains an invocation to Abraham to bless and protect certain individuals at whose expense it was erected, and probably dates from about the time of Justinian.

The Mimbar, or pulpit (*K* on the plan), stands on the right of the mihrab. It is beautifully constructed of cabinet work, resembling that in the Aksa Mosque at Jerusalem. This appears to be the pulpit mentioned by Mejr-ed-Dîn as bearing the date 484 A.H. (1091 A.D.), which was given to the mosque by Saladin in 1187 A.D., after the capture of Ascalon. The similar pulpit at Jerusalem was also brought from Damascus, where it was made for Saladin.

The Merhala, or reading platform (at the point *L* on the plan) is similar to those in other mosques intended for the public reading of the Koran.

The walls of the church are veneered inside with marble to a height of six feet. Above this casing runs a band of Arabic inscriptions. The form of the characters seems to show that these texts are not of great antiquity, and they are probably not earlier than the end of the twelfth century. They are made on plaster, which is laid over a miniature imitation of arcade work in tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl. In many places pieces of this plaster have fallen off, and reveal the work beneath, which is very similar to that we afterwards saw in the great mosque at Damascus. Outside the shrine of Abraham, in the vestibule marked *W*, which was the central entrance to the church, it is nearly completely exposed on each of the four sides. Above these texts within the church the walls are whitewashed, and the name of God, with those of Mohammed, Aly, and other early heroes of Islam, are painted in black, on medallions attached to the walls. The piers and pillars are whitewashed, and the capitals are painted yellow. On the western side of the west aisle a channel is formed in the floor, close to the wall, that leads to a grating in the corner. This is said to be for water used in washing the hands by the Moslem worshippers.

The Porch, or Narthex.—This is double, as shown, and vaulted with a groined roof resting on heavy piers. It includes the two octagonal chapels in which are the cenotaphs of Abraham and Sarah. From the irregular manner in which these are built in, it would appear that the chapels are possibly older than the roofing and piers of the porch; but *the whole of these structures are evidently later than the church itself.* A flat lead roof covers the porch, and three small lead domes rise from it, over the two cenotaphs and over the vaulted chamber towards the west, hereafter to be described. The entrance doors of the church are concealed, and the whole effect of the façade is spoiled, by these additions.

The Shrine of Abraham was entered. The cenotaph is about eight feet long, and eight feet high, and four feet broad. It is covered with a green and white silk covering, embroidered with Arabic texts in gold thread. Two green banners, with gold lettering, are placed leaning against the cenotaph. The entrance to the shrine is closed by open-barred gates, stated to be iron plated with silver, and bearing an inscription in silver letters (which gives the date 1259 A.D.), with an invocation to Abraham. The pattern of these gates, with heavy globular sockets for the cross-bars, is exactly like that found at Damascus and elsewhere, in the best Arab ironwork. The walls of the shrine or chapel are cased with marble, and have gilt inscriptions in Arabic letters running at the top of the wall near the springing of the dome. Silver lamps and ostrich-shells are hung before the cenotaph, and copies of the Koran, on low wooden rests, surround it. A fine window of stained glass, similar to that already described in the church, lights the shrine from the side of the porch; round the coloured design are discs of opaque glass, as in the former window, the border in this case consisting of nine discs, arranged up the sides and round the head of the window, which is semicircular.

The Shrine of Sarah was not entered. It resembles that of Abraham, with open-barred gates and a domed roof. The coverings of the cenotaph are of crimson silk, with gold inscriptions on a black ground, on squares let into the crimson.

The piers and arches of the porch are faced with well-dressed ashlar, in alternate bands of buff and red stone. On the pier (at *G*) is an inscription in Arabic, stating that the porch was restored by the governor of Damascus (1755 A.D.). At the west end of the porch (at *T*) is a small *sebil*, or water cistern, for ablutions.

The Courtyard.—This is the only part of the interior of the Haram which is open to the air. On the south-east, the arches of the porch (which are pointed) open upon it. At the opposite side are the buildings that enclose the shrines of Jacob and Leah. In one corner there were some very young palm shoots growing in a box. On the north-east side the court is bounded by the ancient ramparts, and on the north-west by the vaulted chamber or mosque in front of Joseph's tomb. On this side the wall is formed by archways filled in with masonry. The arches are pointed, and the ashlar is in alternate reddish and yellowish bands, as before noticed in the arches of the porch. The north (or north-west) wall is of small masonry, well-dressed, and with a tooling finished with a fine adze,

but without any mason's marks, and having all the appearance of good Arab work. On the inside of the ancient rampart, at the point *F*, about five feet from the ground, is a short Greek inscription, or graffita, of which little more than Abraham's name is distinguishable. It was evidently cut after the stone was *in situ*. The form of the letters is of the Byzantine period. The constructions in the north corner of the courtyard appear to be more modern than any other part of the building. A straight joint divides this part of the wall of the court from the rest. Inside steps lead up to a small chamber at a higher level. The character of the masonry is poorer and looks more modern. The chambers at the north (and north-west) end of the court were, for the first time, thoroughly examined during our visit, and the new plan here differs considerably from those formerly attempted.

The Shrines of Jacob and Leah are visible through open-barred gates from the passage between them, which has a groined roof in two bays. The cenotaphs, (*P* and *O*) with green and red hangings respectively, roughly resemble in shape only those of Abraham and Sarah already described. There is a small chamber behind Jacob's shrine which was entered, but it proved to be only a lumber-room. The corresponding chamber behind the shrine of Leah contains two circular cells or copper-like hollows, which are said to be now used for storing oil. The shafts in their roofs were seen in the floor of a chamber reached by steps (*Z*) from the vaulted long chamber in the north-west angle of the Haram, as shown on the plan. The floor of this upper chamber is eight feet above the level of the courtyard.

The long chamber, reached from the door in the north-west angle of the court, is empty. From it steps ascend, as shown (*Z*), to the minaret, which stands on the corner of the ancient rampart (at *U*). A second minaret stands at the opposite or south-east angle (at *V*).

In the north-west angle of the long chamber a wooden door was broken open (at *R*). It was found to lead, through the thickness of the ancient rampart wall, into a vaulted chamber with groined pointed arches, having a very broad, flat rib. The chamber measured about fifty feet by twenty feet, one side being formed by the outer face of the ancient rampart. It stands upon substructions, which form below a passage to the lower tomb of Joseph, subsequently explored in the afternoon. Projecting from the north end wall was a structure which at first sight looked like the head

of a stairway with the steps covered over. This structure consists of two small walls of smooth cut stone about three feet high, jutting out for about the same distance from the north wall of the chamber. Lead, we were told, is sometimes melted there for mending the roof, but the place originally was not made at all for such a purpose; though lead melted here would be handy for carrying up staircase (*Z*) for repairing the roof. No remains of any staircase were found in afterwards exploring the passage beneath. Large windows looked down from the chamber thus described into the enclosure of the *Kala'h*, or castle, which has been built against the Haram on this side. The chamber, with other vaulted substructures built against the Haram wall, dates probably from the later Moslem period after the Crusades.

The Shrine of Joseph adjoins the southern end of the exterior chamber just described. It is approached from the porch of the church through a vaulted gallery, in the south-east corner of which is the niche of Adam's footprint (at *E*). The cenotaph of Joseph is covered with pale green silk, having white lettering. The chamber has a lantern of octagonal shape, surmounted by a dome covered with lead. The whole of the workmanship of the shrine of Joseph, and of the other exterior chambers adjoining the Haram, appears to be of Arab origin. The exterior chamber to the north of the upper shrine of Joseph has a flat lead roof, on the same level with that from which the small dome above the shrine now springs.

The Prophet's Footprint.—This sacred footprint, variously called that of Adam, or of Mohammed, is preserved in one corner of the vaulted gallery leading to the upper tomb of Joseph, in the end wall of which a mihrab, or prayer recess, has been constructed close to the footprint (*E*). The relic, which is said to have been brought from Mecca some 600 years ago, consists of a slab of stone with a sunk portion resembling the impression of a human foot of ordinary size. It is enclosed in a recess at the back of the shrine of Abraham, and placed on a sort of shelf, about three feet from the floor. Such relics occur in many other Syrian mosques, as, for instance, in the Dome of the Rock, and in the Aksa Mosque at Jerusalem, where the footprints of Mohammed and of Christ respectively are shown. There is a small lead dome above the end of the vaulted gallery close to this last shrine.

Discoveries.—The principal new discoveries due to our visit are—

1st. The discovery of the position of the entrance *B*, said to

lead to the eastern cave. The entrances *A* and *C* had been mentioned by former explorers.

2nd. The description of the appearance of the antechamber, and the discovery of the door seen leading thence to the cave within.

3rd. The exploration of the passage leading to the lower cenotaph of Joseph, and the discovery of this cenotaph, which has not been previously described.

4th. The exploration of the various chambers adjoining the courtyard, which have never been correctly represented on former plans.

5th. We were the first Christians who have ascended the minaret at the north-west corner. We spent some time on the parapets of the Haram, and thus had the best means of verifying the accuracy of the subjoined plan of the area. There is a walk all round the parapets of the Haram, and communication thus with the minaret at the south-east corner, to which we did not perceive any door from below, neither was such to be expected, since the minaret was built on to the top of the solid Herodian wall at a much later period. Access to the minaret at *U* was obtained by a staircase from the roof. The view from the minaret was pretty, and extended away to our camp in the distance on the west of the town. It was warmer and brighter now than in the early morning, and we spent a very pleasant half-hour on the minaret and parapets.

All that now remains to be done on the occasion of any future visit is first to examine the whole floor of the church under the carpets, and then to obtain access into the cave itself. This cave is, however, never visited by ordinary Moslems, and it has probably not been entered for 700 years at least. Access might be obtained either by opening one of the two entrances *A* or *B*, now identified, or possibly by removing the stone over the shaft at *C*, and lowering a ladder into the antechamber. The latter would probably be the most expeditious method, but either would be regarded by the Moslems with extreme repugnance. Such repugnance would be, however, only temporary; as soon as entrance had been once effected and no one was one whit the worse, the feeling would be rather one of admiration for those who had penetrated the interior in a reverent manner, than enmity towards them. This has been shown more than once before in opening up other sacred spots. Raouf Pasha said that repairs to the fabric were about to be undertaken, and that it was his full determination then, if possible, to penetrate to the cave if he found any means of entry.

The hereditary guardian of the Haram at first appeared evidently to be anything but well disposed towards our visit, and as he threw back, with the help of his attendants, the carpet that covered the point *B* in the plan—which Raouf Pasha had discovered the day before, and therefore insisted on our seeing—he did so with an air of dignity, despair, and resignation, as if he thought that the end of the world had arrived. His religious feelings, though suppressed, were most manifest; he expected we should use force to raise the stones, and was greatly relieved when we passed on, not having done so. The quiet persistency with which we examined the whole of the buildings was taken, we hope, as a sign of our reverence for the sacred places in his charge, and when some of us in the afternoon revisited the Haram, he was quite pleasant and affable. His relief was great that the cave had not been entered, though we had seen more of the mosque and buildings than any other Christians have done since the place passed into Moslem hands.

Historical Notices of the Hebron Haram.

It is remarkable that no historical notice is known to exist of the building of the great quadrangle surrounding the sacred cave. The cave of Machpelah is not noticed in the Bible, save in connection with the burial of the patriarchs, and there is no reason to believe that any building was erected on the spot before the captivity. Josephus (*Wars*, IV. ix. 7) speaks of the monuments (μνημεῖα) of the patriarchs at Hebron as existing in his own times, "the fabrics of which monuments are of the most excellent marble, and wrought after the most elegant manner." And in the Talmud (Tal. Bab. Erubin, 53*a*) Hebron is said to have been called Kirjath Arba (*i.e.* city of *the four*, cf. Gen. xxiii. 2, and Neh. xi. 25), because "four patriarchs with their wives were there buried, including Adam and Eve." This tradition is continually repeated by later writers, including Jerome.

If we take the various Christian, Jewish, and Moslem descriptions of the Haram (such as they are), in chronological order, we find they all cohere and piece in together, and from the independent testimony of successive eye-witnesses we can construct a fair account of the state of the place when they severally visited it.

The Bordeaux Pilgrim (333 A.D.) speaks of a square *memoria* of marvellously beautiful masonry, in which were placed the three

patriarchs and their three wives; probably he alludes to the Haram and merely to the quadrangle of the ancient ramparts.

In 383 A.D. St. Paula visited the "cells of Sarah, and the resting-place of Isaac," but no notice is made by St. Jerome in this narration of the other patriarchs. In connection with this point it should be noted that the Moslems, too, attach far more importance to the shrines of Isaac and Rebecca, at the present day, than to those of the other patriarchs at Hebron. They are the only ones now shown within the mosque, and are apparently the oldest of the six; very probably they are the same as (or like) those which stood there in the Byzantine and Crusaders' churches, on either side of the approach to the High Altar; and the hearse-like canopies of stone that surround these two cenotaphs, with their open work, as represented on the plan, resemble those found in Christian buildings of that date, and are altogether different from anything there is over the other four shrines. These stand, therefore, probably *in situ*. In the Christian arrangement of the church an altar probably also stood at the end of each side-aisle: Abraham's in the south-east, Isaac's in the centre, and Jacob's in the south-west. This arrangement of separate altars would resemble that which existed in the church on Tabor, where Moses and Elijah each had a separate altar and side chapel.

In 570 A.D. Antoninus Martyr describes a basilica of quadrangular form, with an inner atrium open to the sky. At that date a partition ran across it, and Jews and Christians entered by different gates (4 and 5) to burn incense at the shrine. He adds: "The burial of Jacob is celebrated by all on the first day after Christmas."

In 700 A.D. Bishop Arculphus gives a very detailed account of the site. He mentions that "contrary to the usual custom the patriarchs lie with their feet to the south and heads to the north, and they are enclosed by a square low wall." This would apply possibly to the quadrangle of the ancient ramparts, before the modern battlemented wall was built above. "Each of the tombs is covered" Arculphus continues "with a single stone worked somewhat in the form of a church, and of a light colour for those of the three patriarchs, which are together." This seems to indicate sarcophagi such as are found throughout Palestine belonging to the Roman period, or possibly cenotaphs like those at present existing. Arculphus "also saw poorer and smaller monuments of the three women, Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah, who were here buried in the earth."

The three patriarchs' shrines *seem* then to have been shown to Arculphus inside the church, Isaac where he is now, and perhaps Abraham where Rebecca's shrine now is, and Jacob nearer the door to the south of *C*, "before the entrance to the sepulchral cave," as Jelâl-ed-Dîn describes it later. The three women's shrines were then outside, apparently in the open quadrangle. Arculphus also speaks of the tomb of Adam as north of the others, and many mediæval writers mention the cave near Hebron, in which Adam and Eve are supposed to have lived. The tomb of Adam would thus have taken the vacant place at *L*, close to the other three patriarchs in the church but to the north of them.

Among the chroniclers of the Crusades, John of Wurtzburg (1100 A.D.), Theodoricus (1172 A.D.), and Jacques of Vitry (1220 A.D.), still speak of the fourth tomb as being that of Adam. Later, however, the tradition appears to have undergone a change; probably because the tomb of Adam was then shown under Calvary in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, whither it had migrated because it was more convenient for Christians to see it there after this Hebron site had re-passed into Moslem possession.

In 1100 A.D. Hebron was bestowed by Godfrey of Bouillon on Gerhard of Avennes as a fief.

In 1102 A.D. Sæwulf further describes the Haram:—"On the eastern side of Hebron are the monuments of the holy patriarchs, of ancient workmanship, surrounded by a very strong castle, *each of the three monuments being like a great church, with two sarcophagi placed in a very honourable fashion within*, that is, one for the man and one for the woman. (This exactly describes Isaac's and Rebecca's shrines, but not the others.) But the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel, as he charged them, brought with them out of Egypt, are buried more humbly than the rest, as it were, *at the extremity of the castle*," (possibly where his cenotaph is now shown).[1]

The tombs of the three patriarchs then remained in the same position as that in which Arculphus had seen them in 700 A.D.; but by this time the sites of the ladies' tombs had been brought more comfortably inside the church, and in a more Christian manner each wife had been placed by her husband. Rebecca would repose

[1] It may be inferred from the wording of a passage in Josephus (*Antiq.* II. viii. 2), that some of the Jews even of his day believed Joseph to have been buried with his ancestors at Hebron, an idea originating perhaps in jealousy of the Samaritans who possessed the real tomb of Joseph at Shechem (Josh. xxiv. 32).

with Isaac under his canopy at *J*—the position of the tomb of Isaac ("the jealous") is the only one that never has been shifted—Sarah with Abraham in that at *I*, and Leah with Jacob in a similar one at his father's feet, and nearer the door of the church at *C*. Adam and Eve would repose at *L*.

In 1163 A.D. an account of the cave, the most circumstantial we have, is given by Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela. He visited the Haram during the period of the Christian occupation, and speaks of it as "a large place of worship called St. Abraham," a title which is commonly applied to the Haram by the Christian writers of the twelfth century. "The Gentiles" (or Christians), he writes, "have erected six sepulchres in this place, which they pretend to be those of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Rebecca, and of Jacob and Leah; the pilgrims are told that they are the sepulchres of the fathers, and money is extorted from them." This agrees with their actual position; and, as described by Sæwulf sixty years before, the six were no doubt in three pairs, each pair under its own canopy, and all within the church, and more or less over the caves. But even then they were only shown as cenotaphs, not as actually containing the bodies of the patriarchs and their wives. These were, of course, in the vault or cave below. Rabbi Benjamin continues: "But if any Jew comes who gives an additional fee to the keeper of the cave, an iron door is opened (probably this hung in the screen of separation) which dates from the times of our forefathers who rest in peace, and with a burning candle in his hand the visitor descends into a first cave (probably under *C*) which is empty, traverses a second in the same state (probably under *A*) and at last reaches a third (probably under *B*) which contains six sepulchres—those of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of Sarah, Rebecca, Leah, one opposite the other. All these sepulchres bear inscriptions, the letters being engraved; thus upon that of our father Abraham we read—'This is the tomb of Abraham our father, upon him be peace,' and so on that of Isaac and all the other sepulchres. A lamp burns in the cave and upon the sepulchres continually, both night and day; and you there see tubs filled with the bones of Israelites; for unto this day it is a custom of the house of Israel to bring thither the bones of their forefathers and to leave them there."

The eastern cave, in which Benjamin of Tudela describes the six tablets to be, is probably that under *B*. The aisle above this would be the most revered—it contained Adam and Eve's tomb—and at its end

stood, as above suggested, the altar of Abraham; and the invocatory graffite inscriptions, both at *H* and *F*, would seem to endorse the belief that this was the side of the church and enclosure more peculiarly invested with his tutelage.

The two entrances to the church (spoken of by Antoninus in 600), one for the Jews and one for the Christians, were probably the present two entrances; that in the centre was the one for the Christians (4), and that on the north-east (5), was the one for the Jews, who would thus readily obtain access by this side door to the eastern aisle, in which stood the shrines of the Father of all men, and of the Father of the Faithful. Into the other two aisles of the church and to the entrance of the cave an ordinary Jew would not be allowed to penetrate. But for a fee the Rabbi was actually taken into the Christians' aisle, and so down through the door, as he describes.

Tubs or arks (cf. p. 205) like those mentioned by Rabbi Benjamin are described in the Talmud, and many of them have been found, bearing rude Hebrew inscriptions, in tombs near Jerusalem. They are generally now called osteophagi; and the mention of such a detail in connection with the Hebron cave seems to render it probable that the account is genuine, and that Rabbi Benjamin actually obtained admission to the interior. He appears to have entered through the existing antechamber, but no steps are now found in this chamber, so far as can be ascertained by looking down from above. The inscriptions on the tombs, if they really existed, were probably not of great antiquity.

In 1167 the town was made the see of a Bishop, having been previously only a priory (see William of Tyre, xx. 3).

In 1187 A.D. the place was taken by Saladin. Though Hebron is rarely mentioned by the historians of the Crusades, yet there is no reason to doubt that, as it remained for forty-eight years in the hands of the Christians, the erection of a church would probably have taken place during this period. And probably it would have occupied the same position over the caves as the previously existing Byzantine church, portions of which may even have been worked into the present church, and in fact some of the capitals are of "semi-Byzantine character."

Mejr-ed-Dîn the Arab historian, writing in 1495 A.D., speaks of the mosque at Hebron as the work of the Greeks (*Rûm*), by which term the Greek Christians are intended. Jelâl ed Dîn about the same time says that the Moslems destroyed the church when

Saladin took Hebron; but it appears probable that the destruction, as in other cases, only extended to the desecration of the altars and of the images and pictures of the Christians and to the rearrangement of the shrines.

After the Moslem conquest in 1187 it appears to have become very difficult for even Jews to enter the cave. Rabbi Samuel bar Simson claims, however, to have visited the interior in 1210 A.D. "We descended," he writes in his itinerary, "by twenty-four steps, very narrow and without means of turning to the right hand or the left. We saw there the place of the Holy House, and we noticed the monuments. This place has been erected 600 years since (*i.e.*, *circa* 600 A.D.). It is near the cavern." This account is too condensed to be of much value; but by the Holy House he appears to mean the church, and by the date he gives, he seems to have heard some tradition of the Byzantine church, such as Antoninus Martyr described in 600 A.D.

In 1322 Sir John Maundeville says that no Christian might enter the Haram. It had then been made an adjunct of the mosque by the structure in front of the original entrances at *R* and *S*.

From the Arab historians Makrizi and Mejr-ed-Dîn, we learn that the buildings round the open quadrangle were erected in 732 A.H. (1331 A.D.), by the Memlook Sultan Mohammed Ibn Kelawun, and that the tomb of Joseph was built by the Emîr Jaghmuri in 1393 A.D. The Arab accounts of the cave are untrustworthy and unimportant.

In the *Jichus ha Aboth*, a tract dating from 1537 A.D., the Haram is also described: "An admirable and magnificent edifice, attributed to King David, on whom be peace. Near the door is a little window in the wall; they pretend that it extends to the cavern: it is here that the Jews pray, as they are not allowed to go into the interior." This may be the same hole (*D*) described above, close to the southern entrance (2), resembling the little window in the bevelled stones pictured at page 200 of the second large volume of the Palestine Exploration Fund Memoirs.

Conclusions as to the Dates of the Buildings.

1. The rampart walls are evidently all of one period up to the height of the cornice. The style is (as has been shown) exactly similar to that of the ancient masonry of the Jerusalem Haram, and there can be no reasonable doubt that the two enclosures are

to be referred to the same period. A careful consideration of the history and architecture of the Jerusalem Haram appears to lead to the conclusion that its ramparts, as now standing, were first erected by Herod the Great, and that the drafted masonry cannot be considered to date earlier than about the time of the Christian era. This view has been carefully elaborated by the Duc du Vogüé, and other authorities, and it agrees with the conclusions reached by Mr. James Fergusson as to the date of the Hebron Haram walls, his argument being based on historical rather than on architectural grounds. The Haram existed in the fourth century A.D., but there is no notice of any such structure in the Hasmonean or any earlier period. The only period between these limits to which it can be referred with any probability is the great building epoch of the reign of Herod the Great.

2. The character of the architecture of the church is very similar to that of the Crusaders' churches in Palestine. The clustered columns, with the shafts carried up the clerestory walls, and supporting ribbed groins, resemble those of the church of St. John at Samaria, dating between 1150 and 1180 A.D. The capitals resemble those of the Samaritan church, and also those of the church at Bîreh, north of Jerusalem (p. 565), which was completed by the Templars in 1146 A.D. The general style, and the roofing, closely resemble the details of the church of St. John at Gaza, dating about 1152 A.D. The pointed arches of the windows indicate that the church does not belong to the period of the early Crusades, as the round arch was used for half a century after the Crusaders took Jerusalem. It appears, however, quite safe to attribute the building of the Hebron church to the latter half of the twelfth century, probably about the year 1167 A.D., when the town became a bishopric. The low pitch of the roof may, perhaps, indicate that it has been rebuilt at a later period; but, on the other hand, the vaulting of the clerestory and aisles is much more like Crusaders' than Arab work.

3. The earliest Arab work appears historically to belong to the year 1331 A.D.; the tomb of Joseph to 1393 A.D.; and the outer gates (1 and 2), with the passages and flights of steps, which have the character of the best Arab work, to the same period—the fourteenth century—during which fine buildings were erected by Moslems in Jerusalem, Damascus, and other parts of Syria. The stained glass windows are probably not earlier than the sixteenth century. Restorations in the open quadrangle date from the end of the

eighteenth century, and additional adornments of the shrines have been given by Moslem rulers at a yet later period. The chambers in the north-east angle belong to a later period than the rest of the Arab buildings in and around the courtyard. The pavement is also comparatively modern, and probably later than the Crusaders' work.

After leaving the mosque by the main entrance we went into the old castle, the gateway of which is close by the foot of the steps (2) to the door of the mosque. There was some delay in finding the key; we waited patiently, and just as a Turkish soldier was on the point of breaking open the gate the key was brought. We wandered about in these old ruins, which extend along the whole west side of the Haram. We here discovered an entrance to a second tomb of Joseph that lies immediately beneath the other. It appears that his tomb is thus constructed on the same principle as those of the other patriarchs in the Haram, that is, one cenotaph above on the level of the courtyard, and one below on the level of the floor of the cave. It was a square chamber with a domed roof, and contained a cenotaph covered with green silk. The place appeared rather neglected, and the door was not even locked. It would appear possible that this second cenotaph may have been taken at a later period for that of Zuleika, the wife of Joseph. Her name is inscribed (says Dean Stanley) in the certificate given to pilgrims who have visited the mosque, though no grave having that appellation is shown. This lower tomb is on the level of the base of the ancient rampart wall, or fifteen feet below the upper cenotaph. We were much struck by some enormous stones in the outer wall of the Haram on this side, with protruding bosses curiously arranged, whether for ornament or use not known. Their chiselling is unlike any in Syria, save that of the Jerusalem Haram stones.

Raouf Pasha came back to camp with us for breakfast. Then we both paid a second visit to the mosque to get a small green door at the bottom of the northern flight of steps outside the Haram opened, marked 6 on the plan. This we found led into a long narrow passage that once communicated with the lower tomb of Joseph, though it is blocked now at that end. These side walls were ascertained by careful measurement to have a thickness of two feet two inches. One of them covers the ancient rampart wall, and probably conceals the original entrance at the level of the base, which once led through it into the courtyard in front of the church and cave. The wall is plastered and whitewashed and erected intentionally of

this thickness to conceal that entrance; for as a portion either of the upper or lower cenotaph of Joseph it is practically altogether unnecessary. If the original entrance was not here in Christian times, where it would be most suitable and convenient from the castle, when the level of the inner courtyard was fifteen feet lower than now, it is difficult to see where else it could have been. The whole Haram then formed a bulwark to, and was embodied as part of, the castle; and the present entrance (7) on the outside of the castle by the Jâwaliyeh Mosque without any flanking protection would have been most unnatural, especially at such a high level. *The present arrangement of entrances makes the Haram an adjunct of the Jâwalîyeh Mosque; the Christian arrangement made it an adjunct of the castle, and probably utilised the original Herodian entrance.* But nothing except excavations in the interior can ever set this question at rest. Sir C. Wilson's suggestion coincides with the notion that the original Herodian and Christian entrance to the Haram was at this corner, either at *R* or *S*, or both.

After this second visit to the Haram, as it was still early in the afternoon, Sir C. Wilson started to return to Jerusalem; the rest of us, some on foot and some on ponies, visited the large terebinth, now shown as "Abraham's Oak," a mile and a quarter to the north-west of the town; it did not take us half an hour to get there. It is a fine specimen of Sindiân (*Quercus pseudo-coccifera*), perhaps three hundred years old; its roots are now carefully walled round. There is a Russian hospice for pilgrims close by. An old owl flew out of its nest in the tree; George climbed up and found three eggs in it. Back to our camp; the mist was drifting down the hill-sides—("if He do but touch the hills they shall smoke") —and it was very cold. On returning to camp found Captain Conder had drawn his plan of the Haram, and was very busy working out his report.

We returned the Governor's visit: he is staying in Hebron. We thanked him for all his courtesy and great good-will evinced towards us. To him our thanks are chiefly due for all we have seen at Hebron.

April 6th.—Very cold morning, up at 5.30, thermometer 46°; left Hebron at 7 A.M. While riding up the rough road that leads from the east of the town, on looking back we saw a cave low down in the opposite valley on the south-east, which presented the same appearance as Machpelah must have done to the eyes of the Patriarch; there was a field, too, in front of the cave, with trees in

it, that recalled the very words in Genesis descriptive of Machpelah. Up by a very rough path over El Buk'ah by Wady Nusâra, over fields of young wheat on a flattish plain. Here the soldiers (we had an escort of twenty henceforth while we were in Palestine, till we arrived at Beyrout) amused themselves by wheeling about in mimicry of charging and pursuing each other. Riding along we noticed numbers of small piles of stones in the fields, representing landmarks, easy to remove on the sly. Passed two oxen ploughing for summer crop of lentils. There are fifteen days in the year for ploughing; the land is twice ploughed in this time. A feddan, or yoke, is the space of ground which a yoke of (two) oxen can plough in one day, which ends at noon. Passed Khurbet-el-Addeiseh, and reached Beit Ainûn (Bethanoth, Josh. xv. 59) at 8 A.M., where there is a square Crusaders' tower. The bleak wind has closed all the flowers, and "Solomon in all his glory" looks withered and wretched. It is a little more than a mile from here to Halhûl (Josh. xv. 58), where we arrived at the top of its steep ascent at 8.20 A.M., after passing the remains of old wine-presses hewn in the rock, and after noticing tombs in the valley's side. We turned and came down from the town, leaving it at the top of the water-shed, and took the path that winds eastward down Wady Kamîsh (the boggy wady) to Si'air. This wady drains into the Dead Sea. The fig-trees are more forward than those in Hebron; this side of the water-shed seems altogether warmer than the western was. Noticed here and there small holes in the rock for grinding corn. Reached Si'air (Zior, Josh. xv. 54), two miles from Halhûl, at 9.15 A.M.; here were several rock-cut tombs, one with circular arches on the hill opposite the village to the south. A little to the east of the village we went into Esau's tomb. He was killed at the funeral of his brother Jacob at Machpelah, in a dispute with his nephews concerning his own right of admittance to the family vault: is it not written in the Babylonian Talmud (Sotah i. 13) how they hit him on the head with a stone and his eyes fell out of his head into the cave (down through one of the apertures) and how Jacob woke and laughed? The Arab historian, Jelâl ed Dîn, in the fifteenth century, repeats the story; and how Hushin, son of Dan, cut off Esau's head and left it in the cave at Hebron. His body was buried here at Si'air, "Esau, the son of Isaac, the jealous," said one of the green-turbaned dervishes who were sitting outside, emphasising the title to deter us from entering. The cenotaph inside the little wely seemed of great length; it was twelve feet long by three

feet six inches wide, and five feet high, and was covered with a dull green cloth, having a border of red, yellow, and white, dirty and neglected; above it hung a canopy. The cenotaph stands in a bare whitewashed room, fifteen by eight paces, having on the south wall a mihrab, and on the north side a door to a vaulted outer chamber of equal size; on the east is an open courtyard, with another tomb, said to be that of Esau's servant. A fig-tree grows beside it. An ostrich egg and numerous rags are placed near Esau's tomb as offerings. The place is greatly venerated, and it is usually difficult to obtain access to the interior, as the village lies in a remote district where the Moslems are still, to a certain extent, fanatical. Very probably the shrine is, like so many others, of Christian origin: the village Si'air being confused with the land of Seir, or, as Isa is the name for Jesus as well as for Esau, it may simply have been an ordinary Christian church. 'Aisa is generally Jesus, El 'Ais is Esau. This place seems to be called both. Going on down the Wady Si'air (continuation of the Wady Kamîsh) we passed flocks of sheep and many goats in the rugged gorge flanked by precipices: this is the scene of David's shepherdings, and of those of Amos. Four miles from Si'air at the junction of Wady-el-'Arrûb, where the water never fails all the year, stopped for lunch at 11 A.M. The ruins of Minyeh are prominent on the hill to the east. Thinking they were Tekoa, two of us clambered up the steep hill side in that direction. Soon discovering our mistake we halted, and morsed with a kefia (or headkerchief) to those below to resume their march up the Wady; they answered us by a bugle, and at last got under way and went on to Tekoa, which lies nearly two miles further north. Gathered some small and dark bronze red wild peas, and some wild gorse of very sweet scent, also many wild roses (strictly speaking "rock roses," or the white cistus; no dog roses are known south of Hermon) growing on a sort of sage-leaved stalk, and a great deal of thyme. At Tekoa the view was very extensive. In front on the east is the long line of Moab hills, blue over the still bluer Dead Sea at their feet, and to the north-east the Frank mountain stands out clear over Wady Khureitun, white on this side, up from the line where it begins to be of artificial construction (on the north side it shows green to the summit). From Tekoa we can see many of the places mentioned by the herdsman Amos: Bethel on the extreme north, and Gilgal over Quarantania in the Jordan valley: the modern houses of Jerusalem, ten miles away, are just visible. "The high places of the earth"

are Jeshimon, the crumpled marl hills over the Dead Sea: "the valley of the Shadow of Death" (cf. Ps. xxiii.) was some wady leading down either to Ain Jidi or Ain Ghuweir. Tekoa is on the edge between the pasture land and the wilderness of Judæa, and its ruins occupy a space of four or five acres. Started a partridge among the ruins, numbers of them on the hills (1 Sam. xxvi. 20). We found the great eight-sided font of rose-coloured limestone, five feet in diameter, with a ledge inside for sitting, and got in and sat down. At Bethlehem we afterwards saw another like it. In the ruins of the church picked both the mallows and the thistles of the prophet. Tekoa stands high, and the wind (Amos iv. 13) is said to be always blowing there. Rode down the ancient road on the north slope of its hill, which is well marked by large flags of stone set upright on each side. Arrived at 3.30 P.M. at Bethlehem, six miles distant. It stands on the summit of white chalk hills, over which in the moonlight shimmer appeared that vision of the angel host on the night of the birth of our Lord, which we imagine took place at Christmas Eve when the ground was covered with snow; though if Christ was born in the spring the effect on these long white slopes would be very similar. Passed fig-trees here in full leaf in sheltered positions, thermometer 60° (it was as to-morrow that the barren fig-tree was smitten and found withered the next day, "for the time of figs was not yet"). Went straight to Constantine's great Basilica of the Nativity, going in by the little door, which you have to stoop to enter. This is the principal entrance, the key to which Napoleon III. claimed in 1851. A key was made by order of the Sultan to please the Latins: this was the ostensible cause of the Crimean war, for Russia supported the Greeks in their claim for exclusive possession of the key. The clerestory of the nave has remains of the twelfth century mosaic, given by the Eastern Emperors (1140 to 1180 A.D.), still on the walls; the roof is said to be pinewood given by Philip of Burgundy in 1482. Our Edward IV. gave the lead to cover this roof at the same time. The marble pillars of the nave (the original monoliths of Constantine, A.D. 300) were painted on the upper portion with Byzantine figures, and on the lower here and there are rough drawings made by the Crusaders of their crests, and coats of arms. The Greek Patriarch Anthimos received us, and conducted us through the central entrance into the choir. There was a service going on in the Armenian chapel to the north; so we passed to the south, and

went down through the Greek entrance to the grotto where our Lord was born, lighted with many lamps with a new silver star under the altar. The Latins accuse the Greeks of having stolen the old star. Here there was a little jostling with the Franciscan monks who quietly elbowed the Greek Patriarch on one side, evidently jealous over their site of the manger, and of the altar of the Magi. The Latins took charge of us from this point and conducted us down the rock-cut passages into the study and chapel of St. Jerome, past the tombs of St. Jerome and his three pupils, St. Paula, her daughter Eustochia, and Eusebius of Cremona. (The tomb of the latter is not mentioned before 1556, though he died in 422 A.D., and raised the funds to build a monastery over his old haunts here. He must not be confounded with Eusebius of Cæsarea.) Jerome died 420 A.D. (born 331 A.D.). Paula's tomb used to be on the south side of this church, but has been moved since 1566 A.D. The authenticity of these three tombs of Jerome's pupils is therefore rather shaky. But anyhow this part of the grotto is hallowed by genuine historical recollections, for here the great Latin father studied and wrote, whatever we may think of the more august reminiscences localised at its other end. The grotto of the Nativity is at any rate the oldest Christian site in Palestine, being mentioned even by Justin Martyr. Nevertheless one's religious feelings there are rather confused by finding that the Turkish guard have always to be kept under arms in the very grotto itself to prevent squabbles and worse between two branches of the Catholic Church over the birth-place of the Prince of Peace. We re-entered the upper church by the Latin steps and so came into the chapel of St. Catherine, and thus through the cloisters, on the north side of which a new Latin church is being built by the Emperor of Austria, into the nave of the church. After leaving by the same little western door we had first entered, we noticed, in the square outside, the remains of the foundations of the western half of the Basilica, long since totally destroyed. Rode through the town and out to our dry, warm camp on the west of the village, in an orchard, the ground of which was covered with a sort of pink geranium. Here were brought for inspection many specimens of the carving in mother-of-pearl made by the Bethlehemites and which are much sold to pilgrims. Bright starlight night.

Good Friday, April 7th.—Had early morning service in the large tent and started leisurely afterwards for Beit Sâhûr and the Shepherds' Field, one mile to the east of the village. Before

us at our feet as we descend the white chalk hill of Bethlehem lie the wheatfields where Ruth gleaned, and beyond them in the distance rise clear her native Moab hills. The chapel is built over the cave where shepherds probably lived during the lambing season, which lasts from February till now, just as their descendants live in similar spots at this season to the present day. We were met in the group of olive trees outside the chapel by the Greek bishop Anthimos of Bethlehem, a clever, dignified ecclesiastic who may, perhaps, one day, succeed to the Patriarchate of Jerusalem. There are some curious old frescoes on the walls of this cave—the Virgin and Child in the round-headed apse, and some remains of mosaic pavement. As we rode away to the Frank mountain three miles to the south, we passed shepherds on the hillside with their white sheep and black goats all mingled in one flock together. Jebel el Fureidîs (the mountain of the little "Paradise"), which Josephus says Herod formed around his fortress, towers acropolis-like over all Judæa —a truncated cone 400 feet high, with its sides artificially scarped— "the palace of the great king" (St. Matt. ii. 1—3), who offered to come across, as a neighbour should, on to the opposite hill at Bethlehem that he might do reverence to the new-born king. Climbed up to summit, whither the marble flight of 200 steps twenty-two feet broad once conducted, traces of which still appear in the north-east side. The top of the hill is crowned by a round-tower, larger than that at Windsor Castle, and another round-tower projects from this on the eastern side. Herod from here could see his Idumæan castle of Machaerus away to the south-east across the Dead Sea just opposite, at the entrance of the Wady Zurka M'ain full of palm trees near the seven hot springs of Callirhoë, amid its curious scenery of black basalt and yellow sulphur rocks. Tzuk, with its scapegoat precipice facing south, comes out well to the north-east; a little on the left of this the Mount of Olives stands up very plain, and then the line of houses in Jerusalem over its slope. The end of the Temple Haram is just visible. Neby Samwîl is clear for signalling purposes, and Baalhazor rises, a darker peak, to the right of that; still further to the right is Taiyibeh (Ophrah). Due south is the peak over Engedi; in Wady Khureitun—so named from St. Chariton, who lived 410 A.D.—the traditional cave of Adullam, as shown from the twelfth century, cut in the red cliffs half-way to Tekoa, is visible in a gorge almost close at hand; but the real Adullam of Eusebius is in the Wady Sunt, fifteen miles away due west.

Elijah's retem, or juniper broom, is growing up here in the ruins. Herod's garden, or paradise, lay at the bottom of the hill to the north, with a large tank to the west of it, and buildings extended all round the gardens except on the eastern side. On the south side, under the acropolis, are clearly traceable three lines of terraced alcoves, vaulted, and with windows looking out with a northern aspect upon the gardens, for the king and his courtiers to walk in shade or shelter from the wind—(St. Matt. xi. 8); the same construction exists in his other favourite castle at Machaerus. Apparently there was a small theatre in the scoup to the south-east on the lower hill opposite, although it is possible that the hollow is natural and not artificial, as such contortions of the bands of chert in the rocks are common in this district. Three storks (ἐρωδιοί) flew up and nestled in the garden while we were lunching here at 1.30 P.M. The Roman road from Jericho made a fine approach on the north side to the Herodium when it was in its glory; its edges are still marked with stones. Up this in state and great magnificence was brought Herod's body to be buried in his own favourite Paradise. . . . "And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments," craving water, although his mausoleum is said to have stood on a small island in the centre of the artificial lake. He may, however, have been buried on the top of the cool windy hill, where, though his tomb dominated the land, he himself was very far off from heaven. The building in the pool might then be a fountain. In 1873 an aqueduct from Urtas was traced almost to this lake or pool, the water in which would have had head enough to make a fine fountain here. Excavations might yield interesting results. Away there to the north, across the hollow "chasm" and beyond Bethlehem, lies in sight Bethany, where Lazarus lived and whither he returned from the underworld; to witness, if they would have heard him, to Herod's "five brethren" or kinsmen, Antipas—"that fox" who murdered the Baptist, and himself tried Christ, and sent him to Pilate decked with gorgeous apparel (St. Luke xxiii. 11) in mockery of His royal claim—the two Philips and the two Agrippas, to hinder, but in vain, their joining their great progenitor in that place of torment. Epiphanius tells us that the Herodians considered Herod as the Messiah, and well may he have imagined himself to be such. He had allied himself in marriage with the old high-priestly family of the Asmoneans and their blood flowed in the veins of his children, and he had "restored the kingdom to Israel."

The first king who had reigned for ages in Jerusalem, Herod had rebuilt Samaria in the old northern kingdom, and both in the Temple and elsewhere up and down the land with his vast structures had outdone even Solomon in all his glory. It was in the last year of his reign of thirty-seven years, in B.C. 4, that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, almost under the shadow of this Herodium. It was thither, fearing the birth of a rival in the Messiahship, that he sent and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and its outskirts of two years and under—about twenty in all—and added their blood to that of the High Priest Hyrcanus, to that of his favourite wife Mariamne and of his two sons by her, and to that of his own first-born, whom on his very death-bed he ordered to be slain. A blood-stained "chasm" indeed separated him—the would-be Messiah—and all his, from the Father of the Faithful and the true Israel of God; "a great gulf was fixed" between their Paradise and his.

Leaving the Frank mountain, we retraced our steps the greater part of the way towards Beit Sâhûr. Noticed a small purple iris, three-leaved with white spots, and another purple bell-shaped flower very plentiful in the fields hereabouts; then struck the regular road from Bethlehem to Mar Saba, up which we climbed till at 3 P.M. we passed the watershed, and there bid farewell to the hill country of Judah. Here cairns of stones are seen on the hills to the right. From where we halted on the watershed Kurn Sartabeh, with its white horn, stood out on the north, the first fire-beacon hill to hand on from Jerusalem to Babylon the announcement of the new moon. Saw for the first time the black "tents of Kedar" in the valley below, which the Bedawin still inhabit with their flocks. Then came upon some fine precipitous scenery descending to the Dead Sea. The hills are still green by reason of the spring rains, even down to the edge of Jeshimon's crumpled marl hills, and are dotted all over with flocks. The last part of our ride was along the edge of the precipice. Arrived at Mar Saba at 4 P.M. Walked first to the tower on the south side, and had bird's-eye view of the monastery with its buttressed chapel and the old monks who have come out on the platform outside the door. The caves of the Essenes in the cliffs opposite, and their endless tiers on both sides the valley below the monastery, yawn bare and red. The shadows of evening are creeping over the tawny ravine; the bells of the convent, two long slabs of metal, are still clanging a dissonant welcome as we go down from the tower to enter the convent, over

which there seems to rest an air of weird seclusion. A little monk sprinkled rosewater on our hands before we entered. We went in and were shown St. Saba's tomb in a small, octagonal, domed chapel in the courtyard with a large fresco of Christ above. Then into the great church of the monastery, which consists of five bays, an apse, and a dome; a smell of incense hung about the interior and in the centre was a black catafalque to represent, for to-day, the bier of our Lord. The library of the monastery is approached up a gallery from the right of the entrance door; the best manuscripts have been removed to the convent of the Cross at Jerusalem. We went behind the screen, and then out and up to the tomb of St. John Damascene, which is in a cave with an altar up stairs to the north, but above the height of the church. We then were taken to the original church of St. Saba in the rock, where the skulls of 1,400 martyred monks are stacked. Then along a rock-cut gallery to the cave where the saint lived—it is small and quite dark and is said to have once been a lion's den. Afterwards we walked along the white paved passages and up and down the clean stone steps, and saw the little cells of the monks and their dwarf gardens carefully tended and just watered for the evening, and the solitary palm-tree on the terrace said to have been planted by St. Saba; in one night it grew up full size (like Jonah's gourd), and bore fruit (as the vine in Joseph's dream). The tree is there still to prove the story true, and barren women that eat the dates when taken to them from the tree, feel the hidden virtue thereof. All the monks look emaciated, and have pale, careworn expressions, for it is just the end of their long Lenten fast. They took us to the newly-decorated refectory, around which frescoes of saints have been painted; they showed us the little loaves, half the size of a man's fist, which are their daily fare for mortifying the flesh. All the buildings were more or less restored by the Russian Government in 1840. This convent is the Botany Bay for refractory and lunatic monks of the Greek Church; we saw the wizen and pale faces of several of these peering out through the bars of their solitary cells. Large black birds (Tristram's grackel) with their bright yellow wings, came wheeling round waiting to be fed. The sense of freedom once more on coming out into the open air was delicious. Before we left, the monks offered us refreshment of coffee and cakes, and little specimens of their wood carving. On quitting the monastery we went up the Kedron valley. Its steep cliffs are here 500 feet high on either

side, and the rocky road is carried along the brink of the chasm. Our place of encampment was a mile further up at the mouth of another gorge that runs into it from the north. Before turning in, looked at hymns 132, 133, Ancient and Modern, written by St. John Damascene, at Mar Saba, 1100 years ago, and at hymn 254, "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" also written in this monastery.

April 8th.—Thermometer in camp at Mar Saba 70°; great change from what it was on the higher ground. Awoke in the early morning by the chirping of birds, for there were many larks about, and a thin grass attempts to grow all down this dreary pass. After ascending the naked ridge at a spot two and a-half miles from our camping ground, we caught sight of the Dead Sea looking like an inland lake, and in the early morning far darker than its ordinary blue. Then passed under Sûk at 7.30 A.M., where the goat for Azâzel, the spirit that haunted desert places, was thrown down (Lev. xvi. 8). The survey cairn is still on top, and the steep precipice faces this side: el Muntar (the watch tower) is the modern name of the top: Hidudim (wrinkled) was the old name of the district of knife-like edges, the modern form of which surviving here is Haddeidûn. The name Tzuk given in the Talmud to the mountain, also survives in the modern Sûk, a name applied however only to a well on the ridge, the last of the series of ten all three-quarters of a mile apart on the ridge road to Jerusalem, and all still remaining. Ten booths were built along the road from Jerusalem to Tzuk, in each one of which sat the man who led the goat to the next booth, there handed him on to the next, so as not to break the Sabbath; the first was a Sabbath day's journey from the Temple walls, the second another Sabbath day's journey, and so on; the man stationed in the last booth had to take the goat to the edge of this precipice and push it over backwards, and ere it was half down the mountain every bone of it was broken. The men could not return till the end of the day (of Atonement). When the goat had fallen over, its death was announced by flags waved by the line of men each signalling on to the other back to Jerusalem, "the goat has reached the desert." The dome of the Aksa mosque is visible from the summit.

A little further on at 7.40 A.M., sighted ahead the white top of the minaret of Neby Musa, a little to the left of the isolated red marl-peak Jebel el Kahmum; and the green plain of Feshkhah five miles away on the right, on the shores of the Dead Sea.

Along our present road Herod's body was carried from Jericho, and so up past the Essenes at Mar Saba, to its resting-place at the Herodium. Across the Dead Sea the Arnon slope is very clearly defined—a line from top of the Moab hills right down to the sea: the next slope is that of Zered by Kerak. Halted a few minutes at Umm el Fûs (mother of mattocks) at 8 A.M. for watering horses. It is not a spring, there are none over all this country near the Dead Sea—all moisture here is collected rainwater. At this tank Conder was once asked for backsheesh by an Arab for watering his horse; but the latter was told in the words of the Koran, "Water is the gift of God," and that no true Moslem would ask backsheesh for water, and thus shamed. The Wady Mukelik on the left side of the road now opens, burrowed thick with hermit caves ("the shops" as they are called by the Bedawin from their supposed resemblance now that they are empty to the line of shops in bazaars, and in contrast to their own free homes in open tents). Those further up, whose walls are cut in the magnesian limestone, dark brown like the Mar Saba rock, are by far the wildest and most inaccessible of all the haunts of the holy men of old, although the whole of this plateau is bare and uncultivated, and furrowed by deep valleys and precipitous banks. On the slope below we observed a shepherd with the black goats on his left and the white sheep on his right coming down the hill.

Passed on down the Wady Kaneitra (an arch or curve) and under the minaret of Neby Musa at 9.40. It was the Christians, in the twelfth century, who shifted Moses' tomb from the other side of Jordan here, on account of the difficulty of access thither, and the Moslems on taking over the country in the next century took over the new site. The real Ayun Musa on Nebo can, however, be seen from here on the further side Jordan opposite. The Latins say a Monastery of St. Euthymius was built here in the fourth century. The present mosque was erected by Bibars in 1300 A.D., and the minaret in 1500 A.D.

In some places we have to dismount to lead our horses down the steep torrent beds and through the deeply furrowed brown-grey marl ravines to the plain. Over all this part, and right away up the Jordan valley, once extended the bed of an inland lake. Three several coast lines representing the water-marks of its height are clearly traceable, in a series of steps 300 feet, 1,300 and 1,600 feet, above the present Dead Sea level. Over all the hill-sides here the thin green al-kali shrubs are growing; they are

surrounded with heaps of small white snails that have crawled under their scanty boughs for moisture and slight shade.

We arrived at the edge of the Dead Sea at 10.45 A.M., at Rujm-el-Bahr, 1,292 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and thirteen miles from our last camping-ground. The shrubs extend right down to the edge of the sea. A number of herons were lazily amusing themselves on the beach, and an old black scarabæus (symbol of immortality) came crawling out on to the sand; the thermometer marked 83°. To-day being misty and cloudy, it was cooler than usual. Some of the party bathed and found themselves so buoyant they could not sink, the water was so dense; it was difficult to put the feet to the ground, for they floated up so quickly. But we found that the water left no unpleasant prickly sensation on the skin as described by some, though if allowed to touch the eye it sharply stings, and would do so to a scratch, cut, or sore. On coming out, however, we took the precaution of sprinkling a tumblerful of fresh water over the surface of the body before rubbing down.

Portions of wood that had been drifted down by the Jordan and bleached by the action of air and sea, floated about off shore or lay like skeletons here and there on the strand. Everything as we sat on the beach, which is like that of the ordinary sea, pebbly and dry, seemed very quiet and still; a mist was hanging over the perfectly smooth waters of the lake which like molten metal broke not regularly but fitfully in the smallest of ripples at our feet. Engedi was clearly discernible away to the west, and Nebo's flat summit stood out on the east. Manifestly we are now sitting on what has been the bottom of an older sea. The highest terrace level and trace of old shore is 308 feet above the present level of the Mediterranean, and water at that height would once probably have passed over into the Gulf of Akabah, though the highest point of the watershed of the Arabah, south of the Dead Sea, is now as much as 660 feet above the Mediterranean. The isthmus here, as well as that of Suez, has probably been gradually rising during long periods of geological time. Canon Tristram (*Land of Israel*, pp. 329-333) considers that it was in the Eocene period that the two seas were united, and he describes the exact changes that have apparently taken place at different eras in the configuration of the neighbourhood. So long ago as 1855 Captain Allen, R.N., proposed to cut a canal through from the Red to the Dead Sea, and another from the Jordan to Acre along the plain of Esdraelon. By letting

in the sea at each end an inland lake would be formed, it was hoped, of an average width of ten miles and 150 miles long.

[The level of the plain of Esdraelon above the Mediterranean varies from 100 to 300 feet; at its eastern end it is more; the canal across that plain would be at least fifteen miles long. The deepest railway cutting in England is only seventy-five feet deep; hence that part of the canal would be very difficult to make. But the second canal between the Dead and Red Seas would be more so. The total distance between the two seas is 112 miles, of this at least seventy miles would have to be canal, even after the waters of the Mediterranean had been let into the Jordan valley and had raised the level of the Dead Sea 1,292 feet. Beginning from the Red Sea end: in the first fifteen miles the rise is to 240 feet above sea level, in the next twenty miles to 600 feet, then comes a ridge of limestone and granite for ten miles of the height of 480 feet above sea level, which sinks for a while to 395 feet. The canal would thus have to cross a mountain range at least twenty-four miles broad, varying from 170 feet to 660 feet above sea level, and it would have to be excavated entirely in rock the whole distance. Where would water be found for the workmen? Who would pay for the thousands of acres of fertile soil to be submerged in the Jordan valley? "Merely to picture to oneself the time it would take, the money it would cost, and the return it would yield, produces on the imagination an effect as bewildering as the consideration of the solar distance or of stellar space."]

Mounted again and rode on about three miles due north to Kasr Hajlah (Beth Hogleh, or home of the partridge), past numberless jerboa holes in the sand marl; the jerboa is found in Palestine only here and in the deserts round Beersheba. It was very sultry, and the air most oppressive. Pitched the little tent, thankful for its scanty shade for lunch, outside the dusty convent into which we went first. There are three chapels: two in the crypt below and another up stairs; on the apse of the latter were scanty remnants of frescoes and old masons' marks on the stones. But we found that this fine old religious fortress was undergoing repair by the Russian Greeks from Mar Saba, after having remained nearly eight centuries in ruins, to which condition it had been reduced through the effect of an earthquake. All the ancient frescoes which adorned the walls of the two chapels within the precincts of the monastery have been entirely destroyed by the

monks. These frescoes were among the most interesting in Palestine. They included figures representing John Eleemon, Patriarch of Jerusalem (630 A.D.), Andrew of Crete, Silvester Pope of Rome (probably the famous Silvester II., 988 A.D.), and Sophronius of Jerusalem. A curious representation of the Saints receiving the white Resurrection robe from Angels also occurred in the smaller chapel. The character of the inscriptions indicated that these frescoes belonged probably to the twelfth or thirteenth century. Not a vestige of them now remains, but the inscriptions and the principal designs were copied by Captain Conder in 1873, and are published in the third large volume of the Memoirs to the Survey of Western Palestine. This incident is mentioned as showing the way in which many interesting and valuable monuments have been rescued from oblivion by the Palestine Exploration Fund during the last ten years. It also demonstrates the necessity of extending the operations of the Society, before the destruction which is rapidly overtaking many important monuments in Syria shall have had time to work more mischief.

We mounted and rode three miles north-west across the marl plain to Eriha (the Crusaders' Jericho) a village of rude stone and mud huts surrounded with thorny bushes. The little white convolvulus was blooming by the side of the road; and we picked off a creeping plant some of the yellow grapes of the vine of Sodom; they have a greenish pulp and seeds inside them (Deut. xxxii. 32). The plant is a species of Solanum, or nightshade, and is a deadly poison. The "apple of Sodom" is generally supposed to be the *Oshir*, or *Calotropis procera*, which is akin to the Soma plant of India. It has as yet only been found in Palestine at Engedi, and in the plain east of Jordan round Kefrein. A mile away to the east, in the centre of the plain, the large tamarisk tree —which alone, with a few ancient mounds, now Jiljulieh, marks the site of Gilgal—was pointed out to us. Crossing the stream, we rode on a mile and a-half further to our camp at Elisha's Pool (Ain-es-Sultan), where we arrived at 3 P.M. This prophet's name seems always connected with plenty (2 Kings ii. 19-22; iv. 1, 7, 38-44; vii. 1-16). All vegetation here is very forward; the fig-trees are in full leaf, and young figs on them—a Galilæan on his way up to Jerusalem at this time of year, after finding them here might naturally, perhaps, expect to find the same again on the highlands of Judah. This is the site of the Jericho of Joshua and the prophets;

the Herodian Jericho of the time of our Lord stood a mile away to the south at the mouth of the Wady Kelt. On dismounting went down to the stream, and after damming up the brook with big stones had a delicious bathe, though the water was warmish (80°). Some of us went out wild pigeon and quail shooting, for there were numbers about. The oasis is one mass of green pomegranates, bananas (by Greek hospice), vines on trellises four feet high, balsam, acacia, and other trees. This and five other neighbouring springs are the centre of nine square miles of fertility, which, if the water was carefully managed, might be made even greater than it is now. There are the remains of no less than twelve aqueducts all over the plain, some of them Roman, others Byzantine or Crusaders' work, all now alike in ruins. The surplus irrigation thus wasted stagnates in pools which cause malaria and fever; though the luxuriance of vegetation is tropical, yet sloth and indolence on the part of the Turkish Government and the peasants now reign supreme. A little care in drainage and steady cultivation might annually raise off this one plain of Jericho produce of equal value to the revenues of all the rest of Palestine. One sycamore only was growing by the stream where we bathed (Luke xix. 4). The Jewish pilgrims in the time of our Lord from the east of Jordan, and from Galilee, assembled here before going up to Jerusalem; and here, where Herod died, after a life of great success and luxury, but in excruciating agonies of mind and body, Christ spoke the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and also that of Lot and Sodom, within sight of the Dead Sea (St. Luke xvi., xvii).

After dinner our post came in from Jerusalem, and brought, amongst other letters, one from the Mikado of Japan, in the extreme east, and curiously enough at the same time one from the extreme west with the sad news of Longfellow's death, at this the scene of his blind Bartimeus. Some of the villagers came up to camp and sang and danced. It is well it was by lamplight, for evidently they were very dirty; the tattooed faces of the women, with the blue marks over all their lower jaw and forehead, were hideous. The hand clapping in chorus, and the singing and swaying of their bodies from side to side, is very similar to that of the Feejeeans, only not nearly as good. Bright starlight night.

Easter Day, April 9th.—Thermometer 75°. Up leisurely, after reading in bed, and went down to the stream for a bath to the place we had made last night by damming up the water with stones. Delicious smell like church incense came from the bruised flowers

as we trod them, passing through the brake, which was all alive with birds carolling their Easter hymns. The lark was singing high above in the heaven just as in England: and walking to the bath the view over the bright oasis formed by the stream was most lovely. The greenery appears to extend for miles north and south, and right away to the east: over it the Jordan is seen, and beyond that the Moab hills, darker in the morning light than they were yesterday afternoon, but not looking so lofty as they appear when seen from a further distance and a more elevated standing point. Peniel, or God's face, looks like a huge upturned countenance (Theoprosopon), and Nebo's head, further south, is flatter and almost undistinguishable from the other summits. The water was delightfully refreshing, and the horses and mules, as we returned to breakfast, seemed to be enjoying their sponging and brushing down as much as we had our bathe. Had regular service at 11 A.M. in the large tent, but missed the Easter music. Lunch at one, when the quail shot yesterday put in an appearance. The day has turned out cloudy, but not so sultry as we expected, and there is a pleasant breeze through the larger tent. The actual ground round the tents is light earth, with no grass or trees on it. In the afternoon we walked out to the top of the Tell-es-Sultan, and saw the excavations that Warren made when he found the pottery jars, stone mortars, and the sun-dried bricks here in 1868, and cut into the Tell in two directions. He examined eight similar mounds in the neighbourhood; the Jordan valley is full of them, and as they all stand near mouths of wadys they are probably the remains of watch towers, built of sun-dried bricks, in pre-historic times. Similar ones are found in the plain of Coele-Syria. From the top we could see the place where the Roman town stood at the mouth of the pass to Jerusalem, a mile and a-half away south-west. A solitary tower, Beit Jabr, Cypros, so named by Herod after his mother, alone remains; all the rest of the city is gone, although two older Tells still mark the spot. Then we walked on to the ridge above the sugar mills, passing a number of little stone heaps put up on the summit of the hill by Moslems on pilgrimage to Neby Musa, and each representing a prayer uttered at sight of the shrine; thence we observed the other oasis made by Ain Duk, a spring more than two miles away to the north-west. We went over the ruins of the Crusaders' sugar-mill, which was worked by water brought from Ain Duk. They got their sugar-cane from the island of

Cyprus, and it was from Cyprus too that the cane was taken to the West Indies afterwards. The vultures were circling on high and the caves of the Essenes and the hermits under Jebel Kuruntul (where too the spies betook themselves for hiding by Rahab's advice) front us due west not half a mile away. We distinguished both the Greek chapel in ruins on top of the steep precipice of Quarantania, 800 feet high (the "high mountain" of the Temptation), and the hermit chapel of the Armenians half way up the side of the hill, with new white wall in front. The two favourite centres of the Essene communities were, one in these ravines in the neighbourhood of Mar Saba and the Dead Sea and the other in the north by Pella, in the rocky ravines leading down to the Sea of Galilee. It was in this neighbourhood that Jesus, on his last journey up to Jerusalem, after he had come down from Galilee along the eastern side of the Jordan, and had crossed over here, spake of those who had made themselves eunuchs and of forsaking all and following Him, and of giving themselves much unto prayer (St. Luke xviii. 1, St. Matt. xix.), and it was here that He gave the rich young man the Essene commands (St. Matt. x.). The same scene had witnessed His entrance on His ministry, the baptism, and also the after-proof of His bodily and spiritual powers (St. Mark i. 13). We walked back to the camp and then went and bathed again close to the sycamore tree. Before dinner heard the jackals tuning up and the frogs croaking in concert the same as in the West Indies; a number of strange insects gathered round the lamp in the tent: one mole cricket introduced himself with furry head and with his front forceps fitted for digging like little toothed wheels. Sheikh Falàh came in from over Jordan, one of the chiefs of the Adwân ("the enemies," cf. the Midianites—"men of strife"), just as the spies in olden days came from over Jordan. The head chief of the Adwân clan is Aly Diab (the wolf), the same title as was borne by one of his predecessors in the headship, Zeeb (Judges vii. 25), at which time the other chief was Oreb (the raven), some of whose clan again may at the Cherith east of Jordan, have helped to sustain the half Bedawi Elijah (1 Kings xvii. 6).

April 10th.—Up at 5 A.M., thermometer 65°; went to bathe in the pool; the brake was alive with the churme of birds as at home, the half moon waning on high above the mist that was hanging over the plain of Jericho and the hills behind, for the sun was not up yet. Started at 7 A.M., Sheikh Falàh (as his brother Goblân is

ill) leading the cavalcade. Numbers of swallows are circling close to the ground, and it looks like rain. We begin by going down the Ain Duk valley, past the Nûeiâmeh (little garden), and across the plains of Jericho, leaving the solitary large tamarisk tree that marks Joshua's camp at Gilgal a mile and a-half away on our right. The present terror of the Bedawin felt by the inhabitants of Jerusalem corresponds with the terror that the Beni-Israel inspired into the settled people of the land in earlier days. They were at Gilgal, as a Bedawin host, encamped in cornfields, and Joshua's first campaign was a gigantic raid through the country, up the wadys Kelt and Suweinit, past Michmash, to Gibeon. The

BANKS OF JORDAN.

Bedawin under good government would, however, take to agriculture, and those of their number who were less amenable would retire further into the desert, just as happened with the clans of Israel. Riding down to the Jordan, over the marl chasms and dells, passed several Lot's wives, isolated pieces of the soft crumbling cliffs; one exactly resembled a woman sitting and looking out, her head wrapped in a kefia, and her shoulders and robes well marked and distinctly moulded. Arrived at the ford of Ghôrânîyeh (ferry of the men of the Ghor), six miles from Elisha's Pool, at 8.30 A.M. Surprised at Jordan's muddy, turbid, and narrow

stream, it is only thirty yards across, but swift and full of eddies. Being rather full, it was running about a four-knots current. Its average fall is nine feet a mile from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea; in those sixty-five miles it falls 610 feet. The tamarisk and willow (*Agnus castus*), the canes and thorny lotus-trees, were growing plentifully on the banks. The sun was behind clouds, and so it was cool, but the air felt most oppressive and the thermometer stood at 85°, 1,200 feet *below* the Mediterranean. The ferry-boat will hold six beasts at a time, and there is room at the side for a few men. It is hauled backwards and forwards by means of two ropes, but the whole thing seemed in a ramshackle, shaky condition, and it took an unconscionably long time in working from one bank to the other. Our old friends, the Turkish soldiers, who had mounted guard at Hebron, happened to be waiting to take passage across the ferry while we were there. They were about seventy strong, infantry, mounted for the time on mules, to follow us during the whole time we were east of Jordan, keeping two or three miles in the rear. As far as our safety was concerned their presence was entirely unnecessary, as the larger tribes of Bedawin and all the peasantry are well disposed towards the English. We left the ford at 9.45 A.M., with our own steeds and lunch mules, for Kefrein. Ward remained to see the baggage safely over, and the whole of the mules did not get across till after one. The eastern bank at first much resembles the western—a marly and sandy plain—except we saw here some "reeds shaken by the wind," which we had not observed on the other side, but no pebbles. The thermometer stood at 92° as we crossed the fields of Shittim (or Acacia), when the sun came out. The fields were full of young maize and corn, and a little further on there was a profusion of wild flowers, clover and ragged robin, cyclamen, marigolds, salvia, of borage and cornflowers. The fields are regularly marked off with hedges, the same as in England, and appear more fertile than anything we have as yet seen on the western side of Jordan. We reached the artificial mound of Kefrein at 11.45 A.M., eight miles from the ford; thermometer marked 94°, but pleasant shade under the trees by the stream running through the thick underwood. This is probably the spot where the clans of Israel encamped before they crossed the Jordan. Away to the south Conder showed us Tell-er-Râmeh (Beth-haram of Gad), and to the left, on a long low hill, Tell-esh-Shaghûr, (or Zoar—Saghîr is the Arabic for little, and is the same as the Hebrew Zoar). He also pointed out Jebel Neba (Nebo);

the long pointed peak, with a ruin on the summit, is Siâgha (Pisgah), and the next summit to the left of that is Neba. He has already surveyed five hundred square miles east of Jordan. The Sultan has forbidden anything more to be done. Leaving Kefrein (still 460 feet below the Mediterranean), we rode up and on over rounded hills covered with an abundance of barley-like grass, said to be wild oats; started eagles and storks, large white birds with black wings, and two gazelles, at which we tried to get a shot, but did not. Flowers of all sorts are in bloom, yellow, scarlet, purple, blue, and here and there a poppy, as well as the ubiquitous anemone. The east wind (sirocco) has been blowing all day and is very depressing, as it comes laden with the heat of the eastern deserts: it leaves on our ozone papers no colour, the west wind coming from the Mediterranean immediately colours them deeply. The east wind generally blows here the greater part of the month of May, but not now. We rise and rise, till, by Khurbet Sur, we are 1,040 feet above the sea. The distant view looking back over Jordan valley is somewhat dimmed by the haze caused by the east wind, but it is a splendid country we are passing through, and could be cultivated and would sustain any number of people, only the Turk will not have it so. The country is one huge open park, and the black tents of the Bedawin, flat canopies stretched lengthwise on short poles about three feet from the ground, are grouped here and there on the hill-side. We passed herds of oxen and sheep, camels and asses (the young camels quite white), horses and goats; and still we rise and rise over the grass lands, and each combe and valley seems to be deeper than the one preceding. Here a swarm of little birds teasing an old hawk just as in England; and yet again more multitudes of flowers of all sorts—the pink primrose-like phlox, popularly called the rose of Sharon, and a large yellow flower, whose effect is like that of a yellow primrose, as it grows in clumps along with the scarlet anemone; in the dells too are large oxeye daisies, tulips and buttercups, pheasant's-eye and poppies, and on the slopes real furze in bloom. It is delicious being up on the hills, and the grass has now changed to the thickset English turf. This Easter Monday we have "passed from death unto life," changing the oppressive stillness of the depths below in the Ghor for the buoyant air of the heights above, and their lovely verdure for the blanched and barren banks below. Arrived at Arâk-el-Emir at

5 P.M., eight miles from Kefrein. Examined the old square Palace first. From its shape it would appear not to have been a temple. All the known temples in Syria are built with the length east and west (not north and south as here), and have antæ on the east. Josephus says (*Ant.* xii. 4-11), "Hyrcanus the priest (180 B.C.) erected a strong castle and built it entirely of white stone to the very roof, and had animals of prodigious size engraven upon it. He also drew round it a great and deep canal (? lake or tank) of water." He then describes the caves, in which Hyrcanus lived while the palace below was building, and says the place was called Tyre. The stream in the ravine survives as Sîr to this day, and the description clearly refers to this building with the lions on it. There are two in high relief at each end of the wall in the top course. Its present ruinous condition is apparently owing to an earthquake; it is composed of enormous blocks of stone. On the north side of the top there are traces of a staircase, with two windows, lancet-shaped, and above that the remains of another. In the north-east corner one huge stone lies shattered in four pieces, it has fallen outwards from its position, and we can see on its lower surface the large protruding bosses that were made to fit and lock into the sockets, which are cut into the upper surface of the other stone upon and over which it once rested; so that immense suspending power must have been at the command of the builder. We measured some of the stones; they were twenty-five and seventeen feet long, and eight feet thick: others were twenty feet long and ten thick. The doorway on the north side is complete, the side pilasters are semi-circular, but are fluted three feet upward from their bases; their capitals, with strange leaf-shaped patterns, lie on the ground, together with the round pillars that once supported the roof and another stone, which was apparently the lintel (with the underside as smooth as when it fell and not at all weathered). The doorway on the south side is precisely similar. The north, south, and west sides of the palace are double walled, the east is single walled. The palace stands in a large dell shut in on all sides, except the south, by the amphi-theatre of hills, and is backed by quarried caves. On the south and west sides of it are remains of a pool, that was walled up with an enormous dam across the valley. Some people have supposed that this palace was an ancient sun temple utilised as a country house by Hyrcanus, but no authority besides Josephus describes the site; and he says nothing of any

previous temple. It is at any rate a delicious country place, and the air feels bracing, and in the stillness of the evening is now all alive with country sounds. The approach to the palace was across the water of the lake—like Herod's artificial still-water pool at Fureidis—over a causeway that led up from its eastern gate. A road went along this causeway straight eastwards to the great gate which, 100 yards distant, is still standing, but set at right angles to the square palace, and itself faces southwards; from thence one road passed round the terrace under the wall of the exterior dam westwards. Another road went from the same great gate straight in the other direction eastward, down to the ravine of the Sîr, where the waterfall sounds all day beneath a brake of great oleander trees that are now covered with pink bloom. A large gateway spanned it again down there. We bathed in the stream and then went up on to the grass plateau on the opposite side, where we sat down and listened to Sheikh Falàh telling old Arab tales, till the baggage mules and camp arrived. This was not until after dark, and nearly 8 P.M., on account of the delay at Jordan ford. "Who destroyed all the temple and castle lying before us in the dusk, and how?" Said Sheikh Falàh, "It was built by a black slave in love with the Emir's daughter, he tried to finish it before her father's return from a pilgrimage to Mecca, but the father appeared on horseback over the eastern hills before he was expected, burnt up the slave, and the palace was never completed." A knoll due east of the palace is still called Mutull-el-Hisân (the rising of the horse), and the Arabic name of the palace below is Kasr-el-Abd, or the castle of the slave. Perhaps this is an old solar myth, surviving amongst the Arabs and here localised! The horseman would be the sun or daylight, the black slave burnt up on his appearance an emblem of the night, and the princess thus freed from him either the dawn or the moon! Helped to get the tents pitched; dined at 10 P.M., all very tired; blowing hard.

April 11*th*.—A blustering night with an east wind. Mules and donkeys braying, and otherwise inarticulately declining to settle properly down after their long day's march. One tent carried away in the night. Up at 7 to bathe in the oleander pool; thermometer 75°; no breakfast till 8, after which the Turkish Kaimakâm, or lieutenant-governor of es-Salt (a Kurd in a sort of European shooting costume of green cloth and knickerbockers), came in to pay his respects. He is the "governor this

side the river," under the Mutasserif at Nablus on the other side the river. After interchanging compliments, we expressed a hope that we should see him to-morrow at his headquarters at es-Salt. We then rode up to see the galleries, caverns, and the rock-hewn stables in the cliff at the back of the dell. One cave in the upper tier has all round it still a line of stone mangers arranged in pairs, a pair for each stall; others are evidently cisterns and granaries, and are entered by curious doors; some even looked like tombs, but the floor of many of the rock chambers is now apparently, in some cases at any rate, much lower than it was originally, having been worn away by being constantly used for housing flocks and herds. There is a double tier of these caves, with a sloping ascent from the ground-level of the lower tier up to the rock-cut road that runs along in front of the upper tier, and thus what appears now as if "worn away," may have been originally so cut. One of the caves in the lower tier has a better entrance than the rest; on the right-hand jamb there is an Aramaic inscription. The letters are deeply incised, [illegible] and may possibly be the equivalent of עדניה, "delightful," from עדן, same root as Eden, and if this be one of the banquet halls noticed by Josephus, it would be a sort of *Salve*, or "may you enjoy yourself." At the foot of the cliff lies the large triangular and level platform, at the apex of which stand the ruins of other buildings of uncertain period. The few stones that remain are all small, and afford no indication of date. It is possible that it is altogether later than Hyrcanus's palace below in the lake, and perhaps belongs even to the fifth century after Christ, when all this neighbourhood was thickly inhabited by a Christian population. There are here, hewn in the live rock, the foundations of what resembles a huge circular bow-window, or perhaps of a round tower, and from this spot the best view of the palace and dell beyond is obtained. Josephus says (*Ant.* xii. 4-11), "He made caves, of many furlongs in length, by hollowing the rock that was over against him, and then he made large rooms (in the rock), some for feasting, some for sleeping and living in." This is the only account he gives, whether he was ever here himself, or merely repeated what he had heard, is not clear; but as it stands it is a very accurate, though short, account in two paragraphs, of the existing remains. From the west corner of this platform run the remains of the so-called "Via Sacra," leading to the palace in the lake. It appears to have been the passage for

hauling the stones down along from the quarries above to the lake below, and the holes in the stone blocks on either side, three feet apart, appear as if they had been used for the rollers and rope; one stone remains just as it was left in the act of being hauled along.

Started from Arâk-el-Emir at 9.30 up Wady Esteh. The road leads on up more huge ravines, over grass-covered uplands, and breezy downs, and through many oak woods. As yesterday, so to-day, the black tents of the Bedawin and their flocks of goats and camels are all about; horses, too, which are largely and profitably raised by them, especially those that have a pedigree. Shares are held in them by a number of individuals, and blood horses bring very high prices—sometimes as much as 500*l*. Common horses range from 5*l*. to 20*l*. These horses are never broken in until at least two years old, and are always kept entire. Ambling is more valued than any other gait, on account of the roads throughout the country preventing any faster motion. A continuous carpet of wild flowers is spread around; to-day it is of asphodel of two sorts, wild geranium, hemlock, and anemone. At 10.20 passed the ruins of a corn-mill on the right by a stream. In olden days much corn was grown here; now it is all park-like grass, with daisies and yellow flowers and shady places under the oak-trees. And now the hot east wind is gone and the west wind is coming up cool behind us. We passed up through still ever new masses of wild flowers, stars of Bethlehem and cyclamen, so-called rose of Sharon, and pimpernel. In one place the whole hill-side was covered with dark-blue lupin. Reached the plateau at 11.40 A.M. Here the oaks disappear and wheat-fields open. Numbers of storks are rummaging about in the open grass, the stonechats on the cliffs are piping their plaintive notes, and the larks overhead are as multitudinous and as loud as in Kent. The Arabs of the subject, or inferior, clans, who are employed by the Adwân for this despised labour, are ploughing with their oxen, and all around is bright and cool on these uplands, more than 2,000 feet above the sea—a far better land than that the other side of Jordan. The Bedawin are of far darker complexions than we imagined they would be, they look nearly black.

Passed Abdûn ruins, on the right of the path, ten miles from Arâk-el-Emir, at 12.20, and came to the sources of the Jabbok at 12.50, where halted for lunch. The stream was full of fish, and the frogs were croaking around, and a slight rain-shower began to fall. Over this spring there seems to have stood a sort of semi-circular temple. After riding a quarter of an hour down the valley we arrived at

Ammân. On the right as you enter the town is a small mausoleum, on the exterior of which are many highly ornamented Corinthian pillars. Our camping-ground is on a grass level close to the chief ruins. A Circassian colony have been settled here, but they are fast dying out through *heimweh* and from other causes. Rode through the old Roman valley-town, on the left bank of the stream, to examine first a fine tomb with two empty sarcophagi with a niche in the wall over them. When the door was closed the light would fall on this niche through the square aperture over the arch of the doorway immediately opposite on the eastern side, and must have caused the statue in this niche to have been the one luminous point in the dark chamber of death. Round the chamber are ten corbels, which were perhaps used for pedestals of ancestral figures. Then went up to summit of the western hill (2,750 feet above the sea), the site of old Rabbath-Ammon, an immensely strong position with steep ravines on all sides, very nearly as deep as those round ancient Jebus; and from the top you can see all over the surrounding downs in every direction. There are a few Roman pillars, and remains of a temple on the southern part of this fortress platform. Passing these we went into the square Sassanian building. Though square outside, the ground plan of the interior resembles a Greek cross. The four corners outside the arms of the cross are vaulted chambers opening into the cross transepts; in two of the chambers peasants have established their dwellings; the whole is covered with elaborately-carved flowers, leaves, and fruit. Whether it was ever a mosque or no is doubtful; no fountain is to be found. The building may date from about the ninth century A.D., and have been meant for a kiosque or summer retreat. The real mosque of Ammân was down in the valley, close to the principal church. Then we wandered on into remains of Roman temples which once stood to the north, and into others on the highest of three levels or platforms which occupy this part of the citadel. Here, on the north side, the rock is scarped, and a deep ditch cut through it so as to completely isolate the fortress. The top itself is large enough for a great city, and there are many wells. On these heights stood Milcom's city that David took, after Joab had taken the "city of waters" or the lower portion of the town which lay along the stream beneath, and on these slopes Uriah was slain.

Security and prosperity must have been assured to the land in a far different way from what they are now when the Roman city of Philadelphia lay on each side the Jabbok stream and

extended itself in wealth and beauty up the valleys around this citadel.

Next we rode across to the opposite hill to see the remains of a Christian church, which is erected contiguous to, and on the south of, an apparently sacred cave (perhaps of some hermit) which opens into its north aisle. Each aisle is of three bays, each twenty feet broad, with round pillars and an apse at the eastern end. Then to the circle of six magnificent dolmens on the hill-side; the most ancient things we have yet seen in Syria. The Jews destroyed ("toppled over") all those in western Palestine, where none now remain entire except near Safed. Two large stones stand upright close to one another and a third on the top of the two. The top stones were used as altars, and are grooved at one end for blood of victims. The dolmen in this group most to the west is the largest; under many of them a man could barely stand upright; four feet below the capstone is the average height.

April 12th.—Thermometer 50° in the morning, barometer 27 inches. After breakfast visited the ruins in the valley. First into the mosque, possibly of the time of Omar or later, in the square court of which are lying about the remains of grey granite and red syenite columns, probably from Egyptian quarries, and brought here from earlier Roman buildings. Then to the lofty towering semi-circular ruins by the side of the stream, which were apparently baths. Another stream at one time ran right through and under these, perhaps coming down the Wady Shaar, and so into the Jabbok. All the exterior masonry of the lower part of the baths overhanging the river is of a later date than the upper. For the stream that ran through the baths evidently gave the Romans much trouble, and the original arch that spanned it, and bore up much heavy masonry, was afterwards supported and strengthened by three other arches built under each other at different times, but not under the centre of the span of the first. Pillars and other *débris* are also built into the wall at the side of the stream to support, apparently, the floor of the building. There is a range of lofty Corinthian columns in the interior of the bath; and on the walls above, it looks as if metal tablets or other ornaments had been at one time attached. The stones on the exterior of this building, and also of most others here, are drafted. Then to the large semi-circular theatre excavated in the rock, with three tiers of forty-three rows of seats. It would have held 6,000 spectators. Some Circassians are living in miserable wattle huts perched amid these

tiers of benches. It is not quite clear how the stage arrangements were managed, for the columns now standing at the foot of the theatre look too small to have been any part of the stage, and may only have formed a colonnade in front. It appears therefore doubtful whether it ever had a stage; and though not an amphitheatre it may have been used for wild beast contests, or equestrian and other scenic processions and games. The arrangements in lieu of a stage here are very similar to those we saw afterwards in the second (or older) of the two theatres inside the city walls at Jerâsh. It is just possible that the large square flat in front of this great theatre may have been sometimes utilised for Naumachia, as it is close to the Jabbok. We then went to a smaller semi-circular Greek theatre, or Odeum, which lies to the right of this, with a fine stage at right angles to the great theatre.

The chief colonnade of the Roman city ran through the town, parallel with the Jabbok. This again was bridged in many places, and its sides and bottom covered with masonry. On the hill-sides around the town are some very old rock-cut loculi in Jewish tombs, perhaps even as old as the time of David. Left Ammân 8 A.M., beating up the grassy Wady Hadâdeh in the face of a strong west wind, which was very cutting and chill. At 9.30 passed the ruins of Jubeihah (Jogbehah of Gideon's pursuit, a name apparently given to the district, for there are several ruins of the same name on small hill summits). We ride through field after field under cultivation, which has increased very much during the last ten years; corn is growing in some and others are being ploughed. We found some buttercups to-day. At 10 A.M. we open fine extensive view down a wady on the right of the El-Bukâa plain, and in the extreme distance of the hills west of Jerâsh. The plain is now bright with young green corn, an oval, nine miles long and six broad, apparently the dried-up bed of a lake. Mahanaim ought perhaps to be somewhere hereabout. Mûmîn, a holy spot of unhewn stones, and Mukna, are the names of ruins in the plain. Some would place Mahanaim much further north, at a ruin called Maneh; its site at present is very doubtful; others think it was in the Jordan valley. We rode constantly inquiring for a name that might resemble it in sound; but the site flitted from us like one of the angels themselves that there visited the patriarch. We cross Ain-Hemar (2,900 feet above the sea), and at 11.30 descended a steep gorge in the rocky limestone, with cliffs going down into the Wady Saidun, and with just as steep an ascent on the opposite side, on the slope of which it

was delightfully warm in the sunshine. We ride on down the ravine to es-Salt, where arrived at 12.15 (having done the seventeen miles in four hours from Ammân), and lunched on the south of the town on a hill's side by the spring of Jedûr, facing an orchard of pomegranates, fig, and olive trees. Afterwards started to walk up Jebel Osha, the highest hill east of Jordan, 3,470 feet above the sea. It is three-quarters of an hour's walk from the town (es-Salt), which it is the fashion to identify with Ramoth-Gilead. This place may have been, in Hebrew times, one of the Gederahs or sheep folds of which there were several in Palestine. Ain'Jedûr is the spring in the valley. Ramoth-Gilead would then be placed at Reimûn (which we afterwards saw), west of Jerâsh, and there is no occasion for putting it at es-Salt, except a very vague reference in the fourth century. Ewald locates it at Reimûn, others at Jerâsh; Gesenius first suggested es-Salt: the name of course is from the Latin Saltus, applied to this town, whatever may have been its original name, by the Christians in the fifth century, on account of the fine woods near. Other Latin names that have supplanted the original Hebrew are Urtas (Hortus), Kuruntul (Quarantania), Kustul (Castellum).

As we went up Jebel Osha, we passed on the roadside square entrances to caves, with pit cisterns in them for storage of grain. From the top the most magnificent prospect of "the land of promise" as seen from anywhere in Gilead is spread at our feet (Deut. xxxiv. 1-3). On the north is Kalât-er-Rubud, the Crusaders' castle on its peak. On the west, immediately opposite, across Jordan, are Ebal and Gerizim, and the Wady Farâh, green under the higher cliffs behind it. Sartabeh's cone is completely dwarfed at the end of the wady as seen from here. The whole Jordan valley in its broad openness is spread below. From the sea of Tiberias to the Dead Sea there is one deep depression, the hills from east to west nearly meeting in many places but never joining. This depression is filled up with an alluvial deposit, forming a vast plain called the Ghôr; it varies in width from one mile to twelve, and has a slope from Tiberias to the Dead Sea of about 600 feet in the sixty miles. In this plain the Jordan has cut out for itself still another bed, 50 to 100 feet lower and from a quarter to one mile wide. As the river is only sixty yards wide, it never occupies the whole of this lower plain, but twists about in it, winding from side to side, and each day increasing the width by undermining the banks on either side. The marl cliffs at its southern end look from here as Israel's tents in the distance did to Balaam from Nebo. The clouds are high, and

the wind is strong, and so to-day the cloud shadows are careering over the whole view, but away to the farthest horizon it is clear and very distinct. The Dead Sea is shut out by the crest of the spur to the south of Jebel Osha, which slopes down in grass and verdure and oak forest to the plateau below. Central Palestine is spread out as a map. Neby Samwîl is clearly visible, Mizpeh of Benjamin from this the Mizpeh of Gilead. (That is supposing es-Salt is Ramoth or Mizpeh of Gilead; but Ramoth-Mizpeh is a very doubtful site, some place it at Sûf, because of the dolmens, others at Remtheh, north-east of Jerâsh, others at es-Salt, but it is all guesswork.) Away to the left of Neby Samwîl is Olivet, with the Church of the Ascension on its top: to the right of Neby Samwîl is Baal Hazor, with the trees on its summit. On the north-west rise the twin hills of Tammûn and Tubas, the last with a nipple-like point: next to them on the right is Jebel Hazkîn (Ezekiel's tomb), at the head of the plain of Esdraelon. Tabor can just be seen to the north-west, on the right behind Jebel Hazkîn. The windings of the Jordan, 4,000 feet below, from Bethshan to Jericho, are very manifest. Neither Hermon nor Tiberias are visible, but it is a beautiful view and one most full of interest. Though the Promised Land was not nearly as good as the one the pastoral clans had already laid their hands on, yet visions of the Land of Beulah and of the Delectable Mountains are always bright, and so is this. Whether Elisha or Hosea (Hos. xii. 11) be buried here (as Moses on Nebo), it is the grandest tumulus for a prophet to repose upon, the most veritable Peniel upon which he could wish to be brought "face to face with God." To the south of the wely that crowns the hill a gnarled old oak-tree spreads its dark branches, beneath whose shadow are many Moslem tombs, as in an English country churchyard, with wild flowers in profusion around. Walked back to es-Salt and then went up into the castle. If this was Ramoth-Gilead its citadel had a very strong position (2,900 feet above the sea). On three sides are steep ravines, and on the fourth side the fosse is cut away through the live rock, perhaps by the Crusaders who had a castle here, but perhaps it dates from earlier times. To the south the outlook is over a country of vineyards and terraced hill-sides; and on the north it is somewhat similar, only with a flat of olive-trees. Coming down the hill we passed one olive-press entire—a small stone made to revolve in the hollow of a larger one to press the olives; also saw a wine-press cut in the rock for grapes. Our camp is at the foot of the castle hill in a sheltered dell under the citadel, and thither came

to see us the Protestant missionary and the Christian secretary of the Kaimakam, who has not yet himself returned from his ride in the hills. There are 500 Christians in the town out of a population of 4,000; many of the houses have lately been rebuilt, and since the Turkish garrison has been established here a fresh era of security, at any rate from the Bedawin, seems to have opened. Thermometer 56°.

April 13th.—Thermometer 48°; a cloudy and windy morning and looks like rain. We wake to the bleating of sheep and the crowing of cocks and barking of dogs. Up at 5 A.M. and start, at 6.45, out through the town by the same road we came yesterday, up the valley of the Jedûr. The salutation of the Bedawîn as they pass is "Our people and our plains"—meaning, are at your service. At 7.15 passed a Roman tomb in a cave on the south side of the road half-way up the hill: it contained six loculi. Over one on the left-hand side are two heads cut in relief. It dates probably from the fourth or fifth century. About a hundred yards west of this tomb a curious Byzantine building was examined. It had evidently been constructed from what was originally a rock-cut tomb, that had loculi at the sides and a front wall of masonry with a heavy lintel to the door. At a later period it seems to have been used as a Christian chapel; it was then covered with stucco and painted in fresco, while small niches were cut in the eastern wall opposite the entrance. The remains of a nimbus, that once surrounded the head of a frescoed saint, are still visible. Many human bones and skulls were lying in the loculi. A native Christian gave the curious information that a massacre of martyrs having once occurred here, drops of blood still distil at intervals from a crack in the lintel of the entrance door. This superstition belongs to a very common class of religious ideas among the native Christians of Syria. A small tablet, painted in red, with the name of an early explorer, "Hyde, 1820," was observed on the side wall of this monument. We rode down, and then up, the steep sides of the Wady Saidun again, and retraced our steps on yesterday's road up Wady el-Azrak, until, at 8.20, we arrived at the corner of the Bukâa plain, then turned to the left and struck north. At 8.40 went along the ridge to the west of the plain, which lay below all green with corn. The stonechats and the larks are singing, and the drifting rain-clouds are coursing over the grass and clinging here and there to the summit. "If He do but touch the hills" either with wind or sunbeams "they shall smoke" as with incense of adoration. Passed a number of milch camels with their white foals—the dugs of the

female camel are tied up with a broad cord round the small of the camel's back to wean their foals. At nine came down on the level of the plain, in the centre of which rise the ruins in two groups. Could this be Mahanaim where David in his exile perhaps originated the "dance of Mahanaim?" Cornflowers, rare in Palestine, were here in abundance, and the convolvulus, and the Scotch thistle, and the asphodel, a tall bulbous flower. At ten left the plain, the road winding uphill, in the pleasant warmth of the sun. At 10.20 came to the tree on the ridge, half-way, Sheikh Falàh says, to the Zerka (Jabbok). From this point there was a fine view, over the crest ahead, of the wooded plain, and down the Wady Rummân (pomegranate). While in the gorge at 11.10 a magnificent prospect opened before us. The dark oak-clad hills beyond Jabbok sloping upwards with heavy rain-clouds over them recall the memory of Swiss mountain pastures and Mr. Ruskin's picture of "The Buttress of an Alp." At 11.40 a still finer, broader, and fuller prospect. Then the path began to descend. At 12.30 halted at the Jabbok stream after twenty-one miles' ride from es-Salt. It is here a rapid brook with the remains of two stone towers on its bank; they resemble supports for a bridge or aqueduct across the stream. Got under weigh at 2.30, and in an hour and a-quarter after starting we arrived at Jerâsh, seven miles further on. Passed several empty sarcophagi on the roadside as we drew near Jerâsh from the south. These ruins of Gerasa, one of the cities of Decapolis, in the region of which league we know our Lord spent nearly half the last year of His life, are the finest in the whole of Syria, excepting the great temples at Baalbec and Palmyra. Jerâsh is the ancient Gerasa, mentioned by Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, v. 18), and by Josephus (*Wars*, III. iii. 3). The buildings appear to belong mainly to one period. They include three temples, two theatres, a stadium, a circus, propylæa and basilica, baths, a triumphal arch, a fine street of columns ending in a circular peribolos, a bridge, and a complete circuit of walls with gateways, belonging to the second and third centuries of the Christian era. Owing to their remote situation these fine ruins of the most perfect Roman city left above ground are rarely visited. We came first to the triumphal archway with a large central and two small side arches. Above each of the side gateways are four corbels projecting from the wall, and over these are niches. The pillars on the south side rise from a pedestal of acanthus-leaves. The view looking back through this gateway embraces Jebel Mezar (2,400 feet high),

and the vista of hills behind the line of our approach with the avenue of tombs on either side of the road. To the north of this archway lies a large basin, 100 yards wide and over 200 yards long, which was used for Naumachia. The conduit, by which the water for these contests was brought from the city, is built up at the sides, where it enters the reservoir, with drafted stones. The water was conducted hither from a spring on the east or other side of the brook that runs through the town, across and over which it was brought by this aqueduct for the distance of more than half a mile. The end of this water theatre nearest Jerâsh is semi-circular, and the remains of the seats for spectators are clearly traceable. The citizens too would have had a good view of the ship-fights from off the town walls, as the ground rises towards them. We entered the city through the southern gate, outside which, on the left-hand side of the road, there was a square guard-house. Inside this, in its courtyard, the capital of a large pillar turned upside down, was lying. To the left, immediately on entering the walls we come upon the remains of the South temple which stood facing east and at the head of a lofty flight of steps, from the top of which we can command a view of the whole city. It may perhaps have been dedicated to Mercury (as God of Trade) or to Jupiter before the Gate, It looks down immediately into what was the market-place, an open oval encircled by an Ionic colonnade, from the further end of which leads off the centre street of columns. This market-place and temple, being near the gates, would be very handy for the country people and their wares, and to the north, at the bottom of the temple steps, a building still exists which was used probably as a khan for the country folk, "a market-house," round a quadrangle; the substructures of this, with their arches, look like store-houses, or else places for waggons, carts, and beasts of burden on market days. The greatest diameter of the oval is over 300 feet. Of the fifty-eight columns still standing, some are shorter than others, the ground being not quite level, but the entablature entirely so. We noticed curious projecting nobs, or brackets, on the side of many of the pillars and supposed they were intended for awning-supports. Some of the taller pillars in the main street have also similar projections at the side; we thought at the time they were for rests for one end of a lintel, the other end of which would be supported by a shorter pillar. There are similar ones at Beisân.

Turning back to the temple the golden colour of its stone pillars

is very noticeable. There was a double row of Corinthian columns in the portico, eight in each row; the capitals are well carved and the proportions of the building are very good; the walls are seven and a-half feet thick and adorned with niches; the portal was fourteen and a-half feet wide; the stones inside the staircase leading up to the roof were all drafted, and so are those in the city walls. Then into the semi-circular theatre hard by: the stone seats are well preserved with a line marked on each, up to which the feet of one man might come without interfering with the back of his neighbour in the next lower tier. Half way up these tiers of seats there is a semi-circular gallery in which are arranged eight small chambers or boxes, approached from behind by a vaulted passage running under the upper tiers of seats. As this theatre faces inwards to the city, the spectators, 5,000 in number, from these seats would have had a fine view right over the stage, of the buildings of the city. The entrance for the chorus and for the actors going on the stage from either end, and the two side doors fronting the audience, are perfect. We now went down into the centre street of columns, over a mile in length, that leads straight from the south to the north gate of the town; the bases of the pillars in this street are of very different heights, some of them are octagonal. The columns are mostly five yards apart, and the street was about that width in its roadway or central part, where the pavement, diagonally laid, still exists with the marks of chariot-wheels upon it. Many of the columns lie across the road just as they fell when shaken down by the earthquake: those at the north end of the street are Ionic, those in the centre Corinthian, and those at the south end and in the market-place Ionic again, probably for the sake of giving variety in the effect; they differ too in height and workmanship. Some of them have corbels projecting from their surface, and the whole street no doubt at one time was either permanently or temporarily covered in with an awning like the eastern bazaars of the present day. Where the centre street is crossed at right-angles by another street leading from the western gate down to the bridge over the river, there are, just where the street narrows, the remains of four huge pedestals which supported the arches at the point of intersection; this side street had also a colonnade on each side. Continuing along the main street we pass on to the centre of the city, and halt in front of the huge propyleum or entrance to the great Temple of the Sun. Before going up to that, however, we enter first the

basilica, which stands immediately opposite to this on the right-hand side of the street. The tribune for justice, where was placed the "gabbatha," the piece of tesselated pavement brought from Rome, is well marked, and on this stood the chair of the judge; red porphyry columns lie around, similar to those we had seen at Ammân. The nearest place whence they could have been brought is probably Alexandria, in Egypt, and the transport of such heavy materials to so great a distance proves the wealth and power of the Roman rulers of Eastern Palestine during this period. They would be brought in wheeled vehicles along the fine Roman road which ran direct from Jerâsh to the Jordan, crossed it by the bridge above Damieh Ford, and ran direct from there by Nablus to Cæsarea, where they were unshipped from Alexandria. The swallows to-day are now chirping where lawyers once pleaded. Outside was the waiting-place for counsel and clients. A finely-carved stone entablature is now lying on the ground here, and more red porphyry columns. We pass across the street and enter the opposite propylæa; on either side of the great portal are two window niches with richly-decorated broken pediments. Huge blocks are lying on the ground incised with Greek letters of nearly a foot long; in part of the inscription we read the names of Antoninus Pius (A.D. 138-161).

The great Temple of the Sun was approached from here up lofty flights of steps. It stood on the summit of the hill which was levelled to receive it, and was in the centre of a large courtyard surrounded by a double colonnade. This was the most important building at Jerâsh, and probably the sacred place is far older than Roman times. The temple itself stands on an artificial platform, in the sub-structure of which are three parallel aisles running from east to west, intersected by four passages running from north to south; at the end of each of these last is a narrow window, that thus would admit a dim light into what were originally places for storing treasures. These windows open on the outside below the level of the exterior plinth; the light therefore was admitted to them as down an area. The only entrance to these vaults was out of two side chambers, which are at the back of the centre cella. The doors into each of these passages were originally folding, for the recess in the side walls for the doors to fall back flush into when open is deeply cut, so as to allow the carrying past of some piece of sacred furniture the exact width of the passage. The portico in front of the temple that faced towards the sun-rising is approached

by steps; it consisted of three rows of colossal Corinthian columns thirty-eight feet high and six feet thick. In the centre of the court and immediately in front of the temple is a large well. To the west of the Sun Temple and immediately behind it stood some older high place, the foot of which was nearly level with the top of the Sun Temple, so great is the natural rise in the hill. To the north-west again of this last shrine rose a higher temple still, with six columns in front and double that number at the sides. In the centre of this temple is an apse which apparently shows that the highest building in Jerâsh was afterwards utilised as a Christian church. Behind this again is a large excavation like a huge tank. To the south of these three temples are extensive remains of what is perhaps another basilica. Here we found an inscription which was originally four lines of Greek hexameters; they ran on continuously, each line being separated from the next by a small cross only. "I am . . . . . of the wrestler Theodorus . . . . . of the Ocean, whose body is in the earth but his soul has entered into broad Heaven." The rest of the words are now too much broken away to be legible.

On leaving these sacred heights we dropped down to the second theatre, which lies to the north of the great Sun Temple. It is smaller than the southern theatre and had no stage, its north side apparently opened like the one we had seen at Ammân, for scenic processions and exhibitions into a courtyard enclosed by columns, some of which still remain standing just as they were shaken out of the perpendicular, but not down, by the earthquake. The theatre itself is altogether more roughly constructed than the one by the south gate, and is probably the older of the two. Where the side street leading up to this theatre left the main street of columns there stood a rotunda, once decorated with statues. We proceeded along the main street to the north gate, the pavement is traceable between the columns nearly the whole way. We went outside the north wall of the city, on which the towers are still standing; and then across to the east side of the stream that flows from north to south right through the city, parallel to the central street of columns. The first building we come across here is a temple with semi-circular eastern apse in which are three niches, the canopies of these all remain; though now topsy-turvy on the ground, each one huge stone, one of them five feet long, three feet broad, and two feet deep. The live rock rises immediately behind this temple. Further on we arrive at the spring

which gushes out at the foot of this cliff and from under the masonry which was here erected in semi-circular form, as a sort of Nymphæum with apparently three altars; the base of this is as clean as the day it was cut. It is from this spring that the water was conveyed, by the aqueduct that crosses the main brook, for the Naumachia outside the walls. Further south are extensive remains of public baths, divided into numerous chambers with high vaulted roofs and massive walls. All the niches throughout have carved canopies of inverted shells. Gerasa has the appearance of having been built to order and nearly all at one period. Every structure remains just as it was shaken over by the earthquake a thousand years ago, and no part of the city appears to have been subsequently inhabited by Moslems. The whole Roman life, business, law, trade, worship, pleasure, health, of the third and fourth centuries after Christ can be most vividly realised amongst these remains, girt about with a circuit of walls also almost entire.

It was now getting dusk and we had to content ourselves with a hasty examination of the large building which was apparently a second series of baths and halls, before we returned over the bridge into the main street. On this bridge the original pavement is entire, roughened for the horses' hoofs up the slope of the steps, with ruts cut over the ridges of the steps for the chariot-wheels to run in; their axles were four and a-half feet broad.

We returned to the lawn in front of the small theatre in the centre of the city, and waited there until our tents and baggage mules arrived, which was not until after 9 P.M. It was a fine starlight night; but we were glad to warm ourselves, while waiting and listening for the sound of the mule-bells, by a fire of hastily gathered wood. Helped to get tents up by 10 P.M.

April 14th.—Thermometer 40°, very cold (barometer 28·00). Up at 6 A.M. Before starting paid one more visit to the ruins on the other side of the stream, and also to the oval market-place where we found a little stone, two feet long by one broad, with a Greek inscription perfect: then up once more to the Sun Temple and so out through the western gate of the city at 7.20 A.M. Following the Roman road due west, we passed many tombs and sarcophagi lying by the side. Mistletoe was growing on the olive-trees in the small valleys. At 8.30 arrived at the village of Tekitteh, the trees are larger here and chiefly firs and pine; saw white wild roses on little bushes. At 8.45 at Reimûn (? Ramoth-Gilead), looking backward obtained a most striking view up the valley with Neby Yehudah

peak standing out very prominently at its eastern end. Could this be "the Great Unknown" prophet of the captivity who has here localised? There is a second shrine of a second unknown Neby Yehudah on the north of Banias. Passed an olive-press, the upper stone stood on end and was rolled round by a pole turned by animal or man. We are on the Roman road which ran straight from Jerâsh to the Damieh bridge over the Jordan; in many places the original pavement still remains, and in others the rock cuttings. Passed a Roman milestone, the round base of a pillar, and then down the Wady Nahleh (in Arabic "Bees") which may be a corruption of the Hebrew Nakhal (ravine), for steep indeed are the bronze red cliffs and pretty the waterfall at the end of the combe. Next we passed Sâkib village at 9.10, and entered the Wady Hamûr (roebuck) at 9.30; long stretches of corn were growing at the bottom, and the cliffs were wooded at the side with pines and oaks intermixed. A most enjoyable English-like morning as we ride along by the stream which goes gurgling over its pebble bed down the valley; we cross it ever and anon, and dip in and out of the copses which cling to the hill-side and remind some of us much of Wales, and others of Scotland; here and there fire has swept away the woods and left great spaces of charred black nakedness on their sides. The Bedawin have no axes for felling trees, or they might make fortunes by selling this timber for charcoal and firewood at Jerusalem and Nablus. A woodcutter from England or America would find an opening here if the country were once under decent government. It would pay to make a bridge over the Jordan; one iron girder would span it anywhere: but the Turk will not have it so.[1] When once it was built the traffic from the east to the west side of Jordan would probably be as great as it was in former days. Already Acre and Haifa export corn at the rate of 200 cargoes a day, all September and October, and the only difficulty connected with the trans-Jordanic corn is its transit from these fields to the coast. Acre is the first grain port in Palestine, and the seat of the local government. Sursuks, the great bankers, are about to connect it by a railway fifteen miles long with the Jordan valley over the plain of Esdraelon, with the purpose of afterwards continuing it to Damascus. England is the only European power totally unrepresented at Acre, though its commerce with it is the largest. We heard the jay's scream in the woods and the blackbird's note, and

[1] A small wooden bridge has at last been thrown across the Jordan at Damieh Ford, 1885.

saw many hoopoes, and tomtits, and the bee-eaters flying in and out among the moss-covered rocky banks, and were told that there are many nightingales too here. We started a gazelle in one cover. We noticed large arbutus trees and oleanders in full bloom, with wood-sorrel, red and white clover, pink phlox (rose of Sharon), large daisies which the peasants were weeding out of the young corn, one kind of cistus very like a red wild rose, much honeysuckle and mock orange blossom (styrax) and real hawthorn in blossom, often giving us a whiff of the scent of may; we can scarcely believe ourselves in Syria, everything looks so like England.

At the end of this wady there opened upon us a view of the country west of Jordan, and here we halted for lunch at 11.30. Baal Hazor is the name of the rounded hill in the distance, Wady Farah that of the valley immediately over Jordan and running down opposite. Where we are sitting is a disused rock-hewn wine-press with the usual side-cup for lees, now more than half hidden in the shrubbery and undergrowth of the wood.

It was pleasant resting in the wood, but we start again at 1 P.M. down the Wady Arabûn. Passed Rajib at 1.30, olive-press still here; it was from this very village that the oil for the Temple came which had to go a roundabout route down the Jordan valley in order to avoid passing by the regular road through Samaria. Here the villagers brought out and hospitably offered us leban (curdled milk), a most drowsy sleep-compelling drink, as Sisera found to his cost. In the road we noticed numbers of strange black worms with the locomotive arrangements of centipedes.

We descend into the Jordan plain at 3 P.M. with Tell-Attâl, a long, red-looking hummock facing us below. We searched to find the group of cromlechs which Irby and Mangles describe as having seen rather further on the es-Salt road but did not find them. The thunder is reverberating with heavy echoes in the Gilead hills above and threatening rain. It is a grand parting salute given by Nature as we are about to leave the wild and magnificent country of Gilead; the same parting salute in the same place, though under other circumstances, was vouchsafed to the great Elijah when he entered for the last time the country whence he had come to Israel and whither he then returned: and when having "come forth from God, he went to God." And as we this evening look back on the dark masses of the clouds rolling low upon the sides of the Gilead hills, and watch the lightning flashing from them now and again, we are reminded how when

on this very spot, he was walking with Elisha amid a similar play of the elements; "Ecce currus igneus et equi ignei diviserunt utrinque et ascendit Elias per turbinem in coelum" (4 Reg. ii. 11). Here, too, by Jordan, it was that for a greater Prophet still the "heavens were rent, and the Spirit as a dove was seen descending upon Him" (St. Mark i. 10).

We ride along the Jordan Ghor to the mouth of the Jabbok; where arrive at 4 P.M. Here the banks are covered with, and the stream is almost choked by, the oleanders, the Arabic name of which is dufleh, which may be the Greek daphne; and certainly Apollo's love might be more fitly supposed to have been changed into one of these shrubs with their blushing flowers than into the glossy laurel. Oleanders too are specially luxuriant in the groves of Daphne near Antioch.

Last night at Jerâsh we encamped 2,500 feet above sea level; to-night we are 800 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean; many streams have made the plain of Jordan a swamp. The baggage mules came in at 8 P.M., floundering and covered with mud over the boggy and swampy ground; tent by tent was raised as best we could amid torrents of rain and gusts of wind and by the feeble light of a stray lantern here and there. We had collected wood and dead bushes to make a fire, when it got dark, to show the muleteers the way. For our comfort we are told that this was most extraordinary weather for the Jordan valley at this time of year. At last all the tents were up, though muddy and soaking wet; dined at 10 P.M. and turned in on our iron camp-beds warm and snug beneath our rugs of Australian kangaroo skins.

April 15th.—Pouring all night; pouring still, tents wet through and cannot be moved, as they would be too heavy for the baggage mules. After breakfast at 7 A.M. decided to get on to Nablus without our baggage and put up at the convent. Made start at 9 A.M. in a regular downpour, with personal luggage only, leaving the tents to be struck when the weather moderated. Noticed in the Jabbok, just before it joins the Jordan, stones and marl massed and rolled together in the shape of human bodies; these were the sort of dead forms to which the Pharisees were likened by John when they came to his baptism (St. Matthew iii. 7). Arrived at Damieh Ford (Beth-barah, Judges vii. 24), and crossed at 10.40 A.M. We bade farewell to Sheikh Falah, brother to Goblan (the sheikh of the Adwân who himself was lying grievously ill). He has ridden as the representative of his tribe at the head of our party

during the whole of the past week we have spent in Mount Gilead, and ably piloted us with dignity and courtesy over the "valleys and plains of his people." On parting he presented Eddy with a Crusader's Crucifix of hammered iron, of twelfth-century work, which he said had been found at Heshbon. [So ended the first visit that has been paid by European princes to the country of Moab and Gilead for over 600 years.] The ferry-boat is a larger one than that we used lower down. Just above the ford the banks of the Jordan rise in high cliffs, along the top of which we walked for about half a mile on the western side, and saw the remains of the Roman bridge which here spanned the river, the arches of which might so easily be repaired. The weather is clearing and the sun coming out very warm. Two miles from the ferry, and at 11.40 A.M. passed the spur (Makhrûk) on the right-hand side of the road at the entrance to Wady Farah, up which ran the continuation of the Roman road which came down from Jerâsh and crossed by the old bridge. The natural caves in the hill-side appear to have been utilised here for a guardhouse and stables, at the intersection of this road with another Roman road which ran down the Jordan valley from Galilee to Jericho. A mile to the west, and on the other side of the pass Tell-el-Mazar, the Archelais of Herod, is prominent. At 12.15 arrived at the mill of El-Kadriyeh, where we had lunch, with a stream and abundance of water close by. Left again at 1.20 P.M. and went up the Wady ez-Zeit, quitting the Wady Farah by a rough path which is at first very narrow between walls of rock, but a little higher up it opens out on to a plateau of green pastures. Here a shepherd boy lying down looked happy and contented, with his fine white sheep and black goats, and with a quantity of a large convolvulus-shaped flowers on a stalk by his side. Passed in the wady on the left some drafted masonry, the remains of a Roman aqueduct or tower; then turned up Wady el-Kerâd and so up along a Roman road past Beit Fûrîk, ever mounting higher and higher. We are now two thousand feet, at least, above the Jordan hollow. Here the "clear shining after rain" of Job, on the stones glistening in the sunlight, was pointed out to us. The rolla bird, like a jay, a green, blue, and gold-feathered creature, was darting all about here as we rode up the plain of Mukhnah (Meonenim, Judges ix. 37), towards Nablus. The sun was gradually westering and all was as green as green could be. For there "was much water here" (St. John iii. 23). Salem is the village on the north side of the plain. In front towered Gerizim with the ruins on the top where the Samaritan temple stood,

and on the right the dome-shaped Ebal like a great "shoulder" over Shechem. Ever since the two hills came in sight, and as we ride towards them, the words of the Master seem ringing in our ears: "The hour cometh, when ye shall neither on this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father." At last we arrived at Jacob's Well. On the exterior it seems nothing but a Tell of *débris* with a wall round the square. Looking down inside we see the vaulted chamber, about fifteen feet square, which was erected over the well when the Byzantine church was built here. The well was at the intersection of the cross, and the Crusaders' square-cut stone with a round hole in the centre opening into the well, which is of hoar antiquity, is still visible. The level of its top is level with the plain. The upper part of the shaft is lined with masonry, the lower is cut through limestone; it is seven and a-half feet in diameter and at least seventy-five feet deep. Although there are no less than twenty-three springs in the valley of Shechem alone, it is the only well near. Having bought the land the patriarch would be independent and have his own water supply. And there is Askar (Sychar) just opposite, under Ebal, one half-mile distant to the north, whence the Samaritan woman came (not from Shechem, one mile and a-quarter away), and whither the disciples went to fetch food. There is a spring in the village of Askar whence she might have drawn water, but this well was cheerier to flirt at, for it is exactly where the Roman road coming from the south intersects another that crosses from the east to Nablus. But who is this in full military uniform and with a troop of horse from Nablus riding down upon us? Ahmed Aly Bey, colonel and aide-de-camp of His Majesty the Sultan, just come from Constantinople to welcome us to Ottoman territory, and to show us all there is to be seen. Much hand-shaking and interchange of French compliments, and his cavalcade joins ours and we ride on up the pass between the parallel hills of Gerizim and Ebal to Nablus, past the new barracks, past dingy troops presenting arms, and fair-faced Greek-blooded inhabitants turned out for a holiday, in by the wooden gate into the city and so up to the Governor's residence at 6.30 P.M. The guest-rooms at the Latin convent were occupied by the Bishop of Gibraltar and the Dean of Chester's party (in the storm of last night they had slept in a cave, their tents being unavailable); so we took the two spare rooms at the Greek convent. The Kaimakâm put up the rest of us at the Serai, arranging six beds in the stone vaulted Hall of Justice, and

in other ways transforming with much kindly zeal his establishment for our reception. He had prepared a dinner for us, half Turkish and half English, which we much enjoyed, and then to bed at 10.30 P.M., dry and comfortable, but rather tired after a very long day.

Low Sunday, April 16th.—Woke early after capital night's rest and went down to the fountain in the courtyard for a bathe. After breakfast walked to the new English church outside the town where the Bishop of Gibraltar preached and baptised a little native girl Wadya (the amiable) *i.e.* "Amy." Back to lunch at Serai and received letters from England. Then started for a long afternoon on Mount Gerizim. Walked up and came first to the remains of the village of Lûzeh (Luz), thus called by the Samaritans who believe Bethel to be here; saw the holes where the Samaritan Passover is celebrated on the 27th April, and the place where the people are encamped for three days on the top of the Mount. The place of sacrifice is a square, stone-walled enclosure. In the centre is the place for killing; a little to the rear of this, and on the right hand side, is the spot where the High Priest stands; and away outside the enclosure, about a stone's throw to the front, is the hole in which the fire is kindled for cooking the lambs.

On up to the top of the hill to the large flat stone about thirty feet square, the oldest sacred place (of Baal-Berith, the Lord of the Covenant) in Palestine. It is a smooth slab of nummulitic limestone with a dip westward, and we fancied that we could perceive traces on the east side of supporting masonry, as if a cave were there blocked up beneath it. It closely resembles in all points its brother and rival the Sakhrah in the temple Haram at Jerusalem. On the west or lower edge of the slab is a sunk cavity like a cistern. On the southern half of the rock there is a cup-shaped hollow, evidently artificial, about a foot in diameter and nine inches deep. The Samaritans explained that this hollow marked the spot where the laver of their temple, answering to the laver in the court of the Tabernacle, or to that in the priests' court of the Jerusalem Temple, had formerly stood. Such cup-shaped hollows are occasionally found in flat rocks in other parts of Palestine, and their use was hitherto not understood; but during the recent survey of Moab similar hollows have been found in, or on flat rocks close beside, the fine dolmens discovered by the exploration party. There can be little doubt that the hollows were intended to retain libations of blood poured on the stone, and the dolmen stones are often tilted

as though to cause the libation to flow to the hollow, while the rocks in which such hollows occur have, as in the case of the sacred rock on Gerizim, a natural inclination. The existence of the cave here, and also beneath the sacred rock of Jerusalem, is interesting. In these two cases it seems possible that the blood of sacrifices offered on the sacred rocks, was allowed to run off the surface (through a hole leading to the cave at Jerusalem) into the cistern beneath. The inclination of the sacred Samaritan rock seems to indicate that the worshipper would have faced eastwards, and the scooped cup is on the south side, that is on the right hand of one pouring out a libation and looking towards the sun-rising. It appears probable that El-Eliun, the Phœnician sky god, was once worshipped on Gerizim (the Samaritans, indeed, at one time claimed Phœnician origin); and the connection between this worship and the Samaritan belief that Gerizim is the mountain of the land of Moriah (rendered "high land" in the Septuagint version), where Isaac's sacrifice by Abraham was commanded, is suggestive. The exact site of this sacrifice is still shown close to the sacred rock. The discovery of the cup-hollow in the rock is of peculiar interest, therefore, in respect to the history of the mountain. If the Father of the Faithful came here to offer his only son in sacrifice, he came to what was before his time a sacred sacrificial spot, used for similar purposes by the people of the land.

We then examined the thirteen stones (as Sir Charles Wilson thinks, the foundation of the old Samaritan temple) which are said to be those brought up out of Jordan by Joshua. There are really thirteen large masses of unhewn rock, each about two and a-half feet long by two feet high, but the Samaritans call them "The *ten* stones." There are also two courses of other stones below the thirteen as Captain Anderson's excavations showed: may be they are the terrace walls for Justinian's fortress. If ever the Samaritans *had* a temple, which seems (as many of their other statements) rather doubtful, as there is no authentic history of it, it would probably, as they themselves also say, have been not here but over the sacred rock. It is probable that in our Lord's time at least they had only the rock, then as now, open to the air of heaven, and if there were no temple made with hands then His words (St. John iv. 24) acquire an additional point and force. Josephus's whole account of the Samaritans is full of inaccuracies and most untrustworthy, and can hardly alone be quoted in proof of an actual temple. Be this as it may, these thirteen stones are built in a long row on the west

side of the octagonal church of Zeno (A.D. 474). From each of the four alternate sides of this there projects a chapel, with a semi-circular apse. We then went up on to the top of the tower for the view. This is the repaired north-east corner tower of the rectangular fortress built by Justinian 529 A.D. South-west over the dark ridge with a cleft in the middle lies Ormeh (Arumah) six miles from Shechem, and Abimelech's home (Judges ix. 41). On the west is the Mediterranean, with the sun gleaming on it. Arak (cliff) is the name of the Tell that rises all green in front just beyond the slope of Gerizim. On the north we see Carmel, Neby Skander (a curious volcanic hill), Ebal, snowy Hermon, Tubas, Tammun and (between the two) the Haurân, and beyond that the mountains of Gilead and Neby Osha. It was a breezy, bright, and beautiful afternoon, and we met the bishop and dean and Sir Charles and Lady Wilson on the top; then after one more glance at the flat, sacred stone we clambered down the steep hill-side straight to Jacob's Well. The giant shadow of Gerizim was just falling from the westward over the well, and the plain to the east looked very green; the surrounding hills were grey in the Roman times as now. Afterwards to Joseph's tomb, just a quarter of a mile beyond. The tomb is not built straight with the walls of a small mosque which now surround it and are roofless. It lies sloping diagonally from north-west to south-east, with two pillars about three feet high for oil lamps and incense, one at each end. The tomb is probably earlier than the building and the site is a very old one. Does the forefather of the fruitful clan Ephraim repose in his mummy case below, or at Hebron? Went through Balata village, which means in Arabic a flagstone, but has the three root letters of the Aramaic word for oak. "The oak of the pillar" or the sacred monolith (Judges ix. 6) may have stood here. The rocks of Gerizim that overhang the valley are of nummulitic limestone; and the crags, that are here and there broken away, have the appearance of monoliths. "The pillar" may have been one of these isolated crags, and used for the same purposes as Zoheleth at Jerusalem; and on another Jotham may have stood to deliver his parable. Then we went up through the town as the sun was setting to the Samaritan Synagogue, through tunnelled streets and strange byways, where we were received by the High Priest, the nephew and successor of Amram who died in 1874. We removed our shoes at the door and walked over matting into the small whitewashed building lit up with oil lamps, where the oldest and most sacred of the three copies of the

Samaritan Pentateuch was brought out and shown to us. It was unrolled so as to open in the middle—the book of Numbers: it had a silver case, with a plan of the Tabernacle engraven thereon, showing "the cherubim" like snakes, and "the laver" like the cup as we had seen it on the Sacred Rock. The roll is bound with green and the silver case has a green silk cover; there are three silver knobs on the top of it. These knobs are the ends of the pins or rollers inside the case on which the MS. is rolled. The Samaritans wear red turbans; the younger men are tall, strong, and handsome. Those in the synagogue when the Pentateuch was brought out from behind the veil and rested on a tall wooden support for our inspection, were very reverential; the sign of reverence was a deep-drawn murmur just like the Fijian salute to a chief—woh! woh! None but the High Priest himself handled the roll. They say it was written by Abishuah, the great grandson of Aaron (*Tent Work*, vol i. p. 50), but this is shown by the character to be a mistake; as square Hebrew is hardly older than the fourth century B.C., and the Samaritan character is probably not much earlier. The MS. is probably as old as the seventh century A.D., when the Samaritans were in very flourishing circumstances, and in fact spread all over Palestine except Jerusalem. There are now about 160 in all at Nablus; but they are slowly increasing. Dined with the Kaimakâm again; then afterwards walked through the town to our camp, which has arrived from Jordan in the course of the afternoon and been pitched at Suwêtera, out on the west side of the town. Bed at ten; it has been a beautiful day.

April 17th.—Left Nablus at 7.10 A.M.; fine cloudless sky. Noticed some new quarries in galleries on the right of the road. After leaving the town, we rode through the olive groves and fruit gardens, and passed on the left some mills with an aqueduct leading to them from a spring not far distant. We followed the road by the side of the stream for three miles, until opposite Beit Iba we turned to the right up a field path, at 8.5 A.M. This is a Christian village and the slopes of the hill on which it stands are well-terraced. Arrived at Samaria at 9 A.M., six miles from Shechem. It stands on a much larger and longer hill than we expected, of which the present village occupies the east side only. The position of the northern capital though a fine one can never have been anything like as strong as that of Jerusalem. The hill rises some 400 or 500 feet above the valleys, and is completely isolated on all sides except the east. It commands two main roads,

one ran from Shechem westward to the sea, and the other ran from Shechem to the north. As we approach from the south traces of a steep escarpment are from a distance clearly visible. We first went into the Crusaders' church of St. John Baptist. There is an old tradition, dating from the fourth century, that he was buried here. The church is of much the same style and date, A.D. 1150, as that at Lydda, and the pillars run up to the top of the clerestory. Curiously, the tomb cave lies quite askew to the nave; on either side of the descent into this rock-hewn chamber there are many marble slabs with crosses upon them, and other broken marble remains. The tomb is a square chamber with six loculi, arranged in two tiers of three each; and there are some Kokim at the end, all wholly of masonry to look as if they were hewn in the rock. It has been suggested that these were the tombs of the kings of Samaria or Israel, as they are the only tombs now known in Samaria; but Sir C. Wilson said that there were many other tombs on the hill that are probably now concealed by fallen rubbish. This is possible, though such have never yet been discovered. The tomb we saw is clearly Jewish (or Phœnician or Israelite), and one would imagine that the tombs of the Israelite kings buried at Samaria would be more likely to be thus preserved than any others; though of course at the same time again, they would be more liable to violation by an enemy, and chance may have preserved an unknown person's tomb, and destroyed those of the kings. The old basalt door of the tomb is still in the cave with the panel-work on it; there is also much tesselated marble pavement. The church is on the site of the east gate of the old city. From this gate Herod's street of columns (eighty of which are still standing about six feet apart and all monoliths sixteen feet tall), started and ran westward for more than half a mile under the southern slope of the hill of Samaria to the gate at the other end, where there are remains resembling those of a triumphal arch. We walked over the flat plateau on the top of the hill. It is a cornfield now with olive trees scattered about, and on the south side is terraced in very steep escarpments. On the north side of the hill there is a recessed amphitheatre, in which are the remains and columns of a very large temple. From the plateau site of Samaria we can see south to Gerizim and the summit of Ebal; on the west the Mediterranean and Cæsarea (in Augustus' honour Herod re-named Samaria Sebaste, and founded that other city also); but on the north the view

is confined, the village of Beit Imrin (Omri's house), more than a mile away, faces us on the hill opposite. No vines grow here now; the inhabitants are all Mohammedans, and in this respect at any rate are better than those whom Isaiah (Is. xxviii.) and Hosea denounced; but on the road up to the town we passed a rock-cut wine-press. The olives grow in great abundance on all the slopes facing the town, and all the declivities round about are terraced; it is still "a very fruitful hill." At 10.50 A.M., after crossing Wady Shaîr (the Barley Valley) to the north of Samaria, on reaching the top of the ridge, Hermon came in sight with its flat top covered with snow. Immediately below where we are standing is the village of Silet-edh-Dhahr (where is a tomb of Levi, that is Sanballat, the enemy of Nehemiah). We passed many heifers and "calves of Samaria;" and on either side of the road the fig-trees were growing in great abundance. At 11.15 A.M. entered the plain of Râmeh (the Remeth of Issachar), and caught sight of the hills of Nazareth, and of the hills of Upper Galilee towards Safed behind them. At 11.30 A.M., three and a-half miles from Samaria, we halted under some fine fig-trees just above Fendekumieh for lunch. "The five villages" grouped around the plain of Râmeh, were Jeba, Sileh, Attâra, Râmeh, Anza, and each posted on the top of its own knoll formed a league together as Pentekomias. We got under weigh again at 2.10 P.M. and soon afterwards caught a large chameleon and put him in the saddle-bag, but by evening he had disappeared. At 2.30 P.M. passed Jeba in the midst of very dense olive groves, and so on down this fertile little valley of many springs. At 3.30 P.M. passed under Sanûr, leaving it on the left. It stands on the top of an isolated hill with steep natural escarpment on all sides, and looks a position in which any amount of corn and water might be stored for a siege. It commands its own plain, Merj-el-Ghuruk (or the drowned meadow), a basin three miles long and one broad, from which there is no outlet for the water that drains down into it from the surrounding hills. This level and marshy valley stretches for a couple of miles to the north, and across it we had a very muddy ride. Several little boys from the village above were, just as nature made them, splashing and mud-larking in the rain pools; and the cicala were chirping incessantly around. After leaving the bog we cantered on up the hill; and a mile further on we left Meselieh, the Bethulia of Judith, on the right. The local surroundings of this place are described in the story of Judith as accurately as if they had been

photographed. Belmain is Wady Belameh; the broad corn plain across which Judith went forth (x. 10) is the king's valley that stretches between us and Dôthân, three miles away; the ancient wells (vii. 3, 12, 13) are still there below the round hill-top.

Just before arriving at Kubâtieh we turned off from the ridge at 4 P.M., by the road to the left, down a steep ravine and through very thick olive woods, in order to visit Dôthân. At 4.20 P.M. came out of these woods on to the plain of Dôthân. This is at least five miles long and two broad; along its north side ran the old caravan route from Gilead to the coast. Hermon, cool and snowy, is just visible for a time through a gap in the hills, and then further on Gilboa with its flat top takes its place. The hills of Galilee overtop the low hills which shut in the plain on its north side. At 4.40 P.M. we dismounted on Tell Dôthân, which rises from the green plain and is covered with large prickly-pear hedges. There is a well to the south of the Tell and another spring near the cactus hedge (these are the two wells that gave it its name), and there is a quantity of sweet-smelling grass about. This was the last view of his native land (Gen. xxxvii.) which Joseph, the clan father of Ephraim, enjoyed on the day that he was carried away hence as a slave boy to the court of Pharaoh, whose wealth and power were afterwards all at his disposal. The road he travelled hence by was the main road from Egypt to Damascus, the one along which afterwards Thothmes III. (p. 479) and long after him Necho (2 Kings xxiii. 29), came marching up from the coast on the south-west. They passed across this plain, going towards the north-east, so on to Jenîn by the tower there; they would then cross the Jordan by the fords opposite Beth-shan, and proceed along the plain below the Haurân plateau eastward to the kingdom of Assyria. Leaving the Tell we rode eastward along the plain and down a wady full of wells and arched caverns to Jenîn a little over four miles distant. We arrived in camp at 6 P.M. The tents were pitched amidst the orange and palm groves and the immemorial gardens from which the place derived its name, En-Gannim (Jenîn). Temperature was 84° at sunset, when the muezzin was calling from his minaret to prayer in the stillness of the evening air at 7.30 P.M.

April 18th.—Thermometer marked 56° when we started at 7.20 A.M. (it was again 84° when we arrived at 4 P.M. at Mansûrah). We left Jenîn, and rode first northwards through gardens of pomegranates and prickly pears, with snowy Hermon, and Gilboa,

and little Hermon (but not Tabor) in front. The village of Jelbôn lay away on the extreme right, six miles distant; and the same distance away to the north-east El-Mazâr stood prominently up on the flat ridge of Gilboa over 1,500 feet above the sea. At Deir Ghazâleh, on a small hill two miles away to the right of our road, is a cromlech, almost the only one remaining on this side of Jordan, save in Upper Galilee where four or five are known. The village of Shunem fronts us on the slopes of the conical volcano peak of Neby-Duhy. It must have been a convenient resting-place for Elisha midway, as he passed from his haunts on Carmel, at the west end of the plain, down along the Wady Jâlûd to the Jordan valley and Abel Meholah (Ain Helweh). And if it was here that the Shulamite was found by Solomon his "pillars of smoke" advancing over the plain from Jenîn could be seen a long way off. Fuleh (Ophel), a mile to the west of Shunem, and its twin, Afuleh, a mile further west, were pointed out to us, as the two Ophlas mentioned in the list of cities taken by Shishak in this plain (p. 475). Belvoir Castle, over Bethshan, ten miles away down the Wady Jâlûd, is visible on the extreme right, at the edge of the great cliff of basalt that overlooks the Jordan valley and commands the entrance from that side to the plain of Esdraelon. The Gilead hills beyond Jordan serve as a background to the castle. Thus on the east we see the native home of Elijah, and twenty miles away at the western end of the plain Carmel, his favourite haunt. At 9 A.M. we arrived at Jezreel (Zerin), six and a-half miles from Jenîn. It was very strong on its north side, but on no other, and there "the tower" stood. The "Spring of Jezreel" is over 200 feet below at the bottom of the hill. It is a very large pool, and up from this the maidens of the village were coming with water-pots on their heads as we stood there. Ain Jâlûd, the giant's spring —a mile and a-half east and under the slopes of Gilboa—is generally supposed to be the "Pool of Jezreel." In Saul's last encounter with the Philistines their army was at first drawn up under Shunem, on the northern side of this valley of Jezreel, and he with his men were on the heights of Gilboa, fronting them. The night before his death Saul stole across the valley away from his own host and up one of the passes opposite to get round to Endor in the Philistines' rear. While he was thus away from his own camp with the witch, the Philistines moved across the valley on that very night and outflanked his position on Gilboa.

When the morning broke Saul therefore found himself hemmed in between the enemy and the steep cliffs of Gilboa, and despairing, ended his life. There was no escape for his men from the slaughter which ensued except by rushing over the jagged ravines of these cliffs, or precipitating themselves on to the rough blocks of basalt below; it was a veritable Majuba Hill to them. Up the valley from Bethshan yonder in the east, where Saul's body was hung by the Philistines, Jehu was watched driving as he approached Jezreel, coming from Ramoth-Gilead on the other side of the Jordan (in after years the scene of his descendant, Jeroboam II.'s, extended sway). The two allied kings "went out each in his chariot," and met him near Naboth's vineyard, which must have been nearly a mile away under the spur of Gilboa, for there are no rock-cut wine-presses anywhere nearer. Here Ahab's son was shot and flung aside to die. The king of Judah turned and fled at first northward across the plain, by "the going up to Gur" (*i.e.* Kâra) which is two and a-half miles from Jezreel; "Ibleam" is Yebla, five miles further east in the sand hills; "and he fled to Megiddo" (*i.e.* Mujedda, three miles south of Bethshan). This is an identification preferred by Captain Conder, and carefully worked out by him in detail, and accepted by many authorities since. (Robinson's site of Megiddo was at Lejjûn, and of Ibleam at Wady Belâmeh near Jenîn on the south, but no site for Gur is suggested in that direction.) The word rendered "garden-house" in this episode (2 Kings ix. 27) was thought by earlier writers to be Jenîn. It is in Hebrew "Beit-hag-gan," and is probably Beit Jenn without the Hebrew article, on the eastern slope of Tabor. Ahaziah thus fled from Jehu first, like a scared hare, up Neby-Duhy opposite, hoping to get round by this means behind Jehu's force that was advancing from Bethshan, and then after passing to that conqueror's rear to take the road down the Jordan valley to his own kingdom; for there would be no hope of his escape southward to Judah over the hilly country or through the centre of the land. "And his servants carried him in his chariot to Jerusalem" dead, down the same Jordan valley road as he had meant to flee by. But Jehu in his chariot passed on under the north cliff of Jezreel, from the tower on the top of which looked out the old masterful Sultana, ready for the fate she knew awaited her after the slaughter of her son. Here, where we are standing, she was hurled down, and Jehu drove on below and came in round at the back by the southern entrance to the city. At 9.30 A.M. we left Jezreel and rode westward across the plain of Esdraelon, now

cultivated for its entire length. A large part of it was ten years ago bought from the Turkish Government for a mere song by one of the wealthiest Christians at Beirout, by bribery of the late Governor-general at Damascus. It contains thirty-five villages, and cost 18,000*l.* Turkish. Prior to the purchase, the revenue accruing to the Government was but from 1,500*l.* to 2,000*l.* Turkish per annum, owing to the poverty of the peasants occupying it, and its consequent low production. Under the judicious management of this gentleman, his speculation paid him as much as thirty per cent. and at the same time the taxes to the Government were increased to 5,000*l.* Turkish. The peasantry likewise largely benefited by their assured protection and the prompt payment of their wages by their new master. All this was not accomplished, however, without encountering a difficulty to which investors in real estate in Turkish countries are so often exposed. The state of prosperity on this property, which had thus been secured, excited local intrigue and jealousy, and led to actions of ejectment to which the Government title proved no bar. After repeated journeys to Constantinople, endless commissions, and a liberal expenditure of money, a decision was at last obtained in the supreme courts which established the owner's title. This instance will explain both the difficulties and the openings which Syria presents under existing conditions for remunerative agricultural operations. In short, a capitalist, if prepared to fight his way through the obstacles which he may thus have to encounter, is absolutely certain of success.

The white and pink convolvulus, and the yellow wild mustard, are growing amongst the crops; the larks are singing overhead, but the heat is very great; we never felt the sun (even in the tropics) so biting as it is to-day (2 Kings iv. 18). Baal would seem to be showing his power, which is the more intolerable as a dry north wind is blowing. At 10.45 A.M. passed Ezbubah on its green tell, about six miles from Jezreel; it was an old shrine of Baal-zebub (lord of flies), whose shrines were always in the plains. And here beside our path he is himself in symbol, a giant scarabæus rolling his ball of dung fresh dropped, three times his own size, that contains the eggs, his progeny, which he thus carefully rolls and shows to the rays of the sun-god in hopes of future being. And the flies to-day are buzzing away all over the hill and all over the dung, a joy to their twi-named lord, Baal-zebub and Baal-zebul, "teasers," and signs of his power. The more puritanical of the Jews, through hatred of this foreign symbol of

the sun-god and with derisive play upon his title perhaps, nicknamed the great Baal-zebub Baal-zebul, the "lord of dung beetles," and likened the orbed lord of day to a little black crawling devil. The Crusaders, in their usual haphazard way, fixed on Ezbubah as Megiddo, and this apparently started Robinson in attaching the name to Legio: Megiddo, he thought, must be close to Taanach, which name survives in the village Tannuk, half-way between here and Jenîn. But Taanach ("sandy soil," so-called from the loose basaltic soil in its neighbourhood) in Judges v., appears to apply to the whole plain, the richness of the brownish-purple soil of which is due very much to the basaltic *débris*. A mile beyond Ezbubah we join the regular road from Jezreel to Lejjûn and Carmel; and our baggage mules that have come direct from Jenîn are just passing with their tinkling bells. We now see Tabor for the first time across the plain on the right. We can discern many oak-trees and much copse there as well as on Carmel; these are the only two spots in western Palestine in which the roebuck and the fallow-deer are found. At 11.30 A.M. crossed a boggy stream, and on the left of this a large stone coffin hewn in the rock, but with one side gone. Halted at Lejjûn by the cross roads (Legio), a famous Roman station in the fourth century, commanding the entrance up Wady Arah, through which one of their chief roads from north to south ran. It was very hot in the sun, and there was no shade but that of our little luncheon tent; the wind too had shifted round from the north to the still hotter east. At 1.30 P.M. mounted, and went on; an hour afterwards passed Abu Shusheh, four miles further. Many streams and springs, no less than fifty or sixty in ten miles, were running down all the way and continually crossing the road as they took the drainage from the district of chalk downs 800 feet high on the left into the plain, and went to feed the Kishon. The wild flowers were in bloom everywhere, daisies and convolvulus, blue cornflowers and wild mustard. At 3 P.M., two miles further, we crossed a wider stream by the ruins, tombs, caves, and quarries of Kireh; and now in front stands up Tell-el-Kassîs in the gorge between Carmel and Harosheth, El-Hârethîyeh, the oak groves; which still here cover an area of forty square miles (Judges iv. 2), at the embouchure of the Kishon and at the end of the plain. A little spring bursts forth here from the rock, of which we and our horses gratefully drank, and at 3.30 P.M. passed to the south of Tell Keimûn and opened up the valley on the left, the Wady El-Milh, down

which run the telegraph wires from Nablus to Acre ; it is a pretty English-like view of woods sloping down the hill-side, like Encombe in Dorsetshire. The end of the tell is cut off by escarpment, and evidently the little hill was once fortified ; on the top now stand the remains of a Byzantine church. We arrived at our camp at Jelamet-el-Mansûrah at the foot of Carmel at 4 P.M., and had to cut away the grass that was growing thick and coarse two feet high before we could pitch our tents.

April 19th.—7 A.M. started from this, the jolliest of all our camping grounds, to walk up Carmel, 1,200 feet. The wild flowers gave out the "scent of Carmel;" the white and pink cistus (like wild roses) and clover both red and white, and a starry flower of white with a green leaf behind each white ray, were growing in the woods of oaks and wild almonds and pines, hawthorn, myrtle, and acacia, through which we passed. The whole ridge of Carmel over twelve miles in length is seamed with glades, especially on the south side where they are full of springs, and here it probably was that Obad-Jah met Eli-Jah: the whole place and mountain side was haunted ground on which no one dared venture to intrude in search of the hiding prophet (Amos ix. 3). On the summit at El-Mahrakah at 8 A.M. Here some Druse peasants who live hard by (there are over 800 of them on Carmel) gave us some acceptable coffee and leban, and we sat under the shade of the oak on the huge flat stone at the edge, enjoying the cool breeze and looking out eastward over the plain of Esdraelon. On the north appear the hills of Upper Galilee, Hermon and Tabor (the two with Carmel making up a triad of sacred places); a woolly cloud drift (it all dispersed and cleared off in half an hour) is still lying along in some of the valleys, but the line of Jotapata hills, with Jebel Deidebeh, 1,780 feet, is clear in front of it, continuing into Jebel Tôrân, 1,778 feet (beneath which lies Sepphoris). A little to the right of Tôrân are the Horns of Hattin, and above them the hill of Bashan. The plain of Esdraelon is backed by the plateau of the Nazareth hills which end in the Mount of Precipitation (just to the left of Tabor) and in Tireh, a similar abrupt steep to the right of Tabor. In the extreme distance are the Gaulonite hills beyond Jordan. On the east come "little Hermon" (Neby-Duhy), then the Gilboa ridge ending in Mount Hazkîn, and behind that is Tubas with its nipple, and far to the south-east Ebal's flat top. The mountains of Gilead show right across from behind Neby-Duhy to the end of Gilboa. (This Carmel

is itself like a piece of Gilead with its trees and grass glades, and therefore was dear to Elijah's heart.) Birket-el-Fuleh, like a small lake, is glistening under "little Hermon." The ledge of Jezreel lies under the sharp-cut cliffs of Gilboa, and above Jezreel lies the darker and higher ledge with Belvoir on it; Kumieh is visible to the left of the Jezreel ledge, and to the right of "little Hermon." The Kishon with its windings extends the whole length of the plain, from near where its source is under Gilboa, twenty-five miles to the east; there too the Nahr Jâlûd begins to drain the valley of Jezreel in the other direction, and flows away eastward by Mujedda behind Gilboa cliff into the Jordan. On the south-east under Ebal's flat high top runs the Sheikh Iskander ridge with the village of Umm-el-Fahm (mother of charcoal) and Daliet-er-Ruhah (the breezy land) on the low hills over the Sharon plain. The main road, up which some suppose that Thothmes III. came, if he went by the easiest pass from the plain of Sharon (though probably he advanced by the more southern route past Dôthân), leads over Belâd-er-Ruhah, under Iskander into Esdraelon, then goes down the valley of Jezreel and over the Jordan by the Sea of Galilee and up through the Haurân to Damascus. The list of his captured towns includes places east of the Sea of Galilee, (p. 479). (Rameses II. advanced by the other road up the coast past Beirout and the Dog River.) Down that same road towards Egypt fled Elijah to Beersheba. On the spur of Carmel stands the village of Umm-ez-Zeinât, and beyond it spreads the wooded plain of Sharon to Cæsarea, and over and beyond that again is Jaffa in the extreme distance, nearly sixty miles away, the scene of Jonah's adventures. (He is said to have been as a boy that servant of Elijah who was sent up seven times to the summit here, to look out for the cloud forming from the sea at sunset.) To the west, on the shore of the sea, rises under Carmel the tower of Tantûrah (the ancient Dor) beyond which spreads the wide expanse of the Mediterranean Sea. There is no finer place in Palestine for watching the Sun-god, from the moment when he rises from behind the ridge of Gilead in the extreme east, until he sets at last in the western sea, after shining all through an unclouded day on his well-loved fertile plain of Esdraelon. Looking north-west nothing but the Carmel ridge is in view; Esfia (Mizpeh) which is its highest point (1,742 feet above the level of the sea), is visible: to the north are the sand hills on the coast south of Acre. This table rock, on the upper edge of which we stand, is called Mahrakah (place of burning), and

may have been the actual place of Elijah's sacrifice; and certainly this large flat stone does somewhat resemble the sacred rock on Mount Gerizim, and there is still a hollow in it like that we observed at the place of Isaac's sacrifice there, and there is a blood hole too on the north of the stone. If it was the site of Elijah's sacrifice then the populace stood on the flat down below, and looked up here at Elijah and the priests of Baal. But the name may have been given more recently to the spot by the Druses who still sacrifice here annually, and that flat platform below looks more fitted for the scene of contest. Curiously there is a Tell Ishakiyeh (Isaac or Laughter hill) and a similar feast-place on the east. We went into the little chapel of the Latins; outside were the heaps of fresh hewn stone with which they are going to build another. We spent thus from 8 till 10 on the summit, and then came down by the Bir-el-Mansûrah (Well of Victory), a perennial spring halfway between the ledge of rock above, and the flat platform below, and from it you can see both the peak above and the platform. The oak close by the spring is a ballut or malleh. Dean Stanley supposes it was from this well, where the spring would flow from the limestone in the driest season, that the water was drawn that was thrown around Elijah's altar, and that the name of the well may be connected with his victory. Hereabouts the styrax, the mock orange-blossom, and the honeysuckle with its luscious smell, were abundant. From this well instead of descending we went about two stone-throws towards the south, along the face of the hill keeping on the same level, and there found two flat platforms with again a higher ground in their rear, on which would stand the king and people: or Ahab may have been perched for dignity and safety on the El-Mahrakah slab above, Baal's priests on one platform and Elijah on the other. On the southernmost of the two platforms are the most stones and some slabs of live rock which might serve as a natural altar. At the extreme edge of this platform are rocks, thirty-six feet long by twelve feet broad, scooped out and with rain-water to-day standing in them. Further back are remains of what were apparently two rock-hewn wine-presses side by side, ten feet square and two feet deep. On the northernmost of the two flats under an oak tree is another wine-press; and to its north-west another flat rock with a round hole six inches deep and one foot in diameter; and a third rock to the north-west of that with a hole one foot and a-half in diameter, and one foot deep clean cut. To the right of this last and at a short distance from

it, is another lozenge-shaped hole six inches deep, its four sides each one foot long. Possibly all these may be the only remains of some village that once stood here. Walked down to camp, mounted our horses and left Mansûrah (the Victorious) at 11.20 A.M. Passed the artificially formed mound with very steep sides named Tell Kassîs (the Christian priest's hill—the Hebrew word for priest is totally different) and forded the Kishon at 11.40 A.M. Passed Isaac or "Laughter" hill ten minutes later, conspicuous with its palm-tree alongside. There are remains of a little colonnaded chapel or temple here. Then at noon passed Sheikh Abraik (the little blessed one or perhaps Barak). There are many Greek remains here, and some of the most extensive and important rock cemeteries in Galilee, belonging to the first century of the Christian era. The fort or town would command the narrow pass between Carmel and the oak forest, through which the Kishon flows, till twelve miles further it enters the sea by Haifa through the sand dunes. Then two miles and a-half further on we came over much swampy ground and here and there a tributary of Kishon, to Jeida, where recently some quite European-looking farmhouse buildings have been erected, and near which there are many remains of rock-cut wine-presses.

Arrived at Semmûnieh (Shimron or Simonias) with its round isolated hill where the Romans made a vain attempt to capture Josephus; and halted at 1.20 P.M. for lunch, under the shade of fig-trees in the midst of a garden surrounded by a thick prickly cactus hedge. Started again at 3.10 P.M.; at 3.50 arrived at Malul to see a square Greek tomb, but of the six Ionic columns that surrounded each of its four sides and which were here ten years ago, all are now gone. The date of the tomb is about 200 A.D.; there are four kokim in an arched tomb, and it is one of the few masonry tombs in the country. On the cliff opposite the other side of the road are the quarries. This would be less than four miles' walk from Nazareth, to which we now passed up over a very English-like grass common. The paths resemble those in Devonshire, and run zigzaging between clumps of dwarf oak and hawthorn. The grassy glen is all aglow with poppies, dandelions, blue and purple flowers, clover, mallows, a large yellow flower like a primrose, much so-called rose of Sharon, and meadow-sweet; and with the grasshoppers chirping, the rocks peeping out from the brushwood at the sides of the valley, and the stonechats mewing, the effect is altogether intensely homelike and English. The paths

are smooth and different from any we have met with in Palestine, and have many divagations at their sides; the olives like hoary willows here and there, are the only things that remind us that we are not in England but "beneath the Syrian blue."

A little higher, a mile short of Nazareth, we open on the right a second glen that runs south, with Japhiah at the end; the gardens round it are dotted with tall cypress and palm trees. It is the legendary birthplace of Zebedee and of his sons, St. James and St. John. At the top of the next rise in the road Tabor stands up in front, backed by the Gilead hills beyond, and Neby-Duhy with Nain on its slope, and then over that appears the ridge of Gilboa. The headland in front ends in the Mount of Precipitation, and above to the right of that is seen the plain of Esdraelon with its wheat-fields. So we descend into Nazareth, a little over twelve miles from Carmel: the first view of its white houses as in a hollow cup is disappointing. We ride through the narrow, badly paved streets and amid their industrious population, who are working in their little shops at their several trades. We noticed that the majority seemed coppersmiths and stonemasons. Thus we came to the Latin monastery of the Franciscans that is built over the site which, since 700 A.D. at least, has been regarded as that of the Virgin's house, and the home of Joseph and Jesus. The church has lately been restored by a wealthy South American.

Entering through the nave we went down the fifteen white marble steps that lead to the cave. Two black strips of marble, let into the white marble wall on either side, mark where the front of the house originally stood before it was conveyed away to Loretto. The cave into which we now go represents only the back part of the house. The altar in the centre is over the spot on which the Virgin stood during the Annunciation (according to the Latin legend she was at the time engaged in work and household duties at home). A granite column on the left marks the station of Gabriel. A side door to the right leads into St. Joseph's chapel behind, and a further passage through the rock leads into an old rock-hewn cistern, called the kitchen. The granite pillars now standing in the cave are of the same size and sort as the column we saw lying prostrate in the courtyard of the monastery, and probably belonged to an old basilica which originally stood in front and on the level of the cave which then, perhaps, formed its apse. Four pillars in all remain of the same grey syenite; three of these were the western row, and of them Gabriel's pillar is the one nearest the cave, one

only of the eastern row with the foundation of a fifth is *in situ*. Then out into the sunlight and down to our pleasant grassy encampment on the south side of the town. Thermometer 70°.

April 20th.—Thermometer 54° at dawn, very heavy dew. Awoke with the birds chirping and the cocks crowing; up at 5 A.M. Insignificance and quiet industry seem now the characteristics of Nazareth, and in olden days it must have been very much the same; for it was an out-of-the-way place on its own plateau, over which no public road ran. It is, however, now fast spreading up the hill-side, and many new houses have been lately built; but the little shops are as they must always have been. The population is said to number 10,000, half of whom are Moslems, though the Christians have wonderfully increased in the last few years. At 7 A.M. to the Latin convent again, where mass was going on: the priest in gold embroidered chasuble (which is exactly the form of the Abba or native peasant's cloak in Syria) was bowing before the altar, and the sound of the organ, and the kneeling congregation in the nave, with the singing of the choir, seemed more appropriate than the little half-mocking urchin who showed us round the empty church and caves last night, to the solemn thoughts that cluster round the spot revered by the millions of Latin Christendom as that where first sounded the words, "Ave Maria, gratiâ plena, Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus." We then went through the town to what is shown as the site of the synagogue in which our Lord taught; it is a bare, vaulted, ribbed chamber, now in the hands of the Greeks. Then to what is shown as "Joseph's workshop," a Latin chapel with a sacristy, in which last they point out the remains of older foundations. Then to the Mensa Christi, behind the Maronite church on the north-west side of the town. A Latin church has been built over the table rock within the last ten years—which is a smooth block four feet high, twelve long and ten broad. Then we went to the Greek chapel of the Annunciation, which has been built over the fountain on the north-east side of the town, and about 600 yards to the rear of the cave shown by the Latins as the Holy House. This is the only spring which the town does or ever did possess, and from it the water is conducted away in a small conduit for a little distance in front of the church to a fountain, which is known as Mary's Well, and from which the women and children of Nazareth come to draw water. We went into the chapel where

there happened to be a child's funeral going on; the little body was lying in an open coffin in front of the screen and the Greek priest beside it was intoning amid the incense-burners and the sorrowing friends.

"Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, son of Mary, hear."

"Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem non horruisti Virginis uterum. Tu devicto mortis aculeo aperuisti credentibus regna coelorum." We came here full of thoughts of the Virgin mother, in an ecstasy of joy at the prospect of her child that is to be; we find another Nazarene mother grieving for her child that is dead.

"Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
And one is glad; her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged;
And one is sad; her note is changed
Because her brood is stolen away."

The screen in front of the choir is a very fine renaissance-like carving, and the chapel at the north end over the fountain has some old stone arcade work each side that may have belonged to the old Byzantine chapel of St. Gabriel that stood here. They draw you a silver cup of water up through a hole in the pavement from under the altar that stands over the well; the old rock-cut steps outside the chapel walls overgrown with ferns and moss, which led down from above to the well, before the chapel was built over it, are seen through the window on the right-hand side. According to the oldest Christian traditions it was here that to the Virgin came the first thoughts of maternity, by the side of the cool fountain and amid the gleam of sunlight gently breaking in from above.

At 9 A.M. we left the village of Nazareth and went along the rough road that leads up the glen to the village of Er-Reineh. Leaving it at the Virgin's well we turned to the right and came on to the plateau, where there was much brushwood with wild flowers and daisies about, though not so many as on yesterday's road. Now and again as the road rises and falls we get peeps of the hills of Samaria, of Neby-Duhy, and of the plain of Esdraelon on the one side, and of Gilead and beyond the Jordan on the other, through breaks in the plateau. The tabooed Samaritan soil, Hermon the sacred sun mountain, and the Gentile country "beyond the Jordan," were all three ever before His eyes in boyhood. We gradually come out on to the grassy and wooded down, and

then turning down a combe on the right full of bushes and old trees, are shut in in peace and quiet; the only sound that breaks the stillness is that of the lambs bleating, and of the larks singing overhead; this narrow valley resembles many another in the south of England. Passed a shepherd and a shepherdess beneath the shade of a tree together, just as in the Song of Songs (viii. 5). At ten o'clock arrived at the foot of Tabor, four miles from Nazareth, and had a steep climb up the rocky road to the summit. There are a Greek and Latin convent up here, within the remains of the large fortress which occupied the highest part of the oblong plateau, still defended by a moat on all sides. The summit has doubtless been always covered by fortifications from the very earliest times (p. 517). The Greek monastery is approached through a separate gate and over a separate drawbridge to that of the Latins. It contains one of the oldest churches in the Holy Land. We rode over the bridge, across the moat, and through a modern gateway into the ground of the Latin convent. Then after dismounting, clambered about all over the ruins and at last perched ourselves on their highest point, the remains of a massive tower at the south-east corner, and looked out upon the magnificent view that often met our Lord's eyes when a boy. On the north is Hermon above the line of Safed hills that stretch in front; Safed itself lies a little to the left of Hermon in a cleft. Under Hermon lie the Horns of Hattin at the edge of the Ahma plain which extends right round both the north and east sides of Tabor, a sheet of green right away to the cliffs, over which shines the Sea of Galilee. It is Jerome's Sharon, so called from Sarona, a town in its centre. The fortress and the ruined khan three miles north-east on this plain are at a site called Khân-et-Tujjâr (merchants' inn): the next village to the right of that is Kefr-Kama, past which Sisera ran to the open basin Bessûm (Judges iv. 11; Bitzanaim) beyond, in his endeavours to escape north. The battle was in the plain of Esdraelon to the west of Tabor, and Sisera fled round the mountain eastward over the plain to Kefr-Kama and so into the Wady Fejjâs, while his army ran to the west, down the plain of Esdraelon. The opening of Wady Fik (on the east side of the Sea of Galilee) shows from here a little to the right of this village. To the right of the line of Hermon rise the peaks of the Jaulân terminating in "the hill of Bashan," which appears immediately over Wady Fejjâs. Just over the plain of Ahma we get our first glimpse of the north shore of the Sea of Tiberias. Mount Tabor is the only

point in the Nazareth plateau of hills from which Capernaum can be seen, seventeen miles distant. Turning to the east, the cleft made by the Hieromax (Yarmûk) through the marl cliffs on the other side Jordan is very pronounced. On the plain of Ahma below stand two villages, Madher is the distant, Meshah is the nearer; to the right of these and along the plain runs the Wady Bireh, down which we see the Jordan; and to the right of that on the ridge of the plain stands up Belvoir Castle by Bethshan, with the Gilead mountains beyond. Turning to the south there is Wady Zerka (or river Jabbok), and over that Neby Osha: under this last the Jordan valley and the Jordan. The plain of Jezreel below looks like a continuation of the rich rolling Ahma plain, on which last stands Kefa Misr (the nearest village). The plain, one of the most fertile in Palestine, runs up to Neby-Duhy, on the left or eastern-most slope of which sits Endor amid its cactus hedges; and a little to the right of the topmost peak of "little Hermon," that has the white tomb of Neby-Duhy on it, stands Nain. The plain of Jezreel is backed by the Gilboa group, and over the summit of Gilboa and just above Endor, in the extreme distance is Baalhazor (Tell Asur near Taiyibeh), and on the right of that extreme range comes Ebal; under that range, and just north of Samaria is Jebel Sheikh Beiâsîd, and under that another line of hills to the south of Jenîn, which separates the Dôthân plain from the Rameh plain. Above the left flank of Gilboa run down two spurs toward Jordan, the uppermost of which are the hills north of Wady Farah, and the undermost is the line of hills round Wady Maleh; this line runs right along over the Gilboa range till it comes to an end on the west in Jebel Hazkin. To the left of this in the extreme distance is Tubas hill, and to the right in the extreme distance are the hills south of Wady Farah, and then between them and Ebal stands Ras-el-Akra, "bald head." Over Nain extends the line of Sheikh Shiblah running on to Sheikh Iskander, under which last in the plain is the pool of Fuleh. On the west is Carmel over the plateau of the Nazareth hills: under the Mahrakah is the Hill of Precipitation, and to the right is Yafa (Japhiah), the village on the edge, under which appear the olives of the village Iksâl (Chesulloth), four miles distant on the plain of Jezreel. The whole Carmel ridge is seen in the far distance; in the near-foreground are the buildings of the Latin convent on Tabor. In the north-west over the Greek convent are the hills of Nazareth, wooded: Ain Mahil (Nehalal) on the slope with a road going up to it. Over the hills of

Nazareth is Jebel Daidebeh running on to Jebel Tôrân. Of the hills of Upper Galilee the highest peak is Jebel Yarmûk, under which is visible the village of El-Mughâr (the caves) on the slope. Over the plain of Ahma (although the name El-Ahma applies rather further east, and this part of the old plain of Asochis is now called Merj-es-Sunbul), and under El-Mughâr is Shejerah, and between that and the Horns of Hattin is Lubieh, and over that to the left is Jebel Teiayarat (the mount of little fortresses).

After carefully tracing this grand panorama with the help of a map, we visited the three chapels in the castle which stand for the "three tabernacles." The central or larger one is approached down rock-cut steps and the altar still stands in its apse. This is probably Tancred's church, built 1100 A.D. To the south of this entrance and at the top of the steps is a small chapel with a Crusader's tomb on its south side. The little detached chapel on the north-east is labelled "Locus ecclesiae sub titulo S. Moysis," and has an apse and mosaic pavement. Three churches have existed here from the seventh century; the Transfiguration was located here in the fourth. We lunched in the long cool room of the monastery, and left the convent at 1.10 P.M. The hills of the Nazareth plateau lie all wooded at our feet as we descend. Deburieh (Daberath, an old boundary town) at the foot of Tabor and the Nazareth hills, suggests connection between Deborah and Tabor. Reached the foot of the hill at 2.10 P.M. walking and leading our horses down the rocky path, then turned to the left and rode south over four miles across the plain to Nain. We had intended riding by Endor as well, but there is nothing but some modern hovels, and old caves, the reputed dwelling of the witch. The path we are riding on is part of the old caravan road that came from Damascus by Khan Minieh, crossed the plain of Gennesaret, passed Tiberias, then mounted under Hattin, crossed the Ahma plain by Khan Tujjâr, and went on under Tabor to Jenîn. Nain was evidently a large village once, the rocky hill appears cut away above it and the road passes up behind it to the top of Neby-Duhy. At 3.15 we arrived at Nain. Three stone coffins were lying by the fount at the bottom of the hill, and on a slight eminence stood the remains of the old village. We can see Nazareth to the right of the Hill of Precipitation as we stand in the cemetery of Nain, and among the rock-hewn tombs to the west of the village. The path coming in from Nazareth, five miles off across the plain, would cut, at right

angles just outside the village here, the other path along which a funeral coming from the village to these tombs would be borne. The lad (St. Luke vii. 11) was therefore a neighbouring villager and must have heard of and probably seen Jesus of Nazareth before his recall to life; at witnessing which his widowed mother's joy was equal to that of the other widow of Shunem, the twin village two miles off on the other side of the hill, when her son too was restored to life by another prophet. Went into one of the tombs which had five kokim; the next cave was like a chapel and had loculi at its side: and there were other caves and apparently cisterns in the hill-side further west. Rode home to Nazareth; its plateau of hills is characterised by a gentle beauty as they rise from the green plain which stretches away to the left at their feet. We mount up the narrow pass under the precipice 950 feet high, which the Crusaders fancied was that of the Precipitation. Approaching Nazareth from the south side we get a more pleasing view of the town than that we had yesterday. We see the little Greek church marking the spot where the people stood looking on at the Precipitation, and the Latin church for the same purpose further off, but nearer the village at the summit of the hill. At 5 P.M. arrived in camp; dismounted and started at once on foot for Neby-Sain immediately behind or to the north of the village, with two bright cheerful boys of Nazareth as our guides. We went up by the cliff behind the Maronite church in the glen to the west of the town, and this cliff was probably "the brow of the hill on which their city was built" (St. Luke iv. 29). This cliff and the village well are the two spots in Nazareth, that cannot have much changed since the Holy Family lived here. Mounted on the roof of the little wely of Neby-Sain at 5.30 P.M. It is 1,600 feet above the sea and is the loftiest point of the Nazareth plateau of hills. The two boys are crooning verses of a Christian hymn, as they are perched by our side full of life and spirit. The view is similar to that from Tabor, but the hills beyond Jordan stand up very clear in the light of the westering sun, and appear from here finer and higher than they did from there; they must often have seemed to call to the great Teacher to "come over and help them." On the west, Carmel is visible as far as Haifa and the Mediterranean; to the right of the sea come the wooded hills that cross the cultivated valley in which stands the village of Bethlehem of Zebulun (Josh. xix. 15) close to the edge of Kishon's oak forest, and the line of towers on the ridge of Shefa-Amr (Shefram, one of the seats of the Sanhedrin

after the fall of Jerusalem), near which Gamaliel is buried. Daidebeh and Safed are visible over the Buttauf plain on the north and Hermon beyond all. This is the spot where M. Renan desires to see a church erected common to all Christian bodies. For here

> "The Word had breath, and wrought,
> With human hands the creed of creeds
> In loveliness of perfect deeds,
> More strong than all poetic thought.
>
> Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
> Or builds the house, or digs the grave;
>
> When truth embodied in a tale
> Shall enter in at lowly doors."

Next we paid a visit to the large orphanage which lies just below Neby Sain, and is under the management of Miss Dickson; she showed us all over it, it was beautifully clean and nice and all the little girls looked very happy. The society is one conducted by a committee of English ladies for the improvement of female education in the East. From the terrace in front of the orphanage there is much the same view as the famous one from Neby-Sain above, with the exception, of course, that all to the north is here shut out. In the evening several of the officers of the *Bacchante* who were returning from the Sea of Galilee to Haifa, where the vessel is lying,[1] came and dined with us at 6 P.M. They are staying at the Casa Nuova of the Latin monastery.

April 21st.—Thermometer 54°, a heavy dew. Left Nazareth after saying good-bye to Bacchantes who were at breakfast as we passed; then went out by the Virgin's fount at 7.45 A.M., and mounting over the hill to the north halted and looking back had our last view of Nazareth. From this point Holman Hunt's sketch in Canon Farrar's *Life of Christ* is taken, with the Greek church in the foreground. A little higher up the hill the Christian village, Er-Reineh, just ahead, came into view, and Seffurieh (the reputed home of St. Joachim and birthplace of the Virgin), with its castle-crowned mound three miles away to the north. Our road passes a little to the south of the first; it is a well-built village. Just a mile from Nazareth is Ain Kana, the fine spring on the right of

[1] The *Bacchante* left Jaffa at 5.40 A.M. on the 14th and steamed the fifty-five miles to Haifa, where she anchored at 5.37 P.M. the same day. On the 17th a party of officers left for Nazareth, and returned on the 21st. H.M.S. *Monarch*, Captain H. Fairfax, C B., arrived from Beyrout and left for Jaffa the same afternoon (21st). The weather was calm during the whole time the ship was at Haifa, but the thermometer varied at noon from 60° to 82°, rising when the wind had a touch of east in it, and falling when it went round to the west again.

the road, with clumps of olive-trees clustering on the slope of the hill above. There is another spring also here on the left of the road with a sarcophagus by its side. This may have been the site of that Cana (St. John ii. 1—11), where at the cheerful country wedding, after the extra guests who had walked from Nazareth had been invited in and the peasant's wine supply had fallen short, the clear bright water drawn from this very spring was served as the best of wine. Left it at 8.15 A.M.; many terraces are on the hill-side on the right and corn-fields on the left, and after riding a mile and a-half passed on the left El-Meshhed (Gath-hepher?) on its pronounced Tell with olive-trees. Here is shown Jonah's tomb (2 Kings xiv. 25), or it may be intended for that of Jonas, father of Peter. At 8.45 we pass a large cistern with a great fig-tree growing in it, and so go on through olives and over rock to Kefr Kenna, where we arrive at 9 A.M., over three miles from Nazareth. From the fourth century this has been shown as the site of Cana of Galilee, the home of Nathanael and Simon; the Crusaders, however, in the twelfth century, fixed it at Khurbet Kana, five miles away to the north of the Buttauf plain and eight miles due north of Nazareth. Robinson accepted this later view and got from a Christian townsman there the name with the required affix Kâna-el-Jelîl. But that addition is altogether fictitious and not known to the peasantry. We went first into the newly restored Latin church neatly arranged and decorated by a German Catholic. Outside this some old pillars were lying about, and fragments of Byzantine lintels. Over the church door there is a pretty modern picture of the bride and bridegroom in the same dress as that now worn by Syrian peasants. Saw the school for children going on here. Then we went into the Greek church lower down the hill; it was very dirty, and some stone troughs from wells are shown as the water-bottles mentioned in the Gospel narrative. The Kaimakam of Nazareth, a native Christian from Beyrout, Michel Effendi Eddé, left us here to return. Kefr Kenna is just on the edge of the Asochis (El-Buttauf) plain and of the Nazareth plateau. We rode on to Lubieh five miles further: the same road along which the ill-starred host of the Crusaders 700 years ago marched over the plain from Seffurieh to their final overthrow by Saladin at Hattin on the 5th July 1187. At 11 A.M. lunched at Lubieh under the shade of a carob-tree on the slope of the limestone hill where the camp of the Christians had been pitched the last night

before the fatal battle. Here our party broke into two; one made straight to Tiberias, seven miles away directly to the east. About three and a-half miles from Lubieh, and one and a-half to the south-east of the Horns of Hattin (the traditional site of the Sermon on the Mount), we came upon the Hajâret-en-Nasâra; the name signifies "stone of the Christians." A rude circle of basalt blocks (called also Khamsa Khubzat, "five loaves," St. Matt. xiv. 15), ten paces in diameter, here occupies the edge of a shelf looking down Wady Abu'Ammîs, and commands a view of the lake through the gap, and of the Jaulân mountains beyond. It seems possible that this much-venerated circle may be a prehistoric monument, or cromlech similar to those east of Jordan; and the fine view towards the sunrise seems to countenance this supposition, since stone circles generally occur in Syria in similar positions. The largest stone is about five feet long, and the Russian pilgrims are in the habit of taking home chips of this stone, which they believe to have been used by Christ as "a table." In the twelfth century the mountain where Christ preached was placed one mile from this Mensa Christi. Modern tradition (thus confounding the physical feeding of the multitude with the moral) makes this the site of the miraculous feeding of the five thousand, which, however, took place, according to the Gospels, on the other side of the Sea of Galilee.

The other half of our party left Lubieh at 1.15 and rode to the Horns of Hattin two and a half-miles distant over fields, the long thick grass in which gave them the exact appearance of those shut up for hay in England. Amid all the English smells and sounds of birds and insects on a hot summer's day, we clambered over the remains of buildings that once crowned the volcanic top of the Horns, where we arrived at 2.10 P.M. The view stretches away north to Mount Hermon, on the left of which gleams Safed on its high hill, "a city set on a hill," its white houses clustering on the slopes under the very pronounced saddle that rises above. No village is visible from here on the shores of the Lake of Tiberias, neither is the entrance of the Jordan at its north end distinguishable, but the broad fissure of the Wady Semakh on its eastern side is very conspicuous. Looking south, one Tell (on the Buttauf plain called Tell Bedeiwîyeh, with ruins of a small khan by a well on it) at the northern end of the Nazareth plateau is very prominent. Walked down the steep sides of the Horns to Hattin, the village at the mouth of a gorge full of fruit-trees, overhung on the south

by lofty basaltic cliffs. A little white wely (or saint's tomb) overtops the green of the trees. We walked on from here a mile and a-half across the Merj-Hattin to the entrance of the wild Wady Hamâm. On the right, above the entrance to the pass, towered the remains of Irbid, the old fortress of unhewn stones of Beth-Arbel (Hosea x. 14), and here too, close to the edge of the descent, are the remains of one of the oldest synagogues in Galilee (dating from 200 B.C.,) and one in which our Lord almost certainly taught (St. Matt. iv. 23). We wandered on down the Wady Hamâm. The cliffs are like those at Mar Saba, 1200 feet high on each side of the gorge, sheer perpendicular precipices and honeycombed with regular galleries and tiers of caves one above the other, strengthened here and there in front with masonry. These are the fortified caverns from which Herod drove the robbers by letting down his soldiers in iron boxes from the top, and which after their expulsion were occupied by the community of Essenes. The rivulet runs all down the ravine, and here and there large blocks of stone evidently hurled down from above are lying. Two of these about fifteen feet high near the eastern mouth of the Wady, have their flat tops covered with heaps of small stones which look as if they had been thrown there designedly, reminding us of those we had seen at Albany in Western Australia (vol. i. p. 447). The frogs are croaking and the terapin (water-tortoise) diving in the stream on the sides of which the papyrus is springing. These tiers of storied caves extend in a line for over two miles; some of the cliffs thus perforated reach round and even face the lake behind Mejdel (Magdala). Coming out of the Wady we passed first the square tower at the end of the plain of Gennesaret, then the village, then the wely, opposite to which we sat down under a large solitary tree. At this, the birthplace of Mary of Magdala, beneath the shadow of these Essene caverns, as we looked for the first time on the shores of that lake side hallowed by Christ's teaching, we seemed to hear over and over again on the stillness of the evening air, the accents of His voice, "Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be My disciple." A large convolvulus, white and fleshy-tinged, and ruddy pink oleanders were in full bloom all along the lake-side as we walked towards Tiberias. This filthy city, three miles further on with stinks innumerable, is surrounded by an old wall five feet thick built in 1738, with round towers which are leaning about in every state of decrepitude from the shock in 1837 of an earthquake. We passed through it to our encampment on the

green flat outside to the south of the town and on the west shore of the Sea of Galilee about twenty yards from it. We went out in a boat and had a delightful bathe from it in the lake. More than half the inhabitants of the city are Jews, squalid and pale and sickly-looking, with long thin side-locks of hair; the shabby, round, black, European billycock hats, which many of them wear, contrast strangely with the long flowing Oriental robes of the rest of their dress, and the mixture is still more odd when set off in some cases by rusty butcher-boots. They have still seven synagogues here, the sole remains of their former grandeur when this was one of their sacred cities. In the third century the Jerusalem Talmud was compiled here.

April 22*nd*.—Went down to the lake and had another bathe from a boat before breakfast. Some of the party started at 9.30 to go straight by water to Capernaum, hoping to land on the north part of the plain of Gennesaret, and to get some quail-shooting. The rest went first to visit the tomb of Maimonides and other rabbis on the hill behind the town, and then returned to the beach and found their own boat waiting, into which they got at 9 A.M. "to cross over unto the other side" to Wady Semakh, eight miles across. The boat was to English eyes a clumsy one—though probably not unlike those in use on the lake eighteen hundred years ago; she was twenty-two feet long and eight feet beam, with a low gunwale and a lateen sail badly set. The after-part of the stern-sheets was just large enough to allow one man to coil up there for a sleep on its flat surface, level with the top of the gunwale; the under-part of this stern was used for a locker. There were exactly twelve of us in the boat, seven of whom composed the crew, and of these, three took the oars for a spell, the other three laying by, and the odd man steering. The oars were very long and heavy, with very narrow blades, and it was impossible to get much way on the boat rowing with such poles. It was nearly a flat calm the whole way over. Half-way across, at 10.30, Hermon disappeared in mist. The valley by which the Jordan enters the lake is clear enough from here to-day, though it was concealed from Mejdel yesterday. Fronting us as we cross, the ruins of Gamala stand up very plain on the summit of the eastern hills, up which we can trace the old road's ascent; that road is never traversed now since all the eastern shore of the sea is left in the hands of the wild Beni Sakr. Looking southwards, the hills at the lower end of the lake have all receded from view, and the low line of the coast down there alone

appears. Landed at Wady Semakh, after three hours very warm rowing, at noon. Wild Arabs met us on the beach, ill-mannered and contemptuous, trooping in flocks; an ill-looking lot. We asked what the names of the ruins were that we saw at the mouth of the valley; they are generally marked on maps as those of Gergesa. They said they did not know (which was of course an untruth), and asked, "Were we afraid of them?" Gabriel, our native servant, laughed at them and said, "Why should we be?" Conder told them they were such ignorant, stupid people, we could not stay talking to them, if they did not know the name of their own town, and we got into the boat again. One of them climbed in and tried to help himself to something out of the boat. As we pulled away a little boy slung stones after us. He was with his cattle a little way off from the black tents near the lake side. There was no steep cliff descending to the water's edge hereabouts: but swine could have been chevied off the hills downwards anywhere about here. The people too we saw from the shore were of the same character as the other wild folk who "prayed Him to depart out of their coasts" (St. Matt. viii. 34). Shortly after setting off for Tell Hûm a west wind began to blow freshly. The boat wolloped about a bit and shipped several seas, the sail not standing well, and a nasty lop soon got up (St. Matt. viii. 24). The heaviest puffs came when we opened the Wady Hamâm. The sun was shining brightly all the time. We could not make Tell Hûm, but fetched up to a little nook to the east of Tell Hûm called Oshsheh (or bird's nest), where the water was perfectly smooth under the lee of the small headland. Under this, we had to pull out of the hurly-burly. It would have been impossible to have landed elsewhere, as the boat would have been swamped or thrown upon the rocks which were here and there lining the beach. We walked through some splendid thistles, and saw the ruins of the Tell Hûm synagogue with its fine lintels and capitals of Corinthian columns now all overturned. Several of the pedestals, however, of these last are still in their original positions. It was built entirely of white limestone brought from a distance and must once have been a conspicuous object standing out from a dark basaltic background. It faced north and south, with three entrances at the southern end, "looking towards Jerusalem." The pot of manna we traced sculptured on a large block of the lintel. It was in the synagogue at Capernaum that our Lord spake (St. John vi. 32-49). Then down to the

square building on the beach, built of fragments of an older structure, where we fell asleep. Tell Hûm had thus two landing-places, one on the east side where we landed, which would be sheltered from the west wind, and the other facing westward under this fort, and so sheltered from the east wind; and therefore fishermen belonging to the town could come to shore with any wind. If Capernaum stood at Tell Hûm it had thus on either side a little indentation or harbour, one at Ain Tâbghah and the other at Oshsheh, so that it would be possible for the crew of a fishing-boat to land here during either of the prevailing winds; and from every practical point of view it would be an admirable position for a fishing village. It looks right down the centre of the lake with a view of Wady Hamâm and its cliffs, between which one just catches sight of the Horns of Hattin. There is a beach too for hauling up boats for repair and for spreading nets, between Ain Tâbghah and Khan Minieh cliff (*αἰγίαλον*); beneath this latter is our camping-ground. The oleanders in bloom fringe the shore everywhere. It looks as if it would still be a hotbed of malaria, as when St. Peter's wife's mother was down (St. Matt. viii. 14) with fever, and the centurion's lad (v. 6) with ague here; the low-lying ground is just now over-irrigated; for there are at least five strong perennial streams that flow into the plain of Gennesaret. The hill-sides are stiff with quail, and numbers were bagged, as well as partridges and wood-pigeons. More might have been got if we had had a dog. In the evening we had another beautiful bathe like the morning's, from a boat, and much fun taking headers.

April 23*rd*.—St. George's Day. The morning was showery and the lights on the lake were fitful, now green now blue, and where a gust of wind touched the water here and there the small waves were white crested. It is from this same surface that with strange irony the later Jews expect the Messiah to arise, like Arthur from the mystic lake. There is a very pretty view from our camp, looking right across on to the eastern shore. Col. Ahmed Bey made a water-colour drawing of this in which light green, the holy Moslem colour, was the prevailing tint. Had service as usual in tent, and lunch at 1 P.M. Afterwards spent a very interesting Sunday afternoon in going carefully over the three reputed sites of Capernaum. First on the hill by Khan Minieh, we could find no remains of any important ruins at all, only a few small mounds with fragments of pottery quite modern; nothing indicating buildings of any sort or kind. This khan was only erected in the twelfth century outside

Tell Hûm in which dwelt the Minai (the heretics, *i.e.* the Christians). The inn could not have been built at Tell Hûm itself, for that would have been most inconvenient and altogether off the road, which after crossing the plain of Gennesaret at once mounts the hill behind Khan Minieh. Like Khan Tujjâr it formed one of the line of khans built for the accommodation of the caravan traffic on the Damascus road. It is just possible that a sort of suburb of Capernaum may have clustered on the plain here; if so, this may be the site of the Galilean Bethsaida, of which there is still a trace in the name Sheikh Seyâd attached to a small kubbeh near the khan.

Having read in the morning Sir Charles Wilson's paper in the *Recovery of Jerusalem*, pp. 337–387, we next went to the Ain-el-Tâbghah, and again carefully surveyed them and the Tell Hûm site. It has been conclusively shown by Sir C. Wilson that Tell Hûm has been considered by the Christians, since the fourth century, to be the true site of Capernaum. Jerome adds that Chorazin was two miles from Capernaum, which agrees with the distance from Tell Hûm of Keraseh, where there are extensive ruins, including those of a Jewish synagogue. In the sixth century a Basilica was built at Tell Hûm over the House of St. Peter. No important ruins anywhere near have been discovered except those at Tell Hûm: here they are extensive, and the name is the same. Tell is applied to a deserted site or mound marking ruins: Kefr to an inhabited village. It often happens that the final syllable in old names is alone preserved, as for example, Achzib becomes Zib; Kefr or Caphar-na-hum, would by these changes naturally become Tell Hûm. Here besides the regular Jewish cemetery and the limestone synagogue (which is enclosed by later buildings of the same material), there are ruins of a town nearly as large as Tiberias, and if they are not those of Capernaum it is difficult to say what they were. Those who urge other sites for Capernaum assume that its ruins (wherever they were) have all been carried away to build Tiberias. They forget, however, that the people of Tiberias have within easy reach enough material to build their houses twice over without crossing the lake to come here for it. The ruins at Tell Hûm stretch up the slope behind, and cover an area of half a mile in length by a quarter in breadth; it is thickly covered with the ruined walls of private houses, amongst which a main street has been traced, leading apparently in the direction of Chorazin. Several remarkable tombs have also been found in the extremity of the town. Westward along the shores of the lake a

mile from Tell Hûm, which however extended probably the whole distance between them in ancient days, is the charming little bay of El Tâbghah and the great spring which is without doubt "the fountain of Capernaum" mentioned by Josephus (*Wars*, III. x. 8) as watering the country of Gennesaret. It contained, he says, a peculiar fish called Coracinus (perhaps so called from the crowlike noise it makes), found also in the Upper Nile. This fish has been identified by Canon Tristram as the *Clarias macracanthus*, or Silurus. It is very abundant in the muddy bottom, and wherever there are flags and papyrus, both in the lakes of Gennesaret and Huleh. It is equally abundant in all the three fountains on the west of the lake, so its identification in itself throws no light on the site of Capernaum. Tristram found some of them three feet long; when taken from the spring they hissed and squeaked, and were so tenacious of life that they lived for three hours out of water. They are far superior to the other fish in the lake for eating, the flesh is firm and rich like an eel's. The bay of Ain-el-Tâbghah is half a mile across; Tell Hûm would be at its eastern horn, and the western is formed by the cliff of Khan Minieh. There are five springs at Ain-el-Tâbghah; four are small, but one is by far the largest spring in Galilee, more than half the size of the celebrated source of the Jordan at Banias. It issues from a limestone rock some thirty to forty feet above the level of the lake. The spring head is enclosed in a circular tower of masonry, some fifteen feet high, whence it was originally conducted to a polygonal pool called Birket 'Aly, built against the face of the cliff, and enclosing another spring. The water-tower has, however, been undermined, so that the stream now flows through a breach at the base of the wall, and runs below the level of the Birket to a dam, probably more modern still, where the water is collected and carried by an aqueduct entirely of modern construction to a modern mill, now working close to the shore of the lake. The water-tower walls are built of coarse rubble of basalt in white mortar. Birket 'Aly is an octagonal reservoir about 100 yards west of the water-tower. The walls are built of basalt masonry, the stones being generally of small size, except where the pressure of the water was greatest and the wall required to be of more solid construction. A double channel leads from the reservoir to a pair of circular vertical shafts, which evidently formed shoots for a small mill, now destroyed. The original intention which caused the construction of this reservoir was evidently to obtain a head of

water for a mill. The name, Birket 'Aly, is said by the natives to be given because this work, with the other constructions at Tâbghah, was made by 'Aly, son of the famous Galilean Arab chief, Dhahr el 'Amr, about a century ago; the same who built the walls of Tiberias and who there again, as here, utilised the old rock-cut aqueduct. The descendants of this chief still state that the Tâbghah mills were built by their family, and the work has all the appearance of having been executed by Arabs.[1] There are two other mills near the shore, the channels to which are now in ruins, the mills being disused. Some 200 yards east of the first water-tower is a second of similar character. It is called 'Ain Eyûb or Tannûr Eyûb, "Spring or oven of Job;" referring to a legend in the Koran, that Job at God's command stamped with his foot and a spring flowed. Its sides are twenty-six feet long, and the surface of the water is at present sixteen feet below the top of the Birket 'Aly. It is ten feet in diameter, and sixteen feet high, with walls about four feet thick, and an internal flight of fifteen steps. The water, like that of the other springs, is slightly saline. Similar water-towers occur at the 'Ain-el-Barideh, near Mejdel, south of the plain of Gennesaret. The Tannûr Eyûb is now breached near the base of the wall, and the stream runs free. The place is evidently still sacred, as small offerings (blue beads and strings of shells) are attached to the wall, emblems in ancient mythology of female deities who presided over water.

This is the present condition of the springs: but Sir C. Wilson says, "connected with this fountain are the remains of some remarkable works which at one time raised its waters to a higher level, and conveyed them bodily into the plain of Gennesaret for the purposes of irrigation. The octagonal wall of the reservoir shows signs of being on older foundations of basaltic stones, and although there is no doubt that the present walls were not built with the intention of forcing the water round this channel so as to water the plain of Gennesaret, it is probable they were built in imitation of the former walls that were used for this purpose, which must have been stronger and considerably higher than the present walls. There are traces of an aqueduct in a northerly direction away from the lake and up the valley, then across it and back down the other side. Here there are considerable remains still: the masonry

[1] As Tâbghah, means "dyeing," Ain Tabghah is "the dyers' spring." This suggests Migdol Tzeboia, the "dyers' tower," of the Talmud.—Captain Conder, Palestine Exploration Fund *Quarterly Statement*, January, 1885.

is firmly set in strong cement, and the bottom of the watercourse is thickly covered with very hard cement. The aqueduct followed the contour of the ground to the point where it crossed the beds of two watercourses on arches, of which the piers may still be seen: it then runs along the hill-side on the top of a massive retaining wall, of which fifty or sixty yards remain, and lastly passes round the Khan Minieh cliff by a remarkable excavation in the solid rock. The total length of the rock-cut passage, in the cliff near Minieh, is 150 yards, the width is from four to six feet, and the depth of the channel is in places about thirty feet, but generally not more than three to six feet on the lower side." The direction and dimensions of the various sections have been carefully noted. The channel is not quite level at the bottom, descending at either end with a slope of about a quarter of a degree from the horizontal. To the west, a paved path at present gradually descends to the shore of the lake, and forms a continuation of the channel cut in the rock. The east end of this channel is more than half a mile from the spring. Its level, as far as could be judged by observations taken with an Abney's level, seems to be possibly ten or twenty feet above the top of the present reservoir at the Birket 'Aly (the chief fountain at Tâbghah). The natural conclusion which seems to result from this examination, is that this spring and the rock-cut channel had the closest connection with one another. It seems probable that the passage was intended for an aqueduct, but came afterwards to be used for a road, in order to avoid the necessity of climbing over the promontory. The passage saved an ascent of more than 200 feet, and except by it there was no possibility of rounding the cliff which runs into the lake. At Ain Fijeh precisely similar rock-cuttings made for aqueducts were afterwards used for roads. The elevation of the aqueduct is sufficient to have enabled the water brought by it to irrigate the whole plain of Gennesaret. It may appear curious at first sight that such a labour should have been undertaken, since there are several springs in the plain itself. But the Ain-el-Tin, the spring at the north end of the plain, is small, and not one-fourth the size of the Ain Tâbghah. The lake often submerges it, and to this day it is considered unhealthy by the natives, who invariably drink the water of the lake itself in preference. The plain in Roman times was covered with a thick population, and it was for their needs that the aqueduct was cut. At the southern end of the lake a similar and larger rock-cut aqueduct brought water for the use of Tiberias for a distance of

over nine miles along the side of the hills that there border the lake. That aqueduct and this are both now out of use. From this aqueduct we made some sketches on our return—taking in Tiberias and Magdala—the Wady Hamâm with Horns of Hattin and the other flat-topped hill like a small edition of the horns, called also Mensa Christi: the whole place is, however, a Mensa Christi, a place to feed the thoughts with Christ, as He here fed the multitudes of old Himself.[1] "He is not here," nor are we the nearer to Him for merely being here. He still exists, however, for us, as He did for them, in His words. The thought, the spirit that lives in these, we can take into our hearts and minds. This is truly to be very near to Him: this is to be one with Him as He taught Himself on this very spot (St. John vi. 63). In the foreground comes in the white line of the Gennesaret beach; and the greenery and oleanders, the camp and our beasts, and Lebanon mule-drivers, all make together a pretty tableau in the setting sun. More bathing in the lake, and so ends our quiet Sunday. We have had fish for breakfast, for lunch, and for dinner—the lineal descendants of those the Apostles caught. There seem to be chiefly three kinds; the large flat-fish is the best. They are all of the family of the *Chromidæ*. One is called after Simon, another after Andrew, a third after Magdalene, another Niloticus. Shoals of them over an acre in extent are frequent. One of the servants complains since last night of fever and dysentery. Natives take it sooner than Europeans. It is still showery and squally.

April 24th.—Temperature 60°. Started at 7 A.M.; the road led straight up behind Khan Minieh on to the higher ground; there was a rainbow arching the plain of Gennesaret. At 8 A.M. passed under a craggy summit, on the left of a small field of barley; trees are growing on its slope towards the north. It would be a suitable place for quiet retirement close to Capernaum (His own city), and with a fine view of the lake. At 8.10 the path passes a curious wine-press in the rock, called Maasaret-Aîsa, "the wine-press of Jesus," probably connected with a tradition which makes this high ridge the "mountain" of the Beatitudes. All round are rough pointed rocks and crags; the formation is dolomite limestone, the same as Hermon, and of the same geological period as the greensand. 8.30.—We have been continually rising ever since we left the lake and we are now over 1,000 feet above sea-level. The lake itself is 700 feet below the Mediterranean. The difference in

[1] Cp. Keble's *Christian Year*, Third Sunday in Advent.

the air from that down below is very great: it is lighter, cooler, and more bracing. Best place up here for teaching and real thought. Christ must have been bronzed wandering about and exposed to the air and changes of weather. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man had not where to lay His head." St. John's vivid presentment of the figure and personal characteristics of his Friend and Master, "whom he had seen with his eyes, whom he had gazed upon so often, and his hands had handled," recurs to our minds as we daily observe the colour of the Syrian skin. At Patmos (Rev. i. 13-15) he saw Him again as in the old peasant raiment, though now glorified, "clothed with a garment down to the feet," the long white robe "woven from the top throughout," girt about at the breast with a yellow silken girdle, just such as they embroider still; and with bare feet, of the hue and aspect of these Syrian peasants' legs, a yellowish ruddy brown with a tinge of copper, "His feet like unto fine brass," bright, clear, and hardened by constant action of the muscles and exposure to the air; all aglow as if "burned in a furnace;" and "His voice as the sound of many waters," soft and gentle, yet deep and full, and carrying all before it in its range of tone; "out of His mouth went a two-edged sword," for His words pierced to the inmost recesses of all hearts for healing or for woe; His head was white, "like wool, as white as snow," a pure white kaftan or kefia covered His head; and "His eyes were as a flame of fire"—bright, clear, full of spirit and of life; and "His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength." "Noli timere: ego sum vivus, et fui mortuus, et ecce sum vivens in saecula saeculorum."

At 9 A.M., fine view looking back at the lake, the clouds below our feet are drifting over it borne along by a strong wind from the west that is blowing up. At 9.10 came into the Wady Leimon, a third Mar Saba gorge, full of caves as Wady Hamâm, and with plentiful water flowing through the ravine. The road descends into the ravine, and then mounts again on the opposite side; on looking back from the ascent of this northern slope the best view of the cliffs and caves is obtained. The rocks are red at bottom, and grey at top through exposure to the weather. When "He went into the mountain to pray" He would find here, not four miles from Capernaum, a very fit place for "retreat." The scenery looking south-west resembles that round the English lakes, with craggy, green, grassy and shrubby uplands, like those of Gilead on a

small scale. The caves face up towards the village of Akbara which lies in another glen with its stream and orchards, sheep and goats. These are Josephus's "Rocks of the Achabari"; he fortified them 69 A.D. Akbara was the abode of several of the Rabbis mentioned in Pirke Aboth. The Kaimakam of Safed had come out here to meet us. The road climbs higher and higher, and at 10.10 A.M. we approached Safed from the west, proud as a fortress upon the summit of its craggy height and with its minarets and stately trees looking bright and beautiful; the inhabitants (over 15,000 in number) are mostly a healthy-looking lot owing to the lofty situation of the town—nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. There are many new stone buildings rising, of which the prettily carved wooden doors and shutters everywhere catch the eye. We passed through the west wing of the town, then round by the south of the citadel. On the north side we noticed the Talmudic limits of the town, a sort of arrangement as of telegraph wires and poles to make a skeleton or imaginary wall from which they measure a Sabbath day's journey. The Jews form more than three-quarters of the inhabitants; it is one of their four sacred cities. The other three are Jerusalem, Hebron and Tiberias. They and their brethren at Tiberias are, by a figure of speech, said to be under British protection; but they are being constantly furnished with proof that for them no such protection exists; they have to suffer tyranny, injustice, and extortion without remedy. Saw the olive grove on the north slope in which Conder was nearly murdered by Algerine colonists in 1875. Descended to Ain Zeitûn. Meirôn is distant three miles off to the west across the valley; there, besides the ruins of a very old Galilean synagogue, one of those which, as Renan says, "must have witnessed the controversies that attended the birth of Christianity," are the tombs of Hillel and Shammai. Valuable articles, such as Cashmere shawls, are burnt and passed by fire into the invisible world annually at these tombs, just in the same way as at those of Chinese. There are also three dolmens to the north of Meirôn. We rode on over the hills to the wady east of Teitaba three miles north of Safed, where at 11.30 A.M. we halted for lunch on the bleak hill-side. It was windy, wet, and cold. At 1 P.M. we started again, and the scenery became more Scotch. We have gone up 3,500 feet in three hours, and have to go down 2,000 feet before the evening. Through showers and mist and over bare hills, a constant succession of ups and downs brings us on by Delâta and

Alma (full of tombs of old Jewish rabbis) to the Wady Hindaj at 2.10 (over seven miles from Safed), down which we turn to the right, leaving Wady Auba, a magnificent gorge with very steep sides, on the left, and so skirt the southern side of Jebel Hadireh (the same name as Hazor). The site of Joshua's Hazor was placed by Robinson on the cone of El Khureibeh that towers two miles east of this and overlooks the whole plain of Kades which stretches from its foot northward. Passed through the village of Deishun, where there are only African Arabs from Algiers. Arrived at Kades at 4 P.M., a ruin and the remains of a temple facing east on a strange tongue of land running out into the plain, which was evidently at one time a lake. It is curious that Neby Yûsha (Joshua) should be the name of the site which immediately faces us a mile and a-half due east across the plain, beside the opening into the Jordan valley. Tell Harrah is the high hill two miles away on the south-east of the plain; upon its top are some very old ruins of undressed stones and polygonal blocks, which Sir C. Wilson thinks is Hazor; the ruins are more extensive than those of Robinson's site; two Jabins came from here, Joshua's enemy and Barak's. There is a similar high cliff overtopping the northern end of the plain. Went down to the ruins of the small Sun temple; they are of the same age as those at Baalbec. Outside the entrance to the temple there are two double sarcophagi, each with a lid of sloping sides on which testudo ornament was carved; one has a Roman eagle sculptured at its end; both are of hard white lime-stone, almost marble. By the side of these is another large single sarcophagus. There are three other sarcophagi set end on to each other and now used for troughs; and there are two other sarcophagi by the fount. Much stone of these ruins has lately been broken up for making cotton-mills. The stone coffins as well as the remains of the temple are Roman, but the chief interest of the place is centred on the ledge to the west, no doubt the site of an old Canaanite shrine made afterwards a city of refuge (Kadesh Naphtali) for the northern clans; it was the birthplace of Barak. Up there our camp is pitched and we have a view right away over Jordan; the wind has fallen and it is a beautiful moonlight night. The consul and the cook are both down with slight fever caught at Capernaum.

April 25th.—Thermometer 54°, very cold. At 7.25 A.M. started, going down the path in front of the old town, noticing many fallen pillars and capitals on the ground around the fountain. We rode

across and along the plain; the barley crops were forward but much beaten down by the late rain; poppies very abundant. Passed up the Wady Atabeh by Bîr Mezrâh (well of ploughed land), and thus left the plain on the north-west. Ruins and broken lintel-stone and sarcophagus by the side of the well. At 8.20 three miles north of Kades, passed Neby Muheibîb (the darling or beloved, *i.e.* Adonis or the departing Sun) on the summit of the western ridge on the left, and at 8.30 arrived at Meis, a double village, and so named from the meis-trees, the *Cordia myxa*, which resemble the terebinth, and are very abundant here. There are many fig-trees also. The yellow cytisus-like furze is growing over the whole hill-side and giving out a beautiful scent. Ploughing for the millet crop is going on in some parts of the plain. At 9.15 A.M. Tibnîn is visible seven miles away west, the Toron castle of the Crusaders; Toron is an old French word for a hill. It is a fine position, and is the same as the old town which Thothmes III. took under the name of Timnah. There are six Crusaders' castles in line across the country here, Montfort, Toron, Belfort, Hunîn (or Château Neuf) by the Hûleh Lake, Safed and Banias, to protect the Latin kingdom on the north against Damascus. At 9.20 A.M. we obtain a very extensive view over the valley and plain of Hûleh, in sunshine and cloud, brightness and shadow. The hills of Jaulân stand out clear, but Hermon is quite covered with fleecy clouds. At 10 A.M. came to the castle of Hunîn, seven and a-half miles north of Kades. The castle is square with a rock-cut moat nineteen feet deep all round, probably of the twelfth century like Belvoir. The old castle is all gone, except some drafted stones built in here and there when it was re-constructed by the Saracens. The mosque by its side, now in ruins, bears the date 1166 A.H. (1750 A.D.). After leaving Hunîn we zigzagged down the steep path, along the hill-side among jagged rocks and through thickets of copse and dwarf oak, with a lovely scent of cytisus in the air, down into the Hûleh Marsh, the view now and then being southward over Lake Merom and Galilee, and the mountains beyond. A little lower down, a mile to the right saw Ayun-el-Ajjal (the fountains of the calves), connected with the bull-worship under Hermon. Abl, a village entirely inhabited by Christians, is seen very clearly on its slope three and a-half miles away on the north-east, with a platform for its sacred place on its south side and a similar one on its western. This was the place of the "oracle" from which Joab sent for the wise woman. The southern platform adjoining

it is called the "Mount of the Calf." It has been shown by computation that the sun at the winter solstice would rise exactly over Hermon to one standing on the southern platform at Abl. The conspicuous village one mile to the north of Abl up the slope is called El-Mutalah, or "rising of the sun," and was evidently another sacred Sun centre; the whole vicinity is full of them. Neby Aûeideh, 2,800 feet above the sea and standing higher on its hill to the west of Abl, was also a sacred place connected with Hermon. The pre-Islamite Arabs had a sun deity Aûd (of which this is the diminutive), by whom they used to swear. At 11.15 A.M. we crossed the "river of fleas" over a bridge of one arch; and two miles further crossed the Hasbâny, a fine torrent in a deep gorge, over a bridge of three arches; between these two rivers we came upon many black tents of the Bedawin and their flocks, and then after crossing another stream nearly a mile further on, we made our discovery of the Dan dolmens. They appeared to have formed a circle round a higher centre. They were all of basalt, and one small one near the path was entire and complete.

These dolmens lie immediately north-west, and nearly a mile distant, from Tell-el-Kady on a low hillock, that is covered with blocks of hard black basalt and commands an extensive view on all sides. On the south the Hûleh lake and its marshes are backed by the narrow gorge through which Jordan enters the Sea of Galilee. On the east are the volcanic peaks of the Jaulân; on the north-east the snowy Hermon, and the fine castle of Subeibeh, rising high above the groves which surround the foaming Jordan. On the north-west are Abel-beth-Maachah, and the spurs of Lebanon; and on the west the Galilean ridges, crowned with sacred shrines, which no doubt preserve the memory of ancient places sacred to the Setting Sun. This view is one of the most picturesque in Syria, and the natural sanctuary thus formed, in the centre of the hills, close to the great streams, is just such a site as is found, in Moab or in Gilead, to present a field of dolmens and menhirs, which it can hardly be doubted were erected as places of sacrifice to a local divinity. Seven such centres were discovered in 1881 by the Survey party in Moab, and the experience thus gained led to the recognition of another centre here.

The knoll is known only to the Arabs as "the ruin of the little palm" (Nukheileh), but it has clearly been a dolmen centre, the monuments having been all constructed of blocks of hard black basalt. The great weight of this material causes the monuments

to be smaller than most of those found east of Jordan. On the south-west side of the knoll, just above the road from Abl to Tell-el-Kady, and immediately on crossing the stream without a name that flows midway between the Nahr-el-Hasbâny and the Nahr-el-Leddân (Survey Map of Western Palestine, Sheet II.), two of the dolmens stand close together. The most western presents a table-stone, five feet long, three feet broad, supported on three stones and surrounded with several others. The artificial character of the structure is marked by the small pebbles which have been inserted between the top stone and the supporting stones, so as to make the former steady; and a hollow is found in the top stone, which though not so well defined (in consequence of the hardness of the material) as in many of the limestone dolmens, is yet evidently not a natural feature. The top stone is only raised about two feet from the ground, but this is often the case in the Moabite examples.

The second dolmen, south-east of the preceding and not far from it, resembles the monuments found in India or in Europe, which have been called semi-dolmens by Mr. James Fergusson. A block of basalt, five feet long, is supported on a cubical pillar, two and a half feet high, the eastern end of the stone resting on the ground.

On the south-east side of the knoll two other examples, well marked, but of somewhat different structure, were found. One consists of a block, five feet long, supported by a stone beneath, so as to form an inclined table-stone, the highest part of the top surface being four feet from the ground. The great weight of the basalt must have made the erection of this structure a work of very considerable labour. The stone is surrounded with a rude circle of smaller blocks, and, as in the first specimen, it is kept steady by a small pebble inserted beneath it on one side, a detail which renders yet clearer the artificial nature of the structure.

The fourth example, a little further east, presents a square stone about four feet across, supported on three other stones. All four of these monuments are closely similar to examples found in Moab, where they occur in connection with specimens so large as to allow, in some instances, of a man walking erect under the table-stone (p. 644).

In addition to these unmistakable examples, there are many other fallen dolmens and single blocks strewn over the knoll; in some cases the monuments seem to have been purposely destroyed, especially those most conspicuously placed; and in one instance

the table-stone appeared to have been deliberately shattered into at least three pieces, which evidently at one time formed a single stone (2 Chron. xxx. 5-10, xxxi. 1). It seems probable that most of the dolmens were surrounded with a circle of small stones, and this arrangement has also been noticed among other groups east of Jordan.

The great interest attaching to this discovery lies in the connection existing between this group of dolmens and the historically sacred centre of Dan, close beside. The investigation of the Moabite dolmens seemed to point to their original use as altars; and modern critics have recognised several allusions in the Old Testament to such monuments erected by the Canaanite tribes, and by the early Israelites. It is possible that, in the specimens now under consideration, we may have the remains of the sanctuary erected by Jeroboam to the calf idol; or the dolmens may mark a yet older religious centre of the Hittites or Amorites. For in the case of the Bethel sanctuary, Jeroboam only reconsecrated an ancient religious centre, and it appears probable that the shrine at Dan had in like manner been a local religious centre long before the time of Jeroboam. The name Hermon is supposed to signify "the Great Sanctuary;" and the mountain was a sacred spot from a very early period, and may be said still to be so considered by the Druses, whose principal shrines are found on its slopes, while in the second and third centuries temples were erected on all sides of the summit, and on the highest peak itself.

The discovery of dolmens in so interesting a locality has therefore an important bearing on the history of rude stone monuments. In Judea, these structures seem to have been purposely destroyed, and not a single well-defined example has been found. In Galilee, on the other hand, where the iconoclasm of the Jerusalem school was less powerful, several good specimens have been found, notably the *Hajr-ed-Dumm*, or "stone of blood," erected on a high point north of the Sea of Galilee. In Moab, some 700 dolmens are now known to exist, and probably many others remain to be discovered. The exploration of the group at Dan is, however, perhaps the most important discovery yet made in connection with rude stone monuments in Syria, and was the culminating point of antiquarian interest in our tour.[1]

[1] "In connection with this subject a note may be added as to the remains of calf-worship in this district. At an early period the site of Abel-beth-Maachah appears to have been much venerated as containing an oracle (2 Sam. xx. 18), and it is remarkable that the great mound south of this town (the modern village of Abl,

Halted at Tell-el-Kady under two large and very old sindian, or oak-trees, on the north-west side of the tell. This mound is, partly at least, of artificial construction (some say it is a crater), over 300 paces long, and not quite so many broad, levelled apparently as a platform for a temple facing due east and west. Three miles and a-half to the east rises Subeibeh (Mizpeh under Hermon), and six miles to the west over Abl, Neby Aûeideh; these two appear clearly in line with its axis, for the rising and setting sun. Perhaps Jeroboam's Egyptian temple stood here. This great mound has long been recognised as the site of the town of Dan, where one of the golden calves is related to have been set up by Jeroboam (1 Kings xii. 29).[1] Josephus mentions a "little temple" in which the golden calf was placed (*Antiq.*, VIII. viii. 4); and in another passage he mentions this sanctuary as situated near Daphne, at the junction of the great and lesser Jordan (*Wars*, IV. i. 1). Daphne is the present ruin of Dufna a mile below Tell-el-Kady and between the two streams: one, the lesser Jordan, flowing from Banias; the other, the greater Jordan, descending from Hermon on the west, now the Nahr-el-Hasbani. This tell was the central and older shrine of

west of Tell-el-Kady) is still called Tell-el-Ajjûl (the hill of the calves). It may be the same as the En-eglaim of Ezekiel xlvii. 10, and 'from En-eglaim to En-gedi' (on the Dead Sea) may be a phrase for describing the whole Jordan valley like 'from Dan (close by) to Beersheba.' It is generally recognised that the golden calf was a symbol of the sun, and of the young or rising sun more especially. The ritual of the Israelite calf-worship appears to have included human sacrifice, according to the correct translation of a passage in Hosea (xiii. 2), 'Let the sacrificers of men kiss the calves,' and the erection of numerous altars, in connection with these rites, is specially mentioned by Hosea (xii. 11), 'their altars are as heaps in the furrows of the field.' It is also curious to observe that calf-worship may be said to survive to the present day in this district, for the Druses are well known to preserve a brass image of a calf in their chapels, or *Khâlwehs*, on Hermon. It is true that they now treat it with contempt, as an emblem of Deiâzi the heretic, whom their great teacher Hamzeh pronounced (by a play on the Arabic words *'Ajel* and *'Akl*, both sometimes pronounced by Egyptians—and he was for many years an inhabitant of Cairo—almost indistinguishably, as *'Ajl*), to be, not a 'wise man' (*'Akl*), but a calf (*'Ajl*). Nevertheless, the Druse religion spread in the eleventh century among the Isma'ileh peasantry of Hermon, who preserved many remnants of the old Canaanite religion, and it is possible that Hamzeh at first tolerated the calf idol, just as Mohammed tolerated the calf-worship of Mecca; and that the contempt with which the brass image is now regarded is really a later outcome of the development of the Druse philosophy."—R. C. Conder.

[1] With reference to the introduction of the calf-worship into the northern kingdom we must not forget that, according to their history, pure Egyptian blood flowed in the veins of the two great clans of Ephraim and Manasseh. Their clan mother was Asenath, daughter of the Priest of On, and wife of Joseph the viceroy of the shepherd kings. Jeroboam, also their own king, had married Tahpanes, the sister of the wife of Shishak himself, and as Ahab afterwards revered Baal to please his Tyrian wife Jezebel, so Jeroboam too would find in his queen a ready seconder when he endeavoured to localise in his own kingdom the veneration which he, while an exile at the court of Shishak, had seen paid to the bull Mnevis at On. In the Wady Ashur also, not far to the west, are remains of an Egypto-Phœnician bas-relief—four figures doing reverence to a seated Egyptian god.

the source of the Jordan, the "fountain of the waters of Israel." On the western side of the tell is the enormous spring of the Leddân (the largest spring in the whole of Syria and, it is said, in the world), which after four miles independent course joins about an equal mass of water that comes from Paneas (the newer shrine of the river head, when the sun-worship was not so important an item), and both together thence form the Jordan. The spring at Paneas is 1,080 feet above the sea; the river descends rapidly 200 feet a mile for the first four miles. This other spring at Tell-el-Kady is only 505 feet above the sea: the water falls from here seventy feet a mile for three miles. There is a tongue of land jutting out from the tell between this spring and another which rises nearer the foot and centre of the tell; the large one was nearer to the dolmens which were between it and the smaller stream to the west; each dolmen was set in a small circle of stones, and all in a great circle round the tell, which had terraces on its south side. The tongue, or the second little tell to the north of Tell-el-Kady, was apparently once surrounded by water in a dyke, and on the northern side of this runs the path to the village of Banias two miles further on. Water is gushing, bubbling, tumbling everywhere, the prolific source of life. Arrived in camp at Banias at 3.30 P.M. Started at once for the castle of Subeibeh, 2,496 feet above the sea. We passed through the village crowded everywhere with gardens; on the flat roofs of many of the houses leafy tabernacles for shade have been erected. Arrived there at 4.30 P.M. It is one of the largest and best preserved ruins in the country, on the crest of a rocky ridge with deep ravines on the north and south sides. From the top of the highest tower we can just see the summit of Hermon. The castle of Belfort eleven miles away to the west is visible from here for signalling. When the Franks obtain this land again, may they treat it better than they did before! The castle covers an area of over five acres and there are huge rock-cut cisterns and chambers. We spent some time clambering in and out and all about the ruins, part of the foundations perhaps date back to much older times than the Christian era. From this Mizpah Ebal is visible, and, according to the Samaritans (p. 660), Jeroboam's Bethel was on Gerizim.

Down from the Crusaders' castle to Pan's cave. It was here in the centre of the remains of five forms at least of nature-worship, of the Phœnician on Mount Hermon, of the dolmens of the primæval Sidonians, "by the smooth stones of the brooks where the children were sacrificed," at Khurbet-el-Nukheileh, within

sight of the spot where the Egyptian service of the Bull had been set up by Jeroboam at Tell-el-Kady, and of where the Greek Pan and the Roman Augustus had each their temples, that our Lord asked His disciples "Who do ye say that I am?" Up the wady to the north of Subeibeh in the caves was possibly another retreat of the contemplative Essenes. Almost outside the Holy Land, almost outside His country's religion, He stood and asked the question. They could not but have been conversing of these many religions, when the outward and visible embodiment, of nature-worship, of hero-worship, and the bastard patronage by Herod of Judaism and Paganism alike were here thus focussed as it were before their eyes. . .

April 26th.—Thermometer 50°. Went a second time early in the morning to Pan's cave, through the willows, and poplars, and great olives, and all sorts of verdure, under the shrine of El-Khidr above, the god of green, or animating power of nature, identified sometimes with Elijah (who is said to have drunk from the fountain of life, by virtue of which he still lives and will live to the day of judgment), sometimes with St. George, and sometimes with Alexander the Great, by Moslems to whom he appears when they are in distress. It is a curious coincidence, to say the least, that Elijah should be found still locally venerated here, at the foot of the very mountain of the Transfiguration. He is believed by Moslems to reappear at intervals on the earth, as he was by the Jews of Christ's time, and the Apostles at first answered Christ here that He was supposed by some to be Elijah. Went into the sacred cave now much blocked with broken masses of rock which have fallen from above, so that the springs of water are now some few feet in front of their original issuing spot. On the ruddy cliff which towers perpendicularly 100 feet aloft, right and left of the cave are tablets, and inscriptions, and niches in the rock, which was originally of semi-circular sweep over this source of the Jordan when Christ came here with His disciples (St. Matt. xvi. 13, St. Mark viii. 27) and found it crowned by a white marble temple to Augustus. But the roof of the cave has fallen down with a fearful smash (the result of an earthquake), and obliterated much of its then beauty. The deep dark cave with its strange sounds as from the underworld and gloomy swirl of water, to a pious Jew must have appeared when its front was bedecked with idol images and symbols erected in honour of the foreign domination of Rome, as "the gate and mouth of hell" itself. Herod Philip, the builder of St. Peter's

own town, Bethsaida, had reared all this in courtier-like praise of Augustus, "the source" of all his greatness, at the source of the only river in his kingdom; but both he and his Roman patron seemed to St. Peter "the source" of all evil that then flooded his native land. With happier augury Christ seizes on the *genius loci*, and turning to His faithful peasant friend promises that "on this rock He will build His church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." This stream like all other gifts of nature comes from the one Source of all. Whatever portions of the revelation of the truth may have been dimly seen by Greek or Roman of old, by the Baal worshipper, the Egyptian, and the Sidonian, for them as well as for Jews He came into the world to bear witness to the truth; and as that truth had risen in their minds in varying measure, so should it continue ever to rise clear, fresh, and strong from the bosom of His rock-founded Church, just as these waters now flowing at their feet well forth in abundance clear and fertilising from the roots of Hermon.—"Whom do men say that I am?" and what are the sources of My influence? These same thou knowest well, when from thy firm rock-like steadfastness and trust, spring forth the streams of fresh, invigorating, and truthful teaching. And against My Church the gates of hell shall not prevail; neither the accretions of Greek philosophy nor the additions made to her system by Roman authority shall overwhelm or prevail against it, but rather both shall minister to and adorn its life. These idol carvings, the outward manifestations of devotion to the unseen God of all, whether they be the adornments about the cave, or the older dolmens, or the Egyptian symbols of Jeroboam ("who made Israel to sin") which all to thee appear as emanations from the mouth of hell, are only outward trappings and are wholly artificial. They neither can nor shall prevail to destroy simple steadfast faith like thine in God and truth; that is the one thing needful, that is the source of My ever widening influence. All these religions and their symbols may pass away, yea the time cometh when neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem shall they worship the Father, but My Church "the blessed company of all faithful people" shall live on for ever, even as this rock, even as Hermon itself, and the everlasting stream of the water of life that issues therefrom.—Such seems to have been the utterance of the widest charity and the deepest wisdom of the incarnate Reason of God.

At 7.40 A.M. left camp and proceeded by the road to the north of Tell-el-Kady, crossing several small streams that flow down into

the plain. At 8.40 passed some more basaltic ruins and another smashed dolmen. We wished to visit Bostra and its ancient basaltic temples, but it was unknown to the native guides, one or two of whom, when asked, dissuaded us from making the ascent, saying they were haunted. So we kept winding round the spurs of Hermon; the glades are like those of Carmel; and at 9.45 we crossed a bridge over another abundant stream. These springs coming straight from the heart of the mountain would appear as gifts flowing direct from the Sun-god who was worshipped on its summit. The basalt dolmens at Laish represented the cruel side of this nature-worship; the offerings surrounding the cave of Pan at Banias, its cheerful and kindly side. After a steep ascent at 10.40 we reached Rasheya-of-the-Pots, from whence there was a beautiful view. It is a Druse village and the inhabitants are a fine handsome lot. Five minutes after leaving the village on turning into the valley of Shiba the snow-covered cone of Hermon breaks upon us and the southern hills of Lebanon with snow also on their sides; in the opposite direction to the west Belfort Castle stands out clear on the sky-line over the Mediterranean. There are numbers of white wild roses all about. In about an hour we reach Hibbarîyeh, and halt for lunch in the orchard beside its little Greek temple. Its entrance faces the east and looks directly up the great chasm of the Wady Shiba towards the top of Hermon, which, however, cannot be seen from here. At the corners are square pilasters with Ionic capitals; the whole stands on a massive platform up to which there is no access from the exterior; a small door at the side leads into the vaults and from the vaults only could any one mount into the temple. The stones have been collected off the fields and piled up by the peasants to the height of several feet on the ledge of this platform, as the most convenient place for putting them out of the way. Left Hibbarîyeh at 2.30, and after a rough and steep climb across the Shiba valley again, at 3.20 got to the top of the hill and reached the village of Ain-Jurfa in the midst of vines, figs, and mulberries; here many Druse chieftains and their sons came out to meet our cavalcade. They had directed the Kaimakâm and the Turkish soldiers to go out by another road and so they have the honours of the day all to themselves. These young men, some of whom were very handsomely mounted, formed a large cavalcade and escorted us to Hasbeiya, where we arrived at 4 P.M. Hasbeiya is the chief centre of the Hermon Druses and one of their sacred places. Of its 5,000 inhabitants 4,000 however are Christians.

We halted for some time in the large square, where many members of noble Druse families went through various evolutions on horseback with much brandishing of spears, firing also a *feu de joie* with their muskets, and some Turkish soldiers turned out from the barracks. The Christians too were present, and sang and let off guns, a grand occasion for them, poor things! On the 3rd June, 1860, the Druses incited by the Porte, who had previously deprived the Christians of their arms, massacred them almost to a man here, "every male from seven to seventy." The Maronites are worked upon by the French who pose as patrons of the Latin Church; if it were not for Turkish machinations on the one side, and French intrigue on the other, both races would continue to live quietly side by side as they have done for over 800 years. At length we rode down to our camping-ground a mile beyond the town. Captain Lord Charles Scott joined us here, having ridden over the Lebanon from Beyrout, where the *Bacchante* is now lying.[1]

April 27th.—Left camp by bright starlight about 4 A.M. with two Druse guides, capital worthy fellows. Tramped through the dusk up through Hasbeiya to Ain-Kanya, where we arrived at 5 A.M.; and at Shwêya by 5.30 A.M., after brisk walking in the fresh morning air. Looking back from here saw the hills on the opposite side of the Hasbâny, and the villages far away towards the coast of the Mediterranean gradually lighted up beneath the rosy tint of dawn, although from where we are we cannot see the sun himself, as he is still behind Hermon. At 5.45 A.M. on the left of the road we reached the strange isolated rock steps which lead out to the summit of the rock facing due north. At the back of these, low down, there appears what looks like an entrance to Jewish kokim; through the rock here is the hardest dolomite limestone. Whether these are Druse or older remains is unknown; or whether a wooden platform temple may have existed beyond the steps. At 6.45 A.M. got on to the snow, which was hard and in good condition for walking, and the air now delightfully keen. We come across some footprints of the bear quite fresh in the soft mud at the bottom of the Wady

[1] The *Bacchante* left Haifa at 5.30 A.M. on the 22nd and steamed the seventy-seven miles north to Beyrout, anchoring there at 5.15 P.M. the same day. On the 24th, a party of officers left for Damascus, and returned on the 30th. On May 2nd H.M.S. *Monarch* arrived from Jaffa; on the 4th the governor of the Lebanon visited the *Monarch* and the *Bacchante*, and both ships manned yards. On most days between April 22nd and May 3rd, there were gentle breezes from the south-west followed by calms: the thermometer at noon ranged from 66° to 76°. On May 4th, the wind went round from south-east to north-west and blew a gale of short duration from the north-west.

Ain-Atâ, and the sun now shines full in our faces over the summit of the mountain. At 9.45 the Druses show us a large slab used for their worship. The climbing becomes steeper, and the snow here is not in such good condition; the last three hours over the snow are very fatiguing. A bitterly cold wind was blowing from the west, and completely burnt the face. Arrived at the summit at 12.30 (9,053 feet above the sea), and in the shelter behind the stones of the temple ruins sat down. The view embraces nearly all the representative countries concerned in the Old Testament history. To the north-east we can see Damascus, over the plain across which Abraham came; next the mountains of the Haurân and of Gilead, the land of Elijah's origin and disappearance, and away to the west Carmel, the scene of his labours and victory. Between the two, nearly due south, we see the mountains of Ajlûn right away to Moab, over which came the clans from Egypt, and on one of whose summits the great Lawgiver himself lies at rest. We can distinctly trace the course of the Jordan with the basins of the lakes of Hûleh and Tiberias. On the Sea of Galilee we can distinguish the town of Tiberias, and Magdala with the Wady Hamâm close by; the mountains of Samaria, Mount Ebal, and the Nazareth hills stand out clear; on the west we see Tyre with its sandy bay, and Sidon with the broad Mediterranean. This was surely the most fitting spot for Christ with His three favourite disciples to have taken His last look on His own land, even as Moses looked forth upon it from Nebo, or as Elijah did from Gilead. From no other spot could He have seen so much, embracing as it does the scenes of all His life and wanderings, from His earliest boyhood at Nazareth, His youth, His baptism, His manhood and His ministry. All were there. They communed with Him of the past and of His end that He should accomplish at Jerusalem; on this spot rather than any other we think of Him "being transfigured before them." The very name Hermon is the same as Haram, the inaccessible, "the sacred mount" of St. Peter (2 St. Peter i. 18), who, in proposing to erect here three booths, seems to have confused a hazy remembrance of those he had seen at Cæsarea-Philippi (Banias), where still such leafy tabernacles are erected on the roofs of the houses, with the village temples that, like as many Galilean synagogues, encircle the base of the sacred mount, "for he wist not what to say," except that he dreaded the future and wished to cling to the present. On the north, appears Lebanon, with its snowy summits.

The strange red formation of the valley of the Litâny between Hermon and Lebanon causes it to appear very dry and barren. The sapphire blue of heaven above the snow seems to glow as if on fire. We turned to come down at 1 P.M.; the first half hour we were able to glissade over the steep snow slope towards Rasheya. Soon the snow came to an end, and we had to clamber for some way over the edges of some terribly jagged dolomite rocks. Very glad to find a shepherd-boy lower down who gave us each two bowls of most refreshing goat's milk from his flock, which were in a valley hard by. The boy was playing on his reeds, and the goats were following him. On arriving in the valley picked up a tortoise. A little further on came across a couple of strange rock-cut wine-presses with the remains of a small temple at their side; and further on a large pond and extensive ruins. We were in camp on the outside of Rasheya by 5 P.M., where, after thirteen hours almost continuous walking since we left Hasbeiya at 4 A.M. this morning, we were glad of some food and rest. Hussein Pasha, the commander-in-chief of the 5th Army Corps in Syria, was waiting here encamped with a detachment of troops, having come out from Damascus thus far to welcome us. We dined with him at the house of the civil governor of the place, a Druse chieftain, Said Bey Talhouk.

April 28th.—At 6.45 A.M. leave Rasheya with Hussein Pasha and the Druse chieftain, whose united attendants make a very lengthy cavalcade. We ride along until at 8 we arrive at Kefr-Kûk, situated on the slopes of two hills at the end of a basin-like plain; in the still water of the lake the reflection of the hills above was very beautiful; from here too we have a fine view looking back on Hermon. The road now becomes very rough, evidently taking short cuts over hillock and valley (in some of the hollows not ten yards from the road snow is still lying) until at 10.20 we came to Deir-el-Ashâyir. In the midst of this village is an Ionic stone temple like that at Hibbarîyeh, only larger, one of the group round Hermon, all with their entrances due east, and like that on a platform with no access except through a door into the vaults below, and up from them by a staircase. From here we cantered over the plain to Meithelun, where we struck the high-road from Beyrout to Damascus at 11.30. Here six carriages had been sent by Hamdi Pasha with Colonel Omar Chevki Bey and Hassan Pasha, chief of the staff. We stopped to lunch by the stream, and then at 1 P.M. left in the carriages, Eddy with Hussein Fevzi the General, and George with Colonel Ahmed Alî Bey, the

Sultan's aide-de-camp, along the fine road which was built and is kept up by a French company. There are stations at every hour's distance along it, where the diligence changes horses. It is the only road in Syria, and pays 12 per cent. profit to the shareholders. Notwithstanding this, the Turkish Government will not build themselves nor allow concessions to any one else for any such works or similar enterprises in any other part of the country. We came gradually down amid bare arid hills steeped in light and heat into the verdure of poplars and orchards, by the rushing waters of the Bârada ("the cold," the same as the ancient Abana). These green trees planted by the waterside, whose "leaf doth not wither," contrast strongly with the utter barrenness of the ravine. We first come upon the cool swift stream at Hameh; and at Dummar, a little lower down, we halt at about 3 P.M. at a large house on the left of the road belonging to Mr. Lisbona, a Jewish gentleman, where Hamdi Pasha had come to welcome us. We went into a large marble-paved hall and sat down on the divans round its sides, with the sound of running and trickling waters everywhere, and had some delicious snow-cooled lemonade, and after stopping for half an hour got into the dusty carriages again and so to Damascus. Drove into the city past the Serai and the Tekkiyeh, formerly a monastery of dervishes, with its numerous black domes and minarets, then right through the streets and bazaars of the city, which are very dusty, and so narrow that the carriages can hardly pass along them. There are long ranges of open stalls on either side of these narrow, covered lanes; each stall has a bearded, turbaned, robed figure squatting in the corner. Panniered donkeys and strings of mules and camels mingle promiscuously and jostle up against the foot-passengers. Each trade, just as in China, has its own quarter. The one we passed through was the saddlers' bazaar, where quaint saddles, with coal-scuttle-like stirrup irons, riding gear, highly ornamented pistol holsters, leathern trappings, and bridles covered with cowries and other fineries dear to an Arab's heart, were hanging about in the subdued light which fell upon the stalls through the canvas or wooden awnings stretched across the narrow lanes. On leaving this bazaar we observe a huge plane tree nearly forty feet in circumference. The house, a little way outside on the north of the city, which Mr. Jago, the vice-consul, has prepared for us, belongs to Sheikh Miguel, the husband of the late Hon. Mrs. Digby, but is now empty, and has a pretty garden with water running through it; close by is a mosque, from the

minaret of which we hear the muezzin calling to prayer in the stillness of the evening; he comes out for afternoon prayer an hour and a-half before sunset, and again an hour and a-half after sunset for nightfall; and at daybreak, sunrise, and mid-day.

April 29th.—Hamdi Pasha with his secretary came to call at 9.20. We both returned the call and then went to visit Hussein Fevzi Pasha, the commander-in-chief, who had escorted us in yesterday from Rasheya. Damascus is the political capital, and the head-quarters of the army, of Syria. The official title of the pasha is wâly, and he is ruler of the whole country from the borders of Egypt to the north of Homs. Under him are three provincial pashas —at Beyrout, at Acre, and at Jerusalem. Lebanon is an independent pashalic, governed by a Christian, and under the protection of the six European powers. The Turkish Empire for civil purposes is divided into wilayets, each presided over by a wâly, or governor-general. The wilayets are divided into sanjaks or provinces, each with a mutasserif (governor) at its head; the provinces are divided into districts, each ruled by a kaimakam or lieutenant-governor; the districts into communes, each under a mudir, generally a native of the place; and the communes into groups of forty houses under a sheikh or headman. Afterwards we walked through the bazaars to the great mosque, formerly the cathedral dedicated to St. John the Baptist, into which the great heathen temple was transformed by the Emperor Arcadius in the fourth century. The still older temple of Rimmon probably stood here. We first ascended to the roof of a house to see the top of a triumphal arch, under which a double colonnade from the west used to lead up to the quadrangle. It very much resembles Justinian's golden gate to the Temple Haram at Jerusalem, now blocked, and was probably erected about the same period. We then entered the large court of the mosque with its three small buildings in the centre. We went straight into the mosque, saw the mosaic remains still on the walls on the north side, that represent the tree of life and the heavenly Jerusalem. These mosaics once covered the whole of the inside and outside of the walls. We saw the shrine, a wooden dome richly gilded, which is said to be over the cave which contains in a gold casket the head of St. John the Baptist; but the governor's secretary, for what reason is unknown, suggested it was the head of St. John Damascene; but we had seen his tomb in the monastery at Mar Saba. The tomb itself is long and covered with embroidered cloths. Leaving the mosque we walked along the colonnade on

the north side of the quadrangle, erected in the fifteenth century with granite, limestone, and marble pillars of various orders, and passed out by the door on the north-west to the tomb of Saladin, which is very seldom seen by Europeans, but the guardians of the mosque seemed pleased to show us all we asked to see. He lies side by side with his grand vizier in a small chapel all to himself. Saladin's tomb was restored in white marble and mosaics a few years since by the late governor-general; but that of his grand vizier remains in its more interesting and original condition, just as it has come down from the thirteenth century. We then went into the shrine that was said to contain the heads of Hassan and Hosseyn, the grandsons of the Prophet. That of the former, who died in peace some years before his brother, is in a casket enclosed in the wall in a sort of almonry, with a silver-edged door, about a foot square, which was opened; and that of the latter, who was beheaded after the battle of Kerbela, is in an interior chamber with a sort of green wooden helmet over it. There were some veiled women praying here; it is a sign of good breeding for Moslem women to pray, and only the ladies do so. We then ascended the minaret El-Ghurbîyeh, the large square one on the south-west side of the mosque and the most splendid of the three. From the top there was a good view of the mosque and quadrangle, and of the whole city, the entire population of which is about 100,000, of whom only 20,000 are Christians. The light brownish-yellow buildings of the city contrast very strikingly with the bright green woods and orchards which encompass it round on all sides, and beyond these rise the red barren hills with the one snow-clad peak of Hermon, which looks as if close upon us. The old square citadel with its towers is very prominent on the west, but of the rest of the city no building stands out above the flat-roofed and small-domed houses. Then down into the court, where some men were lying about half asleep, others begging, but the mosque attendants moved about with sticks to keep order. We are told by residents that fanaticism, unless artificially stimulated, has quite gone out of the people through the misery consequent on the Turko-Russian war; all they would now have energy for would be to drive out the Turk, whom they are said to detest. Home to lunch, to which came Zechi Bey, whom we had met in Egypt, and who is travelling for the benefit of his eyes during the short holiday which the Khedive has granted him from the now disturbed scene of his labours.

After lunch we went into the town and visited two old

Damascus houses and the silversmiths' bazaar. It is a gloomy, covered area whose shattered roof is dimly seen through clouds of smoke. Swarthy, dark-turbaned figures were sitting on every side cross-legged, each by his little furnace. Silver and other metal ornaments of quaint shape and endless variety were lying in various stages of completeness in front of their makers. We then walked up some narrow passages to the Beit Adam, the first private house we visited. No contrast can be greater than that between the bare windowless outer walls and the interior, where the rooms open into one or more pretty courts with flowers, shrubs, and water. The courteous owner received us and offered sherbet and sweets for refreshment. The silk hangings, the carpets, the marble, and the metal work, produce together a wonderful harmony of colour, and in the chief saloon, which consists of two parts, one low and paved with marble and the other raised a foot or two, carpeted and surrounded by numerous low and very broad couches and cushions; there was a large collection of china. The second house we visited was the Beit Kuweileh, the owners of which have fallen on evil times; it is going to ruin, but it has been one of the most magnificent in Damascus. The large courtyards in the interior, with the usual fountain in the centre (for the supply of water in the city is unlimited, and fountains sparkle in every dwelling), the inlaid marbles of different colours, the mother-of-pearl work and the various carved woods and panelling (even empty and deserted as the whole place now is), form quite a little museum, and might be transferred *en bloc* to South Kensington. We especially admired some golden-tinted marble on the walls of one of the chambers, with its soft subdued hue. We then went to the seed bazaar, or khan Asad Pasha, the largest and handsomest in Damascus, a sort of covered market-place and wholesale warehouse, with six domes, through the windows of which light is admitted into the court below. In the centre is a large round basin of water, and the walls are constructed of alternate courses of black and yellow stone. All sorts of goods were lying about in bales and cases, and presented, we were told, a most characteristic medley of Eastern traffic. If we had come here straight from England, the effect no doubt would have been more striking; as it is, Damascus, with its bazaars and streets, appears to us more dusty, tumble-down, and dirty than Cairo or even Canton. After leaving the khan we went into the "street called Straight" (Acts ix. 11). It was and is the chief street in Damascus, and runs straight across the city from east to

west, and is over a mile long. It was divided by Corinthian colonnades into three parallel avenues, and would thus have been probably finer than either of the colonnaded streets we have seen at Samaria, at Ammân, or at Jerash.

Abd-el-Kader, the last Sultan of Algeria, came to call to-day. He was a patriot in the best sense of the word. "It is but thirty-five years ago, that the gravest breach of national faith that modern history can show, sent Abd-el-Kader to a French prison. It is twenty-two years since he requited evil with good, by saving, at some risk of his own life, the whole Christian population of Damascus from massacre, when out of 32,000 over 2,500 grown-up men perished. In 1830 the French took Algiers, after assuring the English that their occupation of the country was only temporary. Two years later it was made permanent. The native Arabs struggled to be free, and for fourteen years Abd-el-Kader, at their head, held his own, and often more than his own, against all that French force or fraud could work against him. To make the Arabs of Algeria one people, to recall them to the strict observance of their religious duties, to inspire them with patriotism, to call forth their dormant capabilities, whether for war or commerce, for agriculture or for mental improvement, was his great ideal. Public education, the administration of justice, a regular system of taxation, the organisation of a national army, the healing of party feuds, were nearer his heart even than the expulsion of the French. Towards his French prisoners he invariably showed a chivalrous courtesy, which was far indeed from being invariably reciprocated. Treaty after treaty was made with them, only to be broken, not on his side. In 1847 he surrendered to Lamoricière; and the Duc d'Aumale at the head of the French forces ratified the terms by which he was to be allowed to go into exile free. The French king at once shut him up in prison. In 1852, Napoleon, as President, allowed him his promised liberty." Since 1855 he has lived at Damascus. (He is now dead. 1885.)

In the evening, Hamdi Pasha and his secretary (Khalil Effendi Khouri), Hussein Pasha, with Hassan Pasha, the chief of the staff, and Mr. Jago, the British vice-consul, came to dine. The full military band was sent by the commander-in-chief to play in the courtyard during dinner; they played chiefly Turkish and Syrian pieces, and they had one or two instruments in addition to those which an ordinary European band carries. Before dinner the Rev. Mr. Phillips and the Rev. Mr. O'Connor of the Protestant mission also came to see us; and we returned

Abd-el-Kader's visit; his house is in the middle of the town, and the river runs by just outside the windows.

April 30th.—Temperature 72° in the house. We all went to the Hammâm at 8 A.M. and had a most refreshing bath. The hot rooms are much damper than those in Jermyn Street, for they soap and wash you on the marble floors, and consequently there is a great deal of water all about; owing too to the room being vaulted and of no very great elevation, there is much reverberation of the voice when several are talking together. The cooling room is very pretty, with its fountain, wood and metal work and hangings. This Hammâm is in the bazaar near the great mosque. We stopped there two hours and all enjoyed it immensely. Walked back to breakfast and had morning service in the house, with Dean Stanley's Damascus sermon. We all spent the rest of the day quietly at home till the evening, reading and writing. At 5 P.M. we were to have gone to visit the grave of Mr. Buckle, the historian; but there was some mistake about getting the key of the Protestant cemetery, so we drove straight to Salahiyeh, to the waly's private house. He was there, and showed us all over its shady rooms and the grounds, with the noise of rushing bubbling water everywhere. Afterwards went a little way up the barren slope of the hill Kasiûn, and had the well-known and celebrated view of Damascus. This is the hill on which it is said that to Abraham was revealed the unity of God—the sense of the oneness of that energy that underlies all the phenomena of nature—when, at the age of fifteen, he came out of the cave where he had been hidden till then in order to escape the fury of the heathen, and watched the sun and the moon and the stars set one after the other. Here, too, Mohammed stood and declined to enter Damascus, like Richard outside Jerusalem, "unworthy to draw near." As the sun went down this evening the city certainly appeared very lovely, with its white minarets and houses embosomed in the dark green wood of trees, which extends for seven miles along the river's edge, and shut in by the barren hills, grey, purple, red, and light blue. Those of the Haurân are queer-shaped and flat-topped. We passed, as we returned into the town, numbers of tumble-down mosques; everything apparently is going to rack and ruin. Then to dine with Hamdi Pasha at Mohammed Said Pasha's house, who has conducted the annual pilgrimage to Mecca for many years. The dinner was well served, and consisted of alternate Turkish and European courses. The same band played during the dinner as

last night; but afterwards when we went into another saloon a small band of some native musicians came in to play. They sat upon the ground, and their instruments were all stringed or played on by percussion, while they accompanied the music with their voices in a melancholy minor key. One of them played the kanoon, the identical harp mentioned in the Psalms, the frame of walnut wood and the cords of lambs' guts, and it is played by means of a small plectrum of buffalo's horn attached to the forefinger of each hand. The effect was monotonous but agreeable, and no doubt, after getting a little used to this music, you might become very fond of it.

May 1st.—Left Damascus at 7 A.M., out along the same road by which we entered. Passed the Dervish mosque, with its two white tall minarets, and a number of small cupolas over the monastery chambers. On the roadside here, and in front of the barracks, two Turkish regiments, with the colonels, officers, and banners, turned out and presented arms as we passed. Hussein Pasha and staff rode with us as far as Hameh. [The Turkish military system is based on a law of general service; although only Moslems serve in the army. All Christians serve in the fleet, and pay 46*l.* a head for exemption from the army. The Moslem population of Turkey is between seven and eight millions; of these every man between twenty and forty years of age is supposed to belong to the army; one year only is obligatory with the active army. (But there has been no single regular levy of recruits since 1877, and the dismissal of time-served men is equally irregular.) For purposes of administration the Turkish Empire is divided into seven ordus or provinces, of which Damascus is the fifth, and comprises the whole of Syria and part of Mesopotamia. Each of these provinces is subdivided into seven recruiting districts. In time of war each of the seven provinces furnishes three army corps, in time of peace only one army corps of thirty-two battalions, each of 1,000 men, four to a regiment; two regiments to a brigade, two brigades to a division, two divisions of infantry to each army corps. Thirty squadrons of cavalry in six regiments, three to a brigade, two brigades to a division; one regiment of artillery, with four battalions of three batteries each. The artillery is the most efficient part of the Turkish army, and is armed with Krupp and Whitworth guns; the infantry and cavalry have Peabody rifles. The total nominal force of regular troops which Turkey can bring into the field is estimated at 588,600 men, with 1,512 guns,

but the assumption is tolerably safe that not more than 400,000 would be practically available.

But in this fifth army corps that we saw there are still two squadrons of cavalry to be formed. One regiment of cavalry is without horses, and the others are very weak in horses. Three of the batteries of artillery have neither guns nor horses. Several of the battalions are only 300 strong. The total number of its officers on paper is 1,379, of men 23,111. Even the paper organisation is not carried out, and the German officers who after the late war have undertaken the reform and rediscipline of the army have not as yet achieved any substantial results, owing to official obstructiveness in high places. Want of money prevents the proper training of the men during peace, and keeps them in a state of semi-starvation.]

At 8.10 we entered the pass on the right of which rises Jebel Kasiûn with the wely on the top of its rock, marking the place where Mohammed stood. We ride on up the valley of rushing waters past Dummar and Hameh, and at 8.45 leave the dusty road and turn to the right up the Bârada gorge, after saying farewell to the Pasha and the British Vice-consul. We ascend along barren hill-sides, brown, red, and sterile, with a bright line of green made by the foliage of poplars and willows at the bottom, where the Bârada is flowing: fit symbol of the just, "He shall be like a tree planted by the water-side." It was threatening rain and there was a heavy gloomy look over all the hills. We enter a narrow though somewhat cultivated valley, and pass the villages of El-Ashrafiyeh and Bessima. Here is the curious passage cut in the rock, probably once a channel for water (like that at Khan Minieh p. 692) though now used as a foot-path. After passing Bessima the glen narrows still more, and there is barely room for the foot-path by the stream, until at 11.30 we reached Ain Fiji (corruption of the Greek πηγή), one of the sources of Bârada. A large body of water comes swirling up from a narrow cave under an old temple at the base of a shelving cliff. There are two square temples here, both vaulted and composed of large blocks: the walls of each are over six feet thick; each building also is the same size, thirty-seven feet long and twenty-seven feet broad. They are connected by another wall of semi-circular form. It is out from the base of the northern one of the two that the waters now rush: the temples were built probably in the second century and in the time of the Syrian emperors. The whole thing was within an ace of being blown up by the late Turkish

governor-general from some strange fancy. We halt here for lunch in the grove of poplars and walnut trees which overshadow the stream, at the foot of the red shelving cliffs which rise behind the trees to the height of 1,000 feet. At 1.15 started again; the path at first passes along for a short distance through a rock-cut watercourse in which water more than a foot deep is running. The valley broadens gradually and the green strip in front of the lofty red rocks widens also. At 1.45 we pass the village of Deir-Mukurrin, and continue to make our way still up the bare hill-side. The Syrian peasants hereabouts look sturdier than those in Palestine: it was with the help of their progenitors that Benhadad thrashed the Jews; our stalwart muleteers all hail from these parts. At 2.5 P.M. passed Kefr Zeit with corn growing amid the orchards, and many mulberry and pomegranate trees. At 2.35 we draw near to the site of ancient Abila, once the head city of the tetrarchy of Abilene. A small wely, marking for Moslems the tomb of Abel, is pointed out on the top of the high cliff to the left just before we enter the gorge of Sûk Wady Bârada. Here on the right-hand side of the road are the foundations of an old Greek temple called Kefr-el-Awamid (village of the columns). It stands just on the spot that commands each gorge, the Sûk Wady Bârada and the wady up which we have come; Abel's tomb on the cliff in front stands in the angle the two valleys form. The tell in the middle of the valley looks like a moraine. Noticed fragments of many old pillars built into the walls of the village Sûk. At 3 P.M. we ride under many rock-cut tombs in the gorge, some of which are arched and others square headed, some with large alto-relievo carvings on the outside, and with barbarous Greek inscriptions on the arcade. The original Roman road must have passed in front of them and on the opposite side of the glen to the present road. The rock over there where it ran is now all broken away. After crossing the stream by the bridge a little further on we clambered up to reach the cutting (more than twenty feet deep and twelve wide) which still runs through the rock for over 200 yards. On the smooth wall of rock on the north side of this cutting are two Latin inscriptions. One under a niche, PRO SALUTE IMP AUG ANTONINI ET VERI OPT MAX M. VOLUSIUS MAXIMUS LEG XVI F.F QUI OPERI INSTITIT. V.S.[1] The sixteenth legion was composed chiefly of Germans, and about this time was also quartered in the southern parts of Asia Minor, where

[1] Mommsen's *Inscriptiones Latinæ*, 1883: vol. iii. part 1, p. 36.

they had been employed in road-making in the neighbourhood of Ephesus. They bore the double title Flavia Firma, the first of which was conferred by Vespasian, just in the same way as English regiments bear honorary titles, such as "The Queen's" or "Prince of Wales's Own." The niche contained some small image, very likely of the Emperor Antoninus, which Volusius set up on the completion of the work. The other inscription is a longer one, and states that when the road had been washed away by the river the same two emperors caused this cutting to be made "at the expense of the inhabitants of Abilene." At 3.50 we cross over the waterfall at the upper end of the gorge, where it opens on to the plain of Zebdâny, which was probably once a large lake nearly three miles broad, and about eight miles long, but now is a plain, well cultivated and well watered by rills from the mountain sides. The green band of trees and the red rocks are left behind now, and over the green level the jagged ridge of Anti-Lebanon to the west, 6,000 feet high, stands up alone purple and grey, above strange contorted strata of the hills in the foreground. Riding over the fresh green cornfields we reach the village of Zebdâny amid its groves of mulberry, apple, apricot, and walnuts. Many of the fields of vines are neatly surrounded with hedges: the grapes are uncommonly good, but the wine is carelessly made. The village is 3,600 feet above the sea. At 5.15 arrived in camp, which we found ready pitched.

May 2nd.—Thermometer 48°; very cold. There is a fine view of Hermon from our camping-ground looking back down the valley up which we have come; to the east is a group of oak-trees on the barren hill-tops standing out like the cedar groups on Lebanon. We rode along by orchards full of plum and apple blossoms, each orchard enclosed in hedges with wooden gates to them as in England, and in the hedgerows there are quantities of may in full bloom, while over all the cuckoo's note rings clear. Our path led up the stream till 8 A.M., when we cross to its western bank, the melting snows which are on all the hill-sides here making it very slushy. Away on the right hand rises a high snow-streaked peak, Abu Hîn; the slopes of the lower spurs here and there are cultivated for corn. The English plough would be no use on this rough stony soil; the primitive wooden plough which has been used for ages here, and which is capable of being carried from place to place by man or boy, is most suitable. We are now over 4,000 feet above the sea, the vines are growing in the fields each side of the road,

and the sweetbriar loads the air this morning with its scent. At 9.15 A.M. reached Surghâya in the midst of its apple and almond trees in bloom; soon after passing this village, turned off to the left and crossed the watershed; the streams now run in the other direction northwards towards Yahfûfeh; we follow one of them through a wild rocky glen, the Wady Yahfûfeh. The sides of the valley rise precipitously from the bed of the stream, especially those on the east, where in one place we noticed some caves and rock-cut tombs. Our path is on the western side of the stream, and in places there are many wild flowers hereabouts. The daisy is everywhere, and poppies, blackberries, sweetbriar, forget-me-nots, buttercups, cornflowers, the asphodel—(was it because of the ghost-like skeleton build of this flower that it was fabled to grow so plentifully in the fields of Hades?)—and hawthorns are in blossom all down along the stream-side, which occasionally broadens out into flats forty feet wide, covered with young barley and wheat. Poplars, plane trees, evergreen oaks, terebinths, and willows are growing in the valley too. At 10.45 A.M. we passed the village of Yahfûfeh on the left, and climbed the hill. From the top of the Anti-Lebanon range, at 11 A.M., the wide and extensive view of the parallel Lebanon range and the great valley of Cœle-Syria, into which we are about to descend, burst upon us: the white fleecy clouds are gathering round the long snow-covered ridges of Lebanon on the other side of the great valley. Here we halted for lunch, after which, as it was rather chilly, though the sun was shining, we made a small fire of brushwood among the stones and prepared some coffee in Eastern fashion.

The coffee should be ground very finely indeed, or, better still, be pounded with pestle and mortar, if possible, immediately before it is wanted for use. The coffee-pot should be such that you can stand it on the fire, and should be constructed with a small lip to pour from. Fill such a pot two-thirds full of boiling water; supposing there is half a pint of water, take four dessert-spoonfuls of coffee, and put them in lightly, one after the other, on the top of the water. Place the pot on the fire with the coffee thus floating. Remove it when the contents bubble up level with the edge, and allow them to subside. Repeat this checking process four or six times: each only occupies a few seconds. Next skim off with a spoon the thick creamy substance that has formed on the top, and place it in each of the cups to be filled (half a pint of water as above will fill three small coffee-cups). Then after giving the coffee in the pot two minutes for the grounds to subside

to the bottom, pour off the remainder carefully into the cups. A small cup of such coffee without milk is taken after a meal. If the coffee is required to be drunk in the morning or in large quantities it need not be made so strong, but it should be still prepared in the same manner. *Café au lait* is the same, only mixed with an equal quantity of milk in the cups. At 12.40 P.M. we started again. A number of beetles were rolling their balls in the sun, while lots of lizards were slithering over the stones. The first, the old emblem of life, and the second of evil, each alike drawn forth and fostered by the sun. We passed many traces of the Roman road, and a short distance outside Baalbek the Kaimakam Mahmoud Bey el Youssef met us with a troop of horse about fifty in all, who amused themselves as usual with wheeling about the side of the road and charging each other in mimic warfare: some of them had lances at least eighteen feet long which, although in appearance unwieldy, they handle with much ease and dexterity. On approaching we halt for a few minutes at the top of the stone quarries for the well-known view of the temple. Arrived at Baalbek, "the city of Baal," at 3.30 P.M.: as we entered the village the children of Mrs. Mentor Mott's schools, of which there is a branch here, were drawn up by the side of the road, and sang "God save the Queen" in English, with very pretty effect. Our tents are pitched inside the great temple court at the north-east corner. The sole present entrance to the temple platform is up the subterranean passage on the south side, which extends beneath the whole length of the great court, and comes up out at the western end midway between the two temples. Originally the principal entrance to the temple was up a lofty flight of steps which stood at the extreme eastern end; these, however, are now all gone, having been removed when this part of the building was fortified by the Arabs. The bases, however, of the twelve columns that originally stood at the top of these steps and in front of the temple still remain: two of them bear Latin inscriptions, stating that they were erected to the great gods of Heliopolis, in the reign of Antoninus Pius, and that their capitals were once covered with gold. On either side of this portico are square chambers separated from it by two piers with square Corinthian capitals, the spaces between which have been built up at a later period. The interiors of the two side chambers are richly ornamented with niches and pilasters. From this portico westward three doorways led on into an octagonal court, which was in its turn also surrounded with chambers; and from this court

another triple gateway led into the large rectangular court in front of the great Sun Temple, which court was also surrounded with chambers and recesses. On each of these last the carving has been profusely lavished, but the whole gives one the impression of having been done wholesale, and without any real religious feeling. Most of the niches are shell-topped: in one on the east side we noticed a Gorgon's head, in another an eagle soaring amidst stars, and in another the Egyptian sun-emblem, the uræus with its outspread wings. In the fifth century there was a tradition that the image worshipped at this Heliopolis in Syria was brought from the Heliopolis in Egypt. The effect of the whole must have been gigantesque, but the details will not bear comparison for workmanship with those of many much less pretentious temples. There are many traces of the temple having been left unfinished; much *débris* is lying about at the western end of the great court, and here perhaps the Christian basilica of the fourth century stood, in front of what was the principal Sun Temple. This latter is built looking due east and west; the western front just frames the peak of Jebel Sunnîn, a very prominent summit in the Lebanon range. Of this temple, which appears to have been open to the sky, six Corinthian columns only on the south side now stand entire; they are of the same rich brown, golden-yellow tinted stone of which the whole temple was constructed. Several of those which have fallen through the effects of earthquakes show how they were pieced and fixed together; the edges of each of the three pieces that went to make one single column were polished and smoothed and then run together with leaden rivets. The diameter of each column at the base is seven feet three inches, and at the top six feet six inches; their height is seventy-five feet, and above this rises the entablature, fourteen feet more. As you look up the capitals seem scarcely large enough for the enormous height of the pillars. It may be that when one sees them foreshortened at such a height they look small. There were originally nineteen such columns on either side, and ten at each end of this giant temple. The substructure of this part of the temple is faced on the west and north sides by the celebrated colossal stones, three of which are each over sixty-three feet long and thirteen feet thick. This platform is probably far older than the Roman temple. These colossal stones run also down the sides of the subterranean passages in the substructure beneath the temple platform, along the southern one of which we had entered. There are four such passages, two parallel running

from east to west, intersected by two others that run at right angles to them due north and south. There is another of these colossal stones still visible in the foundation of the substructure on the northern side of the portico at the extreme eastern end of the platform. The line of this last exactly corresponds with that of those on the north-western side of the temple, and a straight line drawn across the plan will join the two. Hence it would seem that the length of the old pre-Roman inclosure was exactly four times its breadth.

The smaller temple which lies to the southward of the Sun Temple is far more finely finished than the other. The height of the columns is sixty-five feet, their diameter at the base six feet three inches, and at the top five feet eight inches, and the entablature above was twelve feet high. The under part of this entablature between the columns and the walls of the temple is slightly concave and elaborately sculptured. In the centre of each slab is a hexagon with a figure in high relief of one of the ancient divinities (Ceres appears to occur several times); the space round each hexagon is filled by four rhomboids, which also contain busts with borders of tracery and scroll work. One of the columns on the south side has fallen against the wall, but so strongly have its pieces been riveted together that it remains entire. The side-posts of the eastern doorway of this temple are formed of two huge monoliths, and in the wall on each side of these a staircase mounts to the roof. By crawling through a small hole in the pavement we obtained access to the staircase on the north side of the doorway, and found it square in the interior. The centre stone of the lintel over this doorway has slipped down four or five feet, but a column of brickwork has lately been erected beneath it by English subscribers in order to prevent its falling. It is sculptured with the celebrated eagle (said to be the symbol of the sun). The temple was once covered by vaulting, though there are no traces of windows. The west end was apparently covered with metal plates, which caught the light of the sun that shone in through the eastern door; the walls on each side of the interior also were apparently covered in their turn with metal plates, so that the whole interior would thus be filled with a subdued sheen of reflected sunlight. There are seven niches on each side of the interior, surmounted alternately with curved and triangular gables. At the east end is a platform five feet above the floor, on which stood the golden statue of Jupiter, which was carried in procession

through the city on festival days, and here probably were delivered the far-famed oracles of Heliopolis; under it are small vaulted chambers, and on each side of the steps that led up to it are remains of sculptured frieze. Then we made our way over streams and garden walls to the west end outside the temple inclosure to see the three longest stones, each over sixty-eight feet long, which form the foundation of this part. After dinner we once more walked round the temple by starlight, and saw the full moon in the south shining through the six giant columns of Baal's temple. It is probable that on this platform in former days sacrifices were offered on such a night as this to her power. Baal and Astarte being the twin Phœnician deities, probably in prehistoric times their temples here stood side by side.

If judicious excavations were made in the temple no doubt some at least of the countless images that thronged the niches in the great court would again be brought to light.

May 3rd.—Breakfast at 8 A.M.; the photographer is still about, taking groups of our party amid the ruins. We afterwards visited more carefully the vaulted passages beneath the great court of the temple. These were originally lighted by square shafts from above, one of which is still open, though most are blocked. The substructure of these passages is evidently older than their present Roman vaulting; the many rough stones in their sidewalls were the foundations of the original Phœnician platform. On the keystones of the arches are busts and inscriptions. At the south-east end of the southern passage we climbed up, by means of a ladder through a hole in the wall, to a now dark chamber, into which we descended by means of the same ladder, and using candles and magnesium wire saw that this was once an entrance gate from the southern side of the exterior. The three arches which once formed the entrance, with their square Corinthian columns, are now blocked. On either side of this vestibule are double niches; and on either side of the gate that led from this vestibule into the vault there is a single niche with heavily projecting cornices; the ceiling is vaulted with hexagonal lozenge ornamentation; over the frieze is the figure of a boy, with much foliage, and in his right hand are finely carved pomegranates, the emblem of the fertilising principle in nature. This gateway is exactly opposite the easternmost of the two transverse passages that run from north to south under the great court; there is a similar gateway at the north end of the same, also now blocked. Coming down the ladder again, it was along this cross

passage we now went. Underneath this there are apparently still deeper vaults, for in the centre the pavement was broken away and there was a draught of cold air coming up through the aperture. We finally left the temple by the eastern end of the northern passage, and passing round the eastern end went to the mosque in the town that lies a little to the south-east of the temple. This is now entirely in ruins. There are a number of red granite columns here, finely polished, which are said to have been taken from the front portico of the Sun Temple; these are now capped with every description of capital. This mosque had a courtyard as usual on the north side; and the mosque itself had three aisles. It was built in the thirteenth century; but earthquakes have made great havoc with its walls. At the washing fountain in its court are pointed out the gigantic foot-prints of an unknown prophet. We then walked to the small semicircular temple that lies still further to the south-east. The door-jambs are each one huge monolith (as in the smaller of the two Sun Temples). These may have been older monoliths thus utilised, the exterior of each being then carved, and the whole crowned with a Grecian portal. Round the exterior are six semicircular recesses set the opposite way to the semicircle of the interior, divided by seven beautiful Corinthian monolithic columns; in the centre of each recess is a shell-headed niche. When this temple was crowned by its dome it must have been very elegant; it faces west and was apparently dedicated to Venus as the star of evening; she was here worshipped under the name of Pleasure (*ἡδονή*); it was re-dedicated in Christian times to St. Barbara the patroness and personification of the building art. From here we walked to the stone quarries where one enormous block remains ready hewn but not quite detached; it lies on a slope, and is still adhering to its matrix; it is 71 feet long, 14 feet broad, and 18 feet wide, and would probably weigh 1,500 tons. It is thus larger than any now used in the temple. In the same way the obelisk we saw left unfinished in the quarries at Assouan exceeds in size any that were erected in Egypt, even by Rameses II. Difficulties connected with locomotion, or the death of the architect, may account in either case for these huge blocks being left where they are; and in all probability this block was cut by the Phœnicians and remained as we see it to-day thus isolated in the centre of the quarry, untouched by their Greek and Roman successors; for there is no place where this huge stone could have been placed, or

required, in the temples of the latter's building. The Arab story is that a female Jin was carrying it, but being great with child she stopped here, and was delivered of her baby and further stone-carrying at the same time. Two other large monoliths stand on end close by, partially excavated. This is very interesting, because it shows that as at Jerusalem so here, no attention was paid to the "quarry bed" of the stone. We then mounted and rode to Râs-el-Ain on the south of the town, where the kaimakam gave us lunch, which was spread on a pretty grass plot shaded by trees and surrounded on two sides by running water, the issue of a copious stream here bursting from the ground. On the west side are the

GIANT STONES IN BAALBEK QUARRIES.

ruins of a mosque, in which there are no ancient fragments as there were in the other mosque by the great temple, but it appears to have been built entire and finely finished in the thirteenth century; the whole place has been put in order and is kept neat by the care of the present kaimakam. At 10.10 A.M. left on horseback. We had intended going to Ain-Ata this afternoon, in order to visit the cedar groves on Lebanon to-morrow, and so return by Afka and the Dog river to Beyrout. But there is too much snow this spring on Lebanon to allow of our mules and baggage crossing that way. So our plan is changed, and we shall endeavour to cross the range lower down by Yammûneh to Afka. The kaimakam and his men accompanied us out of the town, and at 2.10 P.M. we arrived at

Yâ-âton on the plain in which rises the Orontes, which flows away to the north. At 2.30 we passed the solitary Corinthian column sixty feet high, the Amûd el-Benât (the damsels' column)—it looks as if it had been brought here from the temple for a Stylites—and there are many such columns in northern Syria. We canter on across the level plain with its red earth (coloured with oxide of iron), the larks singing overhead, and the convolvulus growing by the pathside which leads through the green cornfields. The rain-clouds are hanging on the mountains, through which break fitful gleams of sunlight; it is very pretty looking back across the plain of Cœle-Syria, closed in by Hermon. In front of us we can see the glen full of snow, up which we should have had to go if we had kept to our original plan of visiting the cedars above Ain-Aata; we are apparently still making straight for it, but turn sharply to the left at 3.35 P.M. along the remains of an old road full of stones which leads to Beit-Ain, where on the left are some rock-hewn foundations, and on the right remains of other stone buildings. The village is a small one; before reaching it we noticed a stone sarcophagus in the field broken in two. The road now begins to ascend the hills, and is very rough, but could be made a carriage road at little cost, as there are no great inclines. Amid the rocky valleys, which we traverse one after the other, there are woods of dwarf oaks all the way, and here and there forget-me-nots and a pretty pink-blossomed shrub. We pass in succession some small Maronite homesteads, with barking dogs and a few stray horses and children among the shrubs. The rain began to fall, and continued until at five we reached the top of the hill overlooking the large lake of Yammûneh.

Here on the right, close to the road, are the remains of a small square temple. We descend the steep hillside amid a stiff and stinging hailstorm and a strong wind, which beats straight in our teeth, and ride on to our encampment, which is on the sandy borders of the lake. We are glad to get shelter under our tents at 5.15. It cleared up for a short time afterwards, but the rain again came down in torrents, with much thunder, and continued all the night, so that the tents were thoroughly sodden, and copious pools of water formed inside them. The mud is worse than a snipe marsh and it is very cold.

May 4th.—Miserable night, and in the morning no prospect of clearing up. The villagers and their priest—a Greek Maronite—(they are the descendants of the Nestorians whom Byzantine orthodoxy persecuted and compelled to take refuge in the Lebanon) came

to the camp, and told us that some of their people had come in down Lebanon that morning, and said there was more fresh snow on the high ground, and that the road across to Afka was impassable. We doubted this; but as the tents were sodden with wet, and would therefore be very heavy for the mules over the rough and heavy road, and as the time was limited, for we had only two days left, and must be at Beyrout by Saturday, we reluctantly gave up the idea of crossing Lebanon and seeing the cedars.

At 8 A.M. left camp, damp and cold; rode along the eastern beach of the lake until at 9.15 we came to another small lake, Birket-Zeinîyeh. We were told that when this lake dries up in the summer many artificially-cut cisterns are visible at the bottom. Shortly afterwards we strike to the south-east through passes like yesterday's, rough and sparsely wooded, but as we get nearer the plain, the sun begins to come out. At 10.15 came to the village Rahat-Maazeh, or "the goat fold." The cuckoo is singing loud all down these valleys, and Baalbêk is again visible just opposite across the plain: it is quite warm now, and we are glad to put off our overcoats and enjoy a feeling of beginning to get dry once more. At 11 A.M. we came to Jebâa; here the pillars of Baalbêk seem quite close, though they are at least eight miles away, towering over the plain. Behind them, on the Anti-Lebanon chain, there is manifestly this morning a good deal more snow than there was yesterday. We all regret that we have lost to-day, and cannot get over to Afka and the Dog river, but though the ride along the plain of Cœle-Syria is tame, yet doubtless it is more comfortable than it would be on the hills. The plain is divided into tracts, which, however held, whether by individuals or communes, are called villages. In the former case the land generally is cultivated on the *métayer* system, the owner of the land supplying the seed, and part of the animals for ploughing.

One Scotch gentleman who has been many years in Syria works the six or seven villages he owns on this principle, and finds his share of the profits, after the Government taxes and tithes are paid, to be about 25 per cent. on the crop. Dervish Pasha, who owns a village tract in the Bekaa, obtains from it fully 30 per cent. profit. His property is watered by a small tributary of the Litâny, which along its course exposes a depth of rich loam fully eight feet in thickness. The whole of the soil, in fact, along the floor of this valley, so far as it is similarly exposed by the streams, appears equally rich.

In parts of the plain advantage is taken of its copious supply of water to irrigate the land, but the arrangements for this purpose are generally rude and ineffective. Were its rich soil properly cultivated its produce could nearly be doubled. If the land yields such profit under an inferior system of agriculture, what might it not produce under a more improved one?

There are one hundred and forty villages in the Bekaa, the majority of which are communes of Metawileh. It is difficult to judge of the results of their labours, for in this country wealth acquired has to be concealed lest it should excite the cupidity of the Turkish taxgatherer or the jealousy of the less fortunate. Their houses are bare of what we should call the comforts of life. They are generally too poor to get coffee, and drink only water; they eat coarse barley bread when unable to afford wheaten. This is eaten with *leb'n*, that is artificially soured milk, or with cheese, and occasionally onions and raisins. Once a week they have a treat of fried eggs, but rarely do they touch any meat. They only, as a rule, get animal food when a calf or a goat of their flocks is ill unto death to all appearance—then the animal is killed on the spot and eaten. Old buffaloes and oxen, whose working days are over, are all utilised in this way also. Rice is with them a special delicacy, and they consume fruits and large quantities of vegetables. Of hay and oats, neither of which are cultivated by the peasants, the French Road Company raise large quantities on their extensive farm at Shtora.

At 11.15 came to Neby Shaad, a village just under El-Harith, which stands above it on the hill. Here was a large well, and two women drawing water outside the town in the middle of the day; they gave our beasts a drink, pouring the extra water that they drew into the stone troughs round. At noon, after riding along the level plain, came to Ain Hashbei, where a little off the road on the east was a Roman arch over a spring, with a Latin inscription on it.[1] There are two caves and some rock excavations just above. The spring runs away and joins the Litâny. Here we rested for lunch on the grassy slopes in the warm sun, which was delightful to bask in. Left at 3.30 P.M.: Hermon now straight before us in all his snowy glory at the end of the plain, and Jebel Sunnîn on our right hand, silky white in the sun. At 4.30 came on the carriage road that has lately been made from Baalbêk to join that from Damascus to Beyrout; here an old peasant

[1] I.O.M.I.R.M.T.M., *i.e.* "Jovi optimo maximo Iunoni reginae Minervae terrae matri."—Mommsen's *Inscriptiones Latinae*, vol. iii. part i. pp. 25, 26.

woman came out from a small khan on the roadside, offering coffee. The road is well made for a Turkish one, and does credit to the kaimakam at Baalbêk, who had had the chief hand in it. But already the cut stones forming the bridges where it crosses the various streams have been removed by peasants and others, apparently for the sake of extracting the iron clamps that hold them together. At 5.30 came to Abla, and at 6 P.M. to Zahleh. On the right-hand side of the road is a dome over the traditional tomb of Noah; the grave is over forty yards long. All of a sudden we turned up a steep glen between high hills, and seemed to be at once in the midst of the largest country town we have seen in Syria. It is situated on two slopes of opposite hills, down the faces of which the houses are ranged in terraces. It is the head-quarters of the Maronites, and is comparatively clean; there are signs of industry on all sides, the houses and shops are better than those in Jerusalem or Jaffa, and the people look bright and well fed; there are over 15,000 of them, and they are all Christians. We were met by the two kaimakam of the Bekaa and of Zahleh, Khalil bey Essad and Habib bey Akkaoui, and rode in quite a large cavalcade through the town, on the western side of the glen. On the roof of one of the houses a number of Maronite women in white sang the strange monotonous shrill warbling *zughareet*, or weird hallelujah song of welcome. So we passed on, down over the river and through the other half of the town on its eastern bank, to our camp, which is charmingly perched by the threshing-floors on the grassy hill looking down the glen. Got our tents (still wet) pitched by 6.30 P.M. There was a fine sunset, the rosy hues of which lingered long on the hill-tops round. Coldish night, bright with moon.

May 5th.—Zecki Bey of Cairo came to breakfast; he has come on here from Damascus, and gave us a description of how the rain had nearly washed him out of his house the night before last (the same time that we had caught it so roughly at Yammûneh). At 9 A.M. started, past mills and forges and many signs of local manufactures, out on to the Baalbêk road once more. Saw two or three other camps of travellers in the valley by El Muallaka, but not nearly in such good positions as ours was on the hillside close to the town. Fine view of old Hermon as we ride along; numbers of mulberry trees here, for the silk industry, and many vines. At 10.10 came on to the Beyrout-Damascus road at Shtora. Here was a great caravan of carts and waggons waiting, belonging to the French

company, who thus carry merchandise from Beyrout to Damascus. It was very warm and dusty. [This country is, since 1862, all under the protection of the six European Powers, and consequently there are signs of prosperity on all sides, better houses, and better gardens; for there is no perpetual squeeze going on as under ordinary Turkish governors. Outside the Lebanon, besides the payment of the Verghi, or Impôt Foncier, and the tithe of one-tenth of the produce, the peasant is subject to a number of abominable impositions, such as exactions in food and provender for horses by the local gendarmerie, rations taken for troops at low rates, unjust weights and measures, requisitions of beasts of burden, food supplies levied by deputy governors and members of the council, presents or bribes all round to obtain justice or secure a reduced assessment, and a number of other exactions not authorised by law, but sanctioned by the custom of the normal corrupt state of the country. The very recital of these impositions makes the blood boil, and causes amazement that a people with a spark of manliness in them could yield submission to the powers over them who practise or permit such injustice. In the Lebanon matters are entirely different. Under the regulations of 1861 its taxation is limited to about 2*s.* 11*d.* a head of the whole population, or 6*s.* 4½*d.* a head of the taxpayers. This is levied as a land tax, a sheep tax, and a capitation tax. The indirect tax is paid on the European manufactures which have paid the Customs duties at their several ports of entry into the country. The taxes raised for local government purposes are fixed, and cannot be altered without the consent of the six Powers. If the whole of Syria thus enjoyed a constitution such as that of Lebanon, administered by a governor-general with a fixed term of office under the supervision of the Powers, the population would increase, the land would be properly cultivated, and her rich resources would be developed.]

The road from Shtora began to ascend, and it soon got cooler. We passed numbers of camels and mules with cargo; they keep to the old road, which runs here and there alongside the new one, as there is no fee to pay for using that. The road winds much, zig-zagging up the pass over the Lebanon range; the diligence met us, going towards Damascus, just before we came to the large barrack stables of the company and the convoy of watercarts which are used for keeping the road in order. All the bridges are well built and are not coming to pieces like those on the Baalbêk road. At noon we reached the summit, 5,060 feet above the sea

level, and had a fine view out seawards with Cyprus on the horizon.

At 1.0 P.M. I reached Ain Sofar, where there is a small khan; we had lunch in the field on the opposite side of the road, from whence we can look down on Beyrout with its numerous houses and promontory, across the plain more than 3,000 feet below. We lingered over this our last Syrian lunch together in the open; the diligence from Damascus passed, and then our mules with tents and baggage, and then large caravans and carts of cargo. [Grapes of every species grow well here and all down the spurs and valleys of the Anti-Lebanon, but these are so roughly made into wine of the country that it will not do to export. There is therefore an opening here for the establishment under capable European hands of wine manufactories, where almost any sort of wine might be made. There would be no sale in the country itself for the better-made wines, as the natives themselves are satisfied with those made in their own rough way, but the export duty from the country is very small (only one per cent.). A French silk manufactory has just been established, but no wine manufactory, for the French are afraid of its interfering with their own home produce.

In the Lebanon the chief products are the olive, the mulberry, and tobacco, though the cereals and other grains and fruits are also raised. A large part of the cultivation in this mountain region has to be carried on by terracing the slopes. The olive crop, according to the return made to the Government of the Lebanon, yielded in ten years 3,637,045 gallons. In 1878 the yield was about 908,313 gallons. The value of the oil is not, however, so good as it might be if more care were taken with the gathering of the olives. The ripe and partially ripe olives are too often mixed together in the oil mills, of which there are about four hundred in the Lebanon. The profits on an olive orchard are about 20 per cent.

The most profitable and extensive industry is the cultivation of silk. In later years about 2,500 tons weight of fresh cocoons have been annually raised. The mulberry seems to thrive better than all other trees in this mountain region, and specially on its western slopes. The latest information gives the number of silk mills as 64, employing 3,900 hands; in which were spun 1,545½ tons English of cocoons. In 1880 no less than 1,840 tons of silk were exported to France and Italy, and averaged in price from 22 to 27 piastres, or *4s. 2d.* to *4s. 6d.* per oke of 2¾ lb. avoirdupois.

The system pursued is to provide the natives with a certain

quantity of eggs, which they tend throughout their various stages on the owner's account, receiving as remuneration one-fourth the silk produced. A mule-load of mulberry leaves is required to support these grubs to the final stage, and from it half an oke to four okes of silk may be expected. The price of leaves varies from thirty piastres to three hundred piastres per load, rising in the last days before the worms spin their cocoons. When prices of silk are high, the price of leaves is run up, and those who have to buy leaves lose money, as they did in 1880, while those with their own mulberry plantations then did well. The opening of the Suez Canal has very seriously affected the Lebanon silk trade, by facilitating the import of China silk into Europe.]

At 3.40 P.M. we start again, and at a point a little further along the road H.M. ships *Monarch* and *Bacchante* come in sight, lying at anchor in St. George's Bay, off Beyrout, eight miles distant. At 5 P.M. reached Khan Sheikh Mahmud, at the brow of the hill, where our camp is pitched for the night. Just before arriving we met two blue-jackets of the *Monarch* out riding; the sight of their English faces and uniforms made us feel as if we were getting nearer home and shipboard once more. Morel Bey, the secretary of Rustem Pasha, came up overnight with carriages to take us down the hill to-morrow. Mr Cameron from the British Consulate also rode up. (It was this night that the fire occurred on board H.M.S. *Inconstant* at Simon's Bay, where she was lying with the *Carysfort* and *Tourmaline*, when the curios which her men had collected on their cruise round the world with us were all burnt.)

May 6th.—Started at 9.30 A.M.; we can see the *Bacchante* trying heliograph signals to us as we get into the carriages; they can evidently see our camp, through glasses, on the hillside. Felt quite sorry to say good-bye to the camp and everything in it, and all the native muleteers and servants; we have had a most delightful trip, and they have all behaved uncommonly well, though often it was hard work for them to carry out the day's programme. We have never been a single day behind time at any place, or deviated at all from the plan we first proposed. Mr. Cook and Ward have managed to execute our scheme admirably. The kaimakam of Zahleh, who rode with us yesterday, is still one of our party. There are five carriages, and as we drive down the hill the view is very Italian-like; many of the houses have square towers and red tiles, and the flat-topped firs growing on the summits of the lower hills contribute to this effect. It is

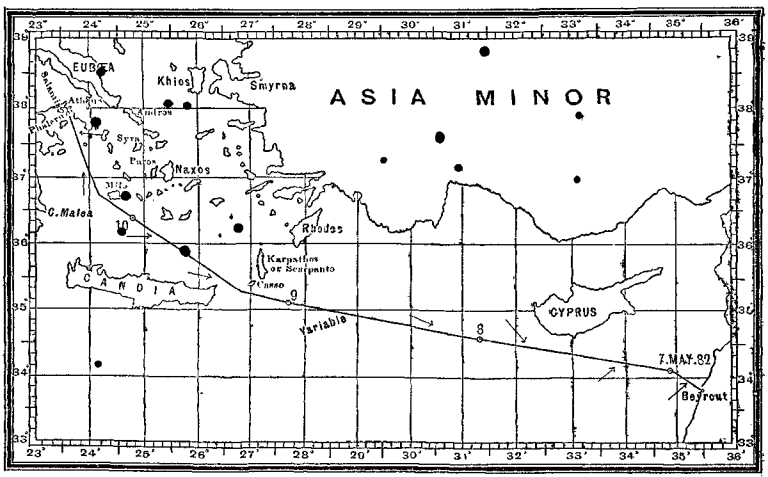
very hot and dusty, and the carriages all have their hoods up. The road winds down amongst deep valleys with wooded sides, reminding one of the Coral at Madeira. At the bottom of the hill at Hazmeh, four miles outside Beyrout, Rustem Pasha, a Christian, an Italian nobleman by birth, but educated in England, now governor-general of the Lebanon, with Edhem Pasha and General Akef Pasha, is waiting in tents, with a battalion of Turkish infantry drawn up in line along the roadside, and a military band playing the English national anthem. We get out of the carriages here and go with the Pasha into his tent, where after taking coffee, sherbet, and cigarettes, in a few minutes we proceed again, Eddy with Rustem Pasha, and George with Edhem Pasha, escorted by the mounted Lebanon police to Beyrout. By the side of the road were a number of carriages and all sorts and conditions of men, who had come out for a day's holiday from the town. We drove into Beyrout amid much general excitement, and went straight to Mrs. Mentor Mott's British Syrian Schools, which the Prince of Wales visited May 6, 1862, this very day, just twenty years ago. Saw the pictures of the Prince and Princess of Wales and of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, which they had severally given to the schools, and saw the pupils at their various work. In method, order, discipline, and intelligence, the elementary schools would hold their own with any schools of the same grade in England, and the institution is raising up an admirably trained succession of teachers whose value to Syria is beyond price. The education of the pupils costs on an average 1*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.* a head in the elementary schools, and the maintenance and education of each pupil in the Training Institution 16*l.* per head per annum. There are also branch schools for the blind, both young and adults. Saw Mrs. Smith, who, with Mrs. Mentor Mott, is the sister of the late Mrs. Bowen Thompson, who founded the schools after the massacres in 1860; they have steadily grown ever since and prospered. We had come across branches of these most useful schools in nearly every village in the Lebanon; their pupils, including Christians, Jews, Moslems, and Druzes, amount to nearly 3000. Got into the carriages again and drove to the British Consulate. Mr. Eldridge, the consul-general, was ill in bed; he got up for a few minutes to welcome us, but had to retire afterwards, and Mr. Dixon, the vice-consul, took his place. The table and rooms were filled with lovely roses of all sorts, fresh and sweet smelling, reminding us of England. Captain Fairfax, of the *Monarch*, and

Captain Lord Charles Scott, of the *Bacchante*, here joined us, and all the Turkish officials came to lunch. We thanked them for the efforts which, in accordance with the Sultan's telegrams, they had made for the furtherance of our tour hither from Damascus. Afterwards, in the drawing-room, some few British residents were presented, and at 3 P.M. we went off to the *Bacchante* in a Turkish boat, amid crowds of the European and native inhabitants who lined the quay and landing-place. Before leaving Ottoman soil sent to Lord Dufferin at Constantinople a telegram for the Sultan—"Their Royal Highnesses Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales desire to thank His Imperial Majesty the Sultan for all the courtesies extended to them during their visit to Syria and Palestine. His Majesty's A.D.C., Ahmet Ali Bey, has proved a most agreeable companion, and all the functionaries of His Majesty with whom Their Royal Highnesses have been brought into contact have been zealous in displaying every attention." We have been just forty days ashore since we landed at Joppa, during thirty-one of which we have been travelling. We have gone over about 585 English miles, on an average about nineteen miles a day. The longest distances accomplished were twenty-eight miles on April 13th and 17th and thirty-two miles on the 25th. The route east of the Jordan was 115 miles. We have most thoroughly enjoyed our life in tents and riding, and are as hearty and hard and strong after it as possible, but there is a pleasant sensation of being home and afloat again as we go on board over the ship's side. To the Captain's dinner came Mr. Moore and Captain Conder, Colonel Ahmet Ali Bey, Mr. Dixon and Captain Fairfax, whom we were very glad to chat with about old *Britannia* days. It was a fine starlight night and perfectly calm.

May 7th.—Left Beyrout at 6.45 A.M. with H.M.S. *Monarch* (Captain H. Fairfax, C.B., as senior officer). We had the usual Sunday services and Sunday routine, and felt a general sense of rest and satisfaction at being once more back in our old quarters and employments afloat. The land was soon out of sight. On October 9th, 1193, Richard Cœur de Lion took leave of Palestine, watching with tears its receding shores, as he exclaimed, "O Holy Land, I commend thee and thy people unto God! May He grant me yet to return to aid thee." The pious wish of the gallant, though wayward, crusader-king was never fulfilled. [But now the time cannot be far distant when once more Syria will be ruled by a Christian power. "The Franks are about to return" is the firm

belief both of the fellaheen and the Bedouin; and such return, if it were under fair and reasonable arrangements, would be heartily welcomed by both, as a deliverance from the yoke of the Turk. It is impossible to prophecy "how this thing shall be." The

BEYROUT TO ATHENS.



Date.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
May					N.	E.	°	°	°	°
7S.	N. 77 W.	...	36	S.W. by W. 1·3	34·6	34·48	65	65	70	69
8	N. 81 W.	...	175	W. and N.W. 1·3	34·33	31·19	66	66	71	69
9	N. 80 W.	...	179	Variable 2·0	35·4	27·44	66	66	75	70
10	N. 55 W.	...	162	Variable 1·2	36·23	24·47	65	65	68	68
11	...	...	106	S. 3·4, N.E. 3·4	...	...	64	64	69	65
Distance			658 miles.							

simplest plan would be to extend the international protectorate now exercised over the Lebanon to the whole of Syria and Palestine. A fixed annual revenue would be guaranteed to the Porte, so that the natural resources of the country should be simply left alone by the extortioner for a few years, then its prosperity and

increasing wealth would more than pay the slight expenses necessary for its administration. The bounds of such a protectorate of Syria would be up to the river north of Antioch, including Alexandretta. This is the limit on the north between the Arabic- and the Turkish-speaking populations; the eastern limit of the protected province would be the Hadj road. All that the people want (and the peasants are, as a rule, industrious and law-abiding) is, first, simple justice without bribes; and in the second place, that the population should be allowed to grow in peace, instead of being carried off, as at present, whole villages at a time; and thirdly, if money were lent at first on the security of their crops by the new government to the peasants at 5 per cent., their growth and enterprise would be stimulated and quickened. But this last would not be absolutely necessary. There should be two courts of judges: first, the native court with Mohammedan law, and the second, Christian with European law. Both races should have fair play; any attempt by a Christian to over-reach a Mohammedan should be punished by the law as rigorously as any attempt by a Mohammedan to tyrannise over a Christian. There should be three regiments raised for local service—one of Druzes, another of Christians, and another of Syrians. The whole protectorate would be more than self-paying in a few years, and in reality would be a boon, not only to the subject-races, but also to their present lords. Such international protectorate, however, assumes two things: first, that the Turkish empire will last, and secondly, that the European powers would sink their mutual jealousies for the common good of these lands. As regards the former, though no European power openly professes a desire to hasten the fall of the throne of the Turkish Sultan at Constantinople, yet all feel and know that it must come sooner or later. The Turkish empire has long ceased to have any inherent strength or growth of its own; its various provinces, races, and creeds must fall asunder "as soon as that which letteth is taken out of the way," that is, the exterior force that alone binds its heterogeneous portions together, and which simply results from the mutual ambitions of the Christian powers to divide its reliques. The "unspeakable" Turk will, in Mr. Gladstone's words, "clear out bag and baggage" from Constantinople, and then what? All that can now safely be predicated is that the longer the present state of things lasts the surer is the development of the natural laws that are at work beneath the surface in these countries. They are these. The French as patrons abroad of the Latin Church (which,

however, they scarcely tolerate at home) would never for one moment be allowed by Russia, as the patron of the Greek Church, to take any portion of Syria under their sole protectorate, although French officials, according to the wont of such individuals to rear vast dreams on the slenderest, or no, foundations, are often in the habit of speaking openly of "*La terre sainte presque française.*" Neither would France willingly tolerate the establishment of Russian rule in Syria. The religious jealousies of the Eastern and Western Churches, and the countless matters of dispute between them, would for ever debar either the Latin race or the Sclavonic from undivided supreme power in the Holy Land. If an international European protectorate of Syria is impossible (and the constant intrigues of the French in the Lebanon have often jeopardised the arrangements of 1862 even in that region), then undoubtedly the future of this land will belong to the Teutonic race, and either of the twin heads of that great race will dominate it. At the present time an English corporal and drummer-boy with a few English officers who could speak Arabic, marching through the land could win the whole of Syria to the British flag. But in a few years the Germans will outnumber all the other inhabitants of the country. It is scarcely recognised in England how the small German colonists are flooding Syria, and by their enterprise, frugality, industry, and perseverance, promise most for the future of Palestine. Syria is nearly German now; in a few years, if the present depopulation of the native races goes on, and the present influx into their vacant homes of German emigrants continues, it will be wholly so. They, at any rate, will never be deserted by their home Government, for Prince Bismarck's oft-repeated maxim is that the German flag will follow the German colonist. Patron also of neither the Latin nor the Greek Churches, the German would hold the balance even between them. Each would be insured in the undisturbed possession of their own sacred places and privileges, but sternly repressed from intruding on the prerogatives of the other. The German Protestant religious sentiment that has impelled many of these colonists to the "land of promise" would be solidly satisfied by making it once more "flow with milk and honey," and in developing its natural resources, as each man with his housewife and bairns dwelt under his own vine and fig-tree: then Frederick of the Ruddy Beard would waken from his long sleep beneath the sands of Acre.]

May 8th.—Steaming steadily on, four cables astern of the *Monarch*, at a little over seven knots. Cyprus is on our starboard bow; it is beautifully calm, and its high mountains show out very clearly. The strategic value of Cyprus to England was originally indicated by the late General Sir Robert Wilson in his *Narrative of the Expedition to Egypt*, published in 1802. Its possession gives England the command over the trade-routes from Antioch to the Tigris and Euphrates, and it is the "sentinel of Egypt," within thirty hours of Alexandria and the Suez Canal—one main artery of the food supply of our thirty-five millions at home. England guarantees its fixed tribute to Turkey of 92,686*l.* a year. Under our improved government the surplus of receipts over expenditure will probably be very great. It is already, since we took it over in 1878, well supplied with roads, and new forests are being planted; the inhabitants are prosperous, happy, and more than contented with British rule. The climate also is very healthy. "Fixity of tenure" by the purchase of the fee-simple from the Turkish Government would without doubt cause capital to flow in and immensely increase the prosperity of this "gem of the Mediterranean." Living is cheap—a leg of mutton is 2*s.*, a partridge 6*d.*, a good dish of grapes 1*d.*

May 9th.—At sunrise we saw Cyprus still upon the horizon astern, but it was only visible for a few minutes. During the afternoon watch we are passing Crete away on the port side, and we are close up to Karpathos and Kaxo on the starboard. George is not quite well, he complains of headache, and is slightly feverish, so was excused afternoon watch; and we read together the stories of the Minotaur, Theseus, and Ariadne.[1] We read too together the stories

[1] How "he went down into that doleful gulf through winding paths among the rocks, under caverns and arches and galleries, and over heaps of fallen stone, and he turned on the left-hand and on the right-hand, and went up and down till his head was dizzy; but all the while he held the clue that she had given him. For when he went in he had fastened it to a stone and left it to unroll out of his hand as he went on; and it lasted him till he met the *Minotaur* in a narrow chasm between black cliffs. And when he saw him he stopped a while, for he had never seen so strange a beast. His body was a man's, but his head was the head of a bull, and his teeth were the teeth of a lion, and with them he tore his prey; and when he saw Theseus he roared and put his head down and rushed right at him. But after having been wounded he fled bellowing wildly; and Theseus followed him at full speed, holding the clue of thread in his left hand. Then on among the sunken roots of Ida and to the edge of the eternal snows went they, the hunter and the hunted; and at last Theseus came up with him and caught him by the horns and forced his head back and drove the keen sword through his throat. Then he went back limping and weary, feeling his way down by the clue of thread, and found Ariadne waiting for him: and they fled to their ship together and leapt on board and hoisted up the sail; and the night lay dark around them, so that they passed through Minos' ships and escaped all safe to Naxos; and there Ariadne became Theseus's wife."—Kingsley, *Theseus*.

of Kephalos and Prokris, and of Aegeus, and the contest of Poseidon and Athene, as we were drawing near to Hellas over the "wine-faced sea." As the sun went down a slight breeze sprang up astern, cool and drying.

May 10*th*.—Passed Christiani Island in the morning, and in the afternoon Milo (Melos), the most western of the Cyclades, with a splendid harbour, and St. Georgia. Round each of these in the evening a small white cloud is seen to form on the windward side, but it only lasts apparently for a few minutes and is then dissipated to leeward. The isles of Greece look grey and barren, though here and there they have green patches on their rocky and lofty sides.

May 11*th*.—This morning before sunrise we looked across the broad bright sea and saw the fair Attic shore, from Sunium to Hymettus and Pentelicus, and all the mountain peaks which girdle the plain of Athens round. That is Sunium promontory running away to the S.E., but it is too far off for us to distinguish the temple on its top. The Acropolis stands out clear and distinct, and Attica, where the Athenian people dwelt.[1] It seemed a good opportunity for running torpedoes, so the *Monarch* hove to and waited while we amused ourselves in this way. All this delayed our arrival in the Piraeus, where the King and Queen and others also were waiting for us. The *Monarch* went on to Salamis Bay. We passed in between the two pillars, one on each side of the narrow entrance to the Piraeus, at 9 A.M., and were moored head and stern on the south side of the harbour, alongside the French ironclad flagship, *La Galissonière*, which has just come here after taking part in the bombardment of Sphax, and consequent annexation of Tunis, and thus, having won one more "colony" for France, has helped forward the realisation of the French dream of a North African Empire extending uninterruptedly from Morocco to the Lebanon. Having, however, spent 30,000,000*l*. to get Tonquin, the trade of which with all Europe may amount to 300,000*l*. per annum, the curious imitative craving of France, without trade and surplus population, for "colonies" has probably reached its climax. Opposite

[1] "A land of olive-oil and honey, looking towards the sunny south, the joy of gods and men. For the gods have girdled it with mountains whose veins are of pure silver, and their bones of marble white as snow; and there the hills are sweet with thyme and basil, and the meadows with violet and asphodel, and the nightingales sing all day in the thickets by the side of ever-flowing streams. There are twelve towns well peopled, the homes of an ancient race, the children of Kekrops, the serpent-king, the son of mother earth, who wear gold cicalas among the tresses of their golden hair; for, like the cicalas, they sprang from the earth, and, like the cicalas, they sing all day, rejoicing in the genial sun."

to us is moored the Russian turret-ship, *Peter the Great;* she has 2,000 tons of coal on board, is of 9,665 tons displacement, and of 8,258 horse-power. She carries fourteen inches of armour at the water-line, and eight guns (four of them 12-in. four 4-pounders), and is by a long way the most powerful ship in the Russian fleet. H.M.S. *Iris* (Captain Seymour) and the *Bittern* (Commander T. S. Brand) are also here. Mr. Ford, the British Minister, came on board the *Bacchante* directly we made fast, and shortly after him came the King of the Hellenes, for whom all the foreign ships of war in the Piraeus manned yards and fired royal salutes. Eddy went ashore and returned to Athens with him. We began to coal, which pleasing amusement was not completed until the afternoon of the next day. In the evening it came on to blow from the north, and all night it was cold and gusty.

AT ATHENS.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
May		°	°	°	°
12	N. 7·8, N.N.W. 2·4	64	62	55	58
13	N. by W. 2·3·1	61	61	66	67
14S.	N.N.W. 3·0	57	58	67	66
15	S.S.E. 0·4·0	61	60	66	63
16	S.S.E. 2·3	58	58	65	65
17	S. by E. 2 to 0	58	58	70	68
18	Variable 1·2	58	58	72	70
19	W.N.W. 3·5	58	59	67	64
20	N.W. 4 to 6, S. 1	58	58	67	64

May 12th.—In the afternoon the King and Queen, with cousins and Eddy, came down from Athens, and stayed on board for some time to see George in his cot. He is a bit headachy and feverish. A good dose of quinine, however, reduced his temperature to normal, and soon set him right again.

May 13th.—Old May Day at Athens; fine morning and breezy. Lord Dufferin, who was waiting with Lady Dufferin for the mail-boat to Constantinople, came on board at 8.30 A.M. The *Monarch* sailed for Corfu. Disquieting telegrams from Egypt. At 4.45 P.M. left the Piraeus and steamed round to Phalerum Roads, where we anchored at 5.45 P.M., passing close under Munychia. We can trace the foundations of the old walls all round the island, and can see

remains of the breakwater that was built across the mouth of the little bay that forms Munychia. It must have been a regular little nest for the Athenian triremes; Phalerum is just such another; and both are sheltered from the south wind and any swell that may be running in. As the sun went down the colours on the hills of Salamis on the one side of the bay, and on those of Attica on the other, were just as lovely as they are described to have been in the days of Sophocles. The Acropolis shows up well from the anchorage and the air here is much fresher than in the Piraeus.

May 14th.—French squadron (*La Galissonière* and corvettes *Bouvet* and *Aspic*) left Piraeus to join British Mediterranean squadron in Suda Bay, Crete. George was allowed to leave the ship to-day and so joined Eddy at Athens.

May 15th.—The *Bittern* left for Suda Bay. The *Iris* came round from the Piraeus and anchored in Phalerum Roads. We took our first walk about Athens, going down outside the palace gardens, past the English Church, to the Temple of Jupiter. The artificial platform on which it stood was equal in area to that of the whole Acropolis, and it was the largest Greek temple in the world, with the exception of that at Ephesus. Hadrian built it in the midst of his New Athens, the Roman city wholly outside the Old Athens and in the plain to the south-east of it. We walked along the banks of the Ilissus to the grass-grown Stadium, that was excavated out of the hill-side, past several *cafés chantants* and open-air dancing-booths. What little water there is in the pebbly stream is now covered with green duckweed. Returning under Hadrian's gateway, went to the monument of Lysicrates, and on to the great Dionysiac theatre on the south of the Acropolis. It was uncovered in 1862. The remains are those of the theatre as reconstituted by Hadrian; they inclose the older, of which the bevelled and knobbed stones (dating from 500 B.C.), similar to those at the western end of the Acropolis, are clearly visible on the west side towards Hadrian's colonnade. The ancient white marble altar is still there, with masks and ivy wreaths and festoons, a joy to the eyes to look upon. We were surprised at the smallness of the lozenge-shaped area on which the chorus was stationed. Round this area runs the first semicircular row of sixty-seven white marble seats, each duly labelled for the priests of various divinities and for magistrates. The priest of Dionysus occupied the centre arm-chair. On this are carved in relief two fauns back to back, with grapes pendant between them: under the seat and in front is shown the taming of lions.

On the arms of the chair are sculptured kneeling figures, all of the most delicate and exquisite execution, just like cabinet-work. The whole theatre seated 30,000 souls: the topmost tiers are right up on the level of the summit of the Acropolis, and are cut there out of the live rock. They now terminate in a cave, which was apparently at one time an entrance to the Acropolis itself. We thought we should have seen more of the sea from these seats, but there is only a peep of Phalerum Roads and the opposite coast of Aegina; Hymettus and the Musaeum hill shut out the rest. There are thirteen wedgelike divisions of these tiers, the passages between which (all carefully grooved to prevent slipping) are like the ribs of a fan when opened. At the bottom of each wedge, and therefore just behind the front row of officials, were statues of the founders of the thirteen Athenian tribes—for probably each of the tribes occupied a wedge to itself, and the wedge was named after the hero whose statue was at its bottom. To these statues others were afterwards added of celebrated men (on one pedestal we saw the name of Marcus Aurelius), but they must have terribly interfered with the view of those spectators who sat immediately behind. We spent two hours in the Dionysiac theatre, and then moved away to the west along the remains of the magnificent Roman stoa and promenade, which extended the whole length of the southern slope of the Acropolis from the Dionysiac theatre to the Odeum of Herodes Atticus. The square foundations for the pillars of this colonnade still stand all down the centre; the bottom of the walls on the north side was lined with dark-coloured marbles, and these formed a background for the white marble statues which stood in front of them. The carved apertures where the water was led in across the promenade are still there. Then up into the Acropolis by the western entrance. Coming fresh from Syria we were much impressed by the perfect workmanship of every portion of the buildings. They seem wonderfully small compared to what we have seen there, but the elegant and majestic severity of the white marble porticoes of the Propylaea and of the Parthenon contrast delightfully with the rougher but more stupendous erections of the East. We spent some time up here, and with Jahn's handy edition of Pausanias's description of the Acropolis, full of plans and notes, thoroughly enjoyed wandering about among the ruins. When the afternoon came to an end, and the sun sank in the west, we realised how the epithet "violet-crowned" refers to the hills which shut in like a crown the whole plain; all of these every evening that we

have been here have been bathed in this violet hue. The glow over these hills of Attica is more delicate than the equally clear but warmer tinge we have lately been used to in Syria and in the valley of the Nile; and in addition there is this indescribable violet hue, which not only when the sun is setting, but also for two or three hours previously, bathes Pentelicus, Parnes, Lycabettus, and Hymettus. As we come out of the Acropolis by the little Temple of Wingless Victory (which has been pieced together from fragments that were recovered from the bastion into which the Turks had built them during their occupation), we have a magnificent view of the sea away to Aegina and the opposite coast of the Peloponnesus, of the island of Salamis, and the distant mountains near the Isthmus of Corinth; Phalerum, the Piraeus, the pass of Cithaeron, the whole plain of the Cephissus with its olive groves, and the Pnyx and the Areopagus form the foreground. We have pointed out to us behind the Temple of Wingless Victory the older Cyclopean substructures of the Pelasgic foundations of finely-fitted stones. It was at this corner that Aegeus threw himself down in despair when he saw the ship of Theseus returning from Crete with black sails. We returned to the palace up Hermes Street, through the centre of modern Athens[1] (which lies wholly to the north of the site of the ancient town), and past the little Byzantine Church of Kapni Kareion (now some feet below the level of the street), the porch of which reminded us of that to the chancel at Whippingham.

May 16th.—Walked to the Museum, and saw Dr. Schliemann's collection from Mycenae. There is also a very fair number of Egyptian antiquities and many statues from tombs of the Roman period. The little marble replica of the statue of Athene by Phidias, found in the Parthenon in 1880, interested us as much as anything else. Coming home we passed the University and the Institute. On either side of the entrance to the latter are two Ionic pillars with modern statues of Apollo and Athene on top, gilt.

The officers of the *Bacchante* and *Iris* came to dine at the palace in the evening.

[1] It is not generally known how fast Athens is becoming a great and rich city. It already numbers 100,000 inhabitants (without counting the Piraeus). Although there is no native commerce nor manufactures here, and although the city lies off the great thoroughfare of traffic, yet money is evidently being spent here; the city is growing, as many as 300 houses a year have been built during the present king's reign, and there are manifest signs of prosperity, resulting probably from the money made by Greek merchants in foreign countries. In Attica itself there are but few streams, and no verdure; all fodder for horses has to be brought from Naples.

May 17th.—Partial eclipse of the sun at 7.30 A.M. After late breakfast went out for another long day. First to the Areopagus. The wild thyme and dry odorous grasses now cover this hill, amongst which we came across the descendants of the grass-hoppers, of which the old Athenians were so fond. Its flattened top faces full towards the western entrance to the Acropolis. A large piece on the north side of the Areopagus has evidently fallen only recently, but the whole limestone rock all round is undermined below with caves, and seems of a softer substance than that at the top. In one of these caves on the north side was the old shrine of the Eumenides. The whole surface of the hill is full of rock-hewn stairs, foundations for walls, &c. Those of one hall on the north are very clear (perhaps this was the old court), and of another lower down to the west of it; but the whole wants clearing and carefully mapping; in many places a few spadefuls of earth removed would open up wells and stairs. On the west side are more rock-hewn steps leading up to a sort of little platform. From the top of the Areopagus the Pnyx hill bears nearly west, and beyond it we can see Salamis and Aegina. The modern observatory crowns the old hill of the Nymphs, and between that and the Areopagus ran the sacred way down from the Acropolis into the plain. Crossing this we went up on to the Pnyx. The Cyclopean masonry here was all bevelled, and must be one of the oldest things at Athens. The flat space above these massive square blocks is just due west of the Acropolis: there are many wells in the rock all about here, but not in the flat where the place of assembly was. On the south side of this last rises a cube of live rock which was the bema; the votes were taken in front of the bema where there is space for people to come up, one person at a time, and pass in front of the ballot boxes, of which the traces are apparent where they were affixed in front of the rostrum. The whole was once covered with a white marble erection; what we see to-day was only the foundation. The Theseum on the plain below faced the orator over the heads of his audience; and behind him rose the seats of the magistrates, up to which went the broad steps on the west from the platform where the people were assembled. On the right-hand side, to the east of the bema, are deep excavations in the rock as if for walls, and perhaps a portion of the old Cyclopean fortress stood here. There is a second large flat space above and to the south of the place of assembly. Walked down the south slope of the Pnyx hill: there are smaller stones in the wall here and traces

of many house foundations and wells. In the hollow between the Pnyx hill and that of Philopappus ran the old road, the entrance from the Piraeus to Athens, which when prolonged from here in a straight line due east would pass along the south side of the Acropolis by the Odeum, the colonnade, the theatre of Dionysus, and so on through Hadrian's Arch and by the great Temple of Jupiter into the Roman city. On the slope between the hills there are still large slabs of the grooved stone pavement of the road marked with well-worn traces of chariot wheels. On the north side of the road facing us going up Philopappus hill is a large rock-hewn tomb for two bodies and room for a sarcophagus besides, over the two bodies. This tomb would have been outside the walls, the foundations of which are clearly seen running up to the crest of Philopappus hill, which made a very fine out-jutting fortification on this side of Athens, as the descent on its south side is very steep. The Roman wall ran right away from here due east over the Ilissus so as to take in the hill at the back of the Stadium. In more ancient times the city of Athens was embraced between the four hills of the Acropolis, the Areopagus, the Pnyx and the Musaeum (Philopappus). As we stand here the Areopagus looks as if it had been originally part of the same eminence as the Acropolis, and as if the little space between them had been artificially deepened. The remains of the strange structure begun A.D. 110, as a monument for the descendants of Antiochus IV., still crown the summit of the hill; into its foundations are built fragments of white stone from some older building, as their edges are bevelled exactly similar to those in the Acropolis.

May 18th, Ascension Day.—Started at 9.30 A.M., with the King and Queen and cousins, Mr. Ford (the British minister), and his secretary Mr. Greville, Captain Lord Charles Scott and Captain Seymour of the *Iris*, to drive to Tattoi. The first part of the road was very dusty, and hot in the sun; we drove across the Attic plain to the foot of Parnes, past vines and olives. Changed horses by a rest-house on the banks of the Cephissus, and then all walked up the hill on the opposite side. From this point elm trees are planted on each side of the road, which goes on rising and gradually approaches Tattoi, through park-like grounds and with woods of Scotch pines; these last are cleared away here and there to form small fields of barley and wheat, in some of which the crop already cut looks very good. We arrived at the house at noon, and attended Divine Service in the Greek chapel. After-

wards walked about the garden in which there are lovely roses in profusion climbing over everything, walks under trellis-work, and seats about under the trees, some of which are very large and old. Then into the house, which is small but very comfortable, just large enough for the King, Queen, and family. It is beautifully clean and nice, and commands an extensive view from the verandah down over the Attic plains to Athens, which lies 2,500 feet below. We had lunch out under the trees, and the nightingales (the descendants of those Sophocles heard at Colonos) were singing loud close at hand in the brakes. We tasted "Resinato," the common wine of the country, which has a strong flavour of resin; it is a useful tonic and healthy; to a stranger a little goes a long way. There was also some other home-made red wine of the king's from the Tattoi vineyards, which was very good, and had been two years in bottle. We afterwards walked to the little Swiss-like cottages which are planted all about in the woods near to the house, some for the accommodation of guests, and others for the suite and other purposes. In one of these there is a good billiard table where some of us played, and the others sat about outside chatting and enjoying the air. Then walked to where there are all sorts of gymnastic apparatus for cousins in the open-air under the trees, parallel and horizontal bars, giant stride, bowling alley, seesaw, &c. The water brought down in a tiled rivulet from the hill-side above is murmuring as it runs all through the garden and under the trees in all directions with a deliciously clear cool sound, and the birds are making melody of all kinds in the trees.

> "Sweet are the whispers of yon pine that makes
> Low music o'er the spring, and sweet the noise of streams
> Falling and falling, aye, from yon tall crag,"

the memory of which, enjoyed by Theocritus in Sicily of old, as we enjoy them here to-day, brightened his days in the hot dusty glare of Alexandria.

Went to see the site higher up the hill where a larger house will eventually be built; a lovely site above the farm. The telegraph wire runs up here from Athens, and the ministers, when business compels, can drive up in a little over two hours, and stay to refresh themselves by a day in the country. We then walked to the tower where there are some old classical reliefs dug up on the estate; and then to the cow-house and piggeries. The two lower courses of the first are built of old bevelled stones which were found on the property. Swiss cows do well here; saw them feeding from

white marble troughs (which is the common stone all over Attica), and each with its Greek name labelled over its stall. Then paid our respects to the bull. The Greek cowherds are a handsome lot. Then tasted the new milk warm from the cows. The peak of Pentelicus stands up finely in front over the trees; from up there you have a first-rate view of Marathon at its foot. We got into the carriages at 6 P.M. and drove back to Athens; passing in through the suburbs in which are many gardens full of cypresses, very tall and graceful. Some of the party dined with the British Minister, and the rest went home to the palace.

May 19th.—Fine sunny morning, but windy, clouds of dust up in the town. The King and Queen and cousins are going off with us to the *Bacchante* to lunch at 1.30 P.M. Down to Phalerum by the train, where, as the wind is from the south-west, there is a slight swell rolling in by the side of the station: on the beach there is a pretty Danish-like open-air restaurant. Curzon came ashore with the steam pinnace towing the second cutter, and so took us off to the *Bacchante*. After lunch there was an extempore sailing regatta between the boats of the *Bacchante* and the *Iris*. Our second cutter won; but in the race, as the wind was puffy, the *Iris's* galley capsized; fortunately all the crew were picked up. This was the first time our second cutter, which had been built at Sydney, had been tried in a sailing race, and proved as fast under sail as under oars. The King and Queen, after going all over the ship, left at 5 P.M., and went on board the *Iris*, and then on shore, and returned by the train to Athens. The landing-stage at Phalerum was very rickety, and swayed like a pendulum, much to the amusement of cousins.

May 20th.—At 9.10 every morning a fine military band comes and plays in front of the palace, just as the Guards' band does in London at St. James's. After breakfast walked up Lycabettus which is 948 feet high. There is now a chapel of St. George at the top, and from there a fine view of Socrates' home away on the south-east, and of Colonno on the plain of Cephissus to the west, with its olive-trees looking like a thick wood from here, and the salt sea beyond. In the distance over the Piraeus the mountains are covered with snow; Aegina stands out plain (no longer "an eye-sore" to the Athenians), and over the blue sea is Argolis. Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus stand close at hand, now grey and bare as probably they always were; but Alopeki shows verdant with its trees and greenery around the houses, and many cypresses. The

only large garden in Athens is that which lies on the south side of the palace. It is open to the public every afternoon, and is full of pleasant shady walks, sweet-smelling flowers, and fine palm-trees; the whole was made by the queen of the former king, Otho. In one part of the garden there is a large piece of Roman mosaic work that once belonged to a bath. We walked home by the Temple of the Winds (which was erected about the year 100 B.C. for the purpose of containing a weather-cock, a sun-dial, and a water-clock). The eight sides of the building face towards the different points of the compass, and each is adorned on the frieze with a representation in relief of one of the eight winds. The building was once crowned with a Triton who turned and pointed downwards with his staff towards the quarter whence the wind blew. Then into the market, where all sorts of wares were being sold, and past the rich Corinthian columns, the remains of Hadrian's gymnasium, to the Theseum, the best preserved building of ancient Athens, which was built 470 B.C., and is therefore older than the Parthenon; the marble of which it is built is brown grey with just a tinge of red in it.[1] Then into the *café*, where gambling was going on, and where there was much to remind us of Aristophanes.

[The Athenians of to-day are just as fond of chicanery as were those of his days, though they do not appear so clever; they have lost their old sprightliness and brightness, and are instead darkly suspicious, but without any self-control. Of course this only applies to some members of the race; it would indeed be odd if there were not many exceptions. The majority have long ago forgotten their own myths and their old classic history, and instead feed their imagination with fly-blown traditions of a rotten Byzantine Empire and exploits of brigandage wrought during the Turkish domination and since. The model Athenian no longer steps proudly out in anything like classic attire, for even the white fustanella or kilt with the Albanian

[1] It was Theseus who "gathered (so the Athenians say) all the boroughs of the land together, and knit them into one strong people, while before they were all parted and weak. And many another wise thing he did, so that his people honoured him after he was dead, for many a hundred years, as the father of their freedom and their laws. And 600 years after his death in the famous fight at Marathon, men said that they saw the ghost of Theseus with his mighty brazen club, fighting in the van of the battle against the invading Persians for the country which he loved; and twenty years after Marathon his bones (they say) were found in Scuros, an isle beyond the sea, and they were bigger than the bones of mortal men. So the Athenians brought them home in triumph, and all the people came to welcome them; and they built over them a noble temple, and adorned it with sculptures and paintings, in which were told all the noble deeds of Theseus, with the Centaurs, and the Lapithai, and the Amazons;" and these are the ruins of it that are standing still.

jacket and leggings has nearly disappeared, and the dandy of the period goes French-booted and uniformed, but all the same, looking dusty and bedraggled. But spite of all this the ghost of the past is here, and seems to haunt the country, where the air is as clear as of old and "each old poetic mountain inspiration breathes around;" but the inhabitants of the land themselves are as different in blood from their predecessors on the soil, as the Saxon-descended English of to-day are from the British and Celtic inhabitants of England at the same distance of time: there is more Sclav and Hunnish blood in their veins than of pure Greek. As in Syria and as in Egypt, the country is the same in its great features as that in which deeds of history were wrought, but here as there all is gone that made that history and that literature of interest to men. Nevertheless it is well to visit the old lands; for to see them is a help to understand their past, and if it disabuses us of illusions in the present it at least brings all we have read in books more vividly before the mind. The modern Greek is like the Jew; the *rôle* he plays best is that of money-maker in the foreign centres of European commerce; and it is there that the more enterprising and promising of the race find an outlet for their energies rather than in the barren controversies and petty place-hunting in the Greek House of Assembly. If there were really any nucleus of national life or ability in Hellas the future of this part of the Mediterranean would be theirs; the Greek islands and the coasts of Asia Minor on the dissolution of Turkey would fall to them. But these they tell you they do not care about; their ambition is to keep Austria from Salonica, and Austria from Constantinople, and Austria from the Adriatic; and even at times they tell you that they dread that Austria should swallow Greece itself. But these are the politicians of the capital; after all, the majority of the Greeks of to-day as you find them away from Athens and in the country, whether it be on the mainland or in the islands, desire but the same thing that human nature wishes all the world over, an assurance of justice if wronged, and to be let alone to make money sufficient to minister to their notion of comfort. Nevertheless to arrive at any correct notion of the laws of political development that are working below the surface it is necessary to regard these three elements—1, the Greek; 2, the Austrian; and 3, the German, in so far as their interests may be affected in the Eastern Mediterranean rearrangements that may soon come to pass.

1. The ambition of the Greek nation at large is to acquire all

the territory in which the Greek race is predominant. The extreme limits of Greek aspiration on the mainland would embrace on the north of the present kingdom the whole of Epirus and Albania as far as Avlona on the Adriatic. The north-western frontier of this new Hellas would follow the course of the river Apsos (Semeni) to its source, thence would go on by the northern shores of the Lake of Ochris to take in the whole of Macedonia proper, and proceeding by Monastir (Bitolia), and crossing the Vardar opposite Stromnitza, and the Strymon north of Melenikon, would come down about Nevrokop on the Mester, which river would be its north-eastern frontier. Such extension would more than double the present kingdom in area. Salonica and Mount Athos would both fall far within its borders. If this were attained, the Greeks say that they would then welcome the extension of Servia down to their north-western frontier on the Adriatic, and of Bulgaria united with Roumelia, down to their north-eastern frontier on the Aegean. That is their ambition; and they tell you that the widening of Greek influence means the extension of English commerce in the Levant, for even now Greek commerce with England is larger per head of population than that of Russia, Spain, Austria, or Italy. Meanwhile, as a nation, they are saddled with twenty millions of debt; their revenue is about three millions, and most years there is a deficit. The population of the whole kingdom is about that of Wales. Modern Greek governments have succeeded each other with such rapidity that their average duration is only three months, and as all changes of ministry are followed by changes of all in office throughout the country, the administration of affairs through the perpetual ebb and flow of office-seekers and office-givers is often a chaos, where corruption in its worst forms finds place; the roads and the ordinary means of communication are utterly neglected, the resources are wasted, and nothing is done to develop the country. All politics depend on personal attachments and personal hostilities; there are no parties in Greece based on any common interest or principle of political economy.

2. Austria, as she moves eastward, cannot but loom large on the Greek horizon. And what is Austria's ambition? At the present moment the majority in the Austrian Reichsrath is Sclav. There are ten million Germans in the Austrian empire, but forty-five millions in the German empire. Already among the German members of the Austrian Parliament there is a considerable movement towards Berlin, and in the provinces the German population of Austria is

attracted every year more and more from a variety of causes towards the mother country. Bismarck's idea of the ultimate destiny of Austria is that she gravitates eastwards: but he is a shrewd statesman, and as cautious as he is courageous. He knows that he is working on the lines of the natural development of forces, and the more they can be left to develop themselves the surer the result. His primary concern is, therefore, to maintain peace. The Triple Alliance for the time being restrains the forward school at Vienna who desire to pluck the Balkan fruit before it is ripe and affords time for the development of natural laws. To precipitate a contest here between Austria and Russia would endanger the far-reaching scheme for the benefit of Germany which hinges, as we shall see, on the success of this Austrian growth: and would risk a premature opening of the Eastern Question. Meanwhile the Sclav and Teutonic elements in the Austrian empire will gradually but inevitably separate themselves; but peaceably, it is hoped, and in such a way that the Austrian empire as it becomes a larger and stronger Sclav state by the accession of various outlying Sclav populations, may ever remain in closest alliance with Germany. For one enemy threatens both Germany on the Baltic, and Austria on the Danube: by holding together they are irresistibly strong against the Colossus of the North. If Russia succeeds in gaining the leadership of the Sclav races then the frontiers of the Austrian empire would be constantly threatened. The difference between the Sclav races who adhere to the Roman Catholic and those who belong to the Greek Church is one that extends to their training, their habits, and their traditions; one is of the Western and the other of the Eastern world. If Poland still existed as an independent kingdom the other Catholic Sclavs would see in her their natural leader, in the same way that the Orthodox turn to Russia. Why should not Austria take the place of Poland in this respect? That is the plan entertained at Vienna, and not viewed with disfavour at Berlin. The first move in the game has succeeded. Austrian rule has worked smoothly in Bosnia and Herzegovina; Servia, about the size of Wales and with a slightly larger population, is already completely detached from Russian influence; Roumania, with a population equal to that of Ireland, looks to Austria for help against extinction by Russia, who, in requital for the invaluable help given by King Charles at Plevna, deprived Roumania of Bessarabia at the end of the war. Bulgaria, till lately known

among the Panslavists as Lesser Russia, with a population slightly larger than that of Servia (and if Roumelia be added, about half the size of Roumania), holds politically aloof from Austria and Russia; but economically she is falling completely under Austrian commercial influence. Montenegro, the remaining Balkan state, about a quarter the size of Yorkshire, with a population equal to that of Edinburgh, coquets with Vienna. The decadence of Russian influence in the whole peninsula and the steady growth of the Austrian power are everywhere visible. Under the hegemony of the Hapsburg Kaiser, each of these five Balkan Sclav kingdoms would form free and independent national states, in strict federal union. The present Austrian empire has no seaports except Trieste and Fiume (which both lie away from the great commercial highways of the world), and ports on the Danube. But that river flows into the Black Sea, and should Constantinople fall into the hands of Russia or any other hostile power, the Danube could be cut off from communication with the rest of the world. Therefore it is that Austria desires so intensely the completion of the railway lines across the Balkan peninsula to Salonica and Constantinople, that these ports may be friendly outlets for her commerce and trade. Austria could not possess either one or the other of these cities as she is now: and except as the head of the Sclav states, and herself a Sclav power, after having relinquished her German possessions, could not expect to attain them. Meanwhile the development of the modern city of Salonica with its broad paved streets, and clean quays two miles long, has been very rapid. In 1872 fifteen steamers of 8,622 tons entered the port; in 1881 seventy-seven steamers of 94,388 tons entered. British trade with the interior is also increasing. When the railway is completed—and only a fifty-nine miles link now remains to be made over an easy country—"a little key to open a great future for Salonica"—the Suez Canal will be brought fourteen hours nearer to England, and will be approached by our mails over smoother seas among the Greek islands than are at present crossed from Brindisi. German capital is invested largely in every part of Austria and Hungary—in the railways, in manufactures, and in trade. Moreover, with this new Sclav-Austria, Germany would be able to act as a Mediterranean power. By means of Austria Germany could prevent a Russian occupation of Constantinople and the Straits, and would by the establishment of Austria as the President of a Sclav Federal empire, spoil the Russian *rôle* as

Panslavist champion. All great states keep growing if they are healthy organisms, and that which was the goal of yesterday becomes for them the starting-point of to-morrow. Neither Austria nor Germany covets Constantinople as Russia does. If they could agree to establish it as a free city, perhaps the promise of keeping the Straits closed to the war vessels of all powers would as a last resort pacify Russia. Meanwhile all three empires are at one to defer the breaking up of Turkey for the present. When that hour strikes it should be a point of British policy to help Austria and Germany to secure Constantinople, and establish a friendly Teutonic Power in Asia Minor. For that is

3. Germany's destiny in the East. Asia Minor should be Germany's Australia. It is the only empty land now left in the temperate regions whither the overplus of the German population can flow in, colonise, and dwell from generation to generation. The wave of German trade and emigration is already lapping round its shores, and will probably flow on as speedily in proportion to its size as it has flowed into Syria, past the ports inland, till province after province is Germanised. The Germans are already quietly buying up land at low prices near Smyrna and in other parts of Asia Minor. The process will go quietly forward, and not till the colonists and merchants are established will the German flag be unfurled to protect them. But that such a scheme is contemplated by German statesmen as within the region of practical politics is unquestionable. The recent establishment of a permanent German embassy at Teheran, and of a Persian embassy at Berlin is a step of foresight and wisdom, preparatory to extending direct German sway in these regions. If the Germans have the courage, and the capacity, and the numbers to colonise Asia Minor on any great scale, their enterprize is one to be welcomed by every lover of humanity. They will but take that proper place in the colonisation which they have long ago assumed in the investigation of the world. Their people are gifted with the migratory instinct which marks all Teutonic peoples, and make splendid colonists everywhere; and they have a full right to try if they cannot establish a colony for themselves in a country whither their surplus numbers may healthfully resort, carrying with them the special civilisation, the language, the manners, and perhaps the political organisation of the Fatherland. A German nation in Asia Minor would be a lever with which to extinguish the barbarism of one half that continent. The work is far too great for us to do alone, let us cordially welcome our cousins to our help. But

is such a scheme feasible? (*a*) What are the capabilities of Asia Minor? (*b*) what are the capabilities of the German race for the task? As regards the first, Asia Minor is about the size of France. Its central table land is 2,000 feet above the sea, and abounds with lakes of fresh water; it is approached from the plain which surrounds its three sides by valleys of surpassing fertility that lead up to the downs, on which sheep can be raised in large quantities. The plains are thickly studded with ruins of ancient Greek cities. The villages on the uplands are surrounded with fruit trees, walnuts, vines, &c., and the uplands themselves would produce rich corn crops like similar tracts in Spain. The arable and pasture lands near the coast are capable of producing not only all sorts of cereals but poppy and cotton seeds, tobacco, linseed, and opium. The plains of the interior were celebrated in ancient times for the number and quality of the horses reared on them. The hills are full of rich minerals, iron, coal (which is worked now only in primitive fashion), copper, silver, and marble. The summer is warm, and the winter on the plateau is cold; but neither is more extreme than the corresponding seasons in Germany. The historic interest of the several provinces is quite inexhaustible. Already the Germans have been actively pushing on their excavations at Pergamus. Of all the regions of the earth the most promising for excavations is Asia Minor, the border land between Greek and Oriental civilisation, beneath whose soil still lie hid the monuments and tombs of the Christians of the first and second centuries, a dimly-lighted period on which fresh light will yet dawn. It is the very ideal of a land that may be the future home of Germans; and in their hands would bloom like a garden of Eden. The fertility of the soil far exceeds that of the most favoured districts in England and only awaits the introduction of skilled labour and improved machinery to utilise it to the full extent.

After the protectorate of Asia Minor had been committed by the Treaty of Berlin to Great Britain in the event of Turkey being invaded from the East, the British Government appointed a consul-general, and some carefully selected English officers to obtain authentic information on the state and prospects of Asia Minor. For three years these officers sent in valuable reports, and submitted recommendations with a view to the amelioration of the existing order of things. But though they were backed by our ambassador at Constantinople, the Porte has neglected to carry out even the most superficial reforms. Our well-meant attempt to save Turkey

has failed, and she is tottering to her inevitable fall, no less surely and more quickly than before the last Russian war. The Sultan could not, even if he would, alter the existing state of affairs. The German officials in the employment of the Turkish finance ministry may perhaps have been more successful than those who were employed to reorganise the army, but no real reforms are effected. The tithe is still exacted in its crudest and most wasteful form. This mode of collecting the taxes is as bad as bad can be, and takes out of the pockets of the taxpayers very much more than reaches the coffers of the state. The decay of the Turkish Empire is irretrievable; the Turk's departure from Constantinople is assured, and almost as certain is the transference of the religious headship of Islam to Arabia, probably to one of the Koreish tribe at Mecca, the lineal descendants of the prophet. Asia Minor meanwhile remains as fertile as ever it was, but comparatively empty and depopulated. There are neither hands nor capital to make a proper use of its natural advantages, and no adequate means of transport from the interior to the sea-board. What few inhabitants remain are of magnificent physique and tractable in disposition; and would without difficulty amalgamate with the Teutonic newcomers after a few generations. If Germany possessed such a country in which German life, German manners, and German culture might be perpetuated, it could be populated in ten years by the simple expedient of permitting every colonist to consider entrance into the militia of the colony equivalent to military service at home. On the north-east frontier, Armenia might be made by the Germans a barrier against Russian aggression. The Armenians are better organised than is generally supposed. Their industrial and working classes are formed into close corporations which are not unlike the guilds of the middle ages. District political societies are watching eagerly for any opportunity that may occur to shake off the Turkish and Russian yoke. The latter is particularly galling to them as it falls on their religion, their churches, and their schools; and as regards the former, the peaceable, robust, and hard-working peasants of Armenia are still the victims of anarchy, and thus the sufferings of these Christians are as great now as when the Treaty of Berlin and the Anglo-Turkish Convention were signed.

On the south-eastern frontier of Asia Minor a railway has already been commenced, with English capital, to connect the sea-port town of Mersina with Tarsus, Adana (forty-two miles distant), and other towns of the once famous wheat-growing Cilician

plain. Hitherto the lowest charge for conveying the cotton by camel from Adana to Mersina by road is 20*s*. a ton, while the freight from Mersina to Liverpool amounts only to 15*s*. This single instance will show how greatly hampered local industry has been throughout Asiatic Turkey for want of cheap means of communication. When the first 100 miles are completed it is expected that the returns will be sufficient to pay interest at the rate of 6 per cent. on the bonds and 9 per cent. on the shares. If this line of modest dimensions succeeds, it may be the commencement of connecting the interior of Asia Minor with the shores of the Mediterranean, and will be a preliminary and important adjunct to the construction of further railway systems (by the valley of the Pyramus or Jihan) towards the Tigris and Euphrates. No engineering difficulties would be encountered in the construction of a through line from the Mediterranean to India, either through Anatolia, or from the Gulf of Scanderoon to Aleppo, and thence by the so-called Euphrates valley route (projected as long ago as 1837), by way of Persia to join the Indian railways on the Indus. The real difficulty of such enterprises lies in the absence of a stable Government, and a lack of population on the routes, the latter being caused by the former. Baghdad for instance is a miserable city in a wasted and miserable land of wonderful natural fertility; but were such a line made, it might and would become again a vast emporium and centre of trade and commerce. In the next century the valley of the Euphrates will be the scene of a great traffic. At present the river is blocked by the Turkish Government. Such a line of railway even now could not fail to pay much better than one at least of the trans-continental railways of North America, and certainly far better than the track which the Russians are pushing forward from the Caspian. Here as elsewhere the Germans (if in occupation of Asia Minor and Syria, as we of Egypt and Cyprus) would be ready enough to act in concert with us, seeing that it would be to their interest so to do.

(*b*) But what are the capabilities of the German race for fulfilling this *rôle?* The German people, who were only twenty-five millions in 1816, were forty-one millions in 1872, and are now (in 1884) forty-five and a-quarter millions. Their present rate of increase is greater than that of any European race. The population which for every 10,000 increases in the United Kingdom by 101 a year, increases in Germany by 115, and this in spite of a vast emigration which since 1816 has carried away three and a-half millions, mostly young

adults, and thus has exceeded the emigration from the United Kingdom during the same period by nearly one-third; so that now one-fifth (seven millions at least) of all the inhabitants of the United States are of German descent. (The whole number of persons who have emigrated from France to the United States since 1820 is only 300,000, or less than the number emigrating from Germany in the last two years alone.) Germania cannot contain her sons. No race so poor, so rapid in its increase, and so full of adaptability to new circumstances as is the German will consent to remain cooped up on a large but overpopulated and, on the whole, poor soil, when rich and unpopulated countries are open for them to occupy. Moreover while population has thus increased, progress has been no less remarkable in their economic and industrial development. German merchants and German peasants are alike anxious for new markets for their capital and industry. In many respects their own country is unfavourably situated for such growth of trade: their sea-board is very short, and it gives upon a sea that for half the year at least is not favourable for maritime enterprize. But her progress depends, in truth, more upon the education of her people and upon their scientific knowledge than anything else. The work-people all have the advantage of technical education; they have benefited too from the universal liability to military service, which returns the ill-fed, undersized, and raw recruit, at the end of his training, stalwart, well set up and vastly improved both physically and mentally; and they appear to be more sober and more amenable to discipline than our own work-people. But it is mainly in the superior education of the employers of labour and in their utilisation of scientific skill that Germany excels England. Our manufacturers are not as well educated as the Germans generally. They do not know as many languages for example, and they do not take the trouble to study the needs of their foreign customers. They rely too much upon the superiority of England already acquired, and take too little trouble to perpetuate that superiority. The Germans, on the contrary, endeavour to make up for their present inferiority in wealth by the cultivation of skill and knowledge, and the manufacturers spare no cost in availing themselves of the chemical skill that is at their disposal.

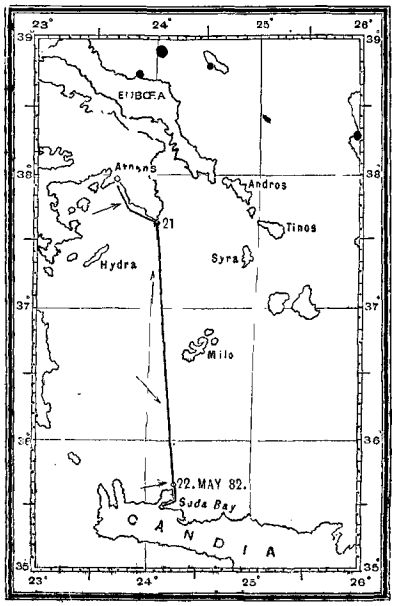
Hence it follows from the growth of her population and of her trade that the colonial expansion of Germany is inevitable. Hitherto the overflow of the former has gone either to the

States or to Australia. Asia Minor is nearer, and a better land than either. As settlers they are admirable: we have no better citizens in Australia or in England; while in America they display besides industry, intellectual activity, and a readiness to obey the law, an unusual capacity and sense. But now, with a consolidated Home Government, they would acquire a solid colonial empire of their own. To acquire that empire they proceed in the very opposite method to the French. Colonists are to go first, colonies are to come afterwards. Prince Bismarck has stated that the security of traders and the opening up of new countries on terms of equality to all are objects at which the German Government aims much more than at mere extension of the area nominally subject to German authority. He is not disposed to imitate the French practice of territorial annexation for the purpose of establishing military posts or political dependencies with the ulterior object of creating a commercial monopoly. The glorious tricolour is planted on new territory, not because there are Frenchmen to emigrate, or French trade to be protected, for there are neither; but because it is fine to say that it has been planted. France has thus all the inconveniences of a colonial empire with few or none of its compensating benefits. England views the creation of such an empire with indifference, and Germany with actual pleasure. It can do the one country no harm; it may do the other a positive service. But be that as it may, Prince Bismarck does not intend that the German colonies should be a happy hunting-ground for office-seekers at home. German colonies like English are to be commercial colonies, administered as much as possible by the trading companies which undertook to develop their resources, yet at the same time the Empire will retain an unrestricted right of surveillance, and will afford all the protection requisite. And such is the colonial expansion of population that is taking place now in Asia Minor, and in Syria, as well as of trade in the more tropical countries in the Eastern Seas. And England should not only welcome such expansion heartily, but see therein the surest designs of Providence for strengthening her own united Empire. There exists between the German and the English peoples a natural friendship founded on community of interests, community of race, community of intellectual and moral sympathies, on identity of temperament, and on the study by each of the literature of the other; these should ultimately make of the two somewhile divided portions of the Teutonic race one people. In

the whole course of modern history there has been no quarrel between the two nations. England begins to recognise that in the East, as elsewhere (on the Congo, on the Nile, and in the Pacific), German interests are bound up indissolubly with British. The treaty just concluded between Germany and Great Britain, in accordance with the recommendations of the English and German representatives on the commission for deciding disputed claims in Fiji, at present only applies to the colonial possessions of both Powers in the Pacific and New Guinea, but should in all reason and at once while yet there is time be extended to the rest of their colonies and of ours, all the world over. Therein it is stipulated: "The subjects of one Power are to have equal rights in all respects in the territories of the other Power. There are to be no differential duties, nor is one Power to impede the ships of the other." Our own hands are only too full: we wish for more markets, not for more dominions. English trade has nothing but cause for gratitude if a friendly nation will enter and participate in providing the fresh markets by which itself is sure to reap a plentiful share of profit. Great Britain has no intention of playing dog in the manger in her colonies, and least of all to the injury of her blood-relative and constant ally. Mr. Gladstone has said in the House of Commons with reference to German colonisation: "As to respect and friendship for Germany, I will stand behind no man in the value I attach to it. If Germany is to become a colonising Power, all I say is, God speed her. She becomes our ally and partner in the execution of the great purposes of Providence for the advantage of mankind. I hail her in entering upon that course, and glad will I be to find her associating with us in carrying the light of civilisation and the blessings that depend upon it to the more backward and less significant regions of the world. In the work of establishing herself as a colonising power and sending forth her intelligent citizens she will have our heartiest and best wishes, and every encouragement that is in our power." Nothing is more in accordance with the laws of political development than such an alliance, and a solid friendship based upon a community of interests, and not upon a sentimental so called *entente cordiale*. Nothing would more firmly secure a real concert of Europe. For England, Germany, and Austria-Hungary are all equally menaced by the Russian desire for military extension, and by French vanity aspiring after prestige and an objectless craving to

make of the Mediterranean a French lake. Such establishment of Austria as the head of a Sclav Federation, such reconstitution of Asia Minor and Syria, would create one continuous and peace-loving Power that would stretch from Berlin to Antioch, and, joining hands with Great Britain, would form one allied Teutonic race extending from the Orkneys to New Zealand and back again across the Pacific to America, and thus girdle the world.]

ATHENS TO SUDA BAY.



Date.	From Previous Noon.		At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Distance. Steam.	Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
					Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
May			N.	E.	°	°	°	°
21 S.	28	S. to W.N.W. 2·4·3	37·38	24·2	60	60	60	69
22	140	S. 1·2 to W.N.W. 3 to 6	35·36	24·16	60	61	59	59
Total	168 miles.							

May 21st.—Left Phalerum Roads with H.M.S. *Iris* at daybreak, 6.20 A.M.; a lovely day. After morning service passed close

alongside Sunium, and had a good view of the temple of Athena on the headland, now called Cape Colonna, from the twelve white marble Doric columns, weather-beaten relics of the famous temple of the tutelary goddess of the Athenian soil. The islands we pass are still forming clouds on their windward sides.

May 22*nd.*—Slight breeze this morning from the west. We sighted the island of Crete on the starboard bow at 7 A.M. The *Iris* having some difficulty in keeping pace with us at our dignified crawl of five knots under steam is exercising tacking under sail. She is only square-rigged on her foremast, and went round better than was expected, considering her length. At 2 P.M. we sighted the islands of the Sirens at the entrance of Suda Bay; the high hills which form the south side of the bay with their ridge-like terraces are standing right before us; one or two look red where the earth has been recently excavated for forts. On opening the interior of the bay we observed the Mediterranean Fleet at anchor; it was reported in Athens when we left that they had gone to Alexandria. After running torpedoes in the smooth water at the Eastern end of the bay, we steamed up to the Western end, and after saluting the Turkish flag, and Turkish Admiral's flag, came to in the rear of the fleet at 5.20 P.M. The *Superb*, Capt. Le H. Ward, is flying the senior officer's pendant (in the absence of Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour at Alexandria), and there are here besides, the *Alexandra*, Captain C. F. Hotham, the *Temeraire*, Captain H. F. Nicholson, the *Monarch*, the *Cruiser*, Commander S. C. Darwin, the *Cygnet*, Lieutenant-Commander H. C. D. Ryder, and the *Helicon*, Lieutenant-Commander W. L. Morison. They have just completed coaling. The *Iris* left the same evening for Malta.

May 23*rd.*—A lovely morning. Every one on board seems pleased at being with the Mediterranean Fleet, and at falling into their routine and order; great efforts at making the *Bacchante* clean and decent for inspection. We have the waist awnings spread (following the senior officer's motions) for the first time since the ship has been in commission; the hands too are bathing regularly every morning and evening with the rest of the crews of the fleet.

May 24*th.*—Dressed ship for the Queen's birthday. At 10 A.M. the *Inflexible*, Captain J. Fisher, arrived from Malta, and anchored. The *Cygnet* left for the Piraeus to fetch the mails, and the *Helicon* for Alexandria. The *Decoy* (Lieutenant A. H. Boldero) arrived from

Corfu, and the *Coquette* (Lieutenant L. Napier) from Alexandria. *Bacchante's* second (Sydney) cutter, twelve oars, beat *Monarch's* twelve-oared cutter in a friendly contest.

AT SUDA BAY, CRETE.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
May		°	°	°	°
23	N.W. 3 to 4	60	61	66	65
24	N.N.W. 1·2	61	61	69	69
25	N.N.W. 1·2	62	62	74	74
26	N.N.W. 4·5, N. 2	62	62	75	74
27	Calm	62	62	80	73
28S.	Calm	62	62	75	78
29	Variable 1·0	62	63	76	76
30	Variable 1·0	65	65	76	76
31	N.N.W. 1·2	66	66	74	74

May 25th.—A lovely day, wind from the west. Three-peaked Ida is visible to the east, with streaks of snow upon its sides; the hill-slopes round the bay are bright green, and the water dark blue, just ruffled with the breeze. The thermometer stands at 70°. This was the first day of the Fleet Regatta. The *Bacchante's* boats won one race, and came in second in two others. Our Marines in the launch, who ought to have won, were fouled: and our gun-room crew (bow, Wemyss, 2, Evan-Thomas, 3, Le Marchant, 4, Limpus, 5, Henderson, 6, Hillyard, with George as cox) was by far the best crew of any gun-room boat, but pulling in a heavy old gig just missed winning by a few seconds; and our Mechanics pulling in the cutter, although they came in first, were disqualified by the midshipman of the boat touching the helm.

First Day's Racing.

1. Cutters, 12-oared, Seamen ..... 1, *Alexandra*; 2, *Temeraire*; 3, *Superb*.
2. Galleys and gigs, Domestics ..... 1, *Cruiser*; 2, *Inflexible*; 3, *Alexandra*.
3. Whalers, 4-oared, Seamen ..... 1, *Alexandra*; 2, *Cruiser*.
4. Cutters, 10-oared, Mechanics ..... 1, *Bacchante* (Disqualified); 2, *Cruiser*; 3, *Inflexible*.
5. Pinnaces, Stokers ..... 1, *Superb*; 2, *Monarch*.
6. Cutters, 12-oared, Boys ..... 1, *Alexandra*; 2, *Superb*; 3, *Inflexible*.
7. Galleys and gigs, G. R. Officers ... 1, *Superb*; 2, *Alexandra*; 3, *Bacchante*.
8. Launches, Marines ..... 1, *Temeraire*; 2, *Bacchante*; 3, *Alexandra*.
9. Cutters, 10-oared, Seamen ..... 1, *Cruiser*; 2, *Bacchante* (Disqualified); 3, *Cruiser*.
10. Dingies ..... 1, *Cruiser*; 2, *Alexandra*; 3, *Bacchante*.
11. Galleys, Seamen ..... 1, *Superb*; 2, *Alexandra*; 3, *Alexandra*.

May 26th.—Nearly dead calm; thermometer 75°.

SECOND DAY'S RACING.

1. Cutters, 12-oared, proper crews ...	1, *Alexandra;* 2, *Temeraire;* 3, *Superb.*	
2. Cutters, 10-oared, ditto	1, *Bacchante;* 2, *Cruiser;* 3, *Cruiser.*	
3. Launches, Seamen	1, *Bacchante;* 2, *Superb;* 3, *Temeraire.*	
4. Whalers, 5-oared, Seamen	1, *Cruiser;* 2, *Superb;* 3, *Bacchante.*	
5. Pinnaces, Seamen.....	1, *Monarch;* 2, *Alexandra;* 3, *Temeraire.*	
6. Cutters, 10-oared, Stokers	1, *Superb;* 2, *Alexandra;* 3, *Temeraire.*	
7. Whalers, 4- or 5-oared, Boys	1, *Superb;* 2, *Alexandra;* 3, *Alexandra.*	
8. Race for Turkish boats' crews.		
9. Cutters, 12-oared, Marines	1, *Temeraire;* 2, *Alexandra;* 3, *Superb.*	
10. Galleys, Officers.....	1, *Inflexible;* 2, *Superb;* 3, *Alexandra.*	
11. All-comers, 3-mile course.....	1, *Bacchante;* 2, *Superb;* 3, *Alexandra.*	
	Galley.	Admiral's Galley.

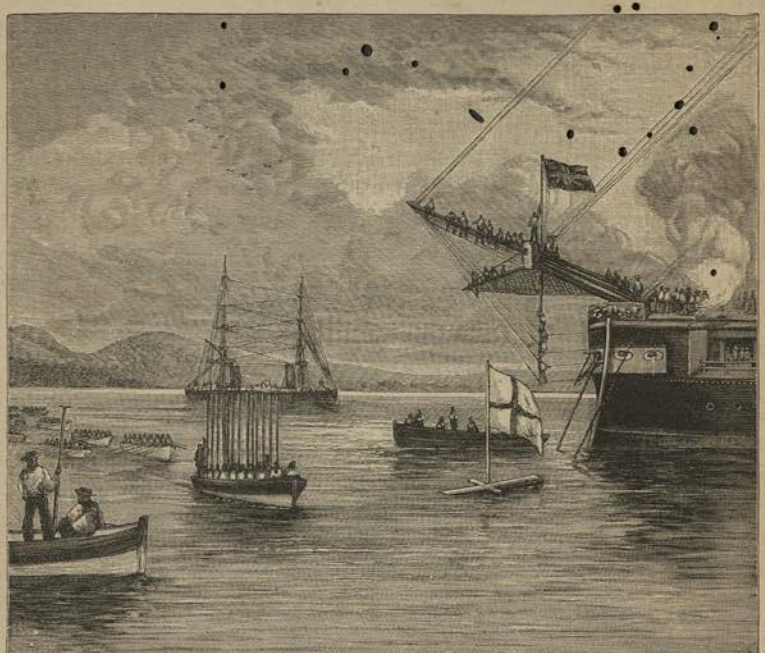
This last race caused immense excitement, and was won easily by our launch, pulling twenty oars double banked. The representation of the scene at the winning-post was drawn by Basset, and the officer in the stern of our launch is sub-lieutenant Hugh Evan-Thomas. (See next page.)

May 27th, 28th, (Whit Sunday,) and 29th.—On the first of these days arrived the *Falcon* (Commander J. E. Pringle) from Alexandria. Beautiful weather; following Fleet routine; happy and comfortable. The following are the times for the drills on Monday forenoon.

Names of Ships.	Make plain sail. m. sec.	Shift topsails. m. sec.
Superb.....	4.0	18.0
Monarch	3.10	16.20
Temeraire	1.40	10.30
Alexandra	1.8	5.55
Bacchante	1.50	7.10
Cruiser	1.35	10.20
Falcon...	1.30	7.0

May 30th.—At 9 A.M. the steam launches of the fleet practised running torpedoes. The *Decoy* and *Cruiser* left, and the *Cygnet* arrived. At 10 A.M. some of the *Bacchante's* officers went at Captain Fisher's invitation to see the *Inflexible.* He himself kindly explained everything. In the fore cabin we saw the large diagrams of the ship, and how each half of the ship is "double against the other," and how each fitting besides is in duplicate. There are 6,000 tallies in the ship and everything is labelled: everything below is coloured red or green, for the port or starboard side, so that a man can never lose his way amid all the intricacies of the internal fittings, and can tell at once if he is going forward

or aft. The compartments, too, are all numbered, and not marked with letters of the alphabet, so that you can tell at once how far distant you are from either end of the ship. Her stability is far better than that of the *Duilio* or *Dandolo*, or any of the similar French ships. Then we went round the ship; the electric light reflected below has the same effect as sunlight coming in through large ports in a ship's side: we went into the turret and saw the guns raised, run out and in, and loaded by hydraulic gear. Captain



BACCHANTE'S LAUNCH BEATING ALL THE BOATS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET AT SUDA BAY.

Fisher explained how it was almost impossible for any accident to occur in any way whatever, on account of the system of double checks, so that it would almost require a regular plot to put all wrong. If, however, any accident did occur, it would be a very great one. Saw the hydraulic lift, and went down in it to the shell and shot rooms. Saw the large cubes of pebble powder and the huge projectiles, six of which, if sent into the *Dandolo* or *Duilio*, would destroy their equilibrium and send them to the bottom. Saw the steering-gear

and the ventilating apparatus. Then up on deck again. We were much struck by the extraordinary cleanness of everything in every part of the ship. Then up into the conning towers and to the Thompson's compass, of which there are six on board. Captain Fisher gave us his views about torpedoes and their future, and spoke on several other points connected with naval warfare. We left in the dinner hour, after a most interesting morning.

May 31st.—*Monarch, Cygnet,* and *Coquette* left for Alexandria which they were ordered to approach "ready for action." We did not go ashore all the time we were at Suda Bay. Since leaving Athens we have settled down to preparation for the half-yearly examination of all midshipmen in the fleet. It is only two months ahead now. We have had a very jolly spell ashore in Egypt, Syria, and Athens, and now comes a period of reading and study again.

June 1st.—Not a breath of air moving. Bright sunny morning. Weighed under sail at 11.19 A.M. with the *Falcon.* There was scarcely a whiff of wind, and we took a long time gathering way. Passed under the bows of the *Alexandra* and so by the *Superb* astern of her; and thus the "ocean cruiser" crawled slowly down the line. At the entrance to the bay we had to furl sails at 1.25 and use the screw to get out to sea. Everyone is sorry to leave the fleet, and we have spent a very happy week here; it has been good for everyone in the ship, and the *Bacchante* was never so cheerful or in such condition before. Our times for the morning and evening evolutions compared favourably with the times of the other ships. The long line of snow-clad hills with the three lofty peaks of Mount Ida, each 8,000 feet high, in the centre of Crete were very visible all down the bay and in the distance as we sailed away, and the curious caves in the cliffs on the north shore of the island.

June 2nd.—At daylight land on both quarters. At 9.30 dropped a target overboard and "expended monthly allowance of shot and shell." There never can be another great naval battle fought with heavy guns, in which many ships are engaged manœuvring. The smoke would make anything like concerted action utterly impossible: we saw this to-day even with the little *Falcon* firing at the same time as ourselves, as we both together steamed round and round the target. In former days when manœuvring was *under sail alone,* you were all right when to windward of your adversary, and, although he would be concealed by the smoke when the action began, it was quite possible within very narrow limits to

tell where he would be at any given moment; whereas now, not only would there be more smoke from the guns, and therefore a longer space of time before you could see where you were and

SUDA BAY TO CORFU.

Date.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
June					N.	E.	°	°	°	°
1	...	...	...	Variable 1	...	...	65	66	78	72
2	N. 84 W.	...	53	S.W. and N.W. 2·4·2	35·49	22·40	66	69	72	75
3	N. 47 W.	...	88	N.W. 2·3	36·49	21·23	67	67	74	72
4 S.	...	...	112	N.W. and S.W. 4·3	38·21	20·40	67	67	69	69
5	...	...	87	N.W. and S.E. 1·2	...	...	65	64	69	77
Total distance..... 340 miles.										

what was going on, but also all evolutions being made under steam would be much more rapid. It would therefore be more difficult both to anticipate those of the enemy and to take part in those of your friends.[1]

[1] Possibly when the next great naval engagement does take place it may be without an atom of smoke either from gunpowder or from coal, and without the sound of a gun: the ships, as well as the torpedoes and other missiles, may, one and all alike, be propelled by electricity. Yet still in this new warfare, as much as in that of the

It is a lovely day, and the wind has quite died away. In the afternoon caught up the *Cruiser* under sail, off Cape Matapan; she looked very pretty with every stitch set, including three staysails; she left Suda Bay on Monday (five days ago). Splendid night, nearly full moon. Light airs from the north.

June 3rd.—George's birthday. At 7.30 A.M. observed P. and O. steamer *Mongolia* signalling that she wished to communicate. She left Alexandria on the 31st, and has mails on board for the *Falcon*. Mr. Thring of Ceylon ("the Colonel") was on board; it is odd how we come across him everywhere. The wind is now dead ahead, and towards evening, as there seemed every prospect of it freshening, we altered course and went inside the Ionian islands. We had hoped to visit Olympia on the mainland: but there was a difficulty with the people at Athens, so we must leave that till another time.

Trinity Sunday, June 4th.—We are passing up between Cephalonia and Ithaca, close under the last; on this side it presents nothing but steep barren limestone hills dotted with green brushwood. "In Ithaca there are no wide courses, nor meadow-land at all. It is a pasture-land of goats, and more pleasant in my sight than one that pastureth horses; for of all the isles that lie and lean upon the sea, none are fit for the driving of horses or rich in meadow-land, and least of all is Ithaca." So speaks Telemachus, *Odyssey*, iv. 600 (Butcher and Lang, p. 67), and his father describes it as "a rugged isle, but a good nurse of noble youths; and for myself I can see nought beside sweeter than a man's own country" (*Odyssey*, ix. 26). It is about fourteen miles long and three broad. Midway on the eastern side we saw the gulf Molo; on Aetus hill are the Cyclopean remains of the castle of Odysseus: here, too, is the haven of Phorcys "with its two headlands of sheer cliff which slope to the sea on the haven's side, and break the mighty wave that ill-winds roll without," and hard by

olden days, the nerve, coolness of head, and fertility of resource that distinguished our naval forefathers will no less come into play and avail their sons now to hold and retain supremacy over any other power in this contest of skill upon the seas. And besides all this, the Providence that has so richly dowered the English land more than any other with coal-fields and with iron, and thus given her such large resources for developing steam-power either for the uses of peace or war, has also given her, in addition, more ample means of generating electricity as the new motive force of the future than has fallen to the lot of any other European nation. That "silver streak of sea" that washes the shores of Britain carries with it up every estuary and river with its never-wearied and unfailing ebb and flow of tide a force which, when transformed into electricity, will no less than her coal-fields in the past, strengthen her hands to wield either sceptre or shuttle in the future, and that, too, with far more cleanly and healthful issues.

is the pleasant cave sacred to the Nymphs, whither the Phaeacians brought Odysseus and laid him asleep (*Odyssey*, xiii. 331).

The wind is right aft, so made plain sail, but though we were under steam as well we did not overtake a barque sailing ahead of us up the Channel. Passed Santa Maura north of Ithaca, with white cliffs that much reminded us of Freshwater and the south coast of the Isle of Wight; they break away into a gap just like Freshwater Gap, and are covered with slight green on the slope at the top and run away thinning off to the south, like those others towards Black Gang, and there is a high rounded hill beyond that resembles St. Catherine's Down. Damp evening as if fog were coming on.

June 5th.—Came to off Corcyra with port anchor at 9.25 A.M. in fifteen fathoms opposite to the citadel on its twin peaks (Κορυφαί, whence the modern name of the island Corfu is corrupted), and facing the town, with Vido Island on our north-east. It is a pretty anchorage: the hills of the Turkish mainland seemed quite close, though they are eight miles away. Saluted Greek flag.

AT CORFU.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
June		°	°	°	°
6	S.E. 2·3	62	63	72	72
7	S.E. 2·1	64	65	72	72
8	Variable 1	66	66	72	73
9	S.E. 1·3	66	66	76	74
10	Variable 1·2	66	66	73	73
11S.	S.S.E. 1·2	66	66	73	76
12	Variable 1·2	66	68	80	69
13	N.W. 3·1	66	68	75	77
14	Variable 1·2	66	66	73	75
15	N.W. 3·4	66	66	71	70
16	Variable 1·2	66	66	67	74
17	Variable 1	66	66	71	72
18S.	N. to N.W. 3·6·3	66	66	72	69
19	N.W. 5·7·1	66	66	76	68

June 6th.—The Bishop of Gibraltar (who is here settling matters relative to the Consular chaplaincy which has lately been disendowed by the Foreign Office) came on board in the afternoon. The last time we met him he was riding from Tiberias to Nazareth

with Dean (Howson) of Chester's party (p. 683); he gave us some amusing details of their experiences in the Holy Land. It is a muggy, cloudy day; swell from the south coming in, "black scirroco" blowing outside. At 5 P.M. we with the rest of the gun-room rowed acting sub-lieutenants R. P. Fitzgerald and Hugh Evan-Thomas on board the Austrian Lloyd's steamer *Niobe*, just starting for Brindisi. They had been ordered home by the Admiral, Sir Beauchamp Seymour, to join the College, having passed first-class examinations in seamanship nearly three months ago. General the Hon. Percy Fielding from Malta has taken up his quarters on board as the Captain's guest. It is a muggy night and much sheet lightning.

June 7th.—Fine spring-like morning. *Cruiser* arrived. In the afternoon we went on shore and walked up into the citadel. Pretty view looking south over Kastrades Bay towards "Mon Repos" and One Gun Battery, and in the other direction towards the north over Vido Island and away to the hills across the Strait on the Albanian mainland. Went into the subterranean excavations of the Half-Moon Battery, and looked out of the casemates over the town. Everywhere there are signs of the departed English; the barracks inside the citadel are all deserted and left to fall to pieces; the statues in front of the Governor-General's palace, with the Gate of St. Michael on one side and St. George on the other, are dilapidated; the King does not live here, but at his pretty country seat "Mon Repos." Outside the citadel are two old Venetian mortars of the year 1678; and St. Mark's Lion still remains sculptured in bas-relief on the walls nearly everywhere. Walked out to "Mon Repos" and saw the pretty gardens and groves. There is a good road made by English hands, and the breeze is coming in pleasantly from the north. In returning, the two peaks of the citadel, one crowned with a lighthouse and the other flat, stand up well with their grey-stoned sides and greenery.

June 8th.—A warm sunny day. *Bacchante's* second eleven (of which George was one) played against *Cruiser* and *Falcon*. Curzon, the honorary captain of our second eleven, gave a most excellent lunch in a tent on the ground to the elevens and any officers from the three ships. This was the first opportunity we had had for keeping the anniversary of the "glorious 1st of June" since leaving Suda Bay; in memory of which, and of our host, General Fielding said a few appropriate words after lunch. The *Bacchantes*, however, were beaten by the combined eleven.

June 9th.—The Russian ironclad *Peter the Great*, flying rear-admiral's flag, arrived in the afternoon, and a Greek gunboat in the forenoon. There was a cricket match in the afternoon between our blue-jackets and those of the *Cruiser*. *Cruiser's* got in first innings 54, in second 29. Our men were victorious, getting in a single innings 103 runs. A return match was played the same day. *Cruiser* 57; *Bacchante* 82. Several Austrian Lloyd steamers are calling in here, as they go down empty to Alexandria, to fetch off Greek and Jewish fugitives.

June 10th.—Captain Lord Charles Scott gave a picnic to Paleo Castrizza, on the other side of the island, a sixteen-mile drive, amid hills and valleys. We started at 10 A.M. in five carriages, taking Mr. Reade, the Consul, and our lunch with us. The road is bordered with prickly-pear hedges, and runs through fields of vines, and in many places through regular woods of picturesque old olive trees with gnarled trunks and grey leaves. On arriving at the old monastery at the top of the hill we spread our meal in the cool alcove looking out over the sea. Afterwards rambled about. The coves are just like those on the Devonshire coast, rocky sides with deep blue water beneath them, which shelves away rapidly to a sandy beach at the head of the cove. This one reminded one very much of Black Pool near Dartmouth. A little further on there is another village perched on the top of a still higher hill. After wandering about, nearly every one had a good bathe before starting homewards. The road hither was made by the English: the monastery is now deserted, but the monks' chambers during the English occupation used to be kept in order, and lent by the High Commissioner to his friends, who came here from Corfu for a few days' holiday. As we drive back numbers of fireflies are flashing in the dusk; we get on board at 9 P.M. after a very pleasant day.

June 12th.—Cricket match: *Bacchante, Cruiser, Falcon v.* Corfu. Navy first innings 101; Corfu 58. Navy second innings 84; Corfu 33 for five wickets. In the afternoon General Fielding drove with us to "Mon Repos." The hedge-rows all the way up to the house are full of lovely scarlet pomegranate blossoms. Went over the interior, which is airy, bright, and home-like. There is a fine view from the balcony of the first story across the Strait and over the tops of the trees which grow on the slope down from the house to the water, as far as the opposite Albanian coast, where the grey mountains are grouped one behind the other in long lines. In the

room which the King occupied before he was married all the members of his family have since written their autographs with a diamond on the glass of the wardrobe—Olga (Queen of Greece), Dagmar (Empress of Russia), Thyra (Duchess of Cumberland), &c. Saw with special interest the room occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales during their visit here, and then went over the new rooms which have lately been built down stairs for the accommodation of the King's family, each with a fireplace in the corner. Wandered about the grounds to the maze on the hill, and through shady walks under the trees to the Queen's private chapel and the large bath by the sea. Drove on to One Gun Battery, where got out and clambered down through the wooded slope towards the shore, looking with the General for trapdoor spiders' nests, of which there are numbers here. It was on this beach that Nausicaa was found washing her clothes. The little island in the offing, covered with trees and a monastery on the top, is Odysseus's ship which was turned into stone. Spent some time here, as it was pleasant, sitting on the thymy grass under the shade of the old olive-trees, looking at the fishers wading below. The sun was shining brightly, and there was a cool, gentle breeze blowing from the north. John Scott, aloft this morning at drill, fell from under the maintop, nearly forty feet, but was providentially brought up by the leg within a few feet of the deck by a couple of crossed side ropes, or he must have been killed.

June 13th.—*Cruiser* sailed at daybreak for Naples, and after dinner *Peter the Great*, the Russian ironclad, also left. In the afternoon walked all over Vido Island and saw the ruined forts, which the English first built and then, at great expense, blew up. The great blocks of upheaved brick- and stone-work are a melancholy spectacle. Heaps of brickwork and stone foundations, both of ramparts and houses, lie piled together. So that we could not help feeling that somehow or other millions of the British taxpayers' money had been, either in building or destroying, wasted here.[1] Walked right round the island; on the further side there

[1] Professor Goldwin Smith, *Empire*, p. 246. "The case of the Ionian Islands, [said Sir W. Molesworth, speech in the House of Commons, June 25th, 1849] is a capital instance of the manner in which public money has been thrown away on the absurdest pleas. In 1815, the Great Powers of Europe, not knowing what to do with the free and independent states of the Ionian Islands, placed them under the protection of Great Britain. Lord Lansdowne and other distinguished statesmen remonstrated on the ground that such possessions would be burdensome, expensive, and of no use; but Lord Bathurst maintained that they would be most valuable, that the country would gain immensely by them, and that they would defray all expenses incurred on their account. The cost of the Ionian Islands for the five years 1853—1857 was 1,128,000*l.*,

were a number of cattle having water drawn up for them from the well; and then went over another ruined fort that had defended the beach on the west of the island through loop-holed masonry. There is one cottage pleasantly situated among the trees in the centre of the island, though now quite deserted. The only living thing near was a beautiful green lizard two feet long, which we came across slithering over the grass-grown ruins. He at first turned and tried to bite; we ran him down, and after examining him let him go. There is a jolly little landing-place on the south side of the island with some deserted barracks, where we got into our skiff and went on board.

June 14*th*.—Landed small-arm companies and marines for drill on Vido Island where they were marching and countermarching for an hour: numbers came off lame being unaccustomed to wear boots. Heard we are to move on to Palermo on Monday. Three more empty Austrian Lloyd steamers going down from Trieste to Alexandria to fetch off fugitives who apparently are leaving Egypt in multitudes. The last mail was crowded, and the hotels and lodgings here are full of them; they seem chiefly to be Jews. We hear all sorts of reports, and certainly whatever else the Greeks can do or not do, they can fabricate reports with astonishing rapidity. Each day has its special crop, only to be contradicted the next day by another.

June 15*th*.—Austrian frigate *Laudon* flying a rear-admiral's flag came in in the morning. In the afternoon our blue-jackets had a cricket match as on each Thursday and Saturday while we lay here, their first eleven against the next best twenty-two; double team, 34 first innings, 35 in second innings; the eleven 94 in first innings. A windy evening.

June 16*th*.—General Fielding started with Eddy at 3 A.M. in the steam pinnace for the opposite Albanian coast hoping to get a shot at wild boar: saw foot-prints of them and heard two

so that their cost for the whole period during which they have been in our hands, including the expense of fortifications, can scarcely have been less than eleven millions. The sum of 400,000*l*. was spent on the fortifications at Corfu, which, in Sir W. Molesworth's opinion, were too extensive to be manned, so that the wisest plan in case of war would be to blow them up and fall back on Malta and Gibraltar. And for this outlay we have received not one farthing of return in any shape whatever; for the small export trade to the islands would have been just the same if they had been independent, or a part of Greece. This nation has reaped nothing from the possession which Lord Bathurst assured us would be so invaluable but odium, moral weakness, and the twofold scandal which arises when free men are forcibly held in subjection by a free people." On March 29th, 1864, England renounced the Protectorate, and the islands since that date have retrograded in every way.

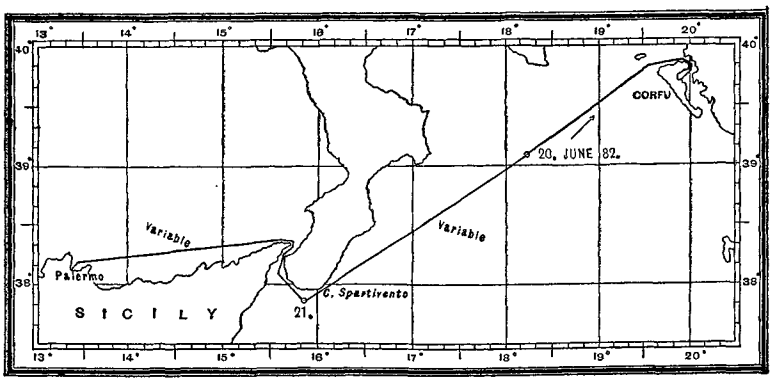
snorting in the cover which is too thick at this time of year to get near them. All about everywhere were the paths and tracks of the shepherds who had driven up their flocks in the summer time to the higher grounds. Numbers of wild flowers, and huge flying beetles as big as sparrows, like those in the West Indies, and numbers of bright-plumaged birds. The names of many English yachts which come here in the winter time were painted upon the rocks round the lovely little harbour. Party returned to *Bacchante* by lunch. Landed in the afternoon and went for a walk by Kastrades Bay to King's gardens. They much reminded us of the grounds at Osborne Isle of Wight, with their combination of wood and sea. When sitting and looking out from a shady nook across the bay to the south-east of Corfu with a little imagination you might fancy you were looking out on to the Mother Bank, Wootton Creek, and Ryde. As we came home went with some mids, who had been playing cricket on the old parade-ground, to try the wonderfully cheap ices in the Piazza. Wild strawberries, too, are uncommonly good here; they smell delicious, and with cream and sugar are most excellent. The Austrian man-of-war sailed for Alexandria. Mr. Paget, son of Lord Alfred Paget, came in to-day with his hand smashed from a gun accident in Albania. Austrian Lloyd steamer landed a multitude of women and children fugitives from Alexandria, who were driving all over the place looking for lodgings. 250 Europeans we hear have been massacred there.

June 17th.—George started at 3.30 A.M. with the commander in steam pinnace for Butrinto on the Albanian coast opposite, and did not return till evening. Saw wild boar, but he gave no chance of a shot, the cover being very thick. Beat out with blue-jackets one wood two miles broad. Near Butrinto got a strange mantis, every joint of his body being the shape of a leaf. Got also some golden auriels and hoopoes. The party thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They had had some rain on the mainland, but at Corfu there was none although it was very close. In the evening at 9 P.M. north wind got up and in the middle watch was blowing pretty stiff, which was deliciously cool after the sultry day we had had. Here generally the wind blows during the daytime and falls as the sun goes down, as this did on Sunday evening after blowing on during all that day.

June 19th.—Left Corfu at 4 P.M. with *Falcon* in company under steam for five knots, and shaped course through the Northern

passage. Just before we left one boy shot another on the esplanade ashore; we heard the pistol report and the shriek that followed; so the last sight we had of this free and independent country was the populace running together in the public place to see what had occurred. Passing Butrinto, noticed the very clear marks on the sides of the upper hills of the beach levels of former seas; these must be at least 2,000 feet above the present level. On the opposite coast the hills of Corfu are covered with green shrubs and patches of corn running up the slopes. This Northern passage reminded us of the Inland Sea of Japan. The lighthouse on the little island, just before we altered course at 6.10 P.M., looked very pretty. One little rock further in was just like a small boat floating bottom upwards; this was covered with shag, who were having their evening chat before going to sleep. Passed Fano light at 9 P.M.; clear and calm night; reduced speed to $3\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

CORFU TO PALERMO.



Date.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
June					N.	E.	°	°	°	°
20	S. 52 W.	...	73	S.W. 1	39·5	18·15	67	67	76	75
21	S. 56 W.	...	132	Variable 1·2	37·52	15·51	68	68	72	76
22	...	...	135	Variable 1·2	...	...	70	70	72	75
	Total..... 340 miles.									

June 20th.—Fine morning with just a faint breath of air on the port bow. At 9.30 A.M. put the target overboard and then two rounds of shot from each gun. In the afternoon land visible on the starboard beam, Cape Santa Maria di Leuca, the ball of the heel of Italy's foot. After an hour's sail drill at 6.45 we stopped for "hands to bathe"; meanwhile the hedgehog fell overboard and was picked up by *Falcon* astern.

June 21st.—Thermometer 78°, dead calm. This morning's evolution was "preparing for action aloft." In the afternoon we mids were at our half-yearly seamanship examination. Just before we entered the Straits of Messina, Italian lighthouse made a signal to us to show our colours. During the afternoon employed setting and taking-in sail to shifting winds and alterations of course. At 5 P.M. altered course off Faro; as we passed Messina we recognised the spot where we anchored when we went to Taormina in 1879. Between the Scylla rock on the Italian side and the Charybdis whirlpool on the Sicilian, there were numbers of boats out tunny fishing, with a man at the masthead of each on the lookout for the shoals of fish. The porpoises were sporting and playing on the edge of the tide-rip, and several little brigs were beating in and out of the straits. Everything recalled vividly to our remembrance our first cruise here (vol. i. p. 24). It was nearly calm, with little catspaws on the water, and now and then the faintest pulsation in the air; the fleecy clouds were forming on the hill-sides of Italy, vine-clad to their summits, which with the towers, churches, and houses, are the same we remember in the picture-books of old. At 10 P.M. passed Volcano, the southernmost of the Lipari Islands: a bright clear night, and as we are going too fast we still further reduce the speed.

June 22nd.—We are creeping along the Sicilian coast, with a steamer here and there overtaking or meeting us, and a coaster or two with Italian colours almost becalmed. We alter course and go in close under Point Zafferino; there is the gentlest of breezes off the land, though the higher hills above Palermo are all cloud-capped, and there is a thunderous close feeling in the air. Came to at 1 P.M. in this most lovely of bays. Beautiful as it appeared to us on our former visit here in 1879, before we started on our cruise to the West Indies, it now appears, after we have seen many beautiful places all over the world, still the most beautiful of all. [We find the brigands still going on as we left them three years ago. Each man in Palermo is known for his exact worth, and if he goes outside the city

he is carried off until his friends pay up: the country peasants are all in league with the brigands. Every one in the city carries a revolver in his pocket, but never uses it. This is evidently done as a sop to their self-respect. The Government could put down the whole thing by making each Sicilian village responsible; and so they did once, but the measure was not popular. Half the people are in league with the brigands and prey on the other half. It is entirely a local institution. The Italians pay an income-tax of 13 per cent., and the local taxes are 40 per cent.: so they are the heaviest taxed nation in Europe. But the way in which the revenue has been expended has been productive of the most wonderful progress during the last few years. The paper money (vol. i. p. 25) is now at par with silver, and the increase in the prosperity and wealth of the country is prodigious. It is only twenty years since Italy was unified, it is only ten years since that unification was rendered complete by the transference of the capital to Rome. Until 1877 there were large annual deficits in the Italian budget; since then there have been surpluses. The administrative unification of Italy has been accomplished at a very rapid rate: particularism is almost extinct, and Italy has grown into a free flourishing state, through the unexpected political sagacity evinced by all classes of her people. Every Italian is supposed to serve as a soldier for a period of three years, but young men can qualify as one year volunteers by passing an examination. This compulsory military training brings young men together under strict discipline from all parts of the country, and has thus helped to allay antipathies between inhabitants of the northern and southern provinces; it has also promoted education, because every soldier since 1878 has been taught to read, write, and reckon. The Italian navy, as far as ships and guns are concerned, has no superior in the world, except that of England. Truer signs of advancement are the growing commercial activity of Italy, the increase in her population, the rise in her exports and imports, the extension of her railways, post-offices, and telegraph lines, and the execution of public works by the State and municipalities. In 1861 there were only 820 miles of railway in Italy; in 1871 there were 4,340 miles open; in 1881 5,722 miles, and 2,000 more in course of construction. In 1868 the proportion of totally illiterate persons who could neither read nor write was 64 per cent. of the population; in 1879 it was 59 per cent.; in 1881 48 per cent. It is steadily decreasing, for there is now a Government primary school in nearly every commune, and the number of children who regularly attend these schools is over

two millions. As might be expected, a general improvement in civilisation and education has led to a diminution in crime. There are, reckoning by population, 27 per cent. fewer offenders against property in Italy than in France, and what is more surprising, fewer crimes of violence in the Kingdom than in the Republic. Meanwhile the character of Italian education and the drift of political opinions among the higher classes has been profoundly altered of late. Formerly educated Italians drew all their ideas from French books. They spoke French, and looked to France as a sister country. Now Italy, and all "Liberals," have broken with the French alliance, and rely upon Germany. "The mistakes committed by the Republican Government have estranged the Italians from the French, and this alienation is not shown only in thoughts of political alliance with Germany, but in the altered course of studies in the Italian universities. A French writer lately remarked with concern that the student youth of Italy was becoming Germanised. They have discarded French authors: 'they study philosophy in Hegel and Schopenhauer, philology in A. F. Wolf and Otfried Müller, history in Niebuhr and Mommsen, law in Savigny, language in Humboldt and Bopp, and even the Italian idiom of the middle ages in Dietz.' These signs may not be fraught with all the political consequences which some Frenchmen apprehend; but merely as signs they deserve attention."]

AT PALERMO.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
June		°	°	°	°
23	N.E. 0·2	70	70	75	77
24	N.E. 1	76	76	80	83
25S.	Variable 0·1	76	77	76	83
26	Variable 0·1	76	77	78	80

June 23rd.—General quarters and midshipmen's examination for steam. Prefect of Palermo visited ship, and was saluted with thirteen guns. Ran ashore for an hour in the afternoon and walked in the pretty Flora Gardens, full of various flowering trees and shady walks, and scent of flowers. The white marble statues are not much from an artistic point of view, but they group well with the green foliage;

a cool breeze is coming in from the sea. The tramways have been much developed since we were here last, and the whole place looks cleaner, especially the priests; they now have quite new and glossy coats and hats; their ways and manners are like those of English clergymen past middle age. The faces of the Bersaglieri are brighter and happier than those of the Palermitan population, these last either look sodden or else sly; but the soldiers' faces are open, intelligent, and clean. Off to the ship again. This place is the loveliest we have seen. We came here before we went round the world, and now after having seen many lands in many latitudes we have never seen anything anywhere to beat it. It is warmer here than at Corfu. There the thermometer marked 70°, here it is between 75° and 80°. Most mornings and evenings both officers and ship's company bathe in the sea alongside. When the bugle sounds "Hands to bathe," the forecastle and all the forepart of the ship is at once swarming with white naked forms of men and boys, who go plunging headlong into the sea. The boom is lowered, and up this or the gangway ladder they climb on board, and again and again repeat the operation, swimming and disporting themselves on all sides, till at the end of a quarter of an hour the bugle sounds, "Hands on board" and they all swarm home again; and afterwards go to their routine duties once more fresh, bright and healthy.

Thanks to the careful teaching of the first lieutenant, three mids, Currey, Evan Thomas, and Fitzgerald, have all got their first-class in seamanship since we were here last. The youngsters among the blue-jackets in the ship have also got on: so that of more than fifty boys we carried on leaving England, all now are rated as Ordinary Seamen, and the larger portion have passed and been further rated as A.B.s.

June 24th.—Picnic started at 5 A.M. from the ship to Segesta, proceeding first by train to Castellamare (three hours' run, although only 25 miles) and the rest of the way in carriages, one hour and a quarter's drive; coming back the drive took one hour only. The trains dawdle terribly, at each station every one gets out and walks about and gossips. The temple stands at the summit of a levelled hill, with a ravine alongside; it is of the Doric order and in good condition, but apparently was never finished; the work was interrupted by the subjugation of the city by the Carthaginians B.C. 409: the stones of the foundation are left with the projecting boss in them, like those we have seen in Palestine and Greece. There is a

theatre partly excavated out of the steep rocky slopes of the hill above.

June 25th.—The Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, Presbyterians, all went ashore to chapel. After evening service went ashore and walked in the Flora Gardens; it was very pleasant in the long avenues, with the vista of green trees, and the people taking their quiet evening pleasure. See now how the avenues at Chiswick are imitations of these Italian gardens. Spent some time in looking at the chamois and the monkeys, and other animals that are kept here, and at a very forcible statue of two Greeks, who floated down with their torpedo and blew up a Turkish ship. The men have just caught sight of the ship in the darkness of the night: one is leaning over the other's shoulder and pointing forwards: they both know they are going to certain death. Then walked to the Hotel des Palmes, where had a quiet and pleasant dinner in one of the rooms lately occupied by the brother of the Queen of Greece, who was here all last winter. Many Germans, Russians, and English come here to winter; they go away in the summer to Switzerland. Many of the palms in the garden are worth 100 or 200 pounds apiece, having been planted here by Mrs. Ingham, who afterwards married General Medici, aide-de-camp to the King. Off to the ship at 10 P.M., bright moonlight night. In Palermo the best native society get up at 11 A.M., but are not visible till 4 P.M. They starve themselves in order that they may have a handsome equipage and turn-out: they never eat meat, but only maccaroni, and not enough of that: they have just enough to live on. They drive out of an evening at 9.30 P.M., up and down the Marina, till 12.30, and then to the club to gamble. They go to bed at 2 A.M. It is curious watching the lights of their carriages from the ship as they drive up and down, up and down the parade, with a perpetual rumble of wheels, looking from our deck like so many fireflies in the distance: then when the music begins to play all the carriages stand quite still and cluster round the band: when that tune is over they break away up and down again till the next tune begins, and so continue for three mortal hours. We have seen people enjoying themselves in many various ways in different parts of the world.

June 26th.—In the afternoon walked up to the Cathedral. The statues were evidently put on in the time of the Renaissance when the interior was also gutted of its former fittings and re-decorated, and the central dome erected. The towers at each end,

and the exterior walls (except perhaps the parapet) are the original building: the square tower over the archbishop's palace and the very handsome arcade work and the walls of the cathedral were the work of the Norman kings; the carving of the foliage on the capitals is as fresh and crisp as the day it was put up. We were reminded by the shape of the tombs of the Norman kings and of their hearse-like canopies of the two similar shrines in the mosque at Hebron (p. 604) (which apparently were erected there in the twelfth century). Afterwards to La Martorana where found the so-called restoration slowly going on; not much has been done during the last three years. The original walls of the square church have been left, and the foundation of the original semicircular apse has been uncovered and used as an altar-step for the Renaissance chancel which was added afterwards; the whole west end of the church is also entirely of that later period. The older mosaics are peeling off the wall over the small rounded windows. The square tower, which stands apart by itself on the south side of the original church, remains untouched. Once more into La Flora Gardens: how one does relish their greenery and cool shade after having been on board ship any time!

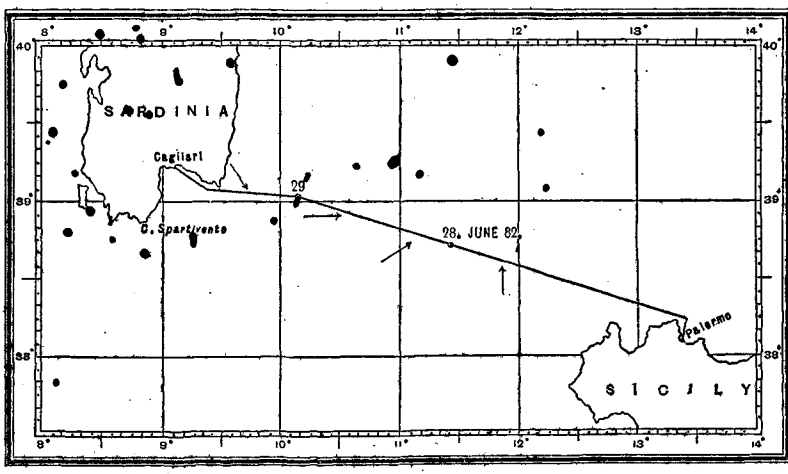
June 27th.—Swelteringly hot. After landing General Fielding, who proceeds hence by mail to Malta, weighed anchor at 3.35 P.M. and steamed slowly out of Palermo Bay with the *Falcón* in company. We had a fine view of the precipitous side of Monte Pellegrino as we passed beneath it. It was very warm at heavy gun-drill on the main deck, but when once out at sea there was a nice little breeze, and in the middle watch we set fore and aft sail.

June 28th.—Nice little breeze from the south, though very damp and reeking with moisture. *Falcon* made sail to this early, but we did not do so until after morning prayers, and by the time the screw was up, the best part of the wind had died away, though during the afternoon there was just enough to move us about two knots through the water with stunsails set. This is the first bit of sailing we have had without the screw in the Mediterranean. Night quarters, the usual stampede at 11.30 P.M. Very close night, becalmed all the first watch.

June 29th.—Wind chasing all the middle watch. Down screw at 5 A.M. and proceeded under steam; what little air there is is dead ahead, so after all, at 9.30, we had to furl sails. At 1 P.M. sighted Sardinia on the starboard bow; as we draw near, the coast with its many peaked and conical hills is very pretty: there is a haze all

round their feet as if from marshes. The light of the setting sun seemed to linger for a long time in the western heaven, and afterwards there was a beautiful clear moonlight night and we came to off Cagliari at 10.40 P.M.

PALERMO TO CAGLIARI.



Date.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon	6 P.M.
June					N.	E.	°	°	°	°
27	...	..	...	Calms	...	...	76	78	79	79
28	N. 71 W.	7	86	Variable to S.W. 4·2	38·43	11·27	76	76	80	74
29	N. 74 W.	29	35	S.W. 1·0	39 2	10·8	76	72	77	74
		36	121							
Total distance ..... 157 miles.										

June 30th.—Prepared for action aloft (eight minutes): exercised at general quarters, out collision mat; replaced gear aloft, loosed sails, but furled them again, and then to dinner.

The town of Cagliari seems to stand on the summit of a small hill; with two prominent buildings, one of them a large convent with a dome. From where we lie we can distinctly hear the railway whistle; this brought us our mails and the news that 20,000

English troops are to go to Egypt. Refreshing breeze off the land during the afternoon. The *Bacchante* was serenaded by a steam tug with a string band on board from the shore towing four boat-loads of people. They went round the ship several times playing "God save the Queen" and a very well-selected programme of music, and cheered vigorously as they went away.

AT CAGLIARI.

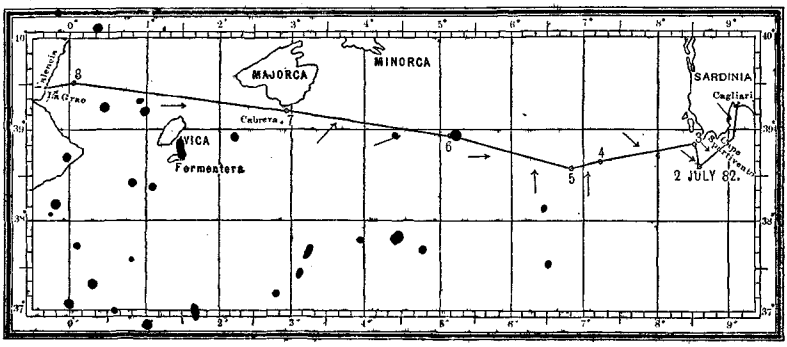
Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
		°	°	°	°
June 30	W. to N.W. 2·3	75	75	75	75
July 1	S. 4·3, N.W. 2·3	74	73	79	79

July 1st.—Very warm. We did not go ashore, but we heard that there was a pretty promenade at the top of the hill under the shade of the trees on a sort of terrace; but that the town itself is a miserable place. We sent our mails on shore for England, and waited till 8.36 P.M., when, having received our mails, we weighed anchor. As the sun went down we saw the mists rising from the large salt marshes which lie all round the town: the shadows on the hills were full of strange tints occasioned by these. There was a land breeze off the shore so we got away under sail. A lovely moonlight night. George has done well in his seamanship examination. We are all looking forward to meeting our old Flying Squadron mates at Gibraltar; where we shall be especially glad to see Prince Louis again. It is most vexing for him to have lost his curios by the fire on board the *Inconstant* at the Cape. The squadron was at St. Vincent on the 20th, and probably will be at Gibraltar before us, July 15th. We are all eagerly looking forward to, and longing for home.

July 2nd.—In the middle watch were becalmed till 3 A.M., when a little breeze came up from the north-west, and we were able to proceed at the rate of two to three knots per hour all the morning along the south coast of Sardinia, with Cape Spartivento in sight, and Toro Island on the starboard bow. Usual Sunday services. Before quarters we were taken aback by a shift of

wind: boxed her off, read evening prayers, and then wore ship and stood back towards Sardinia on the port tack.

CAGLIARI TO VALENCIA.



Date.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
July					N.	E.	°	°	°	°
2S.	...	49	...	N.W. 1·4	38·36	8·32	72	71	75	74
3	N. 15 W.	14	...	N.W. 1·2·4	38·50	7·14	70	70	74	72
4	S. 79 E.	61	...	N.W. 4	38·39	6·50	72	72	74	76
5	S. 78 W.	19	...	N. to S.S.E. 1·3	38·35	5·11	71	72	76	74
6	N. 75 W.	79	...	S. to W. 3·1·2	38·55	2·58	74	73	81	76
7	N. 81 W.	35	70	W. to S.W. by W. 2·4	39·12	0·6	74	73	77	74
8	N. 83 W.	...	136	S.W. and	39·30	...	73	74	85	80
			18	S.W. 4·5						
		257	224							
Total ..... 481 miles.										

July 3rd.—At 8 A.M. found ourselves where we were yesterday at noon, only ten miles nearer the coast of Sardinia. We ran up into Palmas Bay, tacked after dinner and came out of the bay on the starboard tack, passing to the south of Cow Island with another little island called the Heifer behind her, that was covered with white seagulls sitting on their eggs; the reef which joins her to the Cow was covered with brown birds sitting shoulder to shoulder as close as they could cram. All sides of the island are steep too, but at low water there is a little ledge left at the bottom of the cliffs, which are not of any hard substance apparently; their bases

are covered with black seaweed. Ran under the south of Bull (Toro) Island. Horizontal bar up in the afternoon, and after gunnery had our usual gymnastic instruction. At 9.30 P.M. tacked.

July 4th.—Tacked again in the middle watch, and had a good rub in at sail-drill during the forenoon. We are a point off our course, and the breeze has freshened enough to send us along four knots an hour, but in the afternoon it fell a dead calm again, which continued all through the night. After supper another good whack of sail-drill. At 6.10 P.M. wore again.

July 5th.—A little gentle and cool breeze from the south-east, so after breakfast set stunsails, and a spare spanker as a mizen topmast staysail, and just make three knots per hour. Breaking off our course the whole forenoon, and by noon have made good nineteen miles since noon yesterday. Towards evening the breeze freshened a little, and we managed at one time to get fully 4·8 out of the old ship, at which there were great rejoicings, but unfortunately it again fell a calm in the middle watch.

July 6th.—Very oppressive, no wind, and the atmosphere moist and hot. After the usual amount of sail-drill, hands bathed in the evening, and as we are nearly becalmed steam is ordered to be ready by 11.30 P.M. This accordingly was done, and the screw was lowered at that hour, but as luck would have it, there was a jolly little breeze got up just before which sent us along over seven knots. At midnight commenced steaming; and thus ended the sailing passages of the "ocean cruiser."

July 7th.—At 1.40 A.M. furled sails, and at 3 A.M. pointed the yards to the wind. At 7.30 sighted the island of Majorca (which reminded us of our cruise here three years ago, vol. i. pp. 10—14), and at 9 A.M. the north end of Cabrera. It is very moist and damp, and what wind there is, is from the west. We are steaming six and a-half knots. At 11 A.M. we are passing between Cabrera on the south, a flattish island with isolated rocks at its west end, and Majorca on the north, with Cape Salinas and its lighthouse standing up from the flat and sandy-looking shore, on which there are trees, however, and farms; in the distance we can discern a high flat hill like the cone of a volcano with its head blown off, and a large building on its western side, that resembles very much Monte Toro in the sister island of Minorca.

July 8th.—At 4.30 A.M. daylight, with land in sight on the port quarter and both bows. At 3 P.M. came to off the Mole at Valencia, and some way from the shore. The *Falcon* proceeded inside the

breakwater. The town of Valencia is about five miles distant from the harbour; its domes and towers look very pretty in the distance with the circle of hills behind them. We hear the Detached Squadron has gone on to Malta: so we shall find no old comrades at Gibraltar. Received our mails and hear that the Jackdaw and Frog are promoted from subs to lieutenants. Gusty and squally during the middle watch.

AT VALENCIA.

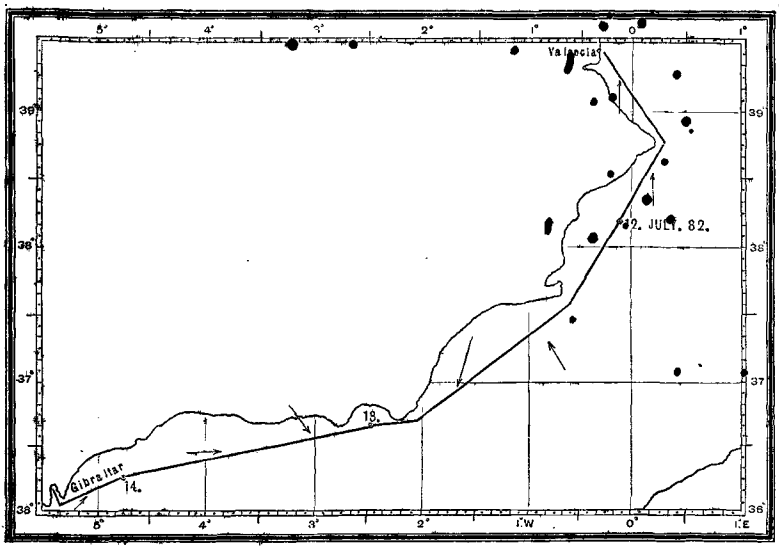
Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
July		°	°	°	°
9S.	W.N.W. 4·7·3	70	70	77	79
10	N.W. 2·4	70	70	76	83

July 9th.—The monthly Holy Communion was celebrated at 7 A.M., in the breakfast hour, and after the morning service we had our yearly collection in church for the Seamen and Marines' Orphan Home at Portsmouth, which amounted to 19*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.*

July 10th.—Midshipmen's half-yearly examination began, for which we have been working up for the last month. Paper in algebra this morning. We did not, of course, hear of the result of this half-yearly examination until after our return to England. All the papers from every ship in the Navy are sent into the College at Greenwich to be looked over and marked, and the report by Dr. Hirst to the President of the College is then made out. That on this examination was dated March 13th, 1883. The maximum number of marks that could be obtained on the whole number of papers (including seamanship and gunnery) was 2,600: of these out of our gun-room Scott obtained 1863, Basset 1842, Limpus 1788, Wemyss 1572. "The *Bacchante* now stands first in order of merit of the ships of the Navy; she was third in 1881. Her complement of eight midshipmen included two or three who had highly distinguished themselves in the *Britannia*. The sum of her percentages (913 out of a possible 1400) is unusually high, and the results gained in certain subjects, particularly in geometry and trigonometry, very satisfactory. Three out of the five midshipmen who head the list of the 195 midshipmen of the Fleet belong to this

ship; and the whole of her eight midshipmen are in the first thirty-four. Mr. J. W. Lawless was her naval instructor during the whole of her commission." So ran the report, and this was the meed of our school labours.

VALENCIA TO GIBRALTAR.



Date.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail.	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
July					N.	W.	°	°	°	°
11	...	...	...	Variable 4·1	...	...	71	71	84	84
12	...	...	94	W.S. and S.E. 6·1	38·10	0·7	71	73	77	75
13	...	...	147	N.E. 1·4	36·39	2·27	66	66	71	71
14	S. 77 W.	...	115	Variable 1	36·15	4·46	68	66	77	69
			34							
	Total		390 miles.							

July 11th.—Heard further that the Detached Squadron on leaving Gibraltar for Malta last Thursday (the 6th) are going to Alexandria. Euclid examination this morning. 5.20 P.M. weighed and proceeded under steam, in company with *Falcon*.

July 12th.—Steaming five knots per hour. At 4 A.M. passed Cape Antonio, a bold, fine, headland; at daybreak Iviza was visible. Trigonometry examination this morning. At 7 P.M. passed Palos Light; sun set behind hills in its rear.

July 13th.—At 8.30 A.M. we passed Cape de Gatte; a Levanter is helping us along swimmingly; we are going between six and seven knots (vol. i. p. 27), and passing many ships under sail which evidently have been becalmed further to the eastward, and are now making the best of their way to get clear of the Straits. At one time there were forty-two ships visible at once, chiefly small brigs and a few coasters with lateen sails. There was the usual strong current to the eastward, however, against them. Practical navigation examination-paper this morning. Looking out on the coast of Spain we see her "towers along the steep," which look like a lot of martello towers perched along the hill-tops. Towards evening it was inclined to be thick and misty.

July 14th.—At 8 A.M. forty-eight miles from the "Rock;" dead calm and misty, but it cleared up at noon. Had a couple more examination-papers, and after lunch sighted Gibraltar, but did not round Europa Point until 7 P.M. The breeze was blowing in from the south-west, and Africa and Ceuta stood out very clearly. There was a strange effect of wind on the surface of the current that was flowing in from the Atlantic all bottle green, while the water further eastward in the Mediterranean was a deep blue.[1] As we stood

[1] In the mid-channel of the Strait this current forms a stream of about four miles in width, constantly and without any variation day and night, year after year, eagerly running eastwards: its rate, modified by wind or tide, averages at least two and a-half miles an hour, or sixty miles a day, which must have been very welcome to the returning Phœnician adventurer in drawing him homewards ever. The idea of an under-current running outwards and westwards was suggested 200 years ago. Sir Charles Lyell doubted its possibility on account of the ridge which crosses the bottom of the Strait from Africa to Europe, between Capes Trafalgar and Spartel. But Professor Carpenter has recently proved that the under-current outward does exist. The amount of water taken up from off the surface of the Mediterranean by evaporation, caused by the combined action of the powerful sun of these latitudes and of the hot winds of Africa, is more than the amount of water returned to the Mediterranean by rain and rivers. The water that passes off by evaporation leaves its salt behind it, and thus, as the water which enters by the Strait from the Atlantic brings its own salt with it, the Mediterranean Sea gets salter and salter and the water heavier and heavier in consequence. The denser water sinks, and forms, under the action of the incoming stream, another stream beneath it, flowing outward and westward. The Atlantic entrance, bounded by Cape Trafalgar on the north and by Cape Spartel on the south, is about twenty-two miles wide; it gradually narrows in, till between Capes Tarifa and Alcazar it is only nine miles wide; between the "Pillars of Hercules" the distance is again about twelve miles. The eastern end of the Strait is the deepest, the mid-channel opposite Gibraltar being more than 500 fathoms. From this point the bottom of the Strait gradually slopes upward towards the western end to the "ridge" between Capes Spartel on the African and Trafalgar on the European mainland. Along the coast of Spain the water is shallower, but of the depth of the North Sea

in round Europa Point, the *Malabar* (Captain H. Hand), with the 46th Regiment just embarked, passed us, coming out from Gibraltar; their band played "God save the Queen," and "God bless the Prince of Wales." Her decks were crowded with red-coats off for Egypt, who, with the *Malabar's* men in the rigging cheered us lustily as we passed in. We pass them in silence, no men being ever allowed above the *Bacchante's* nettings; when she is more than a mile astern some of the band crawled up on to the poop and played a few bars of "The girl I left behind me" in a melancholy way. Found the *Lively* (Lieut. C. Le Strange) here, and heard that Alexandria was bombarded two days ago. Came to an anchor at 7.30 P.M

AT GIBRALTAR.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature.			
		Sea.		Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
July		°	°	°	°
15	S.W. 1·2	69	67	78	71
16S.	W. 4·7·2	68	69	70	73
17	Variable 1·0	65	65	71	78
18	N. to N.E. 1·6	64	64	74	74
19	N.W. 6·1	63	64	76	74
20	N.W. 1·7, N.E.	62	64	75	73
21	S.W. 1·4	63	63	75	69
22	S.W. 3·4	64	64	75	82
23S.	S.W. 3·7, S. 3	64	64	66	69
24	S.W. 1·3	63	64	70	76
25	Light airs.	64	66	74	84

and British Channel, which is 100 fathoms. It remains that depth for more than half the distance across between these two capes; when it deepens to 150 fathoms (900 feet), and then suddenly shoals to 45 fathoms. This mid-channel shoal (or peak as it were, 2,100 feet high, on the top of the "ridge") is a bank seven miles long from east to west, by two miles broad from north to south. The southern or African half of the channel between this shoal and Cape Spartel is much deeper, and sinks to 200 fathoms. This ridge or marine watershed between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean slopes away downwards westward towards the Atlantic at much the same inclination as it has eastwards: the length of the incline leading up to its top being thirty-five miles each side, one foot in eighty-eight, a very moderate gradient. There are channels over the "ridge" 1,200 feet deep. Dr. Carpenter in H.M.S. *Porcupine* sent away a boat with sails set to proceed inward from the west when a strong westerly breeze was blowing. From the boat was let down a "current drag" to 400 fathoms. The action of the under-current moving in a direction opposed to the surface-current was seen at once, since it neutralised not only the action of the wind and surface-current eastwards on the boat from which it hung, but that of the whole upper stratum of water on the suspending rope. Some of the water composing this under-current of 250 fathoms, or a quarter of a mile beneath, was hauled up and found to be the densest and saltest in the Mediterranean.

July 15th.—Went off in a shore boat to call on the Governor, Lord Napier of Magdala. Landed at the Ragged Staff; there was a heavy swell rolling in as the wind was from the south-west. Afterwards we walked in the Almeda and sat in the shade for some time; then to the Garrison Library, and saw the latest telegram, "Duke of Connaught coming out to Egypt with brigade of Guards." Afterwards walked to Rosia Bay, where we bathed with other mids, and had great fun diving; and then up to see the 79th regiment (Cameron Highlanders) mustered in heavy marching order on parade as they expect to start for Egypt on Monday. H.M.S. *Orion* (Captain R. O. B. Fitzroy) arrived from England at daybreak this morning, and after coaling alongside the Mole left at 4.30 P.M. for Malta. She had a bad passage out across the Bay of Biscay where she rolled as much as 25° each way. Upwards of 6,000 large steamers call here during the year, and the numbers are increasing. Coaling is carried on very expeditiously, the native labourers easily putting on board with baskets 100 tons an hour. Some changes have been recently made, to give additional facilities for coaling quickly, especially at night; and it has been proposed to purchase the *Great Eastern* steam-ship, now lying useless at Milford Haven, and bring her out here as a huge coal hulk, alongside which half a dozen steamers could be coaled at once. [As more than one-third of the revenues of Gibraltar are derived from port dues, it is an object to Government to develop the shipping interests. Smuggling (chiefly tobacco) from Gibraltar is a never-ending source of anxiety and trouble here. The whole of the Spanish population in the parts of Andalusia round Gibraltar are engaged in it, or, at all events, strongly sympathise with the smugglers, and every effort is made by sea and land to carry it on; and the Spanish officials, being corrupt, connive at it, and derive profit from it. It could no doubt be stopped were the Spaniards in earnest; the amusing part of the whole thing is that the Spanish Government officials craftily turn round and say it is all our fault, and pretend that they have a great grievance against us.]

July 16th.—Usual service on board and usual leave for men. In the evening landed at the dockyard and went up to call on Captain the Hon. E. R. Freemantle, senior naval officer. Found Lieutenant H. G. Gough, R.N., there, who is now in command of the *Grappler*; we remember him very well in the *Osborne* when she was first commissioned. Mr. Hamond Le Strange (the Squire of Hunstanton by Sandringham), and Mr. Guy Le Strange, are

(together with Mr. Wentworth Cole), the guests of their brother Lieutenant C. Le Strange on board the *Lively;* she came out with the Reserve Squadron under the Duke of Edinburgh, but was detached to wait here a short period.

July 17th.—H.M.S. *Falcon* left for Tunis. The *Ganges*, the P. & O. Company's new ship on her first voyage, arrived from England. She is a fine craft of great length. In the afternoon we both rode with Captain Lord Charles Scott and Lord Napier to Campo, outside the lines, to see some polo and tent pegging, and dined at the Convent afterwards at half-past eight. It was squally and gusty: a Levanter blowing over the top of the Rock came down on the anchorage in squalls each of one or two minutes' duration, which however as suddenly died away.

July 18th.—The *Bacchante's* first eleven played that of the Royal Artillery; the latter scored fifty-five runs and the *Bacchante* seventy. In the afternoon we went up to Captain Freemantle's to play lawn tennis on the new asphalte court which he has made lately, and afterwards had a supper-tea there. He has much improved the house by throwing out a broad verandah on the ground floor and by other additions to the drawing room since we were here in Captain Edye's time (vol. i. p. 7). Came off from the dockyard with picquet at 10.30 P.M.; there was a fearful smell from the drains owing to the scarcity of water on the Rock. It has been proposed to condense water in sufficient quantities so as to completely supply the whole garrison here independently of the present water arrangements, and the workmen have been ordered out from England to commence the necessary work at once; this would be an enormous advantage, as practically the supply of water would then be unlimited.

July 19th.—Our Mids' examination still going on every morning. To-day we had a paper on mechanics. In the evening at 9.30 some of the officers went to Lady Napier's "at home," when the gardens at the back of the Convent were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and the band played under the trees. A few people tried to dance on the asphalte lawn tennis ground under difficulties. While waiting at the Ragged Staff Stairs for the officer of the guard went into the guard-room there and saw the old drawings on the walls made by former occupants; some of these are very spirited, and are evidently likenesses of some of the most distinguished residents on the Rock more than a hundred years ago.

July 20th.—7 A.M. *Lively* started for Tangiers, capital of Morocco, about thirty miles away, with those officers who wished to see the second oldest city in the world. It was part of the dowry which Charles II. got with his wife from Portugal in 1662. A Levanter was blowing, though the weather was sultry. She returned at 8 P.M. the same evening. We mids had French examination-paper to-day; afterwards in the evening we both landed, went to the Convent and rode with Lord Napier. Two of our party went up to the signal station, and found it a very hot climb, but when at top the breeze blowing up from the east was uncommonly cool (vol. i. p. 28). Had a wide view over the African coast; Apes Hill (Abyla), and the dark black hills beyond protrude above the haze caused by the east wind, which is hanging in the Strait; at the same time the view is perfectly clear towards Spain, where over the sands of the Neutral ground the hills of the mainland rear their brown reddish sides. At the foot of the hill on which stands the Queen of Spain's chair, the winding river looks like a streak of silver. At several places on the west side of the Rock we noticed the strange stone mortars hewn in the live cliff for discharging showers of stones on boats below; they are said to have been effective when kindled with a slow match.

July 21st.—The P. and O. ship *Ancona* came in, homeward bound; on board was Lieutenant Jervois, R.E. (son of the Governor of South Australia), with whom we much enjoyed talking over the days we had spent together at Adelaide and Melbourne; though it is only a little over a year ago it seems an age since we were there.

July 22nd.—Heavy swell early this morning, wind from the south-west. Rowing regatta in the afternoon. The prizes for the garrison races, that were to have been rowed for in the Reserve Squadron regatta, had been left for a future occasion, and those were now supplemented by private subscription. The mark-boat was stationed off the King's Bastion, the boats were started from close to the dockyard steps, rowed round this mark-boat and finished between the *Grappler* and a buoy laid out to the southward. The long course was nearly two miles, and the short for dingies about three-quarters of a mile.

1. 10-oared cutters, Navy..... 1, *Bacchante;* 2, *Lively;* 3, *Grappler.* (2nd cutter).
2. 5- or 4-oared gigs, Army .....
3. 5-oared gigs, Navy..... .....1, *Grappler;* 2, *Lively;* 3, *Bacchante.*
4. All-comers, Army..... 1, Rl. Artly; 2, 95th Rgt.; 3, 79th Rgt.
5. Ferry-boats, Gibraltar .....
6. Dingies, Navy ..... 1, *Lively;* 2, *Grappler;* 3, *Bacchante.*

Thus each of the three ships won a first prize. Lord and Lady Napier, with Colonel Napier and Major Guilbard, came to tea on board. In the evening H.M. gunboat *Dee* (Lieutenant Harstone), arrived and went alongside the mole. She left England with the *Don* on the 7th. Had first to put into Portland and then into Plymouth and then into Brest, and, finally, into Vigo on the 22nd, on account of bad weather. Being intended for river work, these little gunboats are built with a flat bottom and shallow keel, but will neither steam nor steer. They are provided with twin screws and a rudder at each end. They carry three 64-pounder guns (one aft and two forward) and two Gatlings. They have three masts and draw eight feet of water, but were designed to draw only five feet.

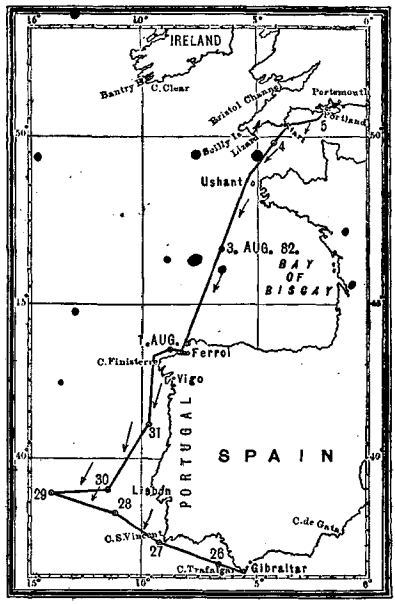
July 23rd.—The *Don* (Lieutenant W. Wilson) arrived. Foggy morning, raw and cold, thermometer 66°, yesterday it was 75°. Both *Don* and *Dee* having coaled proceeded to the eastward. Usual services on board. In the afternoon a number of our blue-jackets, chiefly petty officers, had tea given them at the Soldiers' Institute where they fraternised with the gunners and sappers, and compared notes afterwards at a mutual Bible class. Gibraltar abounds with grog ships, where potent and villainous spirits are sold at absurdly low prices.

July 24th.—Damp and calm, with fog hanging about in the morning, breezy at midday and in the afternoon; got all ready for starting in the evening after the mail arrives. P. & O. steamer *Gwalior*, arrived at 6 P.M. and sailed again by moonlight at 10.30 P.M. for the East; she brought no mails for us and therefore we remained another day. Captain Blair, chief of the police, brought off a huge nosegay of everlastings with our initials and other designs arranged with flowers of different colours, as a present to us from the market-folk.

We are four days distant by steam from Portsmouth: the captain had arranged to start to-day and take a fortnight on the voyage, tacking about in the Channel or Bay of Biscay till the time fixed for our arrival at Cowes. As our examination is now over, we much hoped that as we have plenty of time to spare we might have put into Arosa Bay and run up to Compostella, famous for its claim to possess beneath the high altar of the cathedral the body of Saint James the Great. A Papal bull of the thirteenth century ranks it in the same category for pilgrimage as Jerusalem; and this week would have been the unique time for visiting it,

thronged as it is just now with devotees from all parts of Spain and the civilised world.

GIBRALTAR TO PORTSMOUTH.



Date.	From Previous Noon.				At Noon.		Temperature.			
	Course.	Distance.		Wind.	Lat.	Long.	Sea.		Air.	
		Sail	Steam.				Noon.	6 P.M.	Noon.	6 P.M.
July					N.	W.	°	°	°	°
26	...	...	94	Calm	36·14	6·48	74	70	74	73
27	N. 68 W.	...	128	Variable 2·3	37·1	9·16	62	65	67	68
28	N. 54 W.	...	110	N.E. 5·7	38·5	11·9	66	67	68	68
29	N. 73 W.	...	141	N.E. 7	38·45	14·2	67	66	68	67
30S.	N. 89 E.	...	118	N.E. 8·5	38·47	11·30	66	66	68	68
31	N. 31 E.	...	159	N.E. 7·2	41·2	9·43	66	61	70	68
Aug.										
1	...	...	157	N.E. 4·7	43·29	8·44	60	64	63	75
2	...	...	30	N.E. 7·2·4	...	...	64	60	81	66
3	N. 22 E.	...	195	N.E. 7·9·2	46·32	6·34	64	60	65	65
4	N. 27 E.	...	215	N.E. 3·5·2	49·44	4·10	60	60	62	68
5	N. 64 E.	...	147	N.E. 1·2	50·36	1·40	60	62	65	65
	Total ..... 1,494 miles.									

July 25th.—St. James's Day, the patron saint of Spain. Calm morning, air reeking with moisture; royal salutes fired by Spanish

battery at Algeciras at 8 A.M. and at noon. Captain Lord Charles Scott took us to lunch with Lord Napier at the Convent. The mail of the 20th instant from London arrived, so got under weigh at 6.15 P.M. with *Lively* in company. The American frigate *Galena* came in just before we started. We steamed slowly away with our paying-off pendant streaming 500 feet to leeward, and the gilded bladder at its fly floating on the water far astern, after which curiosity two or three small boats paddled until warned off by our bumboatman. We had a fine view of the Rock and the Spanish hills behind, with a lovely sunset over them; and on the opposite side of the Straits, on the African shore, rose the cold grey of Apes Hill with the dark black streaks on its steep cliff, that towered up above the line of mist that was lying on the surface of the sea. At sunset there came over the water the heavy boom of the Spanish guns from Ceuta, saluting the patron saint once more.

We passed Trafalgar in the night, making but slow progress westward over the swell that was coming in from the Atlantic, and we found it warmer and closer at night than it had been at Gibraltar. The *Lively* usually steams ten knots an hour, she finds a difficulty in going slow enough to keep up with us.

July 26th.—9.30 A.M. exercised at general quarters, firing shot and shell at a target. 11.15 A.M. set fore and aft sail and made five knots under steam and sail. After evening quarters the usual gymnastics, bar up on deck. First night of auction of ward-room mess-traps which continued for the next few nights, some of the pieces fetching more than they originally cost, through the public spirit of the members and the excellent management of the auctioneer, Dr. Gideon Delemege. On deck pleasant moonlight night.

July 27th.—Passed Cape St. Vincent and many sail that were keeping close in to the shore. The wind is from the north-west, and there is a heavy swell coming up from the same quarter; the barometer is rising (a sign of northerly winds) and the water is bottle green. In the afternoon the swell seems going down a bit and the water is greener. We are going to try to make a sailing passage to England, and shall stand well out into the Atlantic in order to get to the other side of the Portuguese trade, which always blows strongly from the north at this time of year hereabouts. There are a number of whales sporting on the starboard bow. Made "rendezvous" to the *Lively*, "Start Point ten miles north," which sounds like nearing home. During the night the north wind increased and

blew six to seven; but it is dead against our passage to England under sail.

"Oh! there's a fair wind that blows, would it blow from the west;
And of all the winds that blow 'tis the one we love the best;
For it would blow at our backs and shake the pennon free,
And it soon would blow us home to the North Countree.
And it's home, mother, home! it's home I want to be,
For the oak and the ash and the bonny birchen tree,
They're all a-growing green in the North Countree."

July 28th.—Wind strong from the north and we are getting well out into the Atlantic, and the little *Lively* astern, true to her name, is having a fine time of it, plunging and rolling, washing herself down fore and aft. Our coal will not last out at this rate unless we go into Ferrol, as in view of making a sailing passage home we took in none at Gibraltar. All the small sail are now out of sight, they have sensibly kept in under lee of the land. After divisions made sail to double-reefed topsails and topgallant sails. Shortly after split the topmast staysail and carried away the weather main topgallant sheet and split the jib, which as we are steaming at the time seems rather gratuitous. At noon we are 880 miles from the Needles, not a cloud in the sky, and the cold wind comes careering over the white-headed waves from nearly two points before the starboard beam. Temperature 68°. Glad to take to thick underclothing. We are seven points off our course but go pegging away six knots, heeling well over for the benefit of the boilers; we are supposed to be running through the north gale to get into its Atlantic edge, but at present there are no signs whatever of our accomplishing this; the wind is freshening, and the clouds are rising to windward at sunset.

July 29th.—A windy sunrise, much cloud and broken scud; there is a heavier swell and the ship is now and then trembling from end to end and tumbling about. At noon we are fifty miles further off Cape Finisterre than we were yesterday, and the barometer is going down. So we gave it up as a bad job, wore ship and stood in for the land. We were tumbling about a good deal in the night, and our bookcases emptied themselves in a way they had not done since we were between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia.

July 30th.—Holy Communion after mid-day service. Before dinner furled sails and down topgallant masts and increased to forty-two revolutions, which gave her nearly eight knots. Towards evening the swell had gone down slightly, and we are getting into the clear sky again, and are now only 100 miles off land. At

8 P.M. altered course and headed up for Vigo. Lit fires in two more boilers and increased to forty-eight revolutions. The *Lively* seems now to be making better weather of it, and to be a deal steadier than she was.

July 31*st*.—At 7.45 A.M. sighted land on the starboard bow, the sea is again smoother. As it is doubtful whether coal can be readily obtained at Vigo we shape course for Ferrol, where we hope to arrive to-morrow afternoon. Wind still strong from the north.

August 1*st*.—Passed Finisterre at 4 A.M. and steamed into the Bay towards Ferrol. The wind has shifted round to the east, and is blowing in the same manner as it was the first time we approached Ferrol (vol. i. p. 220). There is more of a feel of England about the air than we have been accustomed to for the last two years, and there is a dash of haziness about this east wind that seems natural enough. At 1.15 P.M. passed the tower of Hercules by Corunna: anchored in Ferrol at 3.15 P.M. Saluted the Spanish flag and the Spanish admiral; the *Vittoria* ironclad has gone south and the *Numancia* is preparing for sea; the Spanish gunboats have gone to the Canal, and the Spanish army is hoping to be employed to restore order in Egypt. Got in twenty-five tons of coal by midnight. The Spanish cadets on board the training-ship begin morsing to us just as they did the last time we were here and interchanging congratulations. The same old fishing as before; this afternoon Farquhar and Osborne, (with Davidson) visited their old friend the Jubia river, and caught several dozen trout: the old flies proving as deadly as ever (vol. i. p. 227).

August 2*nd*.—Coaling ship all night and all the forenoon, and by the dinner hour had taken in 154 tons. The coal here is more expensive than we expected, being 12*s*. a ton more than at Gibraltar. Don Anton Garcia the vice-consul came off to lunch. It is a curious coincidence that Ferrol should happen to be the last port we touch at, as it was the first we came to on leaving England, September 27th, 1880: everything looks just the same as we left it then, the training-ship *Asturias*, the gunboat, and the dismantled ironclads with their masts showing up above the dockyard walls. Left Ferrol at 1.30 P.M. The new fort on the south side of the narrow entrance to the harbour is now finished: but no guns are mounted; it appears unused and empty of men. Outside we found the N.E. wind blowing pretty fresh, and more sea running, so pointed yards to the wind, and steamed along between eight and nine knots. Passed close under Cape Ortegal and found the wind here less. If the

wind holds from this quarter we shall have a good passage across the Bay. Beautiful moonlight night.

Aug. 3rd.—At 8 A.M. are just half-way across the Bay; are steaming nearly ten knots; the sea as smooth as can be. At noon looked as if there was a fog coming up from the west; we were told that it was the west wind which we should have caught if we had only stood out a little longer into the Atlantic. At sunset there was a fresh crisp feeling in the air. Sale of mess-traps still going on in the ward-room. At 11 P.M. sighted the Ar-men light off the entrance to Brest, and at midnight we are off Ushant; the moon shining brightly on the waters. A sensation of nearing England at the end of a cruise which, considering the amount we have seen and done, appears far longer than two years.

Aug. 4th.—At daylight seven sail in sight, and we are midway across the Channel; the wind is blowing straight off the English land, and the grey seas alone would tell us where we are.

> "Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
> His Briton in blown seas, and storming showers."

Sighted Bolt Head and Start Point at 12.30. Came up to Prawl Point and made our number to the *Shipping Gazette* private signal station there. It is now as lovely a summer afternoon as we could possibly have had for returning home. The sight of the Devon corn-fields, grass lawns, and woods sloping to the sea makes every heart on board beat more quickly. Salcombe Bay, Street, Stoke Fleming, the entrance of Dartmouth, Kingswear Castle, all stand out one after the other as clear as possible in the light of the setting sun; and then the sea-mark and the coastguard houses on Berry Head, and the barracks. We communicated with a Brixham trawler and got some fresh English fish and a newspaper a week old, of last Saturday. The trawler has been out a week, and will run round Berry Head for the Sunday to-morrow, as we have so often seen them do in days gone by when we were in the *Britannia*. Perfectly calm night: as we walk the deck before turning in, our minds cannot but be busied with many reminiscenses. As we near the Great Britain of the Northern Seas, we should be unfaithful to our duty if we did not above all recall what we have seen and known of the Greater Britain of the Southern Seas. Echoing in the wash of the waves beneath the *Bacchante's* keel, and breathed as a memory to meet us on this our second home-coming, we seemed to hear those lines we learnt by heart long ago, which were written for the 27th

February, 1872, when we went to St. Paul's with the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales on

> "that rememberable day,
> When, pale as yet, and fever-worn, the Prince
> Who scarce had plucked his flickering life again
> From half-way down the shadow of the grave,
> Passed with us through the people and their love,
> And London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all
> Her trebled millions, and loud leagues of man
> And welcome!"

We remembered too—

> " the silent cry,
> The prayer of many a race, and creed, and clime—
> Thunderless lightnings striking under sea
> From sunset and sunrise of all the realm,
> And those true lands, whereof we lately heard
> A strain to shame us: 'Keep you to yourselves;
> So loyal is too costly! Friends, your love
> Is but a burthen; loose the bond, and go.'
> Is this the tone of Empire? here the faith
> That made us rulers? this, indeed, her voice
> And meaning, whom the roar of Hougoumont
> Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven?
> What shock has fool'd her since, that she should speak
> So feebly? Wealthier, wealthier, hour by hour,
> The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,
> Some third-rate isle half-lost among her seas?
> *There* rang her voice, when the full city peal'd
> The Queen and Prince! The loyal to their crown
> Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
> Our ocean-empire with her boundless homes
> For ever-broadening England, and her throne
> In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle,
> That knows not her own greatness: if she kno
> And dreads it we are fall'n.—
>
> But we trust that Heaven
> Will blow the tempest in the distance back
> From thine and ours; for some are scared, who mark,
> Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
> Waverings of every vane with every wind,
> And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,
> And fierce or careless looseners of the faith,
> And Softness breeding scorn of simple life,
> Or Cowardice, the child of lust for gold,
> Or Labour, with a groan and not a voice,
> Or Art, with poisonous honey stolen from France.
>
> The goal of this great world
> Lies beyond sight; yet—if our slowly grown
> And crown'd Republic's crowning common-sense,
> That saved her many times, fail not—their fears
> Are morning shadows huger than the shapes
> That cast them, not those gloomier which forego
> The darkness of that battle in the West,
> Where all of high and holy dies away."

Aug. 5th.—At 6 A.M. passed Portland Bill; have eased down to four and a-half knots (since passing the Start), as a strong

tide is taking us up Channel. After breakfast passed St. Aldhelm's Head with the chapel on top; Encombe and Swire Head behind are very plain, and so too are Lulworth Cove and Kimmeridge to the west; then Worth, the Dancing Ledge, Tilly Whim, and the new road and lighthouse at Anvil Point; while over all brood the white fleecy English clouds. The *Osborne*, with the Prince and Princess of Wales on board, met us off Swanage Bay; we saluted with twenty-one guns. The crew of the *Osborne* cheered, and our men cheered in return. The Prince and Princess of Wales and our three sisters came on board the *Bacchante*, and, after congratulating Captain Lord Charles Scott on the safe termination of his cruise of over 45,000 miles, returned with us to the *Osborne*, and then lead the way in past the Needles, with the *Bacchante* and *Lively* following. Many yachts met the three ships inside the Needles, under "The broad white brow of the Isle, and that bay with the colour'd sand," and formed quite a flotilla of escort as we proceeded up the Solent. On arrival off Cowes the *Osborne* led the *Bacchante* round into Osborne Bay, where, within view of Osborne House, she saluted the Queen's standard, and then proceeded back into Cowes Roads, where let go anchor at 4.50 P.M. H.M.S. *Hector* (Captain R. Carter) here. The commander won the anchor lottery. We both at once landed and, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, visited the Queen at Osborne and then returned to the *Bacchante*.

AT COWES.

Date.	Wind.	Temperature. Air.	
		Noon.	6 P.M.
Aug.		°	°
6S.	N.W. 1·2	70	73
7	N.W. 1·2	66	68
8	Variable 1·0	66	66
9	Variable 1·3	65	64
10	Variable 1·3	59	59
11	E. 2	65	61
12	S.E. 2·3	68	67
13S.	S.E. and S.W. 1·2	64	66

Aug. 6th.—Service on the upper deck, to which came the Prince and Princess of Wales and our three sisters and Sir Henry Keppel. As it is the Duke of Edinburgh's birthday (born 1844) the ships

and yachts in the Roads dressed; and at noon fired royal salute with *Hector*. *Lively* left for Sheerness.

Aug. 7th.—Captain Lord Charles Scott dined with the Queen at Osborne House, and received the decoration of the Civil C.B. in the same way as Captain Henry Fairfax, R.N., did on the termination of our two years' residence on board H.M.S. *Britannia*. The *Alberta* proceeded to Southampton to fetch the Archbishop of Canterbury and Miss Agnes Tait, who came on a visit to the Queen.

Aug. 8th.—At 10.30 A.M. the Prince and Princess of Wales took us both up to Osborne House, where we were examined before the Archbishop. We were confirmed the same afternoon at 4 P.M. in Whippingham Church in the presence of the Queen. Dean Wellesley, of Windsor, and Mr. Connor, of Newport, were within the Communion rails with His Grace, and read part of the service.

As Archbishop Tait's charge to us has never been published, and as these words were the last he ever lived to speak in public, we add them here.

SIRS,

Experience has already taught you that the life of a true Englishman cannot be a life of mere pleasure; it must be above all things a life of duty. Duty first, pleasure afterwards; and the truest pleasure coming from the discharge of duty: and so Englishmen are what they are. To teach this practically—not to teach people to say it, but to teach them to feel it and act on it—is the object of all good education. For a boy or young man it matters comparatively little whether the lesson is learnt by poring over his books at home, in spite of many temptations to idleness; or whether, subjected to a strict discipline, he wanders over the world with the privilege of seeing what others read about, and learns much as to men and places that can scarcely be known without being seen. It is not the details of education that are most important, but the general principles on which it is conducted; and, when boyhood is over, the question for each one to ask himself is: "How far have I profited by the advantages thrown in my way, and made myself fit, by God's blessing, to play well and manfully that part in life which God's providence has assigned to me?"

Our Confirmation marks the passage from boyhood to manhood. The close of a long time of early boyish discipline, which has had its clouds and its bright sunshine, its struggles with temper, with temptations to idleness, with self-will, but which, nevertheless, has had a brightness peculiar to itself, such as never can be quite recovered in all its light-heartedness while the shadows gather over advancing years.

A happy life may well be before us; many stirring calls to duty, many bright companionships, much family love, and great opportunities of public usefulness; but it gives always a slightly melancholy tinge to a Confirmation Day to know that one period of life is over, and that what is coming is unknown.

The seriousness of this thought well disposes the mind to enter better on the service by which in our Church this change of life is marked. First, it is a service of prayer. True in one sense that labour is to pray; but our work and discharge of duty must be directly sanctified by endeavours to ask God's blessing through Christ, at least once each night and morning, on whatever we have to do; and a good man many times in the day will rise in thought to God, and ask His help. Prayer, moreover, is so intimately connected with confession of sin, that he who prays rightly must daily look very carefully into his mode of living and his thoughts.

The very uncertainty of the future drives us to prayer. We turn to God, our only guide in the unknown.

Again, the Confirmation Service sets Christ before us. God brought near and ready to bless,—not an abstract thought, almost too high for us—but a living friend and brother, Who takes us by the hand at a very critical time of life, and Who will ever be near to help us in overcoming unknown temptations, if we ask Him. And then, again, the Holy Spirit, in whose name the Confirmation blessing is bestowed—God influencing the heart and will, quickening all pure affections, making all Christian homes abodes of peace. The thought of the greatest Christian truths is thus forced upon the boy at his Confirmation as he passes into manhood. On the conviction of these are built all upright Christian principles. Rightly received, they leaven the character, and, speaking generally, men bear themselves well, or fail under life's temptations, according as these Christian truths have become a part of their nature.

God grant that you, sirs, may show to the world what Christian princes ought to be. A great field lies before you.

It would be presumptuous to prophesy what may be the duties or the difficulties of a future King of England. From this time forward your course of life, which has been hitherto unusually alike, must, in many respects, diverge. You will have different occupations and different training for an expected difference of position. But brothers united by a true affection may do much to help each other in all difficulties, though their streams of life may flow apart.

Placed as both of you are, think of the social regard that will environ you; remember how, in your own family, a spirit has long breathed which associates your name and race with all efforts to promote the welfare of the nation. A bright example of this kind once shown becomes part of a family's history, and for generations those who follow after are without excuse if they be not stirred by the memory of a great name. At no time has our nation stood higher, and never has its royal house been more widely known for the part it bears in all plans to promote the people's good. May the blessing of God be upon you both!

Remember that the root of public uprightness and usefulness will be found in the willing and full discharge of all family duty. If this be the case always, it is especially so with you: the head of your family is the head of the State, calling forth your public loyalty, side by side with private reverence and affection. Heirs to the honours of a long line of ancestors—placed from the very first, by the mere accident of birth, in a position which the noblest and most powerful intellects, even when most fortunate, cannot reach through a long life of laborious self-denial—it would seem that you have much to be thankful for. But after all it may be doubted whether this outward, showy prosperity is a real good. The manly Christian character is best developed through difficulties.

A perfectly level plain calls for little engineering;—a sunny voyage through a summer sea does not test the mettle of a sailor's seamanship, or lay up for him a store of useful experience. You will do well, sirs, to see that you yield not to the enervating influences that must gather round you. A Christian is a soldier of Christ. His life is a warfare. If our aims are high, God knows we shall find abundant difficulties in every enterprise that is worth undertaking, and in these difficulties lies the discipline of the Christian Life.

So that we come round to the point from which we started. Duty, above all things, Christian Duty—abundant spiritual helps provided for the discharge of duty in whatever position we are placed—the highest and the happiest life for all, the life devoted to Christian Duty.

After the laying-on of hands, the Archbishop pointed out that Confirmation is the admission to Holy Communion, and urged upon us to be henceforward regular Communicants.

Many officers from the *Bacchante* were there, and by the Queen's special desire a party of marines and blue-jacket petty officers from the ship were also invited, and after the service proceeded to Osborne House, where the men had supper provided for them,

and the officers were severally in turn presented to the Queen by the Prince of Wales. Afterwards, on returning on board the *Bacchante*, those of the officers who had during the cruise had any personal part in our instruction, by the Prince of Wales's desire went on board the *Osborne*, where he expressed to each his satisfaction and thanks for all they had done for us, and presented each with a small souvenir of the cruise.

Aug. 9th.—The Queen crossed over to Southampton in the *Alberta* to inspect transports leaving for Egypt, and we manned yards as Her Majesty passed. At 10 A.M. we both left the ship and went with the Prince and Princess of Wales up to Whippingham Church to make our first Communion. In the absence abroad of the Rev. Canon Prothero through ill-health, the Rev. G. Connor, vicar of Newport, assisted by the acting chaplain of the *Bacchante*, administered the Holy Sacrament.

Aug. 10th.—Admiral Glyn came on board and went round the ship, so also did the Duke of Cambridge. We feel the change in the temperature and the east wind very much.

Aug. 11th.—Cricket match between the *Bacchante* and the royal yachts; *Bacchante* won. Saluted standard of Archduke Rainer of Austria flying in *Alberta*. The Prince of Wales dined on board the *Bacchante* with Captain Lord Charles Scott, C.B., and all the officers of the ship. The dinner was laid under the poop, and the quarter-deck was covered in with awnings and bunting. Admiral Glyn, Captain Thompson (*Victoria and Albert*), Captain Carter (*Hector*), Commander Rose (*Osborne*), Commanders Hicks and Mitchell (Coastguard), and Staff-captain Balliston (*Alberta*), and Staff-commander Goldsmith (*Elfin*), were also guests. After dinner there was a performance of the *Bacchante's* "Snowdrop Minstrels;" and on his Royal Highness leaving the ship's side she was illuminated with blue lights.

Aug. 12th.—The Queen, with the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice, and attended by Sir Henry Ponsonby and General Gardiner, Lady Abercromby and Miss Stopford, came off from Cowes in the *Alberta*. The yacht was secured alongside the port gangway of the *Bacchante*, through which Her Majesty entered the ship, and was received by the Prince and Princess of Wales and Captain Lord Charles Scott, C.B. It was the first occasion on which the Queen had been on board. Before going away, Her Majesty expressed to the captain the pleasure the visit had given her. On the Queen leaving, manned yards, cheered, and fired a royal salute.

In the afternoon there was a regatta in Osborne Bay between the boats of the three yachts and those of the *Bacchante* and *Hector*.

Aug. 14*th.*—Went to general quarters for the last time, and then a few minutes before noon left Cowes with the royal yacht, *Osborne*, in company, and anchored at Spithead at 1.10 P.M. The *Osborne* proceeded up harbour with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The wind was south-west 1·3; the thermometer at noon, 68°, and at 6 P.M., 65°.

Aug. 15*th.*—Wind south-west 3·4, thermometer at noon 60°, and at 6 P.M. 61°. Ship inspected by Admiral A. P. Ryder, who made a highly complimentary report and seemed very pleased with everything. In the afternoon got out powder and shell.

Aug. 16*th.*—H.M.S. *Emerald* arrived from Australia. At 1.10 P.M. proceeded up harbour and secured alongside the sheer jetty, where the *Bacchante*, like any other ship at the end of her usual three years' commission, was paid off on Thursday, August 31st.

END OF VOL. II.

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